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THE

RICHMOND ECLECTIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. November, 1866. No. 1.

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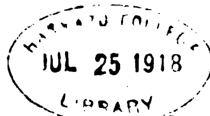
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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

Vol. I. November, 1866. No. 1.

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From the North British Review.

THE ENGLISH PULPIT.

The English, since the Reformation, may be called emphatically a "sermon-loving" people. We say this in the full hearing of the loud and impatient outcry that is constantly rising from our intelligent coteries and from our public press in denunciation of the dullness of Sunday discourses; in face of the stupendous manufacture of platitudes which Dean Ramsay's estimate of our four million annual homilies has statistically made evident. We complain of sermons, but, on the whole, we, the public generally and collectively, like them, and have always liked them, since we were a Protestant community. Our library shelves and our publishers' circular, and the assertion of that cautious literary historian Hallam, prove the fact one way; our crowded churches and our constant church-building, go far to prove it the other way; for though it is true that to go to church at all involves the necessity of hearing a sermon, as our present church services are constituted, and even those who dislike the preaching might not be prepared to give up the prayers, yet we doubt whether a remedy might not be found if the grumblers were not after all half-hearted in their complaints, or if the proportion of those who go in very great measure for the sermon's sake, were not the most considerable in almost every congregation.

To the modern complaints, and to their possible remedies, we shall find occasion presently to advert. Our object at the outset of our article is to trace the rise of the venerable "institution" which still with more or less of dignity, retains its footing among us, and then to indicate some of the types and fashions it has at different times assumed.

Now, in proposing for our consideration the history of sermons, it is necessary to distinguish. It is to the ordinary congregational discourse that we mean to confine

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our remarks. Academical sermons, or set disquisitions like those of the Bampton Lectures and the Boyle Lectures, learned theses thrown into sermon form, these are not the kind of exercitations that come under our review. We wish to draw attention to the moral and spiritual parænesis which the English Protestant nation has received from the mouth of its professional ministers from age to age, directing our eyes mainly on the Established Church, but taking also into our account some of the side influences which have contributed to form the style and temper of its pulpit oratory.

As a study of human nature—of the teachers and the taught—the history of sermons has a philosophic interest of its own, apart from its directly religious aspects. It is curious to see laid bare before us the inner motives that mould men's minds under different conditions of Christian society and civilization, the kind of religious appeals to which, at different times, they are most responsive, the touches of human nature which make all generations akin, the temporary fancies with which they blend their faith; then to observe how the speaker's intellectual bias modifies and colours his views of truth divine; how the same fundamental doctrines may be vivified or crystalized by individual character. Hortatory theology has this peculiar to itself: that its flights are confined to a fixed platform of first principles, while men and manners change, and secular knowledge increases its borders; yet, so intimate are its relations with the processes of the human heart, that, according to the claims of Christian instruction, every variation of thought and feeling may be brought within its compass, every altered circumstance of the world's history provided for in its range of contemplation and monition.

If we look back, then, over the field of sermon literature, we shall find the occasions of their greatest notability in English life to have been either—(1.) When they aspired to shape the intellectual and practical conclusions of men through the medium of dogmatic controversy; or (2.) when they attracted the contemplative intellect by the beauties of style or the philosophy of doctrine; or (3.) when they stimulated the conscience by the appeal to personal unction. (4.) They have also occupied a prominent place in the national life when they have addressed themselves to the calmer influences of common sense and every-day morality. And lastly, we may perhaps throw into a fifth department, those "sensational" effects, which have given some preachers a transient popularity, not connected with any special movement of the public mind.

We must devote a little space to a description of the first grafting and training of that vigorous plant, the English sermon, as it has been known among us since the establishment of the Church on its Protestant basis. It was grafted on a wild olive tree, whose life and

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nourishment had run to waste through the negligence of an ignorant priesthood. Immediately before the great convulsion of the sixteenth century, Christendom at large was at a singularly low ebb as to the quality of its pastoral instruction. If ever revolution was justified by the inadequacy of an institution to fulfil its legitimate purposes, the justification of the Reformation was to be found in the negligence as to all matters of popular edification which characterized the Church at the period in question. We need no Luthers and Cranmers to teach us this. The Church herself confessed it, in the attempts of her own more earnest sons to reform her from within; and in the energy to which she was impelled when the defection of province after province from her empire began to make her tremble for her supremacy, and even her existence. The political history of the middle ages, is, as we well know, in great measure made up of the records of the worldly ambition to which Popes and Prelates were incited by their position; and it is more evident, the more insight we obtain into the under-currents of those times, how much professional carelessness, and a reckless love of turbulence and meddling in State affairs, were the attributes of the inferior clergy, both regular and secular. The people were for the most part in the condition of children—ready to follow the guidance of their spiritual pastors, whether in apathy or revolt. There is seldom a record of any wide-spread sedition in the middle ages of which some popular ecclesiastic is not found to have been the mouthpiece; but the normal condition of the masses, despite their occasional refractoriness, was submission to constituted authorities rather than resistance; and it is to the ordinary ministrations of the shepherd of the flock, that we must look for samples of the Church's agency in guiding the footsteps of her children along the daily walks of life and duty.

Of all the nations of Europe before the Reformation, England was perhaps the one in which the parochial instruction was most nugatory and feeble. There seem to have been no preachers who attained even the questionable celebrity of the Menots and Maillards of the French pulpit, or the more serious title to respect of Tauler or Geiler in that of Germany. Probably the most earnest instructors were to be found among the Lollards, but in their homely elucidations of Scripture they do not seem, for the most part, to have aimed at oratorical effect. Bishop Pecock, who, if not himself one of the sect, was favorably inclined towards it, speaks of the ordinary run of friars as "pulpit bawlers," who "split the ears" of their auditors by their noisy encomiums of their saints.

In the fashion of telling stories or apologues from the pulpit, we may trace a connection with the other source of instruction whence people in the middle ages were taught to derive their knowledge of faith and morals. The dramatic

representations at the time, as is well known, consisted entirely of "Mystery" and "Morality" plays —often acted in churches, where it was deemed no discredit to mix up antic buffoonry with subjects of the most awful import. If the buffoon could be a preacher, why should not the preacher be a buffoon? The people were children, who loved to be told stories better than to reason. In fact, they had little notion of what reasoning was, and the medicine that was to do them good must be cloyed with sweetness at the edge of the jar. And thus it came to pass that, aiming at no higher standard, the preacher was glad to help out his text with superstitious gossip, which saved him the trouble of more labored oratory.

When Protestantism had spread over the land, then "old wives' tales" were ridiculed and reviled without mercy. Still true it is, that we shall scarcely find a more eminent instance of the practice than in the Protestant Bishop Latimer, whose sermons, although in their main purport they are a vigorous protest in opposition to Romish abuses, and in behalf of a purer doctrine, are, as to their style and method, a relic of the teaching to which he had himself been accustomed, and to which the capacity of his auditors had been trained. Infinitely more shrewd and forcible than the Popish priests, his contemporaries, Latimer nevertheless shared to the full their propensity for homely illustration and anecdote. He offers us the strangest conceivable medley of fervor and grotesque fun—of common sense, gossip and telling satire. He was the Rowland Hill of the Reformation pulpit. But it was rather to the improvement of morals than to the refutation of abstract doctrinal error, that he applied his religious teaching; and his stories, always attractive from their quaintness and mother-wit, have a special interest for us now, from the characteristic touches they afford of the real life, as he saw it, of court and country.

But the necessities of the great crisis which Latimer's days witnessed, brought about altered conditions in the style and character of pulpit instruction. In that momentous convulsion which severed the English Establishment from its parent stem, one of the most urgent tasks devolving on the regenerators of religious life in the realm was to educate the mass of the people to the new views of faith and duty. Now, if we for a moment consider what power the prejudices of an ignorant multitude always possess, how difficult they are to eradicate even in our own days, how much more difficult this must have been in an age when neither schools nor printing-presses had any comparable part of the range of influence, they now occupy, when the remote nooks and corners of England were for all purposes of intercourse far more effectually cut off from each other than London and Madrid are now, we may in some measure estimate the magnitude of the work to be undertaken. There was obviously but one engine that could be immediately

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efficacious, and that was the pulpit. Every Sunday the population of England's ten thousand parishes would, in greater or smaller proportion, assemble together in their respective local centres, the parish churches; there to meet face to face a minister who was bound to adhere to the established law of creed and church-communion. To utilize this source of spiritual influence was of paramount importance; and the energies of prelates and statesmen were unceasingly employed with the problem. In the Popish times preaching had become more and more neglected in the country parishes. Non-residents spent their time at Court or college, and went down once a year, in the summer season, to visit and harangue their flocks—"Strawberry preachers," as they were called; for they came with the strawberries, it was said, and departed as soon. The resident priests were scarcely less ignorant than their people; additional masses had usurped the place of *viva voce* instruction. A few panegyrics of the saints on holidays, stuffed with tales, and the extempore exhortations of the friars who went around in Lent, and preached up penance and indulgences, constituted the sum of what the "hungry sheep" had given them for nourishment. "If a priest should have left mass undone on a Sunday within these ten years," says Latimer, "all England should have wondered at it; but they might have left off sermons twenty Sundays, and never been blamed." Nay, so had these "unpreaching prelates," as Latimer styles the clergy of his early days, neglected the only part of their duty which required serious mental effort on their part, that churches might frequently have been found destitute of a pulpit altogether.

Now, while it was necessary to keep up the clergy supply in every parish where the Popish priest had hitherto sung his masses, it is obvious that to train a learned clergy could not be the work of a day. Ignorant men, and fanatical men, might do more mischief than good by their readiness to talk—to be "pulpety'd," as Sir Thomas Moore expressed it. It was often indispensable to put into the mouths of the people's instructors, the lessons they were to teach their flocks. And therefore, the Book of Homilies was compiled, as a storehouse of plain instruction, to which all could resort. Preachers of a more learned stamp, on the other hand, were trained and licensed specially to go through the land as missionaries. Such were the six chaplains-ordinary of Edward VI., of whom two were in turn to be in attendance on the King, while the rest, two by two, carried on the work of evangelization in the different counties. And here it is that we must look for the real origin of the English pulpit style of the Reformation, to which we shall presently advert. One measure which the excitement and ignorance of the times seemed to render necessary, was the introduction, for the first time at this period, of written sermons. This appears to have been partly intended as a cor-

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rective to the habit of senseless twaddle into which preaching had degenerated under the old system, and partly as a check to any doctrinal extravagances on the part of the preacher, who could be "brought to book" at once on a complaint from his auditors. It was not without its drawbacks as a mode of address. Good elocution was doubtless a rare gift among the average parish parsons of the time, and Latimer complains of the way in which bad readers "hawked and chopted" their sermons or homilies, till it were as good for the congregation to be without them.

We have already remarked that Latimer's sermons belong, as to their literary character, rather to the age that was passing, than to that upon which the Reformation was setting its impress. The fashion of oratory which properly owes its introduction to the Reformation, is that which we find exemplified in the sermons of such as Ridley, Hooper, Bradford, Sandys. It was not an ornate or an eloquent style. Its chief characteristic was that it was intensely business-like. The preachers were men mighty in the knowledge of the newly-translated Bible. With pregnant texts and weighty inferences they struck at the root of the hostile superstitions. Blow upon blow, wedge upon wedge, they argued the matter in hand with no thought but how to prove that their views were founded in sense and Scripture. Their sermons are those of men who have a definite message to deliver, a living doctrine to inculcate on living men. The old childish digressions that passed for reasoning when the Mass-Johns and vagabond friars beat the desk, were now superseded by a manly logic, not so well-drilled, indeed, as the logic of our own days, but still a logic, with a purpose and a bearing. The appreciation of argument, as such, made a stride between the days of Henry VII. and Mary, which is without doubt one of the most striking *notabilia* of that age of mental advance. The Romanist was driven to argue in his turn, but his theses were more for the consistory than the congregation. When he addressed the people at large, it was with the voice of authority, and from the assumed vantage-post of infallibility. To admit that the members of a miscellaneous audience were fit judges in the arena of theological polemics would have been half surrendering at the outset, the fortress of his creed.

By degrees, of course, this oratory of the Reformation lost its novelty, and to a degree its impressiveness, in the mouths of those who considered themselves bound to keep within the clearly defined limits of the Church's positive teaching. The Puritans kept up its force by their doctrinal enlargements and divisions, but they were inconveniently free-spoken both on religious and political themes, and were discouraged in every possible way, by the ruling powers. We read in their records of the "awakening preachers," the "thundering preachers," the "pious and painful preachers," of Eliza-

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beth's and James's days; but they had a hard time of it, what with the arbitrariness of the sovereigns, and the fears and jealousies of the prelates. When the course of events brought their party to pow- [illegible] the natural separation occurred between the higher and more temperate minds, and the more vulgar and extravagant. There were many divines of first-rate learning in the Puritan ranks; and in their most eminent orators of a later day, in Owen and Howe, Baxter and Calamy, we find the mind of the Marian martyrs reproduced, their topics only varied by more theological hairsplitting or more self-dissecting "experience."

Within the non-puritanic section of the Church of England, on the other hand, secular learning and rhetorical taste began to assert her claims over the arid field of controversy. Hooker, the venerable and judicious, marks, if we mistake not, the turning-point, when the drier type of Protestant eloquence merged into the philosophical and ornate. The generation that grew up under the Virgin Queen was, we know, peculiarly susceptible to the influences of taste and imagination. Hooker, himself, was no unworthy contemporary of Shakspeare and Bacon, and was the man of all others, to bring sacred oratory into harmony with the more fastidious requirements of the time. To his auditors at the Temple he might be heard enlarging on the doctrines of justification and grace, with the severe technicality of his predecessors indeed, but with a nobleness and majesty of diction to which they had never laid claim.

And now it was when, the immediate excitement of warfare being over, the Episcopal Church had to realize her position as an "isthmus of a middle state" between Romanist and Puritan extremes. The power of reaction began to make itself felt; and a rapidly increasing dislike to the Puritan views threw back the most influential Anglican divines upon the neglected storehouses of doctrine and sentiment to be found in the writings of the early Fathers. It is here that we have, properly speaking, the formation of the High Church party in the Anglican Establishment. Donne, Hall, Andrews, were its most eloquent exponents in the pulpit during the earlier stage of its development; Taylor, Barrow, and South during its latter stage—its latter stage, that is, previous to the Revolution; for, under new conditions, it was destined to revive again, as we all know, in our own times; and its principles are still active among us.

The sacred eloquence of James I.'s reign has no worthier representative than Donne, the learned Dean of St. Paul's. Take him for all in all, Donne was unquestionably a very remarkable man. Possessing, as he did, gifts of thought and expression which seem nothing short of the heritage of genius, why is it, we ask, while reading his works, that he did not achieve a place in the conspicuous ranks of genius? He had not the gift of judgment; in other words, of that

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tact or taste which instinctively guides true genius in its manfestations, and is in fact one of its essential constituents. His depth of thought and energy of diction take us by surprise at times, both in his verses and his sermons; and we feel that he is no unworthy comate of the giants who walked the world of literature in those days. But the effect is never continuous. The same poem or sermon which shows his greatest beauties will also glare with his most patent faults, and these are scholastic subtleties, wiredrawn comparisons, fantastic conceits, punning allusions, and, in his sermons, that want of perspective which we so often observe in the divinity of the Stuart era, exhibiting itself in an utter confusion of measure between things great and small; long ratiocinations based on ill-founded hypotheses; elaborate illustrations of far-fetched presumptions.

The difference between such oratory as Donne's and that of the Reformers consist in the greater ornament and contemplative enlargement of the later type, and also in its inferior business-like qualities. Donne does not strike at the morals of his age with the uncompromising bluntness of his predecessors. He sets sin in a sinister light, and by a thousand similes points out its inevitable consequences; and in like manner he pours floods of noble rhetoric over the topics of holiness and heavenly life. But all this he does as a philosopher and poet, and his accessories and parentheses, while they frequently enhance the beauty do unquestionably detract from the practical force of his discourses. What must have been the capacity for sustained attention in the crowded audiences which could listen for two hours long to these most elaborate harangues? It was the taste of the time. Religious topics were still matter of intense curiosity in those days, when they had but lately been opened to reasonable discussion. A preacher, whether the exposition of dogma or the exhibition of eloquence were his object, was more sure to get a congregation, than a congregation was to get a preacher. Queen Elizabeth herself had no love for sermons, and heard them as seldom as she could. She thought them, too, a dangerous indulgence for her people, and was constantly occupied in what she called "tuning" her pulpits, i. e., keeping down their occupants to a prescribed routine of catechisings or homilies; and her successor, though personally fond of theological disquisition, felt the extreme inconvenience of teaching the populace to think, and did his best, by limitary injunctions, to gag the Puritans. The taste nevertheless waxed strong on all sides. "Now is the world for sermons," said Bishop Andrews: "for proof whereof (as if all godliness were in hearing of sermons), take this very place, the house of God, which now ye see well replenished. Come at any other parts of the service of God (parts, I say, of the service of God no less than this), you shall find it in a manner deso-

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late; and not here only, but go any whither else, ye shall find even the like." A great change this in the habits of English pastors and congregations from the days of Latimer's old mass-mongers and "unpreaching prelates." The High Churchmen themselves, though at first they disparaged long and frequent sermons, and complained that preaching was cultivated to the subordination of scriptural reading and prayer, found it advisable to try to guide a tendency they could not suppress, and held their pulpits with a tenacity which even the long-winded Puritans could hardly outdo. Burnet, in his amusing way, tells us of Bishop Forbes, of Edinburgh, who officiated at the Scottish Coronation of Charles I. in 1633, that he had a "strange faculty" of preaching five or six hours at a time.

Of the great preachers who filled the Puritan pulpits in the Commonwealth era—such as Baxter, Owen, Bates, Howe—we have little to say in a literary point of view beyond what has already been said of the Marian victims and their fellow-workers. The chief distinction between the two generations of divines is, that in the latter personal experience occupied a more important place in sacred paraenesis; the doctrines of assurance, grace, and predestination were subjects constantly discussed and brought home to the tribunal of self-consciousness, with a more direct appeal than in the days of the first revolt from Rome, when the controversy bore more of a scholastic character. Hence arose a turn for casuistry, in which some of the preachers in the later period were very skilled and laborious professors. A superstitious regard for every word and particle of Scripture led to a minuteness in the dissection of texts, which though not peculiar to the Puritans—for we have numerous instances of it in Donne and other High Church divines, in fact, it had been common among the old monkish preachers on the Continent—became in their hands matter of more serious insistance. Dr. Manton's 190 sermons on the 119th Psalm in early life drove Lord Bollingbroke into being a High Churchman, as that scoffing nobleman was wont to say.

With the settling down of the old foundations at the Restoration, emerged the still unbroken line of High Church preachers, whom we have mentioned as beginning with Donne or Hooker, and who continued to exercise a paramount influence on Anglican theology until the Revolution.

Sweetest of all, most gracious, imaginative and persuasive was Jeremy Taylor. More poetical than Donne, we had almost said; and yet, though this would probably be the general verdict, we retract the unuttered opinion. Taylor was more tender, more variously imaginative; his weight and extent of learning, his happy applications of history, poetry and philosophy, his classical taste, the quiet humour which so often blends with his seriousness, are among the well-known attractions of his style; but he lacked, we think, the concentrated

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energy, arising from depth of feeling, which at times makes the diction of Donne sublime, and which enabled that remarkable man to indite verse no less vigorous than his prose. The few specimens of Jeremy Taylor's verse which have met our eyes are utterly worthless.

Barrow stands forward as, next to Taylor, the glory of the Restoration era. His *forte* was reasoning. His theses were on moral and religious duties, not on doctrinal mysteries. He would work out his argument in all its bearings, and state it with the technical precision of a legal indictment, or a preamble to an Act of Parliament. His prolixity, however, is redeemed by an energy of thought, and a treasury of available learning, which elevates and often astonishes the reader of his sermons, and stamps him as one of the select band of Anglican orators whose compositions posterity can by no means afford to let die.

South closes the list; a preacher in whom real eloquence and power of argument were blended with a coarse buffoonry, showing his acclimatization in the wit and license of the later Stuart rule, rather than in the decent solemnity of that which preceded the civil wars.—South, with his aversion from all doctrinal enlargements and mystic warmth, in some measure paved the way for the common-sense school which next took up the tale of rhetoric divine in the Church of England. But the origin of that school is still more to be ascribed to the little nest of "Platonizing" divines, of which Burnet gives so engaging a description in his History, reminding us of the royal spirits in Dante's poem, who sit apart, in mystic song and contemplation, on the confines of Purgatory:—

> "Quivi seder cantando, anime vidi,
> Che per la valle non parean di fuori."

When the wealth and prosperity which the restoration brought to the successful party in Church and State had produced its natural result in a corrupt and bigoted clergy, the salt of the Establishment concentrated itself chiefly in a knot of divines, for the most part Cambridge men, who lived apart from the vanities of the world, to cultivate piety and tolerance, two virtues which the current opinion of the times had long dissevered.—Their turn of mind led them to shrink from doctrinal and ecclesiastical dogma, and to dwell on the calm results of philosophic thought, whether among Christian or heathen sages, as the evidence of the soul's connexion with a higher life. Whichcot, Cudworth, More, Wilkins, Worthington, were among the first generation of these wise and virtuous divines; and the most eminent preachers formed in their school were Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Patrick and Lloyd.

The excitement of one age leads to the calmness of the next. The mild ethics of Tillotson were welcome as lubricating tempers chafed and irritated by the wild war of dogma in the generation that had sped its course. Burnet, indeed, elsewhere speaks even enthusiasti-

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cally of a fashion of preaching which would seem in itself so rigidly opposed to enthusiasm. In the preface to the second volume of his History of the Reformation he alludes to the "excellent and plain way of preaching" which had come into vogue in his time, and which, he says, "is now perhaps brought to as great perfection as ever was since men spoke as they received it immediately from the Holy Ghost!" So true is the wise remark of Bishop Horne, that "there is a taste in moral and religious, as well as other compositions, which varies in different ages, and may very lawfully and innocently be indulged. Thousands received instruction and consolation formerly from sermons which would not now be endured. The preachers of them served their generation, and are blessed for evermore."

And thus pulpit instruction learned to adjust itself to the requirements of the age which produced the prose of Addison and the verse of Pope; the age of common sense; of clear, if not deep, reasoning; of moderate politics; of close-cut metaphysics. It has been the fashion of later times to decry the lukewarmness and deadness of Hanoverian theology, and to smile with contempt at an age which could be content to be edified by the bald truisms which then passed for eloquence. But it should be remembered that our ancestors who lived under the early Georges were people who, of all things, liked to be calmly reasoned with. Doctrinal enthusiasm had worn itself out, and had become a byword of derision to the infidelity of the day. An English congregation was nothing if not sensible. Men liked to be told what solid grounds there were why they should be Christians at all. It was more vital to them to see that their foundations were firm, than to count or to decorate the stories of the superstructure.

The real defect of pulpit instruction and of education in general, at this time was, that it did not reach or aim at reaching the lower ranks of the community. Our mining and manufacturing population was then growing with a rapidity which escaped observation, and had scarcely yet begun to count for anything in the views of statesmen or philanthropists. The parish pastor would no more have thought of addressing his public exhortations to the clods or mechanics, who formed, perhaps, but an insignificant portion of his congregation. than would a preacher at St. Mary's, Oxford, at the present day. He was still under the impression, shared with him by the political and social philosophers of his time, that intelligence stopped at the level of shop-keepers and country squires, and that all below these were subjects to be led, and not to be reasoned with. So it was when the mighty wrestlers of the Commonwealth pulpit derived strength from the invigorating touch of mother earth, but since then a lower stratum of society had come to light.

Now here it was that the very remarkable agency of Methodism

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found and made its mission. The most striking circumstance in the phenomenon of Methodism is that it was not connected with any external agitation, such as elicited the forces first of Protestantism, then of Puritanism, later on of Republicanism. Methodism thundered in the most placid of atmospheres: *per purum tonantes egit equos.* It was the conscience of an ignorant people awakening to its own needs: for Wesley, a Jacobite and a High Churchman by predilection, derived his extraordinary influence more, in reality, from the aptness of his materials, than from the commanding energies of his own genius and eloquence. Whitfield, again, was gifted with rare capacities of rhetoric, but his rhetoric was reacted upon by the very enthusiasm with which it was received. These men caught the vibration of the palpitating masses and gave it utterance and significance. What, without such nicely adapted teachers, would have become of the vast population of colliers and miners, whose black faces were furrowed with tears as they listened to the message delivered to them—whether they would have seethed in brutality and atheism till some terrific explosion first made society aware of their existence; or whether (as is surely in the highest degree improbable) they would have sat quietly through the turmoils of the revolutionary period, waiting till education had made them reasonable enough to weigh the "evidences," we need not now inquire. Suffice it to say, that the impassioned personal appeals of Whitfield and Wesley did open their hearts to a sense of eternal things, which wrought the most marvellous displays of sensibility at the moment, and left an abiding impression on their views and principles. One material assistance to their oratory, as is well known, the Methodist leaders found in their practice of open-air preaching. The numbers who resorted to them first made this necessary, and they were not slow to perceive its advantages. As many as twelve or fourteen thousand would sometimes assemble at once to hear the exhortations of Wesley, and one can conceive how strongly the contagion of emotion must have spread through such a mass. Wesley himself calculated that the mere physical power of his voice reached three times the number of auditors in the open air that it reached under a roof. Again, a very important innovation on established practice, was the substitution of extempore for written addresses. It is curious that this should have been in fact a recurrence to the old system of exhortation which obtained in the Roman Catholic times, when the friars went their rounds among the people. Written sermons had held their ground for the most part since the Reformation, on the very plea that they were more likely to produce earnest and well-considered teaching than could be found in unpremeditated discourses, such as the childish rigmaroles that had passed into discredit. But now the feeling went

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the other way. Written sermons, it was said, were tame and heartless. The preacher should trust to the promptings of the occasion. It was not by carefully prepared essays that the souls of those surging masses could be reached. They must be conversed with face to face, as a man would converse with his friend. One consequence, however, was obvious. There was no literary merit in the declamations of the Methodist evangelists, and much tautology. The same message was reiterated day after day, and the same terms repeated with energetic and homely persistence. How could it be otherwise, when the labours of the tongue are so arduous and incessant? We read of Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth, who had imbibed the spirit of the new sect, that he would preach twenty and sometimes thirty times a week; and while providing abundantly for his own flock, found opportunity of holding forth nearly three hundred times to congregations in other parts of the country.

Mr. Grimshaw was a clergyman of the Church of England; for the time came before long when the remarkable effects of the Methodist movement were to react on the regulars of the ministry. People of cultivation and rank listened to Wesley, and imbibed his spirit of philanthropy and popular sympathy; and a feeling arose that the Establishment must reconsider its mode of delivering the gospel message, unless it was prepared to abdicate its functions as a teacher of the nation at large.

The growth of this feeling is recognised in a pithy remark of Richard Cecil—

"Men who lay out their strength in statements preach churches empty. . . . I dare not tell most academical, logical, frigid men, how little I account of their opinion concerning the true method of preaching to the popular ear. I hear them talk as utterly incompetent judges. Such men would have said that St. Paul was fit only for the Tabernacle. What he would have said they were fit for I cannot tell. They are often great men, first-rate men, unequalled men, in their class and sphere; but it is not their sphere to manage the world."

It was at this time, and in this manner, that the modern "Evangelical" school of preaching came into being. The most marked features of their teaching were, insistance on the saving merits of Christ, enforcement of strictness of life as evidence of a sincere faith, and of the personal sense of acceptance with the Almighty as the test and reward of saving doctrine. Their moral and religious exhortations received a powerful impulse from the disorders of the Continent at the latter end of the eighteenth century. The open defiance of Christianity which marked the triumph of French democracy, joined as it was with a moral and political anarchy such as the world had never before witnessed, furnished for all lovers of order and sobriety a commentary, the significance of which could hardly be overestimated, on the texts handled by the preachers.

Their sermons were for the most part monotonous and limited in range of subject, and were without the elevation and originality of style necessary to arrest the attention of later readers. Generally they displayed the diffuse diction which the pulpit essayists of the reign of George II., had brought into vogue. Dr. Mason Neale, in the preface to his work on mediæval preachers, speaks of them with characteristic superciliousness: but it is very certain that John Newton, at St. Mary Woolnoth, and Venn at Huddersfield, and Richard Cecil at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, attracted large and devout congregations, and exercised a spiritual influence over their hearers, out of the pulpit as well as in it, to which not many preachers of the present day can furnish a parallel.

They had indeed other grounds besides their weekly exhortations for the ascendency they unquestionably possessed. They were men, Newton and Cecil in particular, of remarkably vigorous and manly sense, with a knowledge of human nature, derived from much experience and insight into the special workings of their own hearts, and an expansive spirit of sympathy with the hearts of others. Taken altogether, Cecil was perhaps the best example that can be cited of the evangelical divine of the last century. He had more sensibility than Newton, more refinement of character, more cultivation of mind. His table-talk is a mine of wisdom and piety.

The evangelical preachers of the present century were far less remarkable men than their predecessors. Charles Simeon alone can be said to have left a strong individual mark on his times. His sermons were undoubtedly a great fact in the religious life of England forty years ago. And the sphere in which his influence was exercised, the young academic world of Cambridge, was one which implied more than the common praise of evangelical eloquence in its possessor. Of the young men who sat at the feet of this Gamaliel—wranglers and first-class classics—some devoted themselves at once to a life of missionary self-denial, some carried the torch of evangelical doctrine into the provinces and manufacturing towns of England, where it still survives with a more vigorous existence than in the metropolis. But the social prominence of his party—identified in its palmiest days with Wilberforce and the Clapham Saints—scarcely outlasted Simeon's own life. The Oxford school arose, with its return to the patristic religion of the Laudian era, taught and expounded in the remarkable sermons of John Henry Newman, the strongest conceivable contrast to the "popular Protestant" didactics which they sought to displace. Concise in statement, searching in moral analysis, ascetic in temper, yet breathing an imaginative warmth which had irresistible attractions for ardent and poetic minds, the sermons of Newman were for the Oxford of 1840 what those of Simeon had been for the Cambridge

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of fifteen or twenty years before. The comparison is a curious one, for in each case it was the foremost ranks of the under-graduates that were fascinated by the spell; yet how opposite the tone and character of the preaching, and how close upon each other these contrasted proclivities of academic pietism!

We must here retrace our steps for a space. It was only upon a section of the Church that the example of the Methodist oratory took effect. The Moral-Essay variety of the sermon species, whose proper formation we may assign to the commencement of the Hanoverian era, was continued in a line of preachers of more or less note, side by side with the livelier developments of doctrinal theology, and held a respectable position till some way into the present century.

Dr. Johnson, being asked (in 1778) whose sermons he rated highest in point of eloquence, replied, somewhat evasively, "All the latter preachers have a good style. Nobody now talks of style. Everybody composes pretty well. There are no such inharmonious periods as there were a hundred years ago." He owned, however, to a special admiration for Dr. Blair, who, though a preacher of a rival communion, was then acquiring considerable popularity among the sermon-readers, and many imitators among the sermon-writers of the English Church. "I love Blair's sermons," said the rough old oracle; "though the dog is a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be. I was the first to praise them!" The truth probably is, that the big-worded, but often very admirable, sermonizings contained in Dr. Johnson's own "Rambler," served more than any other production as models for the cultivated preachers of his time. But it was easier to copy the stately moralist's manner than his thoughts; and few, with all their pompous parade of words, made any approach to their master's insight into the troubled waters of the human heart, or to the fervent glow of his consoling piety.

Blair was indeed the prince of artists in that cultivated style of diction to which we allude. Of sectarianism there is nothing in his sermons; of distinctive Christian doctrine little enough. There is true moral feeling and some tenderness; but the constant effort to be smooth and graceful and dignified in expression mars all vigour, as it now appears to us.

It is always in some measure difficult to detach from the province of strictly modern ideas, names and celebrities so near our living remembrance; but, as in Canning's studied eloquence we recognise the echoes of Burke and Chatham, so in the sermons of Bishop Heber we may trace connexion with the bygone school of preachers, who held a large share of their art to consist in choice rhetoric. Heber was an excellent priest, and an earnest Christian orator, whether in England or in India; but he was essentially a man of the *twenties* and not of the *thirties* of our century.

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Compare his "Parish Sermons," intended professedly for the humble auditory of a country district, with the parish sermons of Augustus Hare, or the parish and school sermons of Arnold. How far less are they calculated now to touch the heart or interest the understanding! It is not that his theme, or his treatment of his theme, may be deeper than that of his successors. On the contrary, we generally find it far more superficial, but his language has a certain *set-up*, and we feel throughout that the calculated effect of his harangues consists rather in the impressive sound of his periods, than in the vigorous handling of his subject.—How much, indeed, was this the case throughout all other departments of our literature half a century ago! We find it in the "poetical diction" which enthralled the most of our verse-writers till Wordsworth rushed into simplicity. We find it even in the school-histories and common story-books of our parents as compared with our own.

But, at the date aforesaid, the oratory of plain reasoning had still its greatest representative to produce for the century, and this was Paley—younger than Sterne by 30, by Wesley than 40, than Blair by nearly 20 years. Enthusiasm had no charms for Paley; but he had seen too much of the age's requirements and dangers to rest complacently in the sleepy truisms which had sufficed for the Clarkes and Sherlocks, from whom he was intellectually descended, or in the sonorous periods of the Blairs and Ogdens. His eminently logical mind delighted in statement and induction; but it is not only by his pellucid reasoning that his sermons attracted and still attract attention. They display a chastened fervour of piety, borne in upon the processes of his argument, which is the more impressive, to our mind, from the quiet mode of its introduction. The discourses of Paley are even now valuable *pabulum* for the pulpit.

The fault of Paley's sermons is, that he does not trust himself to launch out a little more into the region of emotion. When reason has done her work, and shown the strength of the position, then is the time for vigorous application, whether of reproof or exaltation.—When the steed has been well-tamed with bit and bridle, then let it bound over the course. But Paley's fervour never carried him on to any enlargement of expression. The bit and bridle were always at hand.

At the distance of fifty years from Paley, our survey lights upon the pulpit teacher who may most fitly be mated with him in the combination of deep piety and a firm belief in the fundamentals of revealed truth, with strong original powers of reasoning, and a jealous distrust of superstition and mere hearsay credulity. Inquiry had taken a new range between the days of Paley and Arnold; and the attack and defence of Christian doctrine were carried on in shifted quarters; but the standing-point of these able men bore a similar relation to the

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outlying posts of skepticism and bigotry, allowing for a little less of critical daring on the part of the elder, owing to the as yet unopened vistas of criticism in his day.

Arnold's is unquestionably the most representative name in liberal theology during the decade from 1830 to 1840. If, as a theologian, it may be said he only adopted the views which German critics had already put forth, and so far was not an original thinker, he at all events was the first to assimilate and adapt those views to the genius of the English pulpit. His sermons form an era in our parænetic divinity. He had the gift, which so many first-rate thinkers are without, of throwing the whole sympathies of an ardent spirit into opinions rigorously free from exaggeration or mere sentimentality; and thereby of moulding them, and making them instinct with the power to nourish the moral and spiritual life, as well as to exercise the understanding.

And he had all the zeal of an apostle in what he felt to be the holy cause of bringing minds to a wholesome and manly service of God. How far his views may have been correct, as to the precise adjustment of faith and reason at which they pointed, is a question of opinion into which we need not here enter; but as regards his pulpit ministrations, this was the fulcrum from which he worked his lever, and no man ever wielded it with a more unfaltering hand. Men and boys were to him alike fitted for its application. The human mind, so he held, should take up its right position when first able to reason and to pray at all. Thence the fault so often found with him, that he sought too early to form the opinions of his scholars, and left them really less guarded against opposite impressions than if the process had been more gradual and unforced. Cherished by all who can recall it is the remembrance of that high-souled Mentor, speaking his earnest yet familiar thought to the young auditory assembled within his well-loved chapel walls. The keen eye, the knitted brow, the animated but somewhat measured cadence—a little in the "spouting" method of delivery, distinctive of old-fashioned academic training—the sudden grating of the voice, which denoted ever and anon that his own warm, anxious feelings were moved by the argument he was enforcing, to hear him and to watch him thus, one hardly wondered at the rapt attention which held fast the restless limbs and wandering glances of three hundred boyish listeners. If sincerity and self-forgetting earnestness ever made an orator impressive, it was so in the case of Arnold. To his composition we have already adverted. It was novel to his generation, as exhibiting the use of unadorned language chosen entirely for its power of expressing meaning, and not from any traditional association with, or supposed fitness for, sacred themes.

We must not linger on special developments of the mere oratorical faculty in our own time. Nor

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may we turn aside, at the end of our long journey, to do for the great preachers of our own Northern Church what we have just endeavoured to do for those of England. The temptation is strong; for, besides the striking parallels which might easily be drawn, after the manner of Plutarch, we persuade ourselves that we should deserve well of our readers were we to brighten for them the faded memory of many venerable names, scarcely known at any time beyond the Border, and little remembered now, even by our own countrymen. Most of us, to be sure, know how Knox used to "ding the pu'pit in blads;" and the immense practical influence of Chalmers would keep his memory fresh for generations, even if his fervid and majestic eloquence ran any risk of oblivion. But the centuries which divided Knox and Chalmers produced great masters of sacred eloquence, who scarcely deserve to be entirely forgotten among the crowd of contemporary sermonizers. But for that very reasôn we must postpone the history of the Scottish pulpit, and confine ourselves for the present to the English side of the Border. To complete our task, it is still necessary to take note of two remarkable occasions of "excitement" in religious oratory, which in our own and our fathers' days have taken place outside the English Established Church, but within the sphere of English life. These are the oratory of the Scottish minister Irving, in 1823, and of the Baptist Spurgeon, within the last ten years.

Hatton Garden, near which was situated the Caledonian Chapel, in which Irving officiated, was thronged at the first period referred to by the learned and the fashionable; by statesmen and wits, lawyers and noblemen. The carriages of the royal family even were wont to mingle with the other coroneted vehicles that crowded the narrow street where the stern prophetic preacher held forth in periods of glowing rhetoric upon the worldly and hollow principles of the professing Christians of the age.—Much has been written about Edward Irving of late. His name is familiar to all who have read the very interesting record of his life by Mrs. Oliphant.

But much as he was admired by all classes before sectarian extravagance overmastered him, and fine as his orations still appear to our judgment on reperusal of the written page, Irving made no special mark on the Church of England. Spurgeon, with marvellous fluency, aptness of illustration, ready humour, sweetness of fancy, and with the most perfect conceivable organ of speech, is altogether a more popular type of orator, yet he will probably be more noted in the remembrance of posterity for the impulse he has given to the energies of the Establishment; and it is on this impulse that his future fame will be founded, rather than on any abiding monuments of his own eloquonce. He is far more of a preacher for the common orders than Irving was. Irving was all solemnity: his very colloquialisms

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were of a quaint and stately order. Spurgeon revels in daring homeliness. Irving was a man of education and study. Spurgeon had little of the one, and probably has no turn for the other. Nevertheless, it is certain that he has attracted to his open air or his "Tabernacle" orations innumerable crowds both of the ignorant and the wise; of Dissenters putting a blind faith in his doctrines; and of fashionable critics, seeking merely for a new sensation.

And as in the time of Wesley, so now in the time of Spurgeon, the Church of England, by its natural sympathies always resting more upon the upper ranks, has begun to shake herself, and inquire how she may fulfil that almost forgotten part of her duty which consists in the evangelization of the lower stratum of society. Hence evening services, cathedral naves thrown open for worship, services shortened, and every effort made to render the teaching of the pulpit more intelligible, more attractive, and more "sensational."

But the Church of England has a double mission to perform; and in this lies, and has always lain, her chief difficulty. The Church has to keep her hold on the most advanced intellects of the land as well as on the humbler orders. To use the phrase of Donne, "she must preach to the mountains, and preach to the plain likewise." It is not always easy for a man of first-rate education to focus his addresses on the poor. It is still less easy for one whose time must be much spent in the practical duties in his profession, to deliver sermons which can reach the reason and conscience of men of practised intellect.

The complaint of pulpit inefficiency is not a new one.

> "Ora si va con motti e con iscede
> A predicare: e pur che ben si rida,
> Gonfia 'l cappuccio, e piu non si richiede."

So Dante complained of the burlesque preachers in his day, five centuries and a half ago. The Puritan colloquialisms were not satisfying to the fastidious intellects of the Stuart Courts; the patristic pedantries of the Laudian theologians revolted the practical earnestness of the friends of popular freedom; the placid ethics of the Hanoverian age were found unsatisfying after the times had had sufficient breathing space.

But one thing strikes us as distinctive of the present case. It is not so much that polemical tastes are at issue, as that sacred oratory is no longer abreast of the general intelligence of the community. There has been an advance, unprecedented in its rate of progress, in many departments of experience and discovery within our own generation. While habits of thought and inquiry have spread through classes innocent even of the power of reading formerly, those minds which occupy the highest towers of observation have seen many mists recede before their gaze, many new aspects of familiar subjects unveil themselves. The landmarks of historical and scientific criticism have been inevitably displaced. But meanwhile the body of the clergy, hampered

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both by traditional limitations and by a conscientious devotion to practical duties of a very absorbing character, have not possessed either the leisure or inclination to adjust their teaching to the altered estimate of religious and intellectual claims. Fear has made them cling with greater tenacity to forms and modes of the past; and instead of concentrating their main strength on those inner positions which they have it in their power to make secure, they fly with trembling haste to defend each worthless outpost, and shriek that Faith is ruined if any of their technical statement of doctrines are disputed. They look for the strength of argument in reiteration, and for the conviction of antagonists in denunciation. Where the manifest tendencies of an age are persistently ignored or misunderstood, what can arise but that the pupils will despise their teachers, and even under-estimate what there may be of good and sound in the counsels they tender? Exceptions there have been, and are, no doubt, to the general failure of the clergy to sympathize with their generation. But here again a professional danger arises, for it occasionally happens that the very zeal to show themselves free from illiberality, has led men of acute and imaginative minds to mistakes in the opposite direction. Satisfied with the first crude aspects of change, eager to welcome new ideas before they would seem forced into concession, such men will sometimes omit to wait for the sobering test of time on the hasty theories of the moment, and will be too ready to warp and modify the eternal aspects of truth to suit some coveted mode of reconciliation with recently accredited facts of science or criticism. Robertson, of Brighton, was a man of large intelligence, liberal heart, and rare eloquence, but he failed, if we mistake not, in that patience of thought, which is the touchstone of the highest wisdom in religious, as well as in secular affairs.

For above all is needful the courageous and conscientious inner education, which every clergyman called on to instruct his fellows, should give himself. Above all, it behooves him to recognise his position as a spiritual teacher, not of the sixteenth, or seventeenth, or eighteenth, but of this present nineteenth century, and no other; to give due weight to the good as well as the evil of the civilization he sees around him; and amidst all the excitement of doctrinal debate and scientific innovation, to be thoroughly penetrated and possessed by that "deep and wise enthusiasm of moral feeling," as Coleridge expresses it, which is the only solid safeguard against pedantry, or self-conceit, or fanaticism, or lukewarmness; which is the surest basis for all Christian teaching, and which no "progress of the age" in science or material civilization can ever stultify or supersede, as long as the great fact of Sin exists on every side of us, and the great fact of Death lies before us.

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From The Quiver.

ST. GILES'S, CRIPPLEGATE.

Where is St. Gile's, Cripplegate? Who was St. Giles? What has become of the cripples? Such are the questions which various classes of readers may propose, on reading the title prefixed to this notice.

They who wish to see the church may soon be gratified. A ten minutes' walk from the Post-office, up Aldersgate Street and through Jewin Street, will bring them to the old city church, which holds in its keeping the body of England's greatest epic poet, and the bones of him who described the triumphs of "the noble army of martyrs." Those who are familiar with the exterior of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, will perhaps charge us with heartless cruelty for even suggesting a visit to so poor a structure. The lovers of modern architecture will meet with no novelty of design, and the admirers of mediæval Gothic will despise an edifice erected in the time of Henry VIII. Even this is, however, no contemptible antiquity for a London church; and St. Giles's can at least exult in having escaped the great fire, and in being older than St. Paul's. We are sorry that the church cannot derive much dignity from its neighbours. Shops, factories, warehouses, and a debtors' prison may all be very necessary, but do not suggest ideas of historical greatness, or images of beauty. Here we see "the church in the world," beyond all dispute: commercial buildings hem in St. Giles's on every side, save one. And what is on this side? The most chilling of all sights—a disused London churchyard, where the tiniest spring-flower never blossoms, and where even the summer sun can coax out only the groundsel and the dandelion.

Yet the church itself has strong claims to our notice—not for its antiquity, nor for its architecture: its dead give honour to the building; the greatest of our epic poets, the sturdiest of our reformers, and a worthy old chronicler sleep within this church.

On the south side of the chancel, and within the communion rails, we notice a bust, in the style of the seventeenth century; one hand of the figure rests on a skull, and the other holds a clasped volume. This is the monument of John Speed, tailor, antiquarian, and historian, who well plied his needle and shears for a living, while indulging his taste by collecting stores of curious information for the illustration of English history. Speed was a worthy tailor deserving to rank near his greater brother of the same trade—the hard-working antiquarian, John Stow.

But we have not come to St.

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Giles's to see the bust of Speed; and therefore turn to that tablet close by, which bids us remember how near we are to the grave of John Foxe, author of the "Book of Martyrs." Perhaps it is not too much to say, that this man has shaped the Protestantism of England. War against the Papal system has been for three centuries a very passion among Englishmen.—The tradesman will leave his shop, and the mechanic his workbench to resist a "Papal aggression;" even the ploughman and the thresher—heavy "clodhoppers," as they are sometimes called—can be roused by the very word "Pope." Who mainly stamped this long-enduring antagonism upon the English character? Not Cranmer, with his cautious moderation and patristic learning; not Ridley, with his scholastic logic; not Jewel, with his learned apologies and defences; but John Foxe, by his history of the martyrs. Thousands to whom Shakspeare was but a name, and Milton little more than a myth, have pondered over the burning of "Father Latimer," have felt their hearts swell with a righteous indignation at the sufferings of Bradford, and have vowed an enduring war against Rome at the funeral pile of Taylor. We cannot rank Foxe among the great men of the world; but if greatness be measured by mere results, then the author of the "Book of Martyrs" will occupy a high pedestal in England's temple of fame. To stamp one enduring principle on a nation's mind is an honour permitted to few; but it was reserved for Foxe. The church which contains his body has, if only on this account, a claim on the memories of Englishmen.

The seventy years of his life comprehend some of the most critical events in the history of Europe. The very years of his birth and death have special marks in the chronology of Europe. He was born in Linconshire, in 1517. Does the reader recall the great event of that year? Does he not see Martin Luther then affixing his momentous challenge to Rome on the doors of the church at Wittenberg? It is surely not unworthy of notice that, in the same year, the great German Reformation was manifested in its power and the historian of reformers was born. Foxe died in 1587, when Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded and Philip of Spain was collecting his mighty armada to crush the church and nation of England. Thus the sounds of the coming tempests were heard around both the cradle and the grave of Foxe.

The events of his life are soon told. He was educated at Brazenose College, Oxford; elected a Fellow of Magdalen; and, being driven from the university for his adherence to the reformers, became a tutor in the family of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, Warwickshire. He next undertook the education of the children of the celebrated Earl of Surrey, but was forced to flee for his life when Mary ascended the throne. Basle, then the home of scholars and the sanctuary of reformers, received the exile. There Foxe became a busy man, support-

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ing himself by correcting for the press, in the great printing-house of Oporinus, and devoting all his spare time to the completion of the "Acts and Monuments." The first edition appeared in 1553, the very year of Mary's accession, and before her reign had acquired its long-enduring name of infamy.—Foxe returned to England under Elizabeth, and received a prebend in Canterbury Cathedral—the only preferment, either Church or State, conferred upon the man who had done so much for both. Why was this? Many, doubtless, expected to see him placed amongst the bishops; but Foxe "had doubts" about certain matters in the church and these doubts blocked up the path to honour. It was, perhaps, well that he should for ever be known simply as "John Foxe, author of the 'Book of Martyrs.'"

But a greater than the martyrologist sleeps in this church. Hither, on a gloomy day in November, 1674, was borne the body of John Milton, from the quiet house near Bunhill Fields, where the blind poet passed the last days of his life. The entry of his burial is "John Milton, Gentleman. Buried Nov. 12th, 1674. Consumption. Chancel." The exact site of his grave is probably unknown; but the spot to which the traditions of the parish point is now covered with pews, which certainly are not suggestive of the bard of Paradise. A bust of Milton, by Banks, was affixed to a column, near pew 33, in the central aisle, by Mr. Samuel Whitbread, about 1793. This has been removed to the rich memorial monument in the south aisle, erected by public subscription, in 1862. Here is a fact for a cynic: the greatest epic poet of England was buried in Cripplegate Church, in 1674: and, one hundred and eighty years after, Milton's countrymen erect a monument near his grave! However, the fact has also its pleasant side; a late repentance is better than none; and Cripplegate may rejoice that she has the monument at last.

Is a church always the trustworthy guardian of the dead buried within its walls? "Undoubtedly," many will say; "once let the gravestone be placed, and the long repose shall not be broken, until the mysterious trumpet of the judgment shall call forth the sleeping ones to the light of an endless day."

Such may be the true answer in many cases; but what do men say about the grave of Milton? That on August 4th, 1790, the grave was opened by the churchwardens, a corroded leaden coffin, without plate or inscription, was cut through, and, the air entering, much of the body fell to dust. Report also says that reckless hands were allowed to take away some of the teeth, and cut off portions of the long hair; and there was even rumour that the skull had been abstracted for a museum. Those who believe that the body thus shamefully disturbed was that of Milton, might be reasonably indignant; but skepticism utters the consoling whisper, that the wrong grave had been opened, and that the poet still rests in an undisturbed

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grave. It is, however, to be feared that no mistake was made; and some private collection may at this moment boast of its stolen Miltonian relics.

Does the grave and monument of the great bard suggest the name of the soldier, statesman, and ruler, Cromwell? What has the conqueror of Dunbar to do with this church? Within its walls Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bourchier were married, on August 22nd, 1620. Thus St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is associated with the names of four historical men—Speed, the preserver of many an ancient memorial; Foxe, the vivid painter of martyrs' triumphant agonies; Cromwell, the sagacious, daring, and inflexible ruler of men; and Milton, who drew aside the veil of the invisible, opening to the human gaze the mysterious struggles of angelic worlds. The last name alone would crown any structure with glory. If Florence, after the lapse of above five centuries, honours with grand celebrations the memory of Dante, Englishmen will not forget the church where their greatest epic poet sleeps. When a nation forgets her illustrious dead, the shadows of decay are falling upon her.

From "Good Words."

A GLIMPSE OF SHEPHERD LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

I am a New Zealand Shepherd. But if, gentle reader, this should convey to your mind the idea of a rural swain reclining on a mossy bank, his woolly charge spread "o'er the gowan lea," or gravely chewing their cud in the shade of a widespreading oak, while the notes of his oaten reed float on the still noontide air; or of a smock-frocked, mittened, and comforted grandfather, on a cold frosty morning, shifting hurdles and filling troughs in a turnip-field, you are mistaken. If you will accompany me in imagination on a two or three hours' walk, I will try to give you some idea of New Zealand shepherding and New Zealand scenery. You agree? Well, the time is early morn in summer; the scene my lowly cot. The prospect from my door is very contracted, though very different from English scenery; steep, rough hills rise on every side within half a mile, their upper parts all hidden this morning by a dense fog. Breakfast is over; the plate, pannikin, knife and fork, are washed, and put on the shelf; the floor is swept, and the fire is covered up; the bread is set for baking on my return; the dogs are loosed, and the puppy is chained up; my glass is slung over my shoulder, my dog-call fastened to a button-hole, and I pull the door close by the greenhide strap, and

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the bobbin jerks down, then jumps up; it is fast, and I am off.

Away I go, across the small flat by the Manuka grove, Ned and Fly skipping and jumping in advance, poor puppy crying, because he is not big enough to go too; and I take a passing look at my thriving potatoes, cabbages, and onions, and pluck a sprig of wall-flower for a nosegay. Away round the bend, across the creek, and behind the knoll; and now for the long, long pull up the steep side of Ben-Moor, the top of which is at present invisible; but, at this time of the year, the sun generally dispels the fog in the course of the morning. So, expecting that it will soon clear away, up I go, and the lower edge of the fog is soon reached. Here I pause for a breath—and it is so strange to look along the level bottom of the fog, it appears like the ceiling of a great room. Onward and upward again, right into the fog, and the lower world becomes indistinct, and then disappears. And now, having nothing to look at but the grey, steamy-looking mist, I fall into a brown study, and think about old friends far away, about old times, and the dear "old country;" and am startled out of my reverie by an equally startled wether, who sniffs the air, and rushes away into the mist.

Onward and upward I proceed, still in the fog; but I know the way now along the steep sideling and over the saddle, and up again. But it begins to brighten, and now the sun peeps through; not that the fog is clearing away yet, but I am getting above it; and now I emerge into the clear bright sunshine, and the summit is in view. Another hundred yards of climbing yet; but, cheered by the sight of the morning sunlight, I climb faster; my blood rushes with increased speed through my veins, my breathing is quickened, and, inhaling more of the pure bracing mountain air, my spirits are raised, my mind is exhilarated. I feel as if under the influence of laughing gas; I feel inclined to shout and sing; thoughts and ideas, new and striking, rush rapidly and involuntarily through my mind. Had I but an audience, I could electrify it with my eloquence! Had I but an amanuensis, I could dictate faster than he could write, words which would immortalise me! Oh! ye poor slaves of the pen who apply to the bottle for inspiration, dash it to the ground! and, if you lack words or ideas, rush out into the bright morning air, climb the steep mountain side with your tablets in your pockets, and there you will find thoughts and ideas original and noble, views broad and profound, and words which will reach the hearts, and convince the judgment of your fellow-men!

But the summit is gained; and, standing there, I gaze on a scene which to be appreciated must be seen. I seem to stand upon an island, small, steep, and rugged; but oh! what a sea around! If the great ocean were, in the midst of a storm, to be suddenly frozen into pure white snow, with every foam-capped billow left standing, erect

and motionless, it would well represent the scene around my mountain island. The upper surface is, on the whole, as level as a water-surface. Other mountains protrude their broken and jagged peaks or rounded brows above the snowy sea, and appear like other islands; and the fog, clinging closely round each of these, filling in the hollows in their sides, and, wrapping round the spurs, always maintains a uniform height; and the surface appears in the distance much more clearly defined than close at hand, which helps the illusion, and thus "distance lends enchantment to the view." I should scarcely be surprised to see a silver canoe, with paddles of pearl, and carrying fairy forms, shoot out from behind one of the islands!

But, though such a bright scene of sunshiny desolation surrounds me, though the mountain-tops stand silent and immovable as ever, and the rollers on my aerial ocean roll not, yet sounds various and familiar strike on my ear. The dense pall, which hides the lower world from my view, does not prevent me from hearing the warbling, screaming, and cackling of a thousand birds in the bush down the hill-side. I hear, too, the occasional yelp of a dog, and the crowing of a cock at the home-station, the cracking of the bullock-driver's whip, and the hammer of the carpenter, who is building a new shearing-shed—and, away to the left, inland, the bleating of the sheep, and the murmuring of the river: and, to the right, the hoarse constant roar of the sea, as it breaks on the rock-bound coast. Farther away, to the extreme right, round the bay, there is a still louder roar, for the surf is always high, and for miles and miles the beach is sand and shingle, and the rollers come in in regular unbroken lines, and the whole length breaks at once on the beach with a roar like thunder, and then all is silent till another follows. The sound of this mighty, ceaseless, endless pulse-beating of the ocean, I find it impossible to describe, as I know of nothing with which to compare it; it being the most tremendous and terrible sound I ever heard. But whoever has lain in bed within a mile of it, and listened to it throughout the live-long night, when a storm was raging, will never forget it.

But while I am trying to describe things indescribable, the scene around me is changing. Old Sol is asserting his supremacy over King Fog. I know only of one scene more splendid than the one I have tried to describe; and that is when the fog gradually clears away, and admits to view the glorious panorama spread below. First through a shapeless vista in the breaking mist, I catch a momentary view of a fragment of the coast, with the white water washing among the rocks, and the dark-green Karaka trees extending to the water's edge. That vista is closed, but through another I catch a glimpse of the further shore of a tidal lagoon, and, on the top of the bank, a Maori hut. A third shows to me a part of the home-station

on the plain, and some scraps of fences; another a large patch of the deep blue sea, and the distant horizon. But new scenes and wider views are bursting on my sight, faster than I can describe them. The fog is breaking up into huge masses; smaller ones disengage themselves, and, wandering alone, soon vanish in thin air. I watch one mass of vapour just in front of me. It already becomes smaller—but not through distance, for it is almost motionless—it becomes less dense; the outer corners disappear. I can now see through any part of it; it is going, going—it has gone!

And now all is clear and bright, and from my lofty position, I can take a bird's eye view of the glorious prospect of river, plain and ocean, which lies below. The bullock-team is slowly creeping along the beach for fire-wood; a horseman is coming in the opposite direction; the boy is turning the cows out of the stock-yard, and old Joe is carrying two buckets of milk up to the house; a small steamer is passing about a mile from the shore, hugging the rocks as near as she dare, to shorten the distance. Farther out in the offing, is a topsail schooner, which has evidently a stronger breeze than we have here. Some one is now about to cross the lagoon from the house-station: my glass will tell me who they are. I thought so. It is the overseer and his wife going over to the garden in the small boat, which he is so proud of having built himself. And Mrs. H——'s favourite puppy, Shot, wants to follow, but dares not, and runs along the water's edge, looking for a dry road across: while the overseer's two old veteran sheep-dogs, Bog and Cobbler, prefer lying in the sun on the top of the bank, waiting their master's return, to wetting themselves with a long swim to follow him. A canoe, laden with Maories, with their dogs and spears, is lazily paddling along towards the upper end of the lagoon: the men on a pig-hunting excursion, and the women to work in their gardens. One Maori woman is off to the beach for shell-fish, and old Waitai is mending his fences, as usual. A mob of goats, belonging to Dicky Prouse, the old whaler (who, with his old Maori wife, lives along the beach, just round "the point"), are grazing on the hill-side; and higher up are a few detached mobs of sheep.

Looking away to the "sou-west" with my glass, I can just discern the snow-capped Kaikara mountains on the next island. Looking inland, I see nought but hills behind hills, alps rise on alps, and other alps beyond. Looking more closely on the nearer hills and spurs, which I know so well, I see the sheep drawing down their accustomed tracks in single file, looking in the sunshine like strings of pearls: which reminds me that I, Dan, the shepherd, must cease for awhile to expatiate on the beauties of Nature, and try, with the assistance of my two canine servants, to get hold of a small mob of wethers, and take them to the home-station; or the cook will be

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short of mutton for to-morrow's dinner. This is easier said than done; for "steep and rough is old Ben-Moor," and the sheep are very determined, cunning, and swift. But fortunately, Ned is far more cunning, I am quite as determined and Fly is equally swift. So, if you will take my glass, and sit for the next hour where we have been sitting the last, I think you will see me make them prisoners in the yard, at the corner of the paddock. Then, when I have had a bit of dinner, and a yarn with the cook, you may see me trudging up the hill-side, en route for my "ware," driving up the sheep from the river-side as I go along, my daily occupation just now being to prevent the sheep from crossing the river. If you take a look into my hut a few hours later, you may see me take out of the camp-oven such a nice loaf of bread. But I am afraid it may be a little burnt, while I am scribbling nonsense about oceans in the air, and giving gratuitous advice to dissipated authors.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE GREAT UNREPRESENTED.

[Mr. John Stuart Mill, Member of Parliament for Westminster, and equally distinguished as a metaphysician, is, as our readers know, a politician of the Radical school, and has announced himself as an advocate of female suffrage. He is thus happily answered by one who assumes to be of the sex upon whom he proposes to bestow the boon of a vote at the polls.]

The present writer has the disadvantage of being a woman. It is a dreadful confession to put at the beginning of a page; and yet it is not an unmitigated misfortune. It may be hard to bear, yet there are compensations in the feminine lot. We cannot do all we would, but neither, most likely, were the truth known, can the luckier half of creation; and we have exemptions which are not extended to our husbands and brothers. There are some people who waste a great deal of pity, and some who expend a considerable portion of good and ill-natured contempt upon our position; and yet, to tell the truth, women, in England, and in most other civilized countries, are by no means badly off. They are at liberty to do most things which are good and honest. With all respect for the eloquent advocates of work for women, a capable woman is just as likely to make a livelihood for herself if she wants it, and get a good return for her pains, as a man is. If she chooses to attend to her own business, and go quietly on her way, she may travel over all Europe, with as perfect safety from insult or impertinence as any man; and in domestic life, nobody who keeps his eyes about him can assert that she has not her full weight and influence. All these are private privileges of individual existence, and they are those which act most strongly upon life. But so far as public action is concerned, women in England have hitherto been confined to the office of Queen, which it is evident is one which can be

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very satisfactorily filled by them. Except as Queens, the British Constitution takes but small notice of the female part of the community, and the world in general, which is half made up of women, has accepted the tacit conclusion with great and general equanimity. It has been considered a perfectly natural arrangement, founded upon the broadest and simplest principles. Women there have been in all ages who have thought themselves wronged—wronged in respect to the Divorce Courts, in respect to the conveniences of doing evil, which are not held out to them with so much ease and liberality as to men—wronged in respect to trades and professions—wronged, in short, by the mere fact of being women. But it has not as yet become by any means a popular grievance among women that they have no votes. This is the new wrong that has just risen darkly upon our horizon. Mr. Stuart Mill has demanded statistics, and ere long our names may figure in a pathetic list of the Unrepresented. We are respectable householders, punctual tax-payers, substantial members of society—on the whole, we are much more satisfactory people to have anything to do with than publicans and greengrocers—and yet we have no votes. We are even, some of us, admitted to the honour of inscribing our opinions in the pages of Maga; and yet we are supposed to be unable to decide whether Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones is the best man for the borough. This state of affairs has endured so long, that feeling on the subject has pretty nearly died out, if it ever existed, among us. We have got used to it, and bear the humiliation with that meekness which is truly characteristic of our sex. But now a champion has arisen to avenge our wrongs and procure us our rights; and it would show not only a deadness of sentiment to all that is generous and public-spirited, but at the same time, a base ingratitude, if we were to leave him unaided in the fight.

Steps have consequently been taken to prove how entirely the female heart acknowledges the championship of its disinterested knight. It is doubtful whether a mass meeting would be a suitable way of proving this fact, so that the milder form of a petition to Parliament has been thought the more advisable way. This petition, some time since, was forwarded to Ourselves (if, indeed, a woman's pen may venture upon that sublime pronoun) for our signature. It was signed by, we should imagine, at least twenty names, and these not names of nobodies, as might have been the case had it been prepared under the auspices of Mr. Beales. The names that were appended to this document were chiefly names more or less known to the public—names which we have been used to see on title-pages of books and in the new magazines. It conveyed a kind of practical answer, as may be hereafter made evident, to the common fallacy that the publicity and noise of an election would make it an unsuitable place for a woman. The

twenty or more ladies who have taken this noble initiative, are not the kind of women to be daunted by such a bugbear; and their object in petitioning Parliament is not so much to ask directly for the heavenly privilege of a vote, as to explain that they feel the want of a vote to be a grievance, and that the female mind of England is not, as people say, indifferent to the subject. Does anybody really suppose that the twenty women who thus boldly place themselves in the breach, and raise a maiden standard on behalf of the women of England, are less able to decide between Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, than are the tallow-chandler and the butterman who have that momentous issue actually in their hands? Men are full of prejudices and prepossessions on this subject, which obscure the little judgment which they may be allowed to possess by nature. But we, who have no such prepossessions, feel ourselves justified in bearing testimony to the perfect competency of the petitioners to exercise the noble right they desire. It is our tradespeople who are generally so kind as to elect for us our Members of Parliament; and these twenty lady petitioners are certainly in advance of any trades-people with whom we have the pleasure of being acquainted. They are able to form a just idea what the franchise is, and they want to have it. Why, then if they want it, and if one of the greatest of modern philosophers considers it their right—why should not women have votes?

We have indicated, as clearly as it is possible to do with due regard to the privacy of a privileged communication, the kind of women who thus declare their desire for the franchise. Some of them have made public appearances before now in the cause of science, and have not shrunk from friendly plaudits—as why indeed should they? Almost all have enriched the annals of the period with a name which suggests something in the shape of tale or discourse or verse to the memory of a grateful public. Let us now look at their champion. Mr. Stuart Mill is one of the greatest thinkers of modern times. He is a man who has devoted his life to some of the highest subjects which can occupy the human intellect. We do not share his opinions, nor even enter into his processes of thought; but still less do we understand the fashion of mind which can treat him with contemptuous criticism. To ourselves it seems only natural that a man of such gifts and influence should have a say in the government of his country, and be indeed a distinct power amid the somewhat chaotic elements of the House of Commons. To say that he is "too clever" is a sneer, and sneers are poor weapons at the best; and the most accomplished statesman might be glad of the support or approbation of one of the most popular of philosophers. If perhaps Mr. Mill's high position may demonstrate, as nothing else could demonstrate, the occasional folly of wisdom, that is quite a

different matter; but, at the outset, he is a champion of whom any cause might be proud. He is *sans peur*, for he does not hesitate to throw the mantle of his reputation over doubtful questions, and to take up subjects all but hopeless. And he is also *sans reproche*. He has no public career behind him marked by human inconsistencies. His past occupation has been to think, and he has thought deeply, and expressed his thoughts with noble clearness and unity. Now he has changed his *role*, and has taken in hand to do. And it is clear that he means to be consistent still. It is evident that logic is in all his thoughts. He has no intention of allowing the exigencies of practical necessity to contradict his carefully cogitated conclusions. Thus he and the twenty ladies who follow his standard, are embarked on even a greater moral enterprise than that of giving the suffrage to women. They are the army of logic in an unreasonable practical world. The syllogism which used to find refuge in cloisters and colleges is at last, after many a vicissitude, standing for its life before the British public. It may be only by accident that it makes what may happen to be its last stand in the cause of that half of the world which is certainly supposed to be least accessible to logic. But here it is confronting mankind in all its regularity and distinctness. Thus it is a twofold battle which the philosopher and his followers have to fight—a battle of principle, and one of practice. To give votes to women is the external manifestation—to maintain a clear logical sequence, and prove the force of unmitigated reason as chief mover of the affairs of man, is the more important issue. And thus it is that Mr. Mill calls for statistics, and that his little army rallies round him, and that it is no accidental practical question, but the fundamental idea of government by pure reason for which they are prepared to take the field.

It is necessary, however, to distinguish quite clearly, before proceeding further, the class which, so far as we are informed, Mr. Mill proposes to enfranchise. It is not, as we remember hearing a venerable but imbecile reformer assert in other days, "every member of the human family," to whom the philosopher means to accord a vote. It is not even every one of the twenty ladies who have come so bravely forward to back him; for among them are married ladies, each of course in possession of a Representative of her own, and in consequence excluded absolutely from the ranks of the unrepresented. Mr. Mill's scheme by no means extends to the whole female community. Neither the wives of England nor the young ladies of England have anything to do with his statistics. The class for which he proposes to legislate is not the most interesting section of womenkind. It is the class of female householders, lone women who pay their own rent and taxes, and have their own affairs to manage, and "nobody to look to them," according to the

vernacular. Romance has little to do with this portion of humanity. As a rule, they have lost the charms of youth; and the very position which gives them a claim upon Mr. Mill's sense of justice, makes it impossible that they should possess the charms of dependence and helplessness and clinging weakness which are supposed to be so attractive to the lords of the creation. They are old enough and stout-hearted enough to take care of themselves. They are either widows whose day is over, or elderly maidens whose day has never come. It is hard to destroy all illusion on this subject, but yet it is expedient that the truth should be known, and all pleasant dreams of canvassing under novel and delightful circumstances be dismissed from the minds of budding members. The young ladies will have nothing to do with it. The pretty matrons and maidens will remain as they are, charming members of society, but quite ineligible for political privileges. It is We, gentlemen, with whom you will have to do; we who have withered on the stalk, or taken many a buffet from the world; who are respectable, but no longer charming; whose hair is growing grey—whose cheeks are not unconscious of wrinkles—who inspire esteem or awe, and not any softer sentiment. It is only right that this distinctive line should be clearly and deeply drawn. In most cases it is the possessors of rosy cheeks and golden hair who have the best of it; but this time it is our turn. Mr. Mill, it is well known, has met with women in his life who have inspired him with respect, not to say reverence and devout admiration; and it seems, at the same time, though we are less clearly aware of the reasons which led him to that conclusion, that the right of voting for members of Parliament is a very high privilege in his eyes. Thinking thus, he has looked abroad upon the world, and has seen two evident and distinct facts. The first is, that the British Constitution rewards with a vote every citizen who rents a house above a certain rate, and who pays his taxes, and does nothing to which the law can take exception; the other, that in the midst of the mass of British citizens who pay rent and taxes there are a goodly number of women—women who have nobody belonging to them, who are their own protectors, and sometimes their own bread-winners, but who pay their rents and parish-rates as punctually as their male neighbors, and can read and write, and (presumedly) do sums in the Rule of Three. It would show a contempt for the intelligence of the reader—of which, heaven forbid we should be guilty—did we supply him with the natural inference. Nothing can be more clearly inevitable than that Mr. Mill should have made this inference, swayed as he was by admiration of the franchise and respect for women. Thus it has happened, that it is to Us, and not to womankind in general, or to a class more open to general appreciation, that the philosopher has devoted

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his thoughts. Alas, few are the thoughts nowadays which are devoted to us! There was a time when we were not in a position to attract the pity of a Radical Reformer; when other people turned other kind of regards in our direction, and when the lack of a Representative was not the fear which most appalled us. But those days are over. Time and Providence have had their will of us, and we stand apart before the world, almost—horrible thought! as if we were men. We have to take care of ourselves and make our own way. We have houses and servants, and pay our rates, and treat at first hand, without any softening medium, with the world. It is in these hard circumstances that Mr. Mill's pity, nay, rather his sympathy and sense of justice, beams upon us. We are not, as other women, cared for and ministered to. It is, then, only justice that compensation should be given us, and that we should be as other men.

This is the beautiful and benevolent inspiration which Logic itself, as applied to human affairs, has breathed into our champion. But let it be at once and distinctly understood, that it is we, the Female Householders of England, who are the heroines of the crusade. Not you, young ladies, who still dwell in that bower of chintz or dimity which is yours by parental permission. Not you, fair ladies, who share the dwellings of your lords. You have no more to do with it than if you were young Guardsmen or Foreign Ambassadors. To be canvassed, to possess the sweet responsibility of a vote—to decide upon the rival merits of Sir John and Lord Harry—is a promotion that nobody ever dreamt of for you. Providence has not given us the same advantages; but Mr. Mill is kind, and means to make it all up to us. Our disabilities suggest to him not barren sympathy, but legal redress. He cannot give us back the life and the friends whose absence makes us what we are, but he can set us on a level with our next door neighbours, who are householders like ourselves. Thus he has classified us and given us a new place in creation. He has made us out to be something less than woman, something almost man. We live in our own houses, hired or otherwise; we pay our taxes punctually; we break no laws. In our case Logic demands that the penalties of sex should be abolished, and this is how Mr. Mill means to do it. If he could make us as strong as men, or endow us with a profession, or justify us in wearing, like them, a concise and useful costume, it would be but a small matter. It is a vote that he means to give us —that celestial, all but divine privilege which makes the face of the working man to shine prospectively, and fills the soul of Beales with eloquence. It is this gift of the gods which Mr. Mill has decided to bestow upon us as a compensation for all our troubles; but it is upon the women who are householders, and not on the indis-

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criminate sex, that his favours are to fall.

The logic of the argument is such that even we, the blessed recipients of the boon, are silenced, and cannot tell what to say against it. But it is not we, the objects of Mr. Mill's practical benevolence, who ask for any compensation or make any outcry about our deficiencies. It is the hot-headed young women who would like to be of a little more importance in the world, and who envy a man's privileges of going where he likes and doing what he likes, and are foolish enough to think that with his freedom and their own powers they could do everything, who make ridiculous claims on our behalf on the pity of the world. We, for our part, long and long ago got used to being women, and found out that it was not so unpleasant a lot. By degrees, it occurred to us to be anything but envious of men—to find that most of them, in reality, instead of being the free, bright, brave creatures we had dreamed, required a vast deal of propping up and stimulating, to keep them with their front to the world—and that the pangs, physical and spiritual, which belonged to us as women, had moments of compensation, exquisite and priceless, of which no other kind of being could be capable. Thus we have all, or mostly all, reconciled ourselves entirely with our species. It is a curious fact, but still it is a fact, that by the time we have reached the responsible age at which alone we could become eligible for Mr. Mill's statistics, we have got rather complacent than otherwise about our distinctive character as women; have got, as it were, slightly proud of ourselves, slightly, kindly contemptuous of any other kind of organization, and have acquired a certain tolerance of man in the abstract, as of a creature who, on the whole considering all his disadvantages, can be made something of. We say man in the abstract, for, of course, a particular man may still be the ideal hero or horror of even the most middle-aged existence.—This is the state of feeling to which, in most cases, the woman who is a householder has arrived. And it is to this kind of woman, that Mr. Mill, in his logic and justice, is going, of all things in the world, to offer a vote!

It is to this kind of women that the privilege is offered; and yet the probabilities are that Mr. Mill, though he is a great thinker and a man of genius, knows little about this kind of woman. Youth gaseous and vehement, is in possession of the stage—actual youth, or that kind of post-dated youthfulness and inexperience to which women who do not marry and have plenty of leisure are subject. We do not pretend for a moment to insinuate that young ladies in general have the slightest desire for political privileges; but yet the women who feel they are injured by being created women, and who chafe at the limitations of sex and are fierce on the subject of equality with man, are generally young.

They are young in reality or in spirit—they are ready (theoretically) to snatch at anything that will prove them to be on an entire level with the envied male creature, who can be a soldier, or a doctor, or a priest, or a statesman—occupations which human prejudice has declared unsuitable for his indignant sisters. And it is this development of women in general which monopolises the talk on the subject. It is an immensely clever, very amusing, sometimes very charming and interesting class; for it is just as likely to be a generous young soul that does not quite know what to make of itself which is throwing off its exuberance in this way, as a strong-minded woman expressing her natural instincts. But it is not this class from which female householders are drawn; their equivalent in existence is not to be found in the ranks of ambitious and theoretical youth. The class in society which the real female householder resembles most is that of the real male householder, which is a species sufficiently well understood. When this animal is a small tradesman, and of a limited order of intelligence, he is very apt to be political; but everybody who has any practical knowledge must know that the farther one ascends the social scale the less importance generally does the possessor of the franchise give to his vote. It may be wrong, very wrong, and unpatriotic—probably it is so—but still this is the fact. Great, rich, educated, and intellectual communities suffer themselves all over the country to be represented in Parliament by men elected by the publicans and small shop-keepers of their respective districts. Except in a rare public crisis, or in a case which personally interests themselves, few men of intelligence and education take any trouble about their individual votes. If they are sufficiently ambitious and self-denying and leisurely to think of going into Parliament themselves, or if they are deeply interested for somebody else who entertains that intention, the personal motive is strong enough to rouse them; but the mere gratification or duty of exercising the franchise is one which experience proves does not very deeply affect the higher classes of English electors. What seemed so great a matter in old days to the ardent politicians who did not possess it—what even still possesses an attraction, people say, for the working classes, though they do not take the trouble they might do to qualify themselves for its possession, comes to be a very indifferent privilege to the mass of men, whose confidence in British destinies and public opinion makes them lazy about personal exertion. This has been the result to the English middle-class voter who is the father of a family. It is to precisely the same class, modified by the difference of sex, naturally more indifferent to public events, less open to political influences, and less disposed to take any trouble about the matter, to which, and not to the enthusiastic female champion, Mr.

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Mill would extend the franchise. We have public opinion in our hands to a considerable extent already. That delicate power which reigns high over all voters and constituencies is susceptible to the touch of our finger—and you think we will take the trouble to disturb our tranquillity and come out of our domestic empire, and descend to the poll with the greengrocer! Mr. Mill is a great philosopher, but there are things in heaven and earth undreamed of in his philosophy. It is evidently, in his mind, as in the mind of many men, that to make a human creature a woman is to do it a wrong and an injury—and many intellectual girls are of the same opinion. But such is not our idea, who are the people whom it is his special interest to befriend; and we do not want to be hoisted up on an artificial platform, to put us on a level with man. Long before he meddled with the matter nature had arranged that question for us. If we had votes, we are already so even with man that we would do with them just what our equal and neighbour does with his. And what our neighbour does with his as a general rule—his indifference to it, his carelessness about its possession, the way in which he permits it to lie dormant—must be known to everybody interested in such questions.

In all this, as our readers will perceive, we have taken what is the reasonable and logical view of Mr. Mill's proposal—not considering it as a revolutionary measure intended to bring in Womanhood Suffrage as a balance to the Manhood Suffrage, which some of his friends are disposed to fight for. We have considered only the existing state of the representation, and the class of women who fulfil all the conditions necessary to a man for the possession of a vote, and who have nobody to vote for them. We have acknowledged the perfect logic of the proposal, and its unanswerableness as an argumentative case. But if, instead of this, it was indiscriminate womankind—or, as our clever cotemporary, the "Saturday Review," describes it, "a lass with a tocher"—for whose benefit the proposed measure of reform was intended, the chaos would be too comically bewildering for any ordinary imagination. If the two who are vulgarly supposed to be one flesh had two votes, and possibly (one has known such cases) two opinions; if the grown-up daughters possessed and exercised the franchise; if all womankind, wise and foolish, had this new power, if power it can be called, suddenly bestowed upon them, with the charm of novelty and amusing unexpectedness to tempt them for at least once to its exercise—then no doubt the weary world might be tickled by a new sensation, and representative government execute a vast joke for the entertainment of Christendom. But this cannot be supposed to be Mr. Mill's intention. It is, no doubt, on the Female Householder that he takes his stand; and she is a middle-aged, unexcitable, sober-minded person, not enthusiastic at all, feeling no particular sense of

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injury—perhaps, on the whole, conscious that she is very well off. The fairy gift of the philosopher would fill her with no exultation. It would not make her feel herself better or more on a level with man. Even now she is under no very profound impression of the superiority of man! His shadow does not stand between her and the sun, as it does with some of the young ladies. She is willing to yield to him the war-paint and the feathers, and would not deck herself out in them for the world. This is the ungrateful client whom Mr. Mill has taken up. There are women who think they would like his offering, but, unfortunately, they are not the women who are qualified to receive it. It is, as in Victor Hugo's last novel, where, after the hero has triumphed over the immense resistance of nature, and done the thing that seemed impossible, all his gigantic labour is made of none effect by the caprice of a trifling little female soul. So in the case of the Franchise for Woman, Mr. Mill might triumph like Gilliatt over the impossible and the absurd. He might triumph over nature and common sense and the House of Commons; he might dare the tempest and the treacherous sea and the monsters of the deep; and yet, when he had done all, he might find that he had reckoned without the principal party concerned, and that the woman for whom he had been working was more impenetrable than the mysterious monster and the overwhelming storm. For he would have been acting upon the delusive representations of hot-headed young persons, who think they would like to be men; and he would find out, to conclude with, that the object of his cares was not young, nor had any objection to being a woman; and that he and his franchise were as indifferent, nay, as appalling to her, as Gilliatt was to the unconscious lady of his love.

And at the same time the philosopher and logician would prove, as he never before proved in his life, how cruel and weak and foolish and short-sighted a thing was that logic which would fain establish itself as a power among men. He would prove, without meaning to do so, how, when human creatures and not intellectual speculations are to be dealt with, it was the blindest leader that ever led the wayfarer into a ditch. If some malicious spirit, who hated logic, had been at the helm of affairs, it could not have been more perfectly contrived. For, to look at the mere premises, without going any deeper, it is clear that the proposition is perfect.—There are women who manage their own affairs in everything as potently and sagely as if they were men. They have cast anchors in the soil and given hostages to society, and have the deepest interest in the maintainance of the Constitution; every condition required of the British elector is fulfilled by them, and they have no man to represent them in the political world and give their vote. Their exceptional position is created, as it were, by the fictitious state of society, which has entirely departed from the primi-

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tive rule under which woman seldom lacked a representative. Civilization has placed them where they are, at the heads of households of their own, and has given them a man's responsibilities, and justice demands that they too, as well as the man who hews their wood and draws their water, and is, perhaps, as inferior to them in sense and education as in social position, should have their voice in the legislature. The case is so clear that we feel almost ashamed to say anything against it; and yet, is it not as false and as foolish and contrary to all the interests of humanity and verities of life, as if it had been a fool's fancy instead of a philosopher's scheme? Far be it from us to attempt to demonstrate why, in this case, wisdom is folly. We are too deeply aware of the illogical character of our feminine understanding to dream of opposing anything that might pretend to be reasoning to a conclusion come to by Mr. Mill. Let us be thankful that it is our inalienable privilege to contradict and to refuse! No law, human or divine, logical or illogical, has ever yet been able to take from a woman that glorious power of refusal, by means of which she can now and then avenge a great many female wrongs. We do not take our stand upon logic—let it be called instinct, intuition, or what you will. The syllogism is perfect, but the conclusion is insane and ridiculous. It is for Mr. Mill—who knows about it so much better than we, or any woman does, who has given his life to the consideration of those wonderful complications of thought which leaven all error with a little truth, and almost all evil with a little good—to show how it happens that a thing which is irresistible as a logical proposition, may be utterly impossible and absurd as a human fact. We ourselves are aware that life in the simpler shape cannot be managed upon strictly logical principles, that pure reason has to give way every day to the perplexing arrangements of Providence and the perverse dispositions of men. Can it be that Mr. Mill has never yet learned this great yet common truth?

Women have been signally unlucky in their champions and defenders. Scarcely a soul has ever opened his or her mouth on the subject without conveying a more or less express insult to his self-constituted clients. "Woman is the lesser man," is their universal sentiment—or rather, woman is a creature who has been deeply, fundamentally injured by not being made a man. For ourselves and our adherents, we beg to give the most unqualified contradiction to this popular fallacy. We are not men spoiled in the making, but women. We have our own uses in this world, and the loftiest genius and most admirable wisdom could make no expedient to replace us were we to strike work. People write about us as if we were a curious sect, or imperfectly known species; and yet we are quite the half of humanity. Never man existed yet whose being was not

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more closely connected with that of women than with that of other men, notwithstanding that he speaks of us as if we were a tribe in the South Seas. This affectation is of the widest range, and wonderful are its varieties: but it is entirely founded upon the curious delusion that we ought to have been men, and that it is to our unending humiliation and disadvantage that we are not men. But as it happens, that is not our opinion. We are used to being women. On the whole, strange as it may seem, we like it. Girls may object, and do object, to the disabilities which are sometimes rather hard upon them; but by the time a women has come to the mature age at which she can understand herself and her destiny, she has in most cases got to see the justice of it, and learned to identify herself distinctly in the world. So far as the designs of God may be judged from His works, He did not intend us either for ploughing or voting. He did not create us to carry guns or make speeches; we were not even sent into the world to produce poetry or excel in the fine arts. By chance now and then a women may be found who is capable of any or all of these things; but if she gives up her own existence to it, then she is of no more use than if she were a man. It is worth while to keep this fact plainly before the eyes of a benevolent legislature. Equality of place or of rights is evidently not the chief thing in our creation. Whatever logic may choose to say on the subject, instead of being of one standard of height, we are of a thousand different bignesses and littlenesses; and not only so, but we are two distinct creatures in this world. A husband's duties are not the same as his wife's, neither are those of a brother and sister identical. God's creation is rich and varied, not blank and monotonous. Identification of the two halves of humanity is monstrous as well as foolish; and we protest that a woman is a woman, and not a spoiled and imperfect man.

It is, however, evident enough by what means women have got to be talked of as if they were an odd and imperfectly understood tribe. It is because, in speaking of them, nobody dreams of speaking of all women, but only of the curious assemblage of detached women who choose to present themselves before the world as representatives of their sex. Of such are the twenty ladies who have petitioned Parliament for political privileges. They are individuals not without influence, and with more than the average intellect; but it scarcely needs to be pointed out how great and grievous a mistake it would be to legislate for one half of humanity on the basis of the wants and wishes of a small and exceptional class. These atoms that float uppermost are no more representatives of women than they are of men. No man dreams in private life of considering that the lady who reads papers in a Social Science Congress, or addresses a political meeting, is a type of his own sisters or daughters. In real-

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ity, this exceptional woman is often, strange as it may seem, a very womanly and lovable person; but she has chosen to separate herself to a certain extent from her kind, and she must take the penalty. It is hard, however, when the penalty has to be paid, not by the exceptional class, but by the general sex. That the sneers which the former have provoked should fall upon us is perhaps not to be avoided, and sneers break no bones; but that we should be legislated for as if we were all exceptional women is a real injury, and at the same time a most unphilosophical act. It is this misconception evidently which has led Mr. Mill astray. He has probably, like most public men, been brought into contact with many women of this class. He has found among them, no doubt, an amount of lively and bright intelligence which nobody dreams of denying to them, and he has accepted them as the type of universal womankind. It is a compliment, no doubt, in one way, for we are far from being, in general, so clever as they are. But still to be clever, to know how to write and talk, is not everything. They are too clever to be accepted as our representatives. They have artificial wants and capabilities which are not the capabilities and wants of women. To them, or at least to some of them, the hustings themselves would not be particularly offensive, and a public appearance at the poll a merely ordinary occurrence. They have done harder things in their day, and there is in reality no reason why they should shrink from the friendly applause or even the frank commentary of the crowd. But all these things, which are not contrary to the habits of the exceptional woman, are contrary to our habits; and it is a strange failure of the broad and philosophical view which we have a right to expect from Mr. Mill, that he should accept without question as our representatives, persons who represent us as little as he represents the fox-hunters of England. Has it never occurred to him to look deeper and find out the real springs of life which move within the hearts of women? It seems a piece of presumption to ask such a question of a man who has perhaps looked deeper into the fountains of thought than any other living man; but the breadth of his sage and large intelligence does but in the present case bring into fuller relief the extraordinary misconception, the inhuman formality of reasoning, which has led him into his present position so far as this subject is concerned. He, if any man could, should have been able to understand that one half of the human race must be something more and something else than a mere shabby repetition of the other half—that a creature with duties and functions so different, and an organization so distinct, has been created for some purpose of her own, and not to jostle man in everything he is doing, and contend with him for a miserable equality. This is the strange, humbling view of life which has

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been taken by Mr. Mill, and it is also apparently the view which has been taken by his feminine adherents. It is a kind of view which would be pardonable to sheer inexperience. Youth, which knows only the externals of existence, which has never found out the great inward influences which really are the only things important in it, might be excused for thinking that it would ennoble a woman's existence or enlarge her sphere to give her a kind of humble participation in political life; but how a man of large experience and deep acquaintance with life could for a moment entertain such a notion, is something mysteriously unexplainable. We cannot tell in what secret suggestion, in what association or memory, the idea may have arisen in the mind of the philosopher. It looks like the kind of vague, benevolent desire to give a *protege* something, which occasionally stirs the mind of men who are imperfectly acquainted with women. What would she like? It must be something general—a present to the sex; and Mr. Mill may have hit upon the expedient of giving her a vote, just as a helpless private individual in similar circumstances would give a *bonbonniere* of unusual grandeur and absurdity. It may have been this; or it may be a device of Satan to stultify a great intellect, and demonstrate how foolish a wise man can be. It is one or it is the other; but we do not think it is intended for an insult, though it looks like it, to womankind.

6

If, however, by any wild chance, Mr. Mill was to succeed in his attempt—if he could manage to construct a law, of which a few exceptional women might take advantage—he would find himself but at the beginning of his troubles. The party of ladies who have rallied round him are not of a kind that would long care to confine themselves to voting. There is nothing in the hustings to frighten them; and with them, as with men of their own class and education, the true zest of politics would soon be found to lie in the privilege, not of being represented, but of representing. Far be it from us to undervalue that inexpressible advantage of representative government which is supposed to secure us our liberty and our special happiness as the most favoured of nations; but still it is the fact, as we have already said, that when an English gentleman is profoundly excited by an election, it is generally because he wants to be himself returned, or to return a friend as Member of Parliament, and not because the exercise of the franchise is in itself peculiarly interesting or glorious.—Such would no doubt be the effect also with the ladies. It would be slow work merely to vote; and logic, which would have introduced women into the Parliamentary constituency, could not possibly stop there, but must fulfil its own conditions, and make the represented eligible as representatives. The one privilege follows naturally upon the other. Many women are possessed of the highest administrative

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gifts, as history has proved over and over again; indeed, it is one of the forms of genius most possible to women. There are also among them many individuals with a very pretty gift of eloquence.—Why should they be excluded from the House of Commons? Why should they be excluded anywhere?

And here a woman may be permitted to say a word in her own person. We reject Mr. Mill's offering, though he means it to be complimentary. Twenty literary and other exceptional women in London may speak for a hundred or two more of their like, scattered over the kingdom; but we speak for the mass, which is not exceptional, which writes no books, and paints no pictures, and wants no votes; and above all, for the female householders who are intended to be the special heroines of the movement. We decline Mr. Mill's proposal totally, and without equivocation. In consideration of what he has been, and of what, let us hope, he again may be—not a hot-headed and absolute logician, but a philosopher, wise to judge, and slow to make arbitrary conclusions—we forgive him for having so far misconceived us. His mistake proves that he is human and fallible, like all his fellow-creatures; and we will forget the offence, if he repeats it no more. But if Mr. Mill perseveres in his foolish delusion—if he drags our names, which are spotless, and not for vulgar mouthing, into schedules and statistics—if his uncalled for championship continues to expose us to the smartness of newspaper articles, and the gibes of honourable members, and all the little witticisms of all the little wits,—not even certain sacred words of true love and reverence which he has uttered in his lifetime, and which women cannot but remember in his favour, will deliver him from our indignation and resentment. We will not come in a mass, and break his windows, like his friends of the Reform League, nor burn him in effigy, nor mob him on his way to the House of Commons; but yet, as he will have insulted us in the most subtle and penetrating way, so will we—for a crowd has no conscience—nourish an everlasting enmity and scorn of him.

Whether Mr. Mill may care for the threat we cannot tell. This, however, is our answer to his proposal, and to the petition of his adherents. Our ambition is not of so small a character as to be satisfied with the privilege of voting for members of Parliament. Neither have we the slightest desire to be permitted to do as men do, and copy their occupations. We have our own, which are at least as important, and more in our way. When we happen to be compelled, by force of circumstances, to do things that are generally reserved for men, we have, in most cases, found that we were able to do them, heaven be praised! If the poor souls were to try ours, the result might be different indeed. But, in the mean time, we are women, not "lesser men." We are content with that place in the world's economy

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which God has given us. When our work slips out of our hands, and we find our opportunities over, and that the world no longer stands in need of us, then it will be time to inquire whether we can find a different kind of situation, as it were, in the system of the universe. But, in the mean time, all our powers are necessary for our own individual work; and Mr. Mill must pardon us if we decline to seek another place, until it is proved to us that we are not honourably employed, and of sufficient use and service to our fellow-creatures in the condition of life in which God has placed us.

From Once a Week.

A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"Isn't it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birthday present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed, "what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know; maybe no one, nor nothing, and I daresay it's very silly; but when I am out sketching or walking by myself, miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with anything dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned, her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver; and that in a few hours her fate would be to meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of just now, to conquer it, or die one of the most horrible deaths possible to be conceived.

We were a very happy *partie quarree*; Elliot Hardinge and his wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives

sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her colour-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I, started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance to a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intended shooting over; in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good bye, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver, and plenty of ammunition, "for who knows," quoth she, laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return."

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterwards, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that instead of sitting down at once to my work I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill: this one led to another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond, there was a group of cork trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the brushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had a nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already sufficiently tired, I calculated that I should reach them in about an hour and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn: and after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

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"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground (which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark) and could see the cork trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only one moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, everything which might impede my flight, flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenean dogs, their terribly acute scent, and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork trees.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralysed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life at all events as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels: if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrèl quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs, now-a-days, were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped

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to devour those which were killed. How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran, I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, take possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yapp' so close behind, that an agony of terror put, for the moment, my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralysed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and, waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to make for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defence for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether, but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; and all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated, I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so that all I had to do to be safe, appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upwards of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain long, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance, when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it, the cold dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clue to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least,

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for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering, lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than any thing which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself."

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling, that after coming at us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brush-wood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upwards of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees towards these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party and well-armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs (he said) by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence, we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know; she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was roused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance to the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely had ere this overtaken her.

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After the rout of the dogs, we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, we lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home, and did all we could to restore consciousness; but alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterwards that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life, but we who heard her tale so unaffectedly told, thought the pistol would have been but of little use, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birth-day present.

LOVE AND AGE.

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, or flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Thro' groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;
Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you, very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was fifty years ago.

Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,—
But that was forty years ago.

And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;—
But that was thirty years ago.

You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened:—
But that was twenty years ago.

Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire grey;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure,—
And that is not ten years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be an hundred years ago.

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From the Family Treasury.

ECCE HOMO.

Among the men who have, during the year, risen into fame, none has awakened an interest in the public mind more notable in its way than the unknown author of the book called "Ecce Homo." The pöet says it sounds "like stories from the land of spirits," to hear of any one in this world getting what he merits; and there can be little doubt that there are many unappreciated writers who, finding their works neglected in their lifetime, have to fall back upon such comfort as may be suggested by the hope that Posterity will do them justice. But here is a production issued anonymously, with no flourish of trumpets, and treating of a religious subject, which has run rapidly through many editions, for which there is still a pressing demand at the public libraries, and which in many circles it is counted a sort of discredit not to have read. Whatever other authors may say, this author cannot complain of the dullness of the public ear. With nothing adventitious to compel attention, he has received a hearing as wide and respectful as the most flattering self-love could possibly have anticipated.

With regard to the reasons of this great success, we do not think that those are far to seek. The life of Christ has become a subject in which not merely theologians, but thinkers of every class, are deeply interested, and the book, while treating of that subject, deals with it in a way which satisfies now one party, now the other. The author is far more reverential than Renan, and the orthodox are not immediately put on the defensive, but, on the other hand, he is far more free in his criticism than Neander, and hence the latitudinarians are drawn to him as one of themselves. In short, the work is an attempt at mediation, and though we have little doubt that its ultimate fate will be to be rejected on all hands—by the orthodox as going too far, and by unbelievers as not going far enough—yet at present, with its principles and tendencies still under discussion, it is not wonderful that it should be receiving a large amount of attention in every quarter. That is, this is not wonderful, considering not merely the character of the book as thus indicated, but also the manner in which it is constructed. Perhaps the originality of its views is more apparent than real, but nothing can surpass the clearness, the vigour, and often the eloquence of the style. The new dress into which old facts and ideas are put gives them an aspect sometimes of so much freshness and interest, that we forget that we are standing face to face with familiar acquaintances.

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Many of the chapters besides are eminently suggestive. The whole is exceedingly readable. The writer is evidently a man of thought, reading, and culture. And putting all these things together, we have sufficient to account for the wide circulation in a time like the present, when there is not merely a general interest-taking in the life of Jesus, but a moth-like tendency on the part of many to read books which have the reputation of being unsound—of a work whose author in relation to Bible Christianity cannot be spoken of as anything less than what is mildly but significantly called a decided Freethinker.

We confess that for ourselves our views of the book have undergone several striking changes. Taking it up somewhat late in the day, after the organs of orthodoxy had generally pronounced against it, we commenced to read it with a conscious prejudice. As we read, however, the prejudice wore away; and a feeling was awakened that although there were no doubt defects in the work, it was so suggestive as pointing out many of the less heeded attributes of Christ, and the less noticed excellencies of his religion, that the book was to be regarded as, on the whole, a valuable and acceptable contribution to a certain department of our religious literature. But this impression did not continue to the end. The writer's creed is not very frankly or fully expressed. He holds that he was not obliged to be particularly outspoken; and the promise with which he concludes, that another treatise will shortly appear, in which he will declare his mind more freely, has been regarded by many as a sort of payment to account which ought, in the meantime, to shut our mouths. "You don't know what he really holds at all," it is said; "he does not profess to tell us, and it is unfair to ascribe to him opinions which he has not formally acknowledged to be his." It is, however, rather too much to say that a man is to come out under a mask, and proceed to do a great deal which has a revolutionary tendency; and yet, that we are to assume all the while that his acts are those of a friend, even although again and again the wolf's tusks are seen to gleam unmistakably through the disguise. We are satisfied that quite enough is revealed in "Ecce Homo" to warrant us in fixing the author's religious standpoint; and now we confess our fuller acquaintance with its contents has brought us back very much to the position from which we started—the position of decided, though more intelligent dislike to the book, as one which is essentially hostile to the honour of Christ and the interests of the Gospel.

One thing is perfectly clear—the author is not a Trinitarian. He has nowhere, in so many words, denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, but he is, we may almost say, at great pains to throw contempt upon the doctrine of the personality of the Spirit. With him the baptism of the Holy Ghost is simply a figure of speech for the awakening of

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a feeling of enthusiasm. "The Enthusiasm of Humanity," and "The Spirit," are, throughout the book, regarded as convertible expressions.

We have said that he does not formally deny the divinity of Christ; and, in fact, one main feature in the work is, that Jesus is, in his eyes, a much more exalted personage than he is in the eyes of Renan. But, at the same time, there is nothing after all to satisfy us that the Christ of "Ecce Homo" is more than a man. Take for example the following sentence:—"A Whitefield, a Bernard, a Paul —not to say a Christ—have certainly shown that the most confirmed vice is not beyond the reach of regenerating influences. Inspired men like these appearing at intervals have wrought what may be called moral miracles." "This enthusiasm was shown to men in its most consummate form in Jesus Christ. From him it flows as from a fountain. How it was kindled in him, who knows? 'The abysmal deeps of personality' hide this secret. It was the will of God to beget no second Son like him."

Suppose, then, that the author of "Ecce Homo" was to succeed in founding a school, these two things would certainly distinguish his disciples. First, they would ignore the fact that there was any such person as the Holy Ghost; and second, while admitting that Christ was a wonderful creature, they would refuse to worship him as the only begotten Son of God. But this is not all. The book from which the world derives all its information about the Founder of Christianity is the New Testament, and the light in which that book is viewed must necessarily be taken as a test of the comparative trustworthiness of any biography which may profess to be founded upon it.

If an honest and reverential endeavor is made to portray the life and character of Christ on the basis only of the material supplied by what is recognised as veritable history, we shall look on the result with interest and respect. But if, on the other hand, a method of interpretation is adopted which implies the assumption by the critic of a right to deal with the history just as he likes—receiving or rejecting—adding or subtracting precisely what he pleases; then our confidence in the review (not very high at best) will become greater or less in proportion as the judgment displayed in dealing with particular passages appears sober or otherwise. Now, it is an axiom with the author of "Ecce Homo," to begin with, that even the three gospels he is disposed to accept are only to be followed when they report as true what he thinks likely to be true. And in this respect he is no better than Renan. But he is much more generous in his concessions than the French biographer, and it is on this account that his admirers place him on a platform so much higher. Even after making every allowance, however, for that generosity, there remains

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so much that is extraordinary in his renderings of Scripture teaching, as, in our opinion, to render his book worthless as in any sense an exposition of the New Testament.

There is no difficulty, however, in understanding how such an interpreter can draw any sort of sense out of the Bible. In his own way, he holds the principle of an inward light which practically supersedes the written word. "Many think," says he, "they must needs be most Christian when they stick most closely to the New Testament; and that what is utterly absent from the New Testament cannot possibly be an important part of Christianity. A great mistake, arising from a wide-spread paralysis of true Christian feeling in the modern Church!"

"The New Testament is not the Christian law: the precepts of the apostles, the special commands of Christ, are not the Christian law. To make them such is to throw the Church back into that legal system from which Christ would have set it free. The Christian law is the Spirit of Christ, that enthusiasm of humanity which he declared to be the source from which all right action flows. What it dictates, and that alone, is law for the Christian."

Following this inward light—which one cannot see to be anything else on his principles than just the individual reason—conclusions are come to about a number of matters with a freedom and offhandedness which must excite the envy of more laborious inquirers. Such points as these, for instance, have evidently been long settled and set by, by this new reader of revelation. The Jews were far behind other nations in suspecting the immortality of the soul; "the Christian Church has introduced the invaluable institution of the Sunday;" the old Aaronic priesthood still existed in our Saviour's time, but "it bore the stamp of a ruder age," and was very properly superseded by the more cultivated scribes and lawyers; "no amount of disobedience which can be named, no amount of disbelief or ignorance of doctrine, is sufficient to deprive a man of the name of Christian;" "it is a common mistake of Christians to represent their faith as alone valuable, and as by itself containing all that man can want or can desire—but it is only one of many revelations, and is very insufficient by itself for man's happiness."

All this, however, is so far incidental. It is not the direct purpose of "Ecce Homo" to propagate those views about the Trinity, the Scriptures, and other things, which we have been ascribing to it. They are given forth, indeed, with sufficient distinctness, and they are not the less likely to lay hold on men's minds that they are brought out simply by the way, still the chief end of the book is different, and we must now briefly state what that is.

And first of all, we may say that that end is quite different from what the title of the work would

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naturally lead us to expect it to be. When we obey the call addressed to us in the words "Ecce Homo"—"Behold the Man"—we turn to look on the Person of Christ, not on the principles which regulated the formation of the Society which he founded. But the person of Christ is just the object which is presented to us most dimly. No attempt is made to tell the true story of his life, no systematic effort is made to make us acquainted with his real character; we have glimpses of a figure moving potentially and mysteriously in the affairs of men, but we are never brought near to him to look on his face, and, as we have already said, we can only guess what the writer in his own heart believes him to be. The real object of the book is what is explained to be in the preface—"to furnish an answer to the question, 'What was Christ's object in founding the Society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?'"

The author pictures to himself a world lying in a state of apparently hopeless disorder, when there appeared in it the Person of whom certain very ancient writings—the Gospels—profess to give a veritable history. These writings he does not accept as absolutely trustworthy; but as apart from them we have no documentary information about Christ at all, he acknowledges their authority so far as it goes, and endeavours with their help to define the plan which the Founder of the Christian Church may be supposed to have followed in his endeavors to accomplish the reformation of the human race.—And here, up to a certain point, the views propounded, though put in new and untechnical forms, contain nothing in them which is either novel or original. Christ, we are taught, did not found a new school of philosophy, or confine himself to the construction of a new creed, to be imposed, like a suit of new clothes, upon individual men. His grand aim was to extend the existing theocracy, so as to make it a universal kingdom, of which he himself should be the Head; and, while accessions were to be made to that kingdom by means of a call addressed to all men, faith in himself was to be the one condition of citizenship, and love to the King and the brotherhood, finding expression in holiness of nature and benevolence of life, was to be the great bond or principle of union. All this, it will be said, is excellent. The doctrine is not novel certainly, but it is entirely unobjectionable. Yes! it is unobjectionable so far as it goes. It was undoubtedly a part of the plan of Christ to do as is here described. But rather too much is demanded of us when we are asked to receive this account as an answer in full to the question in the Preface. The whole object of the mission of Christ is not told when we have said that he came to reform the human race; and the method of proceeding ascribed to Him by the author of "Ecce Homo," was not, in our judgment, adequate to at-

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tain the ends which he really had in view.

One of the objects contemplated in the life and death of Christ was the reconciliation of man to God by means of an atonement, and of this end no account whatever is taken. And while it is correctly asserted that what men need is not merely a change of law, but a change of heart, we dispute the assumption, which is quietly made, that towards the achieving of that change no supernatural agency is required.

The author, indeed, speaks occasionally of a Holy Spirit, and in certain connections he employs capital initial letters when using the words. But no one will for a moment be misled by the device into believing that he really holds anything like the orthodox faith on the subject. To him there is but one Person in the Godhead, and the "Divine Spirit" is just the "life which passes by contagion from one living soul into another." "The presence of a Divine Spirit within the soul," says he, "is the absolute and ultimate test of true membership in the Christian commonwealth. He who has it not cannot be a true member, whatever he may have; and he who has it is a member, whatever he may lack. But how is this moral sensitiveness produced? It is the effect of a single ardent feeling excited in the soul. A single conception, enthusiastically grasped, is found powerful enough to destroy the very root of all immorality within the heart. This enthusiasm is emphatically the presence of the Holy Spirit."

We consider, then, that the author of "Ecce Homo" has entirely failed to effect the purpose which he proposed to himself. He has not answered satisfactorily his own question. On the one hand, he has given an inadequate representation of the object which the Son of God had in view in coming into the world; and on the other, even taking his view of Christ's end as the correct one, he has not shown that the means which he says were employed to accomplish it were sufficient for its attainment.

Shall we say, then, that no good is to be expected from the publication of this volume? We will by no means affirm as much. There are many fine thoughts and eloquent passages in it which are well worthy of preservation; and even guesses at truth, though miserably beside the mark, have oftentimes their uses. The front ranks in a storming-party do not all reach the summit of the fortress they attack, but if, in their fall, they furnish stepping-stones to their more fortunate comrades who press on behind, they do not die altogether in vain; and there are many such books as "Ecce Homo," which, though they have not succeeded in achieving for themselves the work they aimed at, have furnished materials which may possibly be of service in guiding the speculations of future explorers.—He who has attempted something and failed, is not always to be spoken of as one who has thereby wasted so much of his life. The ship that is wrecked on the sunken rock is itself lost; but the rock in

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the meantime is discovered, and the bell or buoy which is immediately placed upon the spot, makes future shipwrecks there impossible. So a published failure may prove a public benefit, if (its true character being exposed) it comes to serve the end of a board at the entrance of a dangerous footpath, proclaiming, "No road this way!"

From the St. James's Magazine.

FRENCH LECTURERS.

We English are apt to wrap ourselves in our insular prejudices, and fancy that we are the most liberal nation under the sun, or at least eastward of the Atlantic; but perhaps, were we to take more trouble to study the institutions of other countries, we might come to a different conclusion.

Of the tens of thousands of our countrymen who yearly visit Paris, none are unacquainted with the Louvre; most find their way to the Luxembourg, but many forget to visit the Hotel de Cluni, and few even trouble to inquire which is the College Imperial de France.

Yet the Hotel de Cluni is a finer Roman relic than any our island can boast; and on the site where now stands the Imperial College once stood those of Tenier, Leon, and Cambrai, which, during the Middle Ages, were the resort of students of all nations, and formed, with the Sorbonne, the nucleus of European learning. These colleges were pulled down by order of Henry IV., to make room for the new college which had been founded by Francis I., but the tumults and disasters of the succeeding reigns had prevented its erection. It is recorded of the Bearnais, that, when the lecturers complained to him that their salaries had not been paid, he answered, "I would rather stint my own table than my lecturers; M. de Rosni shall pay you." The death of this wise prince again stopped the completion of the new college, which was partially resumed during the reign of Louis XIII., and again suspended until the year 1774, when the entire edifice was rebuilt by the architect Chalgrin.

Notwithstanding the regeneration which Paris has undergone, and is still undergoing, the College of France is neither a relic nor legend of the past; there it stands, an imposing structure, too sightly, it is hoped, to be swept away by the besom of improvement, which has been less fatal to old memories on the southern side of the Seine. If it be less renowned than were its predecessors, it is only because, from the general diffusion of learning, it is now no longer the only star in the firma-

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ment of knowledge. Its usefulness is as great as ever, and during six months at least in the year three or four lectures are delivered there daily, by twenty-eight lecturers, who include many of the most talented men in France. Moreover, these lectures are all free. Frenchmen of every class, foreigners, even ladies are admitted into the body of the lecture-halls, while for the latter there is also a place especially appointed close to the lecturer, where they may study science, metaphysics, belles-lettres, languages—even Chinese, Mantchou, Tartar, and Sanscrit—even more commodiously than the bearded sex. I fear we might look in vain for any place in England where the same privileges are enjoyed by the public.

More than a year since, M. Alfred Renan, whose "Life of Jesus" created such a sensation throughout France, was deposed from his lectureship; but we may presume that M. Renan's religious tenets did not interfere with his being a valuable interpreter of Roman history, as the Emperor availed himself of his services, as well as those of others, to supply the historical part of his great work of "Julius Cæsar," of which the political part alone is said to be written by Napoleon.

Let us now turn to the present lecturers, among whom MM. Adolphe Franck, Philarete Chasles, and Laboulaye, are deservedly popular. M. Franck lectures this year on the rights of nature and of nations. Last year M. Philarete Chasles made a series of interesting comparisons between the works of Latin and Teutonic writers during the last fifteen years, grouping them according to the influence they exerted over literature in their own and foreign countries.

This year he has lectured principally on works relating to arts and sciences, and has especially dwelt on the lives of painters, sculptors, architects and composers. Two of his lectures were devoted to tracing the birth and progress of music in Europe, from the earliest ages down to the present time.

M. Philarete Chasles is rather eccentric in manner, dress, and appearance; generally looks as if he had been suddenly roused from deep abstraction, and might easily fall back into the same condition. He often indulges in pretty compliments to the ladies who attend his lectures.

M. Laboulaye is the author of several philosophical and political works, and of a very amusing book called "Paris in America," which has already reached a thirteenth edition.

Last year M. Laboulaye lectured on English law, especially of the criminal code, of which he spoke in the highest terms. For the detection of crime he considers the English police as superior to the French as they are inferior to them in bringing to light political offences. This may probably arise from want of habit, as, luckily for us, political persecutions rarely take place in England.

This year M. Laboulaye has lec-

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tered on legislation under Louis XVI., and, in his opinion, freedom in France has not made great advances since that time. He even went so far as to say, more tersely than elegantly, "Nous couchons dans le lit de Louis Quatorze," alluding to the great bed at Versailles, "sans meme changer de draps."

M. Laboulaye is a mild, pleasant looking man, with a very intelligent expression, and stooping figure. His voice is agreeable, and while lecturing he scarcely raises it above the tone of ordinary conversation. He pronounces very distinctly, but rarely uses any gesticulation. His manner is very quiet and unobtrusive. He slips into his seat without even a bend towards his hearers, and retires from it almost before they are aware he has finished.

While most lecturers in England place themselves at a desk or pulpit, where their only chance of seeing their audience, or being seen by them, is by standing, and from thence they deliver their lectures, usually with as little freedom of action as a Jack-in-a-box, the lecturers at the Imperial College sit at their ease in a comfortable arm-chair, placed on a low rostrum; and as the seats in the auditorium are raised, rows above rows, on an inclined plane, the lecturer can be seen and heard without difficulty.

Another great distinction between English and French lecturers is that the former almost always read their lectures—the latter never.

Whether it arises from English *mauvaise honte*, or other physical or metaphysical peculiarity, our clergymen and lecturers almost invariably arm themselves with a book; and though it might perhaps be argued that a written discourse is likely to be better arranged and digested than one delivered extempore, yet it must be owned that with the general hearers the power of engrossing and riveting the attention rests almost exclusively with the latter; and that is of course the most important point gained.

It is so customary at the Imperial College for the audience to do the writing part, that one lecturer usually begins with—

"Write gentlemen, if you please."

Taking into consideration the love of display with which we generally accredit our neighbours, and their known habit of forming impromptu *tableaux vivans*, even when their affections are concerned, though this is much on the decline, it seems extraordinary that their lecturers and some of their preachers—Pere Felix, for instance—should adopt a style of speaking essentially simple and unobtrusive.

In his Lental discourses at Notre Dame, in Paris, Pere Felix addressed his auditory always as "gentlemen," not "my brethren," which sounded strangely from the pulpit.

The point to which I would revert in conclusion is, that though no doubt we enjoy liberty of the press and other boons of freedom

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to a greater extent than our neighbours, we might still with advantage copy their liberality of spirit, which even in former times, when despotism reigned supreme, caused them to open the floodgates of knowledge indiscriminately to all, without distinction of age, sex, or rank; and I would also add, that in the present day of imperial government it argues well for liberality of feeling when a decided republican like M. Laboulaye, who boldly states his principles even in the lecture-hall, should be appointed and paid to expound and commend English and American laws and institutions.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE PRUSSIAN NEEDLE-GUN.

All at once the Prussian Zundnadelgewehr, or needle-gun, has sprung into popularity, owing to the successes achieved by it in the Bohemian campaign. It had been previously contemned by all save the Prussians themselves, who have employed it in their army for now more than twenty years. It is hard to understand the divergency of opinion in respect to the value of this now celebrated weapon. If the Zundnadelgewehr had been a Prussian state secret, guarded from the ken of all other nations, as the manufacture of Tyrian purple was guarded, the Greek fire, or Dresden china, then the wonderment displayed at the sudden success of the weapon now would be explicable. There has been no secrecy of the kind. Not only have Prussian needle-guns been knocking about in English gunmakers' shops for these many years, but, even so far back as the Universal Exposition in Hyde Park in 1851, specimens of this variety of fire-arm were conspicuously displayed in the Zollverein department. It has been also one of the permanent objects of exhibition in the museum of the United Service Institution.

The arm, long ago, was experimented upon at Woolwich, and condemned. The military departments of other nations have not been more appreciative, if one or two small German governments be excepted. The American war, though stimulating into existence and active use so many breech-loading weapons as it did, left unchosen, and therefore unappreciated, the Zundnadelgewehr.

More difficult of comprehension, too, is this; since the adoption by the Prussians of this arm, they had on several occasions used it in active warfare without evoking any especial testimony as to its merits. Thus, during the revolutionary years of 1848-9, they used it to quell popular insurrection in Germany, and one heard nothing of its prowess. Again, in the Schleswig-

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Holstein campaign of 1849 they used it, and on this occasion with no great seeming effect. Altogether the Prussians were not very successful; and, in respect to the needle-gun, we have heard implications of deficiency outspoken by professional men, on the testimony of the first Schleswig-Holstein contests. We have heard it said that on that occasion the needle-gun leaked fire so wildly—the leakage being in a direct line with the shooter's eye—that the weapon had to be shot from the hip; that the shooting was inaccurate; that the arm was clumsy, ill-balanced, and heavy;—had, considered as a pike-handle for bayonet use, easily got out of order, dangerous, delicate—a long list of bad qualities indeed. Still the Prussians obstinately stuck to their needle-guns, and, judged by the results of the Bohemian campaign, they seem to have been justified.

Proceeding to chronicle the war experiences of the needle-gun, we have to remember that only two years ago the Austrians and Prussians fought side by side in Schleswig-Holstein, when it might have been fairly supposed that any special excellence of the Prussian arm would have been revealed. No such revelation seems to have been made; at least, one heard nothing of it.—The truth in respect to the needle-gun is, that it is a very inaccurately shooting weapon. It is very dangerous withal, very cumbrous, but in experienced hands it can be loaded and fired four times, or even more, to a muzzle-loader's once. If the needle-gun be the worst of breech-loaders, as some experienced people will maintain it to be, the testimony only goes to prove that the worst of breech-loading small-arms is better, for general purposes of warfare, than the best of muzzle-loaders. Many times since the general adoption of rifled small arms by the rank and file of armies (not restricting this class of weapon to special corps of riflemen) it has been asserted that battles would never be conducted by soldiers ranging up in close wall-like order again. It has been thought that the battle-field would be covered by clouds of skirmishers, who, picking off each other at long ranges, would determine the issue of the fight. Holding this belief, the advocacy of muzzle-loading as against breech-leading was consistent. In regard to the special function of accurate shooting at long ranges, we never yet did see, what some have seen, a breech-loader—no matter on what construction—equal a muzzle-loader of equal guage. We know of no *a priori* reason wherefore a breech-loader should be likely to shoot more correctly than a muzzle-loader; but we could cite many *a priori* reasons against it. This is only fair to state, and, being stated, we hasten to express our belief that, since the general use of military rifles, the regard paid to very accurate shooting at long ranges has been founded on a misapprehension of the necessities of war.—We have always thought the capacity of hitting a man at a thousand paces could only be made available

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under the condition that the man to be fired at could be seen; and whereas the smoke of a battle-field does not admit of this clear vision, it has seemed to us that extreme accuracy in a military rifle represented power wasted, capacity thrown away. Experience of the Bohemian campaign has seemed to prove that, in future wars, massed infantry will still manage to range up towards each other at distances of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, which being conceded, then it ceases to be doubtful whether muzzle-loaders or breech-loaders will have the best of it.—Accuracy of shooting counts for nothing now; rapidity of charge and fire is all in all. Aiming, in the ordinary sense of aiming from the shoulder, there need be none. If the ground be moderately level, the rifle held moderately level, and not too high, their bullets cannot well go astray. Somebody or other will be hit, somewhere or other; and if, as has happened in a large preponderance of cases, wounds have been inflicted only in legs and feet, it is so far well. A man hit is a man *hors de combat;* and, amidst the inhumanity of war, it is something to diminish the proportion of deaths in battle.

The principle from which the needle-gun derives its name, "Zunduadel," may be thus briefly explained: Be the fact known, then, that a pin or needle stroke, half prick, half scratch, is perhaps the most effectual means of igniting a common lucifer-match, or exploding an ordinary percussion-cap. Aware of this fact, it is easy to conceive many mechanical devices whereby this means of ignition may be applied to a fire-arm. Toy needle-guns have long been common enough in most British gunmakers' shops. They are used for rook and rabbit shooting. They illustrate the efficiency of puncture as a means of igniting a fulminatory charge; but in no other respect do they bear any resemblance to the Prussian needle-guns. As the nature of an antediluvian beast can be pretty well determined from the examination of a single tooth, so a gun-cartridge, in experienced hands, can be made to reveal the specialities of a gun. Subjecting the ammunition of a toy needle-rifle to this test, dissecting a cartridge, it will be found to consist of a conoidal bullet fixed in front of a cylindrical paper bag, holding the powder charge, in the hinder part of which latter there will be found a cap. It follows, then, that the perforating needle of such a gun must be very short—just long enough, in point of fact, to pass beyond the breeching; otherwise with the Prussian needle-gun. A toy needle-rifle is loaded by bending down the barrel at an angle with the stock, thus throwing the breech end of the barrel open. In the Prussian weapon there is no arrangement of the sort. For warlike exigencies, no system of breech-loading would be admissible in which the barrel ceased to have a rigid attachment to the stock; accordingly, this latter arrangement has been secured in the Prussian needle-gun. Taking

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one of these weapons in hand—firing it—the holder would find, however inexperienced in gunnery matters, that he was handling a very inconveniently balanced weight.—Intrinsically, a Prussian needle-gun weighs, without bayonet, some fifteen English pounds; whereas our national Enfield only weighs ten. If it be a question which weapon furnishes the best pike-handle—the most convenient bayonet fixing—there will be no need to linger over the reply. The needle-gun is inconveniently heavy, and, moreover, it has an inconvenient shape. Near the breech end of the barrel is seen a sort of knob, at the end of a stem, projecting horizontally. To open the piece the knob in question is struck smartly on one side. By this motion a cavity is revealed, just large enough to hold the cartridge, powder, bullet, and means of ignition, all in one. And now the peculiarity of Zundnadelgewehr ammunition, compared with toy needle-gun ammunition, will be manifest. The fulminating patch into which the Prussian needle-gun needle has to go is located at the base of the conical ball, and by consequence at the front of the powder charge. From this it follows that the needle must be long enough to transfix the whole length of the powder charge, which is accomplished through a mechanism we need not specify in detail here. Enough to state that, whereas the actuating needle mechanism of the toy needle-gun does not give parallel motion, the strictest parallelism is needed with such a long spill as enters into the formation of the Prussian arm. Three motions only are required to load and make ready the Zundnadelgewehr; opening, shutting, and, as we may term it, cocking; though the latter consists in a parallel movement; viz: the drawing back of a slide to which the needle is attached.—From this description of the weapon it will be seen that, whatever escape of fire there may be will fly back towards the shooter's eye. The Prussians assert they have wholly obviated any such escape; certain is it, however, that the defect existed formerly.

One point in connection with military needle-gun practice has, we think, been less minutely pondered than it deserves; namely, the modification of cavalry tactics brought about through the adoption of needle cavalry carbines. Whatever of inconvenience the principle of muzzle-loading has involved for infantry troops of the line, has been greatly exaggerated in cavalry practice. If to charge a muzzle-loading arm be slow, cumbrous, and inconvenient to men standing on their feet, how much more slow, cumbrous, and inconvenient to men sitting on horseback! So great a nuisance were muzzle-loading cavalry carbines decreed, that many tacticians would have had shoulder fire-arms abolished for cavalry usage altogether. It was argued that cold steel and repeating pistols were the only proper cavalry arms, especially the former. This opinion will probably have to be modified or even revoked, judg-

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ing from recent Prussian experiences. It has been the recent practice of Prussian cavalry to ply their mounted enemies first with needle-gun shots until their ranks were broken, thus reverting to the practice of Prussian cavalry in the time of Frederick the Great, who relied more on the quick discharge of shouldered fire-arms than on sabreing.

Coming now to divest the Zundnadelgewehr of the glamour of success which interferes with correct judgment, we are disposed to believe that the Prussians have not been so transcendently overwhelming because of the possession of needle-guns specially, as because of their possession of breech-loading guns abstractedly. We believe in the superiority of several breech-loading systems to that to which the Prussians stand committed; and notably the Snider (not Schneider, as sometimes written) system now adopted by the British Government. The especial merit to be awarded to the Prussians is on the ground of their having been the first to generalize certain fundamental principles, and incorporate them into a system. They were the first to apprehend the fundamental truth that any system of military breech-loading, to be thoroughly efficient, should involve and utilize the proposition of employing self-igniting cartridges.—It is now surprising to reflect on the ingenuity wasted in devising arrangements of breech-loading that, when accomplished, needed the supplemental operation of capping, or the equivalent of capping, which now seems an absurdity. No really efficient breech-loading system could be effected whilst the prejudice remained.

Having stated that it has never fallen to our lot to see practice with any breech-loader equal in accuracy to the best muzzle-loading practice, it is only proper to add that a target made by one of Snider's breech-loaders has come in our way which, had we seen the firing instead of the target, would have altered our personal testimony. For accuracy, on the evidence of this target, it transcends anything we ever saw the muzzle-loading Enfield perform. We know the target to be authentic—it is, indeed, official—and our mode of adverting to the case should be accepted in the sense of a testimony to the success of Mr. Snider. Unquestionably any man who makes a breech-loader shoot ball as accurately as a muzzle-loader of a smaller guage has achieved a great mechanical success.

One word in conclusion. The mere description of implements used for destruction of human life may grate upon the feeling of some peaceful readers of "The Liesure Hour." Yet what good would come of ignoring or slurring over the existence of war? Who does not reprobate it and lament it? We cannot shut our eyes to evils that exist. So long as men go to war, it may be taken for granted that each party in the contest will strive to overcome his antagonist, and the means and appliances of destruction will keep pace with the progress of gen-

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eral science. Sad indeed it is, but inevitable. There is, however, this compensating consideration, that, in proportion to the improvements in the art of war, it would seem that the duration of war, with all its accompanying horrors, must be shortened.

From Nature and Art.

A HANDFUL OF SAND.

To the explorer, traveller, and investigator of Nature's secrets, "Sand" is a page—perchance a volume—in the world's history.—Every tiny rill and rivulet which pours its waters through ravine and valley, to lose itself at last in some passing river, brings with it, slowly but surely, grain by grain, specimens of the rocks and deposits over which its waters have for ages worn their way. Each winter flood and summer storm lends its aid to break down, disintegrate, and drift away the detritus brought down by the ever fretting, ever wearing, influence of running water.

If you doubt as to the geological formation of distant hills and inaccessible mountains, consult a handful of sand from the nearest brook flowing from them, and much light will be thrown on the subject by the investigation. To examine sand, it has been my custom, after washing and drying it, to lay a well-mixed portion, say of the size of a shilling, over a sheet of clean white paper; to flatten out the pile until the particles are evenly distributed, and then with my pocket lens to scan them carefully. The boundless treasures so long buried in the wide valleys of California might have remained at rest and undiscovered to this day had not sand disclosed the golden secret, and thus it was divulged. One Captain Sutter, an old soldier of the American republic, had settled in the valley of the Sacramento, laid out a farm, built a mill, and regularly established himself. It was found that the "race" constructed to carry off the water which had passed the wheel was not deep enough for its purpose. It was therefore decided that the whole water-power should be turned on, and allowed to rush through, and deepen it. The pent-up torrent not only did the duty it was called on to perform, but overflowed the banks, carrying turf, sticks, stones, and sand far over the meadows.—As the water drained off, and the sun shone out, the white quartz particles glittered like a thousand diamonds, and a handful was gathered by one of the Captain's people, when yellow grains as well as white were discovered, examined,

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and found to be gold. How the human tide flowed in endless throngs to the new El Dorado, and how splendid cities sprang into being where, a few months before, a herdsman's fire and a lean wolfish-looking dog or two were the only signs of occupation, need not be dwelt on here, as they are matters of history. Hargraves, too, tempted by the golden prospects held out in the new lands, quitted Australia, and joined the gold-seekers in California. There the rocks and drifts struck him as being so much like those which he had left behind, that he, like Whittington, retraced his steps, visited the river-bed near his own home, gathered sand which told him the great gold secret, and unlocked the vast coffers of the Antipodes. Many other highly valuable alluvial gold and diamond washings are dependent on, and have been discovered by the drifting sand borne ever onward by the giant strength of water. So vast and irresistible is that strength, that huge boulders which, when the river-bed is dry, the reeds withered and yellow, and the water-plants crumbled up like parched tobacco leaves, look as though no earthly power could stir them from their beds, are rolled pell-mell over and against each other by winter floods or "spates" of molten snow that thunder down from distant mountains.

Each of these water-worn blocks lends its contribution to our "handful of sand." The mineral veins and quartz reefs traversed and intersected by the crushing mass are laid bare, pulverized as by a mighty mill, and ground into particles and fragments little more than sand. These, with other atoms worn from the bed of the torrent over which the abrading masses have passed, are borne onward, and settle for a time, according to their gravity and size, to be again disturbed, carried onward, re-deposited, shaken about, fretted, rounded, and again crushed. Your veritable "rolling stone" gathers no moss, indeed, but obtains, like many waifs and strays on the stream of life, a particularly smooth surface instead. Onward and ever onward journeys our sand, forming at times "bars" across rivers and the mouths of harbours, silting-up lakes—a process now going on in that of Geneva—blocking up channels, forming "sinks" for whole rivers to disappear in, and, in fact, doing its part to bring about many of the changes which the Earth's crust is always undergoing. On the burning desert and amongst the sterile dunes, sand holds high festival; and well do I know, from painful experience, what a tyrant he is, when whirling aloft like some huge pillar, curling round in mazy, spiral, onward march, the sand-storm is upon us, and we bow our heads in meek submission.

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From the Saturday Review.

PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.

Those who hear so frequently about the "warnings" given to French journals, and who know that in France freedom of the press has been pronounced incompatible with the maintenance of the Empire, will probably marvel when they are told that for some time back hardly a month has elapsed during which the publication of a new newspaper has not been announced in Paris. The fact is, that in no other capital are so many daily and weekly papers offered for sale as in that of France at the present time.

In opposition, then, to the generally received opinion, we assert that every Frenchman may found a newspaper, and may conduct it without dread of interference, provided that he never discusses political questions, or inserts news of a political character; that he strictly confines himself to reporting scandalous anecdotes and relating indelicate stories; that he is always in raptures at the doings of the Court, shows himself a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and professes enthusiasm for the young Imperial Prince.

The cheapest and most widely circulated of these periodicals is the "Petit Journal." It is sold for a half-penny, and is bought by upwards of a quarter of a million of persons. Each number contains a sort of essay, the installment of a novel, extracts from the worst cases of the police reports, full details about the last murder or suicide, and the news of the day,—that is, all the particulars relating to the state of the weather and the money-market, and the sayings and doings of the more shameless section of Parisian society. The essay writer and the novelist are the leading spirits of the journal. The former writes under the pseudonym of "Timothee Trimm," and produces articles which, in happier days, would scarcely have found a reader in France, but which are now the favorite intellectual food of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen. His productions are equally remarkable for their impertinence and their triviality. At one time the public is informed how to make soup, at another how the writer felt when witnessing a mother whipping her child. Not only does he adopt the French penny-a-liner's trick for filling space, which is to make a paragraph of a sentence, but he prints every clause of a sentence as a separate paragraph.

This is the sort of stuff of which "Timothee Trimm" writes four or five columns daily, and for which he finds about four hundred thousand readers. It is not worse, however, than the novels for which the "Petit Journal" is famous. They

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are generally from the pen of M. Ponson du Terrail, a writer compared with whom the most "sensational" of English novelists must be pronounced tame, and who would easily distance in a competitive examination the most able among the contributors of bloody tales to our cheap journals. Had Eugene Sue been alive, he would have found more than his match in M. Ponson du Terrail.

Success leads to rivalry. It was natural, then, that M. Milaud, the founder of the "Petit Journal," should have competitors for the sums which a paper like it had caused to flow into his treasury. Accordingly, M. Villemessant stepped forward with the "Grand Journal" as a candidate for popular favour. As its name indicates, it is the antithesis of the "Petit Journal" in size, being nearly four times larger. It is also five times dearer, and is published weekly. That it has been fairly successful, we learn from a report of the annual meeting of its proprietors, published some weeks back, where it is announced that the dividend for the year is within a fraction of eight and a half per cent. Notable for the largeness of its type and the whiteness of its paper, as well as for the comparative solidity of its contents, the success of the "Grand Journal" is not wholly undeserved. Yet to show how difficult it is to fill so many columns with matter to which the authorities will not take exception, its conductors are obliged to devote nearly an entire page to a repetition of the chit-chat which has appeared in its contemporaries during the week. Not satisfied with surpassing the "Petit Journal" once a week, M. Villemessant determined to compete with it every day, and founded the "Evenement." This new-comer costs a penny, and furnishes a more ample feast of horrors than its lower-priced rival. M. Paul Feval, a veteran composer of thrilling stories, has been employed to contest the palm with M. Ponson du Terrail. The "Embalmed Husband," the novel with which he undertook to gratify his readers, is, as far as we can judge, well fitted for throwing them into fits of excitement.

In order to meet this competitor, M. Millaud founded another paper at the same price, and of the same size, and called the "Soleil."—Thus three daily journals are now employed in the mission of providing the most pernicious kind of reading for the French public.—They appeal, not to the poor and ignorant, but to those who are supposed to be educated, and who are in a position to enjoy the luxuries of life. A taste for what is vile is more easily excited than an admiration for what is noble. Details of suicides, murders, and adulteries, are always welcome to the half-educated, and become, after a time, agreeable to those who, although more cultivated, have little else to read. As the very worst of these publications, the "Petit Journal" enjoys the largest circulation. Like certain English newspapers which boast of having "the largest circulation in the world," it sets

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forth, as its best advertisement, the number of copies published.

Each of the enterprising gentlemen we have named possess a number of other journals, which differ in little but the titles from those already noticed. There are others in the market, but none of them can surpass those we have named in appealing with effect to the most depraved tastes of readers, one alone excepted. This is called "Colombine." It came before the world with the recommendation of being edited by an actress, and having actresses for contributors. The life of the world of vice was to be made public in its columns. We do not think that its success equalled the expectations of its founders. Indeed, in place of being more attractive than the established organs of bad reputation, it proved far duller than the "Petit Journal." The revelations it contained were not novel; the anecdotes were devoid of piquancy.—Its originality consisted in being printed on pink paper, and this, though appropriate enough, was yet hardly sufficient to compensate for its drawbacks. But the badness of all these papers is less to be wondered at than the fatuity of a government which can think it a duty to encourage them. That it should do so, is an irrefragable proof that vice, not virtue, is in favor at Court. It proves, moreover, that so long as French men of letters do not call in question the Emperor's policy, they may publish, with impunity, the most wretched and demoralizing trash.

Before a Frenchman dare print and vend a newspaper containing the slightest allusion to politics, he must deposit a large sum as caution-money, and obtain the permission of the government. He may be perfectly inoffensive, and mean no harm to his fellows, but, on the contrary, may desire to benefit them as much as to enrich himself.—Should he succeed in obtaining the requisite permission, he has another difficulty to contend against, namely, the tax in the shape of a stamp which is affixed to each number of a licensed paper. The effect of this is, of course, to oblige him to charge a higher price for his journal than may be charged for one which is unstamped. Suppose him, on the other hand, to be a speculator who is solely animated by a desire to gain a large return for his outlay, he will find no hindrance should he wish to own a newspaper. If he confines himself to retailing scandal, he may found as many papers as he pleases. He may sell them at a price within the means of the poorest class of readers, because he has no security to give and no stamp to purchase. He is thus unchecked in his desire to work as much mischief, and get in return as much profit, as possible. He may even count on the approbation of courtiers, and the patronage of Ministers. He is certain to be invited to all the State balls. He will rejoice to think that he inhabits a country where respectable newspapers enjoy the minimum of liberty, and disreputable ones indulge in the maximum of license.

MIGNONETTE.

This is no rose, among the garden flowers
 A queen in her own right, or lily fair,
 The bride of kings, that breathes upon the air
Such fragrance as the fragrance of these bowers.
The sun has pass'd this way and laid the hours
 Of light and warmth, with all a lover's care,
 Upon my garden's breast, and every where
Arise sweet answers. This that overpowers
Or rose or lily, and does least forget
 The sun that loved it, seeking to renew
Its vows of perfume, as in deep regret
 That it by day held up no gold to view,
Crimson or purple, is my Mignonette,
 Whose beauty is its sweetness, not its hue.

From Nature and Art.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.

The works for the next Great Exhibition are being pushed on with great activity. The Champ de Mars, the scene of so many brilliant shows, and of some follies, is undergoing a complete metamorphosis and the mere preparatory labour has been enormous.

The preparation of that portion of the ground which the building is to occupy has been completed for some time. The whole of the passages for drainage and ventilation, the latter being large enough to drive a coach through ; the great range of cellars under the outer gallery, which is to contain, not only the exhibition articles of food in their crude state, and in various stages of preparation, but also all the restaurants, cafes, and other places of refreshment, together with the masonry, which forms the foundation for the iron portion of the structure, are finished. The huge columns of the great machinery court—which will be more than a hundred feet wide, and upwards of eighty in height to the girders, and will form the most remarkable portion of the building—are being reared rapidly in pairs, several of which are now connected by their curved girders, and look like the framework of triumphal arches for the passage of a giant army. The

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other portions of the iron work are also in hand; and the walls of the two inner galleries, to contain the fine art and retrospective collections, are nearly half finished.—These two galleries have been built of stone, in order to exclude as much as possible not only dust, but noise. The position of the various parts of the building, the principal avenues, and the inner garden can now all be traced with little difficulty.

All the world knows by this time, we presume, that the imperial commission has for its honorary president the Prince Imperial, son of the Emperor, with the Minister of State as the acting president, the Ministers of Commerce and of the Beaux Arts for vice-presidents, and M. Le Play (who acted in the same capacity in Paris, in 1855, and in London in 1862) as commissaire general. We presume, also, that it is known, almost as generally, that the building is to be of an irregular ovoid form—in fact, a short body with semicircular ends; that the classes are to be placed in concentric divisions, galleries as they are called—the building being, however, all on one floor, an immense advantage—commencing with the fine arts and ending with machinery; and that as each exhibiting country will have a space enclosed between two radii—a slice as it were of the great international cake—each will have a portion of all the concentric galleries; thus visitors will be able to examine the contents of the Exhibition, either in geographical or systematic order as may best suit their purposes or their inclinations.

The Universal Exhibition, of 1867, will surpass all its predecessors not only in actual extent, but also in the comprehensiveness of its design; it will include all that was comprised in former plans, and several important features in addition. As regards the former portion of the programme, little need be said: there is no doubt that the classes of raw materials, tools, machinery, and manufactured products, as well as that of the Fine Arts, will all exhibit a proportionate amount of progress; and the applications for space have been greatly beyond the capacities of the building.

The site devoted to the Exhibition is a parallelogram, rather more than 3,250 feet long by 1,365 feet wide; the building will measure about 1,600 feet by 1,250 feet, and in consequence of its rounded form a very large space of ground will be left unoccupied. Moreover, the inner wall of the building will circumscribe a garden more than 500 feet long by nearly 200 feet broad. This large extent of park and garden will afford means which former Exhibitions have only possessed to a very small extent for the exhibition of objects relating to natural history, agriculture, horticulture, acclimation, rural matters, and manufactures requiring a considerable space, isolation, or both. The programme includes an exhibition of horses, cattle and domestic animals; but, as breeders would be deterred

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by the long period of seven months—the Exhibition being announced to open on the first day of April, and to close on the last day of October—it is arranged that animals may be exhibited for short periods only, and be replaced from time to time by others of the same class and from the same localities. The exhibition of living animals will, therefore, be permanent, while the animals themselves may be frequently renewed. Amongst other matters in this class which are likely to present peculiar attractions is the rearing and management of silkworms, in which the French and Italian departments will be especially prominent; and side by side with the insects of Europe will be shown those of India, China and Japan, which feed on the leaves of the mulberry, oak, ailanthus (or Japan varnish tree, as it is erroneously called,) jujube, and castor-oil plant. This portion of the Exhibition will be all the more interesting from the fact, that the Ailanthus and other worms, some of them as large as a man's finger and exquisitely beautiful, will be seen in the open air, and may be studied as in a state of nature. Naturalists visiting the Jardin d'Acclimation in the Bois de Boulogne, and the experimental establishment of M. Guerin Meneville at Vincennes, may have seen these creatures in their normal condition, but to the public generally the sight will be novel and interesting.

As the production of honey and wax is one of the most universally extended occupations, the comparison of the various systems employed therein cannot fail to be suggestive. The honey of Hymettus has lost none of its celebrity, though more than two thousand years have rolled away since its praises were first sung. It figured at Kensington in 1851; perhaps the bees themselves may appear in the Champ de Mars next year.

In Horticulture our neighbours, being at home, will have a great advantage over their visitors. The moment the ground can be prepared to receive them, the French gardeners and horticulturists, with the Imperial Societies of Agriculture and Horticulture at their head, will lay out their plantations and parterres; and they have done so much of late in acclimation of plants, and the floral decoration of public pleasure-grounds, that we may look for an extremely interesting exhibition in this class on the French side. The system of transplanting large trees, so successfully employed by the late Sir Joseph Paxton, has been carried out to a great extent by the authorities of Paris, and there is no doubt that some daring feats of this kind will be exhibited in the planting of the ornamental portions of the Exhibition Park.

We have been favoured with a view of the draft plans for the Horticultural Exhibition, to which one corner of the park, equal to about twelve acres in extent, has been devoted; and we may mention that they include the great aquariums, about which some extraordi-

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nary statements have been made. The arrangement adopted falls little short of the rumours to which we refer. There are to be aquariums both for fresh and salt water fish, and each will be connected with a cascade, which in the former case will serve to aerate the water to be pumped back into the aquarium. The tanks are to be of great size, and to be so constructed that the public may pass beneath them, and thus view the fish from below as well as above. The management of the horticultural portion of the Exhibition is entrusted to M. Barrillet Deschamps, the chief gardener of the city of Paris, and it could not be in better hands. We are glad to find that the British horticulturists have accepted the invitation of the Imperial Commission, and will co-operate with their French brethren in this interesting section of the Universal Exhibition.

Model farm buildings, cottages, and rural constructions of all kinds, will be encouraged in every possible way, and it would be disgraceful to England and Scotland did they not take up a prominent position in this class. They have not perhaps very much to learn of others in this department; but, to put the matter on the lowest ground it would be doing an injustice to Great Britain not to let the world at large see how much economic science and philanthropy combined have effected for the well-being, moral as well as material, of her agricultural class, which is perhaps the best fed, the best housed, and the best provided for in every way, in all Europe. If in one corner of the Exhibition Park there be not a model English farm, and a model English cottage or two, with rose-clad porch and garden-patch—things scarcely known on the Continent—one chance of correcting an error that exists pretty generally abroad respecting the habits of our island will be lost. We are looked upon as the most matter-of-fact people in Europe, and it would be well that our neighbours should know that the rural districts of England are as remarkable for the production of ornamental flowers as for that of heavy crops.

A variety of the most important national industries dependent upon agriculture, besides those already mentioned, will, of course, be represented. The French department will, doubtless, be highly attractive in this respect, and will include model establishments connected with the manufacture of wine, the production of sugar from beet-root and other substances, sugar-refining, brewing, distillation, the extraction of perfumes, the manufacture of fancy soaps, the preparation of fecula, macaroni, vermicelli, and other processes for the preservation and preparation of food, to which chemical science has been largely applied by our neighbours.

The river Seine will flow past the door of the Exhibition, and a canal is now being constructed in the future park for the supply of water for industrial and ornamental purposes. These water-ways will

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afford admirable opportunities for the exposition of anything connected with maritime art, fisheries and aquatic sports; and this is another class in which it is to be hoped Englishmen will occupy a worthy place. Will not some enterprising individual—if not our noble National Life-Boat Institution—undertake to send an English life-boat with its crew and all accessories complete? Few things would do us greater honour, or be likely to confer greater benefit in the way of example.

Another feature interesting to the whole world, is that of the illustration of the purely manual trades, including, however, not only those which defy the application of machinery—if, indeed, it be safe in this mechanical age for any one to forbid the intrusion or limit the powers of the lever, the inclined plane, and their offspring,—but also others which are now running a competitive race against those giants of the nineteenth century, the steam engine, the steam hammer, the power loom, and the electric battery. It is the intention of the Imperial Commission to give all possible prominence to this group. They will show, if possible, the Indian weaving his exquisite shawls and fairy muslins; the Arab embroidering cloth and leather, and weaving camel's hair; the Maltese making those fairy chains and that minute filagree-work which are the despair of other nations; the Chinese carving their ivory balls, fans, and artistic woodwork; the American Indian fabricating his skin dresses and moccasins, decorated with beads and porcupine quills; and the natives of Panama plaiting those well-known hats, in presence of which the Italian straw-worker and the French basket-maker, able as they are, must yield the palm. In short, the Commission will do their best to exhibit all the manual arts, as practised by Asiatic and less civilized people, side by side with the most approved methods of working adopted by the artisans of Europe. This is a grand scheme, and although, doubtless, many links will be wanting, it cannot fail to supply a series of most interesting and instructive industries. In order to finish the picture, to render the story and the means of comparison more complete, the manual workers will be brought as far as possible, face to face, with those who compete against them with the aid of machinery.—Around the grand gallery of manufacturing machines, will be constructed a series of small workshops, in which the purely manual artisans will pursue their industry in their own manner, while their rivals, with the aid of the subdued monster, steam, will exhibit to the world how far they excel or fall short, as regards excellence of workmanship on the one hand, and rapidity of execution on the other.

Another new feature is the introduction of the historic element into the industrial department. A magnificent exhibition of retrospective art, founded upon that wonderful collection seen at South Kensington in 1862, was held last

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last year in the Champs Elysees, when the great collectors of France contributed a most extensive and valuable series of specimens in metal, moulded, and woven wares, dating from the Flint Age to the century immediately preceding our own. Feeling that a great exhibition of modern art productions would be incomplete without the means of comparison with those of the past, the Commissioners have added another class to their programme, under the title of the "History of Labour," which, it is hoped, will comprise choice specimens of ancient art workmanship of every age and almost every country on the globe.

Literature and Science are also to have their place in the grand concourse. The Minister of Public Instruction, whose administration has been an unbroken series of strenuous and enlightened endeavours towards the improvement of all kinds of education—ordinary, ornamental, and professional—suggested the admission of the scholar, the man of science, and the teacher, to the great gathering; and it has been arranged that reports shall be made by a select number of eminent professors in all the classes of intellectual acquirement, to be published by the Government as the contributions of Literature, Education, and Science. The object is to show not only what progress France has made in letters and the abstract sciences, but also what position is due to her, in comparison with the rest of the world, as respects her collegiate, prefessional, and common systems of education. Other nations are invited to take like steps, and Italy, for one, has determined to respond to the appeal and put in her claim for one of the Academic wreaths.

Perhaps one of the most decided and generally recognized results of Exhibitions, great and small, is the fatigue of the visitor. The Imperial Commission intends to try the experiment of mixing the *dulce* with the *utile* to an extent not hitherto dreamt of, and thus to charm away at once mental and bodily weariness. As we have already said, the Exhibition building will stand in the midst of a large park, adorned with plantations and intersected by a canal. All the arts of the sculptor, the architect, the engineer, the iron, bronze, and zinc founder, the mason, and the rustic carpenter, in addition to those of the florist and horticulturist, will be called into use to decorate the Exhibition Park with statues, fountains, picturesque objects, brilliant parterres, pleasant walks, and shady nooks; there is no doubt the result will be worthy of the occasion, and that the surroundings of the New Palace of Industry will present a striking contrast to those of its forerunners. But the intentions of the Imperial Commission do not stop here. Not content with providing their millions of visitors with a garden in which they may take their pleasure, it is proposed also to furnish the positive materials both of physical and intellectual enjoyment upon the most liberal scale.

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The bodily wants are to be supplied by restaurants, cafés, confectioners' shops, and buffets for the sale of wines, beer, and other liquors, of every kind and country, each contractor being confined to the sale of articles, and the modes of cookery and preparation, peculiar to his country. The great wine districts of France are resolved to place before the world a supply of the wines of Burgundy, Bordeaux, Champagne, Macon, and the South, in unadulterated and perfect condition, and at fair charges. An Austrian establishment for the sale of the famous articles of Viennese bakery and confectionery is amongst those determined upon. There is little doubt that, in the British department, roast beef, chops and steaks, and a good glass of beer, will be forthcoming; and there is no question that the able caterers of gastronomic delicacies for the Parisian world will do credit to their well established reputation. There will be little fear of being starved in the Great Exhibition of 1867.

Perhaps the greatest innovation of all is the introduction of dramatic and other amusements to take place not only during exhibition hours, but also in the evening, when it is said, the gates of the park will be thrown open to the public—perhaps with a small charge for admission.

The list of entertainments is to include, moreover, pantomimes, puppet theatres, and all kinds of *divertissements* tending in any way to illustrate the intellectual condition or the national peculiarities of various nations.

In order to accommodate visitors, and enable them to spend as much time as possible in the Exhibition building and park, the subsidiary railways of Paris, which communicate with all the main lines, are being continued to the Champ de Mars, and trains will run from an early hour in the morning till midnight. This brings us to the grand question of the means of approach to the Exhibition, which in this respect also will have advantages which none other has ever possessed. The Champ de Mars is bordered by roads on all four sides one of these being the broad highway that skirts the side of the river, while a fine bridge spans the Seine exactly opposite to the chief entrance of the park: thus the Exhibition will be accessible on all sides and in all directions by road, rail, and river, a combination of facilities which are of infinite importance in such an undertaking. Lastly, arrangements are made to provide as far as possible against bad weather. The side entrances to the Exhibition will be so arranged that visitors may there descend from their carriages under cover, and the broad paths which lead from the front and back gates of the park to the building will have covered arcades on each side.

Such are the principal improvements and most remarkable novelties that have been introduced into the plan of the great Congress of the works of Nature and Art for the coming year. The Imperial

Commissioners seem determined to throw all that has hitherto been done of the same kind completely into the shade, and there is no legitimate reason to believe that they will not be successful in their undertaking.

Palmam qui meruit ferat!

From The Sunday At Home.

THE COLOSSEUM.

This wonderful structure has a very definite and marked position, not only in the history of Architecture, but also in the history of the City of Rome, and the history of the Roman Empire. It has, moreover, the most impressive and the most direct associations with the history both of Judaism and of Christianity. These various heads of thought may be our guides in the remarks which are now to be made with this gigantic building before us.

Some notion of its significance and its characteristic place in the history of Architecture may be seized at once by the non-professional reader (and it is only for such reader that this is written), if he will compare the Colosseum with a Greek Temple on the one hand, and with a Gothic Cathedral on the other. The Roman Amphitheatre was in its very form an expression both of the solid strength and of the appalling cruelty of the Roman Empire. "Implacable, unmerciful," is the inspired description of the social state of that "kingdom of this world;" and these structures bear their perpetual testimony to the truth of the sentence. Wherever that Empire extended, it seems that provision was made for the entertainment of watching men destroy one another, or destroyed by wild beasts. We find traces of amphitheatres even in Germany and Britain, though these have often been rather excavations than buildings. At Nismes in the South of France, at Pola in Istria, at Verona in Northern Italy, very conspicuous structures of this kind survive.—But the most famous and grandest of all is the Colosseum—a ruin, it is true—but still strong and solid and vast, and standing in its most expressive and most suitable position, at the very centre of the city of Rome.

It has been said above that this building marks a period in the history of that City. One time of conspicuous change in the architectural progress of the world's metropolis had been the reign of Augustus, just at the beginning of the Christian era, of whom it was said that he "found Rome a city of

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brick, and left it a city of marble." The improvement and embellishment in the streets and squares and public edifices must have been very great; and the change may be compared with that we ourselves have seen and wondered at in Paris during the last few years. The next great building-period in Rome was the reign of Nero. That terrible fire, which about the time of St. Paul's death was so cruelly associated with the sufferings of the Christians, gave to the Tyrant Emperor an admirable opportunity for glorifying himself, whilst adorning the capital. He erected his own form in a gigantic Colossus, which Pliny, who saw it in the workmen's hands, states to have been a hundred and ten feet high. He built at vast expense his "Golden House," which besides covering a prodigious area, had all around, where dwellings had stood before, a landscape of woods that contained even cattle and wild beasts. Then he said that at last he had "begun to live like a man." He was even thinking of calling the city Neropolis, when this insane folly was closed by an ignoble death. After a time of civil war and confusion in the Empire, Vespasian came to the throne, and began the Flavian dynasty; and he, with his son Titus, used the spaces which were made partly by the fire and partly by Nero's selfish display, for raising structures, a considerable part of which still remain, the most conspicuous being that which is called the Colosseum. Whether this name was given to the "Flavian Amphitheatre" from its colossal size, or from the Colossus of Nero, which stood near it, is a point on which scholars have disputed.—However this question may be settled, it is to be regretted that the word has been so written for centuries as to disguise the derivation. The place chosen was a hollow between two of the hills on which Rome stood, and where Nero had caused a lake to be made near his Golden House. Augustus had intended to build an amphitheatre in the middle of the city; and Vespasian accomplished the work on a scale which was probably far beyond what was contemplated by Augustus. The building covered nearly six acres of ground. In form it is an oval, 620 feet in length, externally, by 513 in breadth; and the vertical height is 157 feet.—Within this enclosure is the arena:

> "While from the central floor the seats ascend,
> Round above round, slow widening to the verge;
> A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
> Imperial Rome and her attendant realm,
> When, drunk with power, she reel'd with fierce delight,
> And oped the gloomy caverns, whence outrush'd
> Before the innumerable shouting crowd
> The fiery madden'd tyrants of the wilds,
> Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
> And desperate men more fell."

The impression of magnitude which the traveller receives, as he walks among the huge stone corridors by which the seats were approached, is very striking; and most interesting it is, as he paces round the exterior, to read the numbers (they ran from I. to LXXVI.) cut in stone upon the arches. The multitude of people

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which this amphitheatre would contain, has been estimated as high as 150,000; but, on a more exact calculation of space, and a comparison with the Crystal Palace, it appears that about one-third of that amount is the very highest that can be allowed. Vespasian did not live to see the full completion of his work; in fact, it was not absolutely finished till the reign of his younger son, Domitian; but Titus dedicated it in the year 80 A. D., with prodigious entertainments, which lasted one hundred days. These spectacles afforded the utmost gratification both for curiosity and for cruelty. We read of contests, not only of elephants, but of storks, and of the slaughter of 5,000 (some say 9,000) wild beasts, many of them killed by women. Such was the inauguration of that building, which is still the most conspicuous in Rome, or which at least stands in the same eminent relation to Pagan Rome as St. Peter's to Papal Rome.

The Colosseum, again, is the monument of an important passage in the history, not only of the City of Rome, but of the Roman Empire.

We may look at this amphitheatre with a certain degree of additional interest, when we remember that it was contemporaneous with that general improvement of morals and government of which Vespasian was the author, and which lasted through the period of the Antonines. To ourselves, too, in Britain, this passage of history has a natural attraction; for it was while the Colosseum was slowly rising, arch above arch, the Emperor sent Agricola, eminent alike as a general and as a statesman, to complete the conquest of this island, and to bring it within the pale of Roman civilization.

But it is another war and another conquest which possesses the chief interest for us in connection with this reign of Vespasian. The foundation of his Amphitheatre exactly coincided with the subjugation of Judæa, the final destruction of the Temple, and the bringing of its sacred vessels, with the long array of squalid Israelites captives, to Rome. Jewish residents had indeed long been settled there in considerable numbers, partly in consequence of Pompey's train of captives after an earlier conquest of Jerusalem, about a hundred years before, partly through the influence of that spirit of mercantile enterprise, which had already begun to characterise this people; and this community of Jews in Rome we recognize in the Epistle of St. Paul to that place, and in the concluding passage of the Acts of the Apostles. But the terrible war which filled a large part of Vespasian's reign, and which indeed he was already conducting when he was called to the throne, was the real crisis of the Jewish people. Goaded by oppression, driven to fanaticism by false prophets, and torn meanwhile by dissensions among themselves, the Jews fought in vain with the tenacious courage of despair, till at length Divine Prophecy received

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its awful fulfilment, and Jerusalem was taken by Titus, and the Temple was entered on the 2d of September, in the year 70. The triumph which followed was splendid almost beyond parallel in the long series of pageants of that kind, which Rome witnessed in her course of conquest; and in this case there appears to have been a peculiar deliberation in the progress of the ceremony, as though a pause were intended to call attention to so great a consummation in history.—After a solemn delay outside the city, Vespasian, with his two sons, entered on horseback, not in chariots, and moved onward with the long procession, conspicuous in which were the golden table, the candlestick, the silver trumpets, and the book of the Law, from the Temple of Herod. So the pageant moved on—past the unfinished Amphitheatre, where the workmen had a holiday to see the triumph—thence along the "Sacred Way," and through the Forum to the Capitol—when, with true Roman cruelty, the bravest general of the Jews, Simon the son of Giscas, was exhibited with a halter round his neck, publicly scourged, and then put to death. The deep ignominy and utter helplessness of the Chosen People began at this point. Agrippa II. and Bernice, with whom we are so familiar in the Biblical narrative, probably lived at Rome in careless and selfish luxury till their death; but the general Jewish population, swelled now by large numbers of the poorest and most disorderly, sank into a position of contempt, and are held up to our utter scorn and dislike, by the Latin writers of the succeeding period. From these writers it is a relief to turn to the permanent memorials of the connection of the Hebrews with Rome, to the affecting Jewish inscriptions in the earliest Catacombs, and to the well-known sculptures on the Arch of Titus, which was erected on the highest point of the "Sacred Way," between the Forum and the Colosseum.

But it was remarked at the outset that Primitive Christianity also is associated, in a peculiar and impressive manner, with Vespasian's great building. Our information concerning the earliest condition of the Christians of Rome must be drawn entirely from the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul. But we have already seen, with the mention of Nero's fire, an indication of the fate which threatened them; and before long they were exposed to all the horrors of martyrdom, while of these horrors the Flavian Amphitheatre was often the scene, and is now become the great standing memorial. A large amount of untrustworthy legendary matter is no doubt mixed up with our narratives of these sufferings; but there is no difficulty in picturing to ourselves what really took place, and thus receiving into our minds most salutary impressions both of rebuke and of thankfulness. First (and very early) in the series of Christians who were given to wild beasts in the Roman Amphitheatre is Ignatius, Bishop

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of Antioch. The record which is furnished to us of his route to Rome, whether fully authentic or not, is peculiarly interesting, because he partly travelled in the footsteps of St. Paul,—a circumstance which is represented as adding much to the cheerfulness of his prospect of martyrdom. We accompany him down to the seaport of Seleucia,—and thence by sea to Smyrna,—and thence by Troas to Neapolis and Philippi. He is said to have crossed the mountains of Macedonia to Epidamus on the Adriatic, and there to have embarked on shipboard again. When Puteoli was pointed out to him, his disappointment was great that the stormy weather would not allow him to land there, like his Apostolic predecessor. On his way he had written to the Roman Christians in a spirit of eagerness for martyrdom, which is not altogether unlike the tone of the Apostle. "I dread lest your love shall go to God. If ye are too eager for my bodily safety, then I must begin again the race, which now is nearly finished. Suffer me to be the food of wild beasts, that by means of them I may reach God. Nay, rather encourage the beasts on, that they may become my tomb, and leave nothing of my body: lest, after I have fallen asleep, I be a burden to any for my funeral." His wish was almost literally accomplished, and very speedily after his arrival. The games, for which he was destined, was nearly ended, and he was hurried to the Amphitheatre. "The beasts quickly dispatched him, and so ravenously, that only the harder and more rugged bones were left." Such scenes were often re-enacted in Rome and various cities of the Empire. From the time when the emperor Decius put notices on the walls that magistrates sparing the Christians would be punished, persecution grew more general and systematic, and at intervals raged violently. "The Christians to the lions" became a common cry in times of panic and excitement. Both sexes and all ages were called to suffer. Two of the most affect ing stories are those of Blandina at Lyons, and Perpetua at Carthage. The first of these was a female slave, despised indeed by men, but strong enough in faith to communicate her energy and enthusiasm to those who suffered with her, and especially to her brother, a youth of fifteen. The tortures which she suffered were extreme; and when the wild beasts kept aloof from her, she was tossed by a bull, and finally her remains were thrown into the Rhone. The other of these noble women was a young mother, with her infant in her arms. Her greatest trial was—not the dread of death, nor the insults of the soldiers, but the grief of her father, who was a Pagan. "Have compassion," he said, "on my grey hairs. Look on thy brother—thy mother—thy aunt,—look on thy child, who cannot live without thee. Do not destroy us all." Her answer was that in that moment of trial, "whatever God willed would be done," that we are "not in our own power, but God's." So she

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went, singing Psalms, with other martyrs, to the place of suffering. "The men were exposed to leopards and bears; the women were hung up in nets to be gored." Such scenes as these were enacted at various times during two centuries in all parts of the Roman Empire.

Reader! pause here for a moment with this building before you and this description in your mind, and think how much it cost those early ages to preserve for us, and to transmit to us the blessing of Christianity. There may have been fanaticism in some of those martyrdoms,—there may have been too much contempt of the precious gift of life; but weak compliance on the part of the confessors of those days might have left, instead of the Gospel, Paganism for our inheritance. And let one other thought also enter your mind. Ask yourself this question: "What do I believe so firmly, what do I love so deeply, that (God helping me) I would rather be given to the wild beasts than resign it?"

This subject of Christian martyrdom must ever be our chief and cherished association with the Colosseum. The most celebrated descriptive passages in our language having reference to this ruin are by two writers, who in different ways were among the worst enemies of Christianity,—by Gibbon, in more than one passage of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,"—and by Lord Byron, in two very familiar poems. The latter saw a retributive justice in the mode of Rome's punishment, through the vengeance of the oppressed nations, whose captive soldiers had often been butchered in the Colosseum, "to make a Roman holiday." But we turn with pleasure to another and later writer. There is a church called San Stefano Rotondo, with which tourists in Rome are familiar, and on the walls of which are represented the most eminent martyrdoms. Dr. Arnold, who "in his latest studies of early Christian history, dwelt with an increasing sympathy and admiration on the endurance and self-devotion of the early martyrs, and on the instruction to be derived from contemplating an age when martyrdom was a real thing, to which every Christian might, without any remarkable accident be exposed," writes thus, in one of his Traveling Journals, concerning this church: "No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted will bear no critical examination; it is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. But this is a thankless labour, such as Lingard and others have undertaken with respect to the St. Bartholomew massacre. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty,—by fifty if you will,—but after all, you have a number of persons, of all ages and sexes, suffering cruel torments and death for conscience sake, and for Christ's, and by their sufferings manifestly, with God's blessing, ensuring the triumph of Christ's Gospel. Neither do I think that we consider the excellence of

this martyr spirit half enough. I do not think that pleasure is a sin; yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom, in our daily life, suffering seems so far removed. And as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace no less mighty now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might, in us, be no less glorified in a time of trial. Pictures of martyrdoms are not to be sneered at, nor yet to be looked on as a mere excitement, but a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of His saints to bear."

But one more glance may be taken at the Colosseum, before we finally leave it. The calm repose and solitude of this ruin is very impressive, when we call to mind the excited multitudes which once filled it, and the hideous things which they witnessed. It is a more solemn form of the impression which we feel, when we remember how fortifications erected for purposes of war are now turned into the haunts of business or of peace, as when we walk on the Boulevards, or in the gardens round Frankfort or Hamburg and a hundred towns on the Continent. Nature has now patiently decked these gigantic Roman arches with an infinite variety of shrubs and flowers; so that the naturalist as well as the antiquarian finds there an opportunity for exercising his inquiry; and books have even been published on the Flora of the Colosseum. There is perhaps a tinge of the ludicrous in this; it almost reminds us of Wordsworth's description of the man who will

"... peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

But the ludicrous often lies very near to the confines of both the sacred and the terrible. And at least the mind dwells instinctively and with pleasure on the poetical side of this beneficent and beautiful change in the building, where once multitudes used to gather and secure places before daybreak, that they might see their fellow-men and fellow-women slaughtered.—Lord Byron's well-known lines have not been quoted; but this is one aspect of the scene which the poet has well seized, both in "Manfred" and "Childe Harold,"—in "the trees which grow among the broken arches,"—the moonlight "softening down the hoar austerity of rugged desolation,"—time, the "beautifier of the dead, the adorner of the ruin,"—"the garland-forest which the grey walls wear." It is affecting and consoling thus to think of the mighty structure which has "filled the eyes and engaged the sympathies of sixty generations."

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LONGING.

Years are swiftly flying,
Heaven and Earth are sighing,
And thy Church is crying ;—

Broken lies creation,
Shaken earth's foundation,
Anchorless each nation ;—

Kingly props all failing,
Boldest bosoms quailing,
Fear forlorn prevailing ;—

Thrones of ages shaking,
Bonds of empire breaking,
Sullen priesthoods quaking ;—

Might the right is wronging,
Armed millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging ;—

Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the light upspringing ;—

Calm, 'mid night-winds blowing,
Long has faith been sowing,
See the life-seed growing ;—

'Tis no time for sorrow,
See the glorious morrow,
Its gladness let us borrow ;—

'Tis no time for dreaming,
See the day-spring's gleaming
Through the darkness streaming :—

Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
GLORY, GLADNESS YONDER.

"THE WAY."

Thy night is dark, behold the Light before thee,
That shineth from the Old Gethsemane,
Which from the darkness hath arisen in glory,
That there might be no darkness more for thee.

O thou so weary of thy self-denials,
Bearing thy own atoning cross in vain,
Come to the cross of Jesus with thy trials,
Lay upon him the burden and the pain.

To Christ belongs the hour of desolation,
To Christ the warfare and the victory :
But His eternal, quiet habitation,
His endless peace and rest are given to thee.

Not unto thee the cross of crucifixion,
Nor work of sacrifice, however small :
Only to thee the inward deep conviction,
That thou art nothing and that He is all.

This is the work of God, that thou believest
On Him whom He hath sent unto the earth ;
In the new life of faith that thou receivest,
Thy gifts upon His altar have no worth.

Now art thou ever wrapt in self, and viewing
What thou dost suffer and hast sacrificed,
What thou hast done and still art vainly doing
Is more to thee than all the love of Christ.

Thou canst not walk in steadfast consecration,
Thy shadow makes the path before thee dim ;
Thy soul can never work out that salvation
Which is not first thine own through faith in Him.

O captive soul ! to thee the Father speaketh ;
O feeble heart ! thou canst not war with sin ;
Give up thyself and all the light thou seekest,
And Christ will be indeed thy Light within.

For through our darkness God, the Father, calleth,
Through faith in Jesus to reveal the Son ;
On them who know the Son the Spirit falleth,
The perfect inward Light,—The Three in One.

If Christ shall be thine own in faith's assurance
Thou must renounce thyself and take his cross,—
Renounce thy sacrifice and vain endurance,
And count thy righteousness a total loss.

And above all, renounce the old delusions—
Renounce the cross which is thine own device ;
From these uncertain lights and vain confusions
Look to the eternal, perfect sacrifice.

Forsake the broad, deceitful pathway, turning,
Through inward wiles of self, from Christ astray ;
Beyond the wilderness His light is burning,
And straight His gate and narrow is His way

Seek not the truth in controversial pages,
Seek for thyself where early Christians sought,
And rest alone upon the Rock of Ages,
Far from the shifting sands of human thought.

And if thine eye be single upon Jesus,
Thy work will be to love His will and way,
Not as a servant that his master pleases,
But as a son rejoicing to obey.

Thou wilt not heed thy changing heart's emotion,
No doubt nor darkness will disturb thee more;
Thy faith will find across the stormy ocean
A landward path unto an island shore.

He will not have thee walk in tribulation,
He calls thee to rejoicing in His will ;
Whether in light of outward consolation,
Or transient shadows, He is faithful still.

Above all powers His mighty love constraineth ;
The strongest voice of duty groweth dim,—
But while thy single-hearted faith remaineth,
Thou canst do all things joyfully for Him.

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From the Leisure Hour.

A VISIT TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

There is an island wilderness, far in the South Pacific, that has a romantic history, and, in my humble opinion, one that has had something to do with the history of England. I refer to Juan Fernandez.

In the year 1849 I was aboard of a New Bedford whaler that called at this island for wood and water. I stepped upon its shore in Cumberland Bay, on the north part of the island, and landed with an indescribable feeling of interest such as I had never before experienced, even when first landing from a voyage in a foreign and tropical land. I was on the scene where the romantic adventures of Robinson Crusoe were supposed to have occurred, and, for a moment, the well-remembered enchantment of Defoe's delightful romance again enthralled my spirit.

It was that romance that had first turned my thoughts from school to the cocoa-groves of far-off regions; and, in my wanderings on "the element that never tires," I have met with many who, like me, have been led from home to wander in foreign lands by reading the story of Robinson Crusoe. It is partly for this reason that I have said that Juan Fernandez has had something to do with the history of England. What I felt, thousands have felt. Their love of adventure has been prompted or cherished by reading the story of Defoe, which, therefore, has had much to do with the history of the great maritime power of England. In confirmation of this belief, I have the characteristic remark of a young Irish shipmate, who, on first stepping ashore on Juan Fernandez, observed : "Had it not been for this island, I should not be here now!"

I have stated that I landed on the island with an indescribable feeling of interest. Such must certainly have been the case, for during the first half hour of my wanderings along the shore of the bay, my eyes were often trying to discover something of the ruins of Mr. Crusoe's hut. No trace of this distinguished residence was found, but, instead, we saw the dwellings of two Chilian families, and a hut inhabited by two sailors, who immediately wished to drink to our better acquaintance.

The sailors, one of whom was English, and the other American, had a little industry ; but perhaps, this was not much to their credit, for it was apparently only inspired by a love of rum and tobacco.—Their industry was displayed in providing for the wants of whaling vessels that occasionally call at the island. They cut wood, and acted as guides in hunting the wild goats on the mountains.

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The Chilians did but little more than live. Their principal amusements, we were told, were smoking cigaritas while listening to a young man of one of the families twang a guitar.

Juan Fernandez is about thirteen miles in length, and seven in its greatest breadth, and is situate one hundred and ten leagues from the coast of Chili. It has been the site of many strange scenes. It was once a favourite rendezvous for buccaneers, who lived by preying on the Spanish merchant vessels laden with the riches of Chili and Peru.

Many celebrated English navigators, such as Dampier, Byron, and Lord Anson, have visited the island. The visit of the latter was made in the year 1741, or about thirty-one years after Alexander Selkirk, whose history suggested to Defoe the tale of Robinson Crusoe, had been removed from the island.

Anson and his squadron had had a long and stormy passage round Cape Horn, and the crews of the vessels, on reaching the island, were dying with scurvy. So enervated were all by this disease, that they could hardly bring the vessels to anchor. On board the "Centurion," the commodore's ship, two hundred and ninety-two men had been lost; and of the two hundred and fourteen that remained, nearly all were affected with the disease.

The "Gloucester," another of Anson's ships, lost an equal number of men, and on entering Cumberland Bay, after being a month vainly endeavouring to work in, there were but eighty-two men alive, and the most of them were in a dying state. A few days more and the vessel would have drifted about the ocean, a floating coffin for a few of those who had once comprised its crew.

So wonderful is the effect of fresh vegetable food and fish in combating the disease of scurvy, that a residence of t ree months, living on the antiscorbutic food growing on the island in great variety, restored to perfect health all except a few who were too far gone with the disease, and were only taken ashore to die.

Juan Fernandez is a very fertile island, and in this respect it cannot perhaps, be better described than by one or two quotations from Anson's voyages, wherein it is stated that "the excellence of the climate and looseness of the soil render this place extremely proper for all kinds of vegetation; for if the ground be anywhere accidentally turned up, it is immediately overgrown with turnips and Sicilian radishes."

Again, in the same work, it is stated that "some particular spots occur in these valleys, where the shade and fragrance of the contiguous woods, the loftiness of the overhanging rocks, the transparency and frequent falls of the neighboring streams, present scenes of such elegance and dignity as would with difficulty be rivalled in any other part of the globe. It is in this place, perhaps, that the simple productions of unassisted nature may be said to excel all the ficticious

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descriptions of the most animated imagination."

If this could be said of the island then, who shall describe it at the time of my visit in 1849, when its productions had been wonderfully increased, and principally by Commodore Anson's efforts? He planted on the island many seeds, besides the stones of apricots, plums, and peaches; and a large variety of the best fruit, unknown on the island in Anson's time, is now growing there.

Eight years after Anson's visit the Spaniards established a penal settlement at Juan Fernandez. The convicts were kept part of the time in some caves in a high hill facing the harbour. In 1751 this settlement was broken up by an earthquake which destroyed thirty-five people, including the governor and his family.

Not long after Chili obtained its independence from Spain, its government established another penal settlement on the island, and the place again became a scene of murders and mutinies, until the island was deserted.

Some families from Chili once came to reside on the island, and were joined by some sailors who had absconded from a whaler. The sailors could or would not conduct themselves in a proper manner, and were all killed by the Chilians.

The island was again deserted, the Chilians being taken to Valparaiso, where they were tried for murder and acquitted.

Extremes meet. Juan Fernandez, with all its resemblance to what we may call a paradise, sometimes exhibits a little evidence that man alone may be vile amidst scenes of natural innocence and loveliness.

In 1835 a volcanic eruption took place at sea one mile from the land, in four hundred and eighty feet of water. For twenty-four hours, smoke, water, and fire were thrown into the sky.

From each of the many settlements that have been made on the island and afterwards broken up, various domestic animals, such as goats, dogs, cats, and donkeys, have been left to look after themselves, and at the time of our visit were running wild, the dogs being at war with all the others. In this war the goats are the favourite game of the dogs, and they would long ago have been exterminated, had nature not endowed them with the ability of leaping from rock to rock on the mountains, and thus gaining places where they are safe from the pursuit of their enemies.

We stayed three days at the island, and one of those days was devoted by the officers to the amusement and business of goat-hunting. I was then foolish enough to think myself fortunate in being one of the crew who was chosen to accompany them in the hunt. The two runaway sailors who had made the island their home acted as guides, and we started for the mountains.

On our way up the valleys, we passed groves of fruit-trees, several varieties being in full bearing.—This was in the latter part of De-

cember; and on the sides of the little hillocks we found the ground red with wild strawberries.

The native forest trees, or those not introduced into the island by Anson and others, are nearly all aromatic. The largest tree on the island is the myrtle, but we saw none of these that could be called large.

Although the forests, unlike those of most islands of the Pacific, are free from undergrowth, our journey to the mountains was not free from much toil; for our guides, in place of leading us up one winding valley, conducted us over many of the hills that divided several. The fatigue, however, of climbing the hills and crossing the streams, under a hot sun, was endured with a strange feeling of satisfaction that I have never met with while visiting the lions of a large city.

The island is a place no thinking mariner can visit without emotions peculiar to his profession. I was on a lone and nearly an uninhabited island, one that should be the abode of several thousands of people, but one that had often proved fatal to those who had striven to tame the wilderness, and seems doomed to be a place where there shall only be enough of human life to feel that the island can be a home for solitude—about which, I suppose, Alexander Selkirk's poetical opinion is also the practical one.

> "O solitude! where are the charms,
> That sages have seen in thy face?
> Better dwell in the midst of alarms
> Than reign in this horrible place.
>
> I am out of humanity's reach,
> I must finish my journey alone,
> Never hear the sweet music of speech,
> I start at the sound of my own."

The valleys and hills we crossed had once been familiar to the adventurous men who sailed with the old English and Spanish navigators of whom I had been in childhood so delighted to read. I could nearly fancy that the footsteps of the long departed should be distinctly seen. When viewing the historical scenes of thickly and long inhabited lands, this feeling cannot so strongly arise. The streets and fields we behold are trodden every day by many feet, and we cannot fancy that we may have been their only visitors since the time to which our memory strays.

The goats on the island are not easily obtained. They are constantly hunted by the wild dogs, and occasionally by the officers of whaling vessels. On our approaching them, they fled to their well-known retreats in the mountains, from which they seldom stray far. They are not now as they have been described by the poet Cowper, in his beautiful lines upon "Alexander Selkirk;" for they were so well "acquainted with man" that their "tameness" was anything but "shocking" to us. After about four hours' hard work, we obtained three goats. Three or four others were shot, but fell in places inaccessible to us, and had, to our regret at the needless slaughter, to be left, like Selkirk, "out of humanity's reach."

The goats' flesh was an agreeable change from our usual "salt horse" and pork; but I believe that the dinner we made of them was made

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most agreeable by the fancy of most of the men that they were eating some of "Crusoe's goats."

During the night of the third day at the island the anchor was hove, and in a few hours we "ran the place under water," with the hope that we should never see it again. Independent of its romantic associations, Juan Fernandez is worth seeing once; but whoever sees it twice is unfortunate—unfortunate in wandering too long and far for happiness. From its position on the globe—its loneliness, its beauty, its fertility—the island hardly seems, to a native of Europe, a part of this earth, but a fragment of another. This assertion, applicable to its loveliness as well as its loneliness, is partly confirmed by an observation I once heard made by a sailor, who boasted that he had been "all over the world and to Juan Fernandez!"—I have wandered over most regions of the globe, habited and unhabited, but of none do I retain more romantic recollections than of the island of Robinson Crusoe.

From The Quiver.

OCEAN DEPTHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

Besides the picture of the ocean depths which Imagination conjures up, there is that drawn by Science; and it is concerning this latter that we have at present to deal. Since the invention of the electric telegraph—the greatest achievement of practical science which the world has yet seen—and the connection of distant islands and continents by submarine cables, all that relates to the dimensions and constitution of the ocean, in various parts of the globe, has become of tenfold interest and importance. What do we really know of the great deep, emblem of eternity and the Infinite, which perpetually washes our shores. Can we gauge its dimensions and penetrate to its secret depths, ascertain what they are, and what phenomena they reveal? Let us put together a few of the ascertained facts in this branch of physical science.

First as to the depths of the sea in various quarters of the globe.—It is known, by repeated soundings, that the bed of the ocean presents much the same features as to mountain and valley that are found in the figuration of the land. Now one uniform level will be observed for many hundred miles, like that of the great plateaus which here and there characterise the continents; and again, the seabed will be found descending by sudden dips, presenting all the varied elevation of our mountain chains. At many places the depth of the sea is not so great as might

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be anticipated. Sir Charles Lyell has shown, for instance, that a rise of 600 feet in the bed of the English Channel would be sufficient to unite our islands with the continent of Europe; of which, indeed, they are supposed to have formed a part, many ages ago. On the other hand, there are portions of the sea which have never yet been fathomed. The Atlantic cable was recently sunk 13,000 feet, or two miles and a half under the sea; but much greater depths than this have been penetrated. Sir James Ross sounded, 900 miles off St. Helena, a depth of 27,600 feet, or more than five and a quarter miles, but failed to reach the bottom. Now, the highest mountain on the face of the globe—one of the Himalayas—is little more than 28,000 feet in height; and, therefore, the depressions of the ocean bed were proved to be at least equal to the highest elevations of the earth. This was thought to be the greatest ascertainable depth of the ocean; but a sounding of six miles has since been taken in the North Atlantic; and in the South Atlantic, near the island of Tristan d'Acunha, Captain Denham discovered, in 1852, a depth of very nearly eight miles. What gigantic forces must have been in operation, at the fiat of Infinite Power, thus to produce a difference of thirten miles in the level of the crust of the earth, from the bottom of the ocean to the highest mountain tops!

The great depths of the ocean are entirely unaffected by the huge billows which agitate its surface, and which, even when lashed most furiously by the tempest, are but ripples on the waters, when compared with their general bulk. Extravagant ideas are often formed as to the height of ocean waves. "The sea rolling mountains high" is a common and picturesque, but very much exaggerated expression. Dr. Arnott, an eminent authority, estimated, indeed, that no wave rose more than ten feet from the ordinary sea-level; and this, with the corresponding descent of ten feet, gives a total height of twenty feet from base to crest of the waves.—Actual observations have generally confirmed this calculation; and a French scientific expedition in the Pacific ocean ascertained the maximum height of the waves there to be no more than two-and-twenty feet. The largest wave observed was three times the length of the frigate, or nearly 500 feet.

The shades of colour observable in the ocean differ as widely as its different depths, to which, indeed, they in great measure owe their existence. As a rule, a greenish tinge is the indication of shallow water. The blue, which is the most universal characteristic of the ocean, is lighter or more intense in proportion to the depth of the sea, the colour being darkest where the the depth is most profound. The green colour, which occurs about the meridian of London, and is liable to frequent changes in position and intensity, has been attributed by Dr. Scoresby to the existence of myriads of minute animals; but, according to others, the com-

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parative shallowness in these seas, with the quantity of earthly matter brought into them by the numerous rivers, is sufficient to account for the general hue.

At a few miles from the shore, however, in clear, calm weather, the deep blue sea exhibits its characteristic colour, which is due to the fact that the waters absorb all the other prismatic hues, and reflect the blue alone. The general colour is greatly affected by atmospheric changes, and almost every tint may occasionally be seen under the brilliant sunlight, which at times give the waters the appearance of burnished gold.

The Red Sea, and the Vermilion Sea, off the coast of California, it is admitted, owe their colours to myriads of animalcules; and the Arctic green and Antarctic brown are attributed to the same cause.—The peculiar tinge of the Chinese or Yellow Sea, often remarked, is also, probably, due to this influence.

The beautiful phosphorescence of the sea, which is frequently observed, is ascertained to have the same origin.

The Black Sea often presents the aspect from which it takes its name, and which is considered to be due to the quantity of earthy matter brought down by the large rivers that flow into it, together with the atmospheric influence of the frequent storms which occur in those latitudes.

Why the sea is salt is a question which has often afforded a subject of speculation, and formerly it was conjectured that this peculiar quality arose from the existence of immense salt basins at the bottom of the ocean. Experience and scientific investigation have nowhere justified this theory, and there is now no doubt that its saltness is due to the original qualities received from the hands of the Great Creator. The amount of common salt held in suspension by the ocean is estimated at three million cubic miles, or five times more than the great mass of the Alpine mountains.

Some waters are far more salt than others. The Mediterranean is above the Atlantic in this respect. In the Baltic there is found only 1-18 per cent. of salt, while in the Mediterranean the percentage is 5-18. The saltness of the sea is a provision of infinite wisdom to preserve its contents from putrefaction.

We cannot here dwell on the innumerable curiosities of the ocean, which everywhere teems with life of various kinds; nor can we touch upon its active influence in changing the surface of the earth, here undermining or sweeping over a coast, and there receding and leaving dry land where once it found its bed.

But with all its power in this respect, its limits are circumscribed. One mightier than the ocean has said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." "He hath compassed the waters with bounds, until the day and night come to an end."

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From the Evangelical Christendom.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS DURING THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty years ago there was little faith in Germany. The ministers were rationalists, and such heart as was left to the people, amidst the desolations of their country, was given to Goethe; now, if the people to a large extent continue apathetic, the ministers are, for the greater part, earnest believers.—Italy and Austria, and other Catholic countries, if not prepared for Protestantism, are ceasing to be Papal, and in the presence of the Bible and actual daylight the Pope and his infallibility are melting away with the other mists of mediævalism. Amongst ourselves changes are in progress. Nearly all the middle classes now take an interest in religion, and theology is not confined to the pulpit. Some of our best evangelists are laymen, and—excepting those who seek a sacerdotal seclusion—it is a lay atmosphere in which our clergymen are living. The consequence is that the practical element has largely invaded the polemical domain, and in England especially, a very few propositions constitute the entire "body of divinity"—the remainder being not so much denied as disused; a few hundred texts meeting all the requirements of the popular evangelical preacher, and any one of the remainder, or none at all, being quite enough for the broad churchman. But if the religion of the day is deficient in scriptural freshness and out-and-out faith, and if it falls short in symmetrical strength and systematic precision, it is only just to concede to it a cheerful and beneficent activity, which has only once been surpassed. There may have been times when ministers studied more, but never a time when, established and dissenting alike, they worked so hard. There may have been times when both ministers and private Christians read more, and prayed more, and meditated more, but never a time when so many visits of mercy were paid, so many scholars taught, so many efforts put forth in the way of reclaiming, elevating, and comforting others.—And, we may add, there never was a time when so much was given. Last May the religious societies in London announced, as their year's income, more than a million; and most of this is the growth of these fifty years.

The Ivy which throws its arms around a hollow and rotten tree dooms itself to be crushed; and they are laying up suffering for a future day who allow affections which should be trained to the skies to be entangled with perishing earthly objects.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED OR FORTHCOMING.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF THE JEWISH CHURCH (Second Series.) By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. London. John Murray.

These Lectures, marked by so much originality and fine scholarship, are exciting much comment, in certain quarters, because of their latitudinarian views, with regard to prophecy and miracles. As an illustration of his mode of dealing with the latter, Dr. Stanley thus explains the going back of the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz:—"Of all the possible natural causes by which such a phenomenon might be produced, the only one which can be supposed, even minutely, to illustrate it, is the fact that a partial eclipse of the Sun took place at Jerusalem, as far as can be known, in the year of Hezekiah's illness."

THE TREASURY OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE: Being a Dictionary of the Books, Persons, Places, Events, and other matters of which mention is made in Holy Scripture. Intended to establish its authority and illustrate its contents. By Rev. John Ayre, M.A., of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1866. 12mo.

This English author acknowledges the use he has made of the works of several Americans, chiefly those of Robinson and Thomson.—A work of his own, the last edition of Horne's "Introduction," Vol. 2, is also quoted. The work, although in very fine type, and bearing evidence of much care and study in its preparation and condensation, necessarily omits much that is contained in Smith's and other large works. It is intended rather for the general reader than to meet the wants of the critical biblical student. The authority of the Scriptures, as coming from God is maintained, and rationalistic interpretations find no favour, while on minor points, such as the modes of church government, the author is content to state what he believes to be facts. Maps are added and illustrations introduced, and the work as a whole is quite attractive, notwithstanding its close type.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CONDITIONED. By H. L. Mansel, B. D. Alexander Strahan. London and New York.

This little volume contains the substance of an article originally published in the "Contemporary Review," by Mr. Mansel, in which he criticises the recent "Examination," by Mill, of Hamilton's Philosophy. The first, and larger part, is devoted to a defence of Hamilton against the strictures of his reviewer; the concluding portion being a reply to Mill's objections to positions taken in Mansel's Bampton Lectures.

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A life of John Welsh, the preacher, the son-in-law of Knox, has just been published in London. There are two capital anecdotes in the volume; one is the account of the interview between Welsh and Louis after the capitulation of St. Jean, and the other is a scene in which James I. and Mrs. Welsh figure as the amusing actors. Welsh, it seems, went on with his Protestant service after the fall of the town, and the incensed King sent for him, and demanded how he dared to preach heresy so near his person. "Sire," said Welsh, "if you did right, you yourself would come and hear me preach, and you would make all France hear me likewise: for I preach not as those men whom you are accustomed to hear. My preaching differs from theirs in these two points. First, I preach that you must be saved by the death and merits of Jesus Christ, and not your own, and I am sure your own conscience tells you that your good works will never merit heaven for you. Next, I preach that as you are King of France, you are under the authority and command of no man on earth. Those men whom you usually hear, subject you to the Pope of Rome, which I will never do." The old Scotchman thus showed shrewdness as well as courage, and the King, restored to good humour, exclaimed, "I pardon you, and you shall be one of my ministers."

ECCE HOMO has reached its twelfth thousand in England, and its publisher has already paid the unknown author of the work $30,000. Rumor now points to Richard H. Hutton as its author. Mr. Hutton was formerly a Unitarian, and a regular contributor to the "National Review," but is now a Broad Churchman of the Maurice school.

Two new Roman Catholic journals will shortly appear in London. One conducted on moderately Liberal principles, will be chiefly devoted to ecclesiastical matters. The other will come out with the new year. Amongst its contributors will be included Sir John Acton, Sir Rowland Blennerhasset, and all the principal writers in the late "Home and Foreign Review," a publication which was suppressed in deference to ecclesiastical authority.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is engaged on a new poem, which will appear early next year.

The author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," and "Graver Hours," has another volume in press, entitled "Sunday Afternoons in the Parish Church of a University City."

A paper is about to start in Florence, which will bear the extraordinary title of "The Valley of Jehosaphat, the Organ of the Day of Judgment" ("La Valle di Josaphat, Organo del Giorno del Giudizio"). It will be somewhat remarkable if the new journal meets with a success as extraordinary as its title.

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The next literary undertaking of Napoleon will be the life of Charlemagne.

Important Literary Discovery.—A manuscript volume of Sermons, Prayers and Pulpit Addresses, by Alexander Henderson, the eminent Reformer and Divine, has recently been discovered by the Rev. R. Thomson Martin.—The sermons, &c., it contains, were all uttered in the year 1638, one of the most memorable years in the history of the Church of Scotland, and a year with which Henderson's name is imperishably identified.—The volume is in course of preparation for the press, under the editorship of Mr. Martin, to whom the original manuscript belongs. Dr. McCrie has supplied the editor, for insertion in his volume, with a brief but interesting memoir of Henderson by Wodrow, never before published, the original of which is in the British Museum. Altogether, the volume promises to be one of no ordinary interest.

M. Guizot is at his estate at Val Richer, occupied in writing the eighth and last book of his memoirs. This volume is said to open with a very curious chapter on the personal relations of the writer with Louis Philippe.

Mr. Charles Dickens is closely engaged on a new serial, which rumour says will appear with the new year.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Some remarkable experiments as regards artillery have been recently made at Shoeburyness, from which it seems to result that guns *versus* ships have conclusively gained the victory, and that the strongest iron-clad can be almost as readily sunk as a wooden ship.—The target exposed to fire on the occasion was built up of eighteen inches of teak, covered in front with solid plates of rolled iron-work eight inches thick, and strengthened by an inner skin of iron three-quarters of an inch thick. Altogether, the supposed ship's broadside was about two feet three inches in thickness. The gun used was the nine-inch muzzle-loading wrought-iron Woolwich rifle gun, fired with a charge of 43 lbs. of powder and a 250lb. shell of Major Palliser's chilled steel.—The projectile went clean through everything—plate, backing, and inner skin, and lodged itself, after exploding, in some timber about twenty feet behind the target. The conclusions drawn from this experiment are, that England has now got a gun beyond which it is almost unnecessary to go; and that, as iron-clads and wooden ships are almost equally hopeless against it,

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England's wooden fleet may turn out not so useless as was supposed.

M. Audiger, a French chemist, has invented or discovered a new mode of embalming, which dispenses with all the repulsive details of the ordinary system. It consists in pouring down the throat of the corpse two glasses of a liquid, whose composition is still a secret. The operation lasts but twenty minutes, and in two months the corpse becomes as stone. Experiments have been made with this new method at Marseilles and Algiers, in the public hospitals, with complete success.

An Austrian chemist, M. Leinelbrock, has discovered a way of inclosing electricity in small glass capsules, which will explode under the influence of the slightest shock. The capsule is enclosed in a steel cone, so that if shot from a rifle it will enter the flesh, and the explosion which follows is sufficient to kill a man. Experiments have been made on horses and oxen with perfect success, these animals having fallen down as if struck with lightning.

Strauss has given 1,500,000 francs (£60,000) for the right of giving monster concerts in the Palais d'Industrie, Champs Elysees, during the Universal Exhibition of May, 1867. He offered Verdi 100,000 francs (£4,000) if he would undertake to direct them, but has not succeeded in persuading him to accept the office, which Rossini rejected with infinite scorn at double that sum.

M. Gustave Doré has done what he has never done before, illustrated the works of a contemporary author, Mr. Tennyson's "Elaine."—The artist himself hopes that the work will be a monument to the poet as well as to his own powers. The illustrator's brother says, "Mon frère a fait cette fois-ci le grand succès qui fera descendre son nom à la posterité." It will probably be one of the most superb books ever published. This famous illustrator of Perrault, Balzac, Chateaubriand, Cervantes, Dante, and the Bible, is now at work on Lafontaine and Shakspeare. The illustrations of the fables of Lafontaine are far advanced, if not completed; and the artist is said to be working, with even more than his ordinary vigor, on the sketches for the illustration of our immortal bard.—There was a meeting of publishers some weeks since in Doré's studio, and it was then said that the artist had placed his work with one of these gentlemen at the price of 400,000 francs. This is now contradicted, and it is said that while that sum was offered by three publishers, M. Doré demanded one quarter more, or half a million of francs. Such is the report which we repeat without guaranteeing its exactness. Twenty thousand pounds is certainly a large sum, but M. Gustave Doré is in a position to ask, and to obtain, an exceptional price. It is added, that of the three publishers, one only was a French-

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

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Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY

Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. December, 1866. No. 2.

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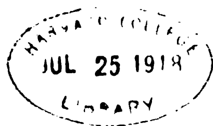
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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1866. No. 2.

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R533

Sunday Magazine.

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL.

Roman Soldiers.

"The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, is one of the most popular and widely circulated Works of our day. One of these authors, Mr. Howson, has commenced a series of Essays on "The Metaphors of St. Paul," four in number, the first of which has just been issued. We republish it; and the remaining three will follow, if they prove as interesting and instructive as the present number.

EVERY part of Holy Scripture has its own distinctive imagery: and through the medium of this imagery its instruction is often conveyed. Thus, when we read the prophecies of Amos, "who was among the herdmen of Tekoa,"—himself a "herdman" in a wild and pastoral district,—the images are such as these: the fat "kine of Bashan, which say unto their masters bring and let us drink;" "the lion roaring in the forest;" "the seven stars of Orion, before the shadow of death is turned into the morning;" "the basket of summer fruit;" "the grasshoppers in the shooting up of the latter growth." Unless we rightly apprehend the circumstances, the scenery, and the pursuits, in connection with which it was God's will that his prophet should speak, we cannot fully understand the meaning of his words; and so far, to us, their force and instructiveness is diminished.

The imagery of the book of Amos is an emphatic and strongly marked instance of a principle which is applicable, in various degrees, to all parts of the Bible. The life of Joseph, the life of Moses, the life of Ruth, the life of Elijah, all have their appropriate atmosphere and colouring; and if we look at them without reference to these,

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they fade away into something abstract and dead. And so it is with the New Testament. But here, though the principle is the same, we feel that we are brought into a new world, and that the principle must be applied to very different details. Every part of the Old Testament has an oriental complexion. We illustrate it by referring to what travellers tell us of the tents of the Bedouin Arabs, of the courts of Eastern princes, of caravans and camels and palm trees. And so it is, no doubt, to some extent, in the case of the New Testament. But still, on the whole, in passing from one to the other, we are conscious that a change has come over the scene, and that God has begun to speak to us now through a different kind of imagery. We find ourselves brought in contact with circumstances far more nearly resembling those which surround us in modern life. We are in fact, when the New Testament is our study, on the borders or in the heart of Greek civilization, and we are always in the midst of the Roman Empire. It is no more possible fully to understand what the Apostles say to us, than what the Prophets say to us, if we dissever their words from the circumstances of their lives. The metaphors they use are drawn (as indeed they must have been drawn, to be intelligible at all) from the things which were around them. My endeavour will be, in four papers, to illustrate certain groups of images which are common in one part of the New Testament, and, in the present paper, while keeping in view especially one very conspicuous passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians, to elucidate *the military metaphors of St. Paul.*

It seldom occurs to us to consider how large a portion of his time St. Paul spent in the close proximity of soldiers. He lived under the shadow of the greatest military monarchy which the world has seen. Englishmen are less able than others to realise all that is implied in this simple fact: hence they are startled into the impression of novelty, when they first travel in France or Austria, and see troops filing through the streets of every city, and large barracks in every country town. But such sights were no novelty to St. Paul. No doubt they were more frequent and conspicuous in some parts of the Empire than others. In Philippi, for instance, in Troas and Antioch in Pisidia, which were Roman Colonies, we may well believe that the warlike symbols of Rome were more prominent than in others cities which he visited: and the state of Syria, which was a very uneasy province, and was held by a standing army of 60,000 men, was very different from that of Achaia or Bithnia, which were comparatively quiet and settled districts. But, wherever he resided, military uniforms and military quarters were familiar objects; wherever he travelled, he was liable to meet troops on their march from one province to another, or in the pursuit of banditti, or acting as an escort of prisoners.

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But we are not left to this general kind of illustration. We are well acquainted with several incidents of his life, which connected him, in a manner peculiarly intimate, with Roman soldiers, and their officers, and their armour. It is enough to make a simple reference to his arrest in the court of the Temple, when the commandant of the garrison of Antonia, with some of his subalterns and a body of troops, ran down and took him into custody; then to the time when the Apostle spent in the barracks within Antonia, and to the events which took place there; then to his night journey to Antipatris, under the charge of a guard almost as numerous as half an English regiment, besides a squadron of dragoons; then to his captivity of two years at Cæsarea, the centre of the provincial military government, where he was probably chained by the hand to a soldier; then to his adventurous voyage, when an officer of a distinguished corps was his close companion, and when the swords of the soldiers under his command which had cut the fastenings of the boat, were only just prevented from taking the Apostle's life and the lives of his fellow-prisoners; then to the delivering up of the prisoners to the commander of the Prætorian Guards, after which, though Paul was suffered to dwell by himself, yet it was not without "a soldier who kept him;" and lastly, to the facts hinted at in passages of the Epistles written at Rome, as when he says, in affixing his autograph to the Colossian letter, "the salutation by the hand of me Paul," and then, feeling the chain clank on his wrist as he writes, he adds, "remember my chains," or in the Ephesian letter, when he describes himself as "an ambassador in bonds," an ambassador of the free Gospel, fastened to a soldier; it is enough to enumerate these things in order to see how natural it is that St. Paul should speak to us in military metaphors, nay, how unnatural it would be (if I may say so with reverence) were no such metaphors to be found in his writings.

Our best mode of approaching the direct illustration of our selected context is first to notice some of those other texts where imagery of the same kind is more lightly touched by St. Paul, and so to rise by successive steps to the passage in which the Christian warrior is set before us in the full panoply of God. Then it will not be irrelevant, if we turn in conclusion to some other passages, where similes from the same source are employed by the Apostle, less obviously but not less forcibly.

The first of these passages is in the thirteenth chapter of Romans. That Epistle was written at Corinth which, both as the seat of local government, and because of its critical position on a strait between two seas, must have been garrisoned by a strong military force. The image which always rises before my mind when I read the passage, is this: I fancy St. Paul—after a day spent in hard work, partly in tent-making and partly in preaching and in

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visitation among his converts—writing far through the night to the Christians at Rome, and just at daybreak, when the sentinels are changing guard, and the morning light glances on their armour—while at the same time the last sounds of debauched revellers in the street fall upon his ears,—expressing himself in the now familiar words: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on *the armour of light;* let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness."

As to the phrase "armour of light," it is evidently equivalent to the phrase "*armour of righteousness,*" which he uses elsewhere,—*i. e.*, spiritual armour for the contest against spiritual foes. But in the passage where this last expression occurs, the idea is more fully developed than in the former case.

Here it is "the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left." We have not simply armour in the abstract, as in the other instance, but armour specifically described as of two kinds—"*on the right hand and on the left,*"—*i. e.*, offensive and defensive, represented generally by the sword and the shield. St. Paul is here describing himself, and his own attitude in reference to the resistance he had met with at Corinth in the progress of his apostolic work. This is not the only occasion in this severe epistle (as we shall see afterwards) where he uses military language in describing his own position in reference to the enemies of the truth.

We reach something still more definite and specific, when we come to the fifth chapter of the first letter to the Thessalonians. "We are not of the night . . therefore let us not sleep. . . They that be drunken, are drunken in the night. . . Let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for an helmet, the hope of salvation." The chief remarks to be made here, I think, are that this Epistle was written from Corinth, like that to the Romans, but on a previous visit; that the whole context is very similar to that which has been quoted from the Romans, and that while this passage contains many more details than that just adduced from the second Corinthian Epistle, yet it is entirely limited to defensive armour. As to any observations on two pieces of armour that are specified—"the *breastplate* of faith and love," and the "*helmet* of salvation,"—these belong more properly to our discussion of the allegory in the sixth of Ephesians, which claims from us now a more direct consideration.

Enough has been quoted already to prove that the use of military metaphor is a familiar thing to St. Paul. And in the passages hitherto adduced these metaphors have one general type, which is quite in harmony with the longer extract before us. In examining its different parts, I should wish to be guided by the reverent belief that each

word has a meaning—that each word is the best that could be used —and, at the same time, I should wish to be on my guard against that pedantry of interpretation which tortures the Bible into meanings which it was never intended to bear, and which, in this case, would deprive the Apostle's imagery of all its freshness and elasticity.

I have called the passage an allegory. But it cannot strictly be described by that term. It is an allegory with a running explanation. In a strict allegory, the key of interpretation is to be derived from the context, or from the circumstances, or from analogy. But here the image and the interpretation are given side by side. We "wrestle" or engage in close conflict, but "not with flesh and blood," i. e. (as we see from a passage where the same phrase is used in Galatians,) not with man, but spiritual foes. We wear "armour," but it is the armour of light, the armour of righteousness, the panoply of God. We carry a "shield," but it is the shield of faith. We wield a "sword," but it is the sword of the Spirit. This is St. Paul's manner. He explains his metaphors as he proceeds. We have, therefore, no need to waste our time in discussing the principles of the interpretation of allegory. We may begin at once to go in order through the clauses of which the passage is composed.

One of the first thoughts which occur to us in looking at the introductory words is this—that the armour is of no use to us unless we put it on. We are not to be passive in the matter. The opening words give a positive injunction: and the only way to obey the injunction is to put on the armour, and to wear it and use it. Another obvious thought relates to the perilous condition of those who are destitute of this armour. Without it we are utterly defenceless. And it is no light matter to be defenceless in the presence of a foe, who is not only hostile, but accomplished in stratagem, and who commands an army such as that which is described in the verses before us. There is a story of a Spartan soldier, who went into battle without his armour, and who was fined by the Senate, though he had been victorious. This anecdote supplies a very useful admonition to the Christian soldier.

One word in this introductory portion is unfortunately translated in the Authorised Version. The phrase, "having done all," is by no means, in my opinion, an adequate rendering of the Greek. The marginal translation, "having overcome," is more correct. The original denotes that we are to beat down all opposition, and having done this, to "stand," to hold our ground. And this word "stand," which occurs once and again, sets before us the true nature of the Christian's conflict. We have a defensive military position to hold for God, and we must hold it. It is no light skirmish, which might be half an amusement to those who enjoy a fray; but it is a serious and momentous struggle to hold the

field where we are posted, like the struggle of those who fought at Inkermann.

I find in two of Chrysostom's sermons on this chapter some remarks on these introductory verses, so good and forcible, that I think they deserve to be quoted. With reference to the wiles of the devil, he expresses himself as follows: "The Apostle saith not against the fighting, nor against the hostilities, but against the wiles. This enemy is at war with us, not simply, not openly, but by wiles; i. e., he tries to deceive us and to take us by artifice. He never proposes to us sins in their proper colours. Thus he does not speak of idolatry, but he sets it off in another dress, making his discourse plausible and employing disguises." In reference to the expression just alluded to, "having subdued all," he adds:—"That is, having subdued our passions and vile lusts, and all things else that trouble us. The Apostle speaks not merely of doing the deed, but of completing it, so as not only to slay, but to stand after we have slain; for many who have gained this victory have failed again. Having subdued all, saith he, not, having subdued one and not another; for even after the victory we must stand. An enemy may be struck, but things that are struck revive again." And once more, in reference to the word "stand," Chrysostom says: "the very first feature in tactics is to know how to stand well; and many things will depend upon that. In the case of mere athletic exercises, the word of command which the trainer gives before anything else, is this, to stand firm. Much more will it be the first thing in military matters. The man who, in a true sense, stands, is upright; he stands not in a lazy attitude, not leaning upon anything. The luxurious man does not stand upright but stoops, so does the lewd man, so does the lover of money."

This is enough concerning the *attitude and posture* of the Christian warrior. We come now to the armour itself which he wears. As described to us here, we observe that it consists of six pieces. A few words may be devoted to each of them. But first let us bear in mind how much reality and life is communicated to the description, when we recollect where St. Paul was when he wrote it. He was in the midst of the Prætorian Guards, the *elite* of the Roman army, a body of men raised far more conspicuously above the legions than our Guards, or even the French Imperial Guard, are above the regiments of the line. But not only was he in the midst of them, seeing them continually, and hearing daily all the sounds of barrack life, but he was fastened to one of these guardsmen, while he dictated the letter, and he felt the chain on his wrist while he affixed his signature.

First in order of enumeration we have the belt—"having your loins girt about with *truth*." By this we are not to understand a loose sword-belt, like that which our own officers wear, nor any ornamented girdle, but a very strong

girding apparatus, made of leather, and covered with metal plates, and fastened firmly round the loins.—The appearance and use of it are best seen in ancient statues in the British Museum and elsewhere. It was the first part of the armour which the soldier would put on, and it was of essential use to him for the purposes of safety, and especially for the sake of standing firmly. It was to the Roman soldier exactly what Truth is to the soldier of Christ. Of Christ himself it is said in the prophecy that, "righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness (the word is truth in the Septuagint) the girdle of his reins."

The breastplate is next to be considered. It is described as the "breastplate of righteousness."—A question might be raised here as to the meaning of the word "righteousness," whether it denotes the justification which belongs to the believer by virtue of his union with Christ, or refers to that rectitude of character which cannot be wanting in a true Christian. I feel little doubt that the latter is the true meaning of St. Paul; and this, for two or three reasons. In the first place, justification would seem to belong more naturally to the "shield of faith," which is mentioned below; but, again, it appears to me that all the parts of defensive armour mentioned here designate graces of Christian character. Moreover, in the shorter allegory of the first Thessalonian letter, the breastplate is described as made up of "faith and love," a perfect account of that principle in a Christian which leads him to feel rightly, to think rightly, and to act rightly; but hardly such a definition as we should expect of a sinner's state of pardon and acceptance with God. But there is another reason which, to my mind, is almost decisive. St. Paul is here again using Greek words from the Old Testament (and it is important to observe this; for there is seldom any long passage in St. Paul's writings without some quotation from the Septuagint,) and there we find it said of the Lord himself that "He put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation on his head." The incongruity is obvious on the former interpretation: "It is God that justifieth."

This reference to Isaiah leads me to break the order of St. Paul's words, and to take "the helmet of salvation" next after the "breastplate of righteousness;" for they are coupled together in the same clause by the prophet from whom he quotes. Clearly we might have some difficulty here in assigning a precise meaning to the Christian's helmet, were it not that the Apostle himself comes to our assistance; for he says to the Thessalonians, that it is "the hope of salvation" which we are to take for a helmet. I conceive then that we are to see here a representation of that cheerful and courageous hope, which is so important an element in the Christian's warfare, and so bright an ornament and crowning point to all the other graces of his character.

The helmet is perhaps the bright-

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est and most conspicuous part of a soldier's equipment; but there are other parts, less showy, but not less essential. A soldier badly shod can never last well through a campaign. Many of us have a vivid remembrance of what we read in the newspapers concerning some passages of the Crimean war. St. Paul does not leave his description of the Christian warrior incomplete in this respect. "Have your feet shod," he says, "with the preparation (or, with the prompt ready movement) of the Gospel of peace." It is needless to enter into any details concerning the military equipment of the feet, which enabled the Roman armies to march to the conquest of the world. But we should observe the holy irony with which St. Paul gives an unexpected turn to his mention of this part of the Christian armour. The Roman soldiers were all on the alert to obey orders, to carry into all nations the miseries of war. The like alacrity ought to be shown by us in obedience to our Captain; and no slipshod indolence ought to make us slow in moving on this blessed errand of Peace.

The words in which the Authorised Version introduces the SHIELD are again (I conceive) inadequate, or at least obscure. "Above all," conveys the impression of "especially," as if the Apostle was now about to mention what is most important. And so perhaps "the shield of faith" is the most important of all the defences of the Chistian soldier. But I think the Greek words mean simply "over all," "on the outside of all." The great Roman shield referred to here was very different from the small bucklers which were used in some kinds of ancient warfare. Sculptured representations of it may be seen on Trajan's Column. It covered and protected the whole body; and whatever weak points there might be in other parts of the armour, this supplied their deficiencies, as faith comes to the rescue when all other graces are failing. True faith is invaluable and invulnerable. It is competent to quench even the "fiery arrows" of the Evil One. Here the image of the Christian conflict assumes all the animation of a *siege*; and one of the best illustrations I am acquainted with of the words used by the Apostle, is in the history of one of the sieges of Rhodes, during which arrows charged with combustible materials were sent against the ships, and the very expression used here by St. Paul is used by Diodorus Siculus in describing the defences used for quenching the fire.

One part of the armour remains —the SWORD—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," —*i. e.*, the sword which the Spirit gives, and which is none other than God's revealed truth. This is the one offensive weapon. We are not sanctioned in the use of any other: all the rest of our armour is defensive: and this is very instructive. Our conflict is not with man, but with sin. We have no angry passions of our own to gratify. Our duty is steadfastly to resist: and

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we strike, we must strike only with the weapon which God puts into our hands. All this is made more emphatic, if we observe that one weapon—the most characteristic weapon of the Roman soldier—the great *pilum* or pike, which Macaulay has introduced with strict truth into one of his "Lays of Rome"—this weapon is entirely omitted. Here the parallel is left incomplete. Can we doubt that this was done purposely? The silence of Scripture has its meaning as well as its actual words.

I abstain from further and closer practical comments. These would enter into the region of Christian experience, and would belong to a treatise of a deeper kind. I will only now, through a few remaining paragraphs, follow the same thread of thought, where it conducts us to one or two other places, in which (as I have said) military metaphors are employed, less obviously at first sight, though not less forcibly.

Some of these relate to the long operation of *campaigning*, rather than the mere putting on of armour. Thus, when Timotheus is admonished to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," it is added by the Apostle: "No man that goeth on a campaign entangleth himself with the common affairs of life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." It is to be regretted that the expression "*this* life" should have found a place in the English Version, inasmuch as it mixes the metaphor with the thing intended, besides stating what is not true. For if one thing above all others belongs peculiarly to this life, it is War. This, however, does not hinder war, in the form of a prolonged campaign, from furnishing most apt illustrations of three things which are expected from the Christian,—patient endurance, separation from those interests which are not compatible with his main purpose;—and an earnest desire to please his Commander.

There is again a passage in the early part of the second Epistle to the Corinthians, which involves no difficulty as to its general meaning, but great part of the vividness of which we lose by not noticing how imagery, drawn from the conduct of a campaign, runs through the whole of the context. In the last passage the reference was to an individual soldier; here it is to a commander. St. Paul is speaking in peremptory language of his apostolic power and authority. The military phraseology starts suddenly to view in the third verse,—"Though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh." This is clear enough. But in what follows it is not always remarked that every phrase to the end of the sixth verse is appropriate to some part of a campaign, and drawn in fact from the familiar experience of those terrible Roman wars which were well remembered in every region through which the Apostle traveled. No one will question this as regards the words "weapons," and "warfare." But the "strongholds" are the rock forts such as those which once bristled along the coast of his

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native Cilicia, and of which he must often have heard, when his father told him how they were "pulled down" by the Romans in their war against the pirates. Those "high things that exalt themselves"—those high eminences of the pride of nature—occupied in force by hostile troops,—had been a familiar experience in many wars throughout Asia Minor, while one of the grandest of all was the Acropolis that towered over Corinth. But this is not all. Ancient warfare ended with the taking of prisoners, who were carried into some safe place (such as this very Acropolis) where obedience would be secure. So the Apostle speaks of "bringing into captivity every thought unto (or rather *into*) the obedience of Christ." And then, further, if in a country that had been conquered on the whole, rebellions were here and there to break out again, it was not the habit of the Romans to desist till complete subordination was established. So the Apostle holds himself in readiness to "revenge all disobedience," even when on the whole (for this he will not doubt) the general "obedience" of the Corinthian church is "fulfilled." Here then are a series of phrases which describe the vigorous prosecution of a campaign, and the determined subjugation of the last symptom of rebellion. And who will say that we do not lose by failing to notice this character of the language? Who will say that we do not gain by allowing it to have its natural and close association with what history tells of the course and the consolidation of Roman military conquest?

And more yet remains to be said concerning even this section of the subject. St. Paul pursues the progress of the campaign till it reaches that which, in a Roman's eyes, was the most glorious of all consummations, the progress of the triumphal procession after final victory; and he introduces God himself as the victor and the leader of the triumph. Twice we find this image expressed, with the technical and classical word which belongs to the subject: once when the great conquest effected through the death of Christ is the topic of the Apostle's enthusiastic sentences, and once when the progressive advance of the gospel of Christ is represented in language strictly suitable to the long procession of conqueror and captives by the Sacred Way to the Capitol. In the former case the words are brief and simple, which describe the "open display" of the defeat of "principalities and powers." In the latter the description is prolonged and given in detail. The doctrine preached by the Apostle "in every place" is compared to the fragrance which filled the streets from clouds of incense, while the fatal doom of the captives contrasted with the exulting joy of the citizens is an expressive image of the awful alternative which separates the hearers of the Gospel into "them that are saved," and "them that are lost." And still the whole subject of the military metaphors of St. Paul is not exhausted.

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There are other passages where the same expressive imagery occurs as when he tells us that "without were *fighting*, within were fears," a description of his own experience which may well give encouragement to us; or as when he speaks of the "law in our members *waging war* against the law of the mind and taking us captive," and perhaps our own experience is enough to make us aware that no metaphor would be more suitable to the case than one derived from the dreadful realities of war; or as when he assures his most consistent converts that "the *peace* of God, which passeth all understanding, shall *garrison* their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." It is a beautiful instance of holy irony, like that which we noticed before, when we saw that "the preparation of the Gospel of peace" was an essential part of the "armour of God." And the natural conclusion of these remarks is an allusion to the Great Resurrection, when "*the trumpet shall sound*," and every faithful Christian warrior shall have his place in his own "order" or "*division*" of the vast Army of the Lord of Hosts.

Chambers's Journal.

CELESTIAL CEREMONIES.

Barbarous countries and their savage populations, are strange and interesting to read about; and travellers' stories concerning them, however ill told, have an irresistible charm, which surmounts their literary defects, and supersedes that of civilized adventure, at least within European limits. Another class of narratives have almost equal interest, and are in certain aspects still more strange; they are those which introduce us to systems of civilized life, utterly different to our own in motive, history, principle, and progress—systems built upon other foundations, and sustained by modes of thought and action quite foreign to ours. This dissimilarity is the first feature apt to strike the attention, in reading such narratives; and as each detail only adds to the first effect, the freshness and novelty of the description of scenes, persons, and customs absolutely new to us, are apt to be lost in the constant pressure of the sense of contrast, in the preponderance of our observation of what the strange race is not, over our perception of what it is. The more matter-of-fact, the less suggestive the writer's style is, the less we are exposed to this temptation of reading the history of foreign civilized nations by the light of our own habits and customs; and therefore the Rev. Jus-

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tus Doolittle's book on the "Social Life of the Chinese" is one of the most instructive which has yet been written concerning the inhabitants of the largest and least known empire in the world.

We have all attained a sort of surface-notion of the Chinese. We know they have sloping eyes, pig-tails, petticoats, deformed feet in the upper walks of society, peculiar ideas on the subject of eating and drinking, including dog-pie and boiled wine. We don't think them handsome, though we have seen Chang; or dignified, though the Celestial ambassadors have done the duty of a London season, without going to the Derby, however. We know a little about Hong-kong, and less about Shang-hae; we have read the Abbe Huc, and Mr. Fortune, and Dr. Rennie, and the English Tae-ping, and yet it is not venturesome to say that few of us feel any familiarity with Chinese affairs, or sympathy with the Chinese people.

Considering the huge space the Flowery Land occupies in the expanse of the wonderful earth, and the enormous number of our fellow creatures who inhabit it, the great empire which stretches its vast length across the map of Asia, whose borders are the countries of immemorial antiquity, which are the earliest land-marks of the human race, before whose traditions our most ancient are the puny devices of yesterday, merits closer study than it receives at our hands, who have so much to read about, that China is laid aside, somehow, and the convenient season for making ourselves acquainted with its history never comes.

Mr. Doolittle is a conscientious and minute chronicler; and the present generation has an opportunity of becoming wiser than its fellows, by at least an extensive knowledge of the city of Fuh-chow, or the "Happy region," which is the capital of the province of Fuh-kien, situated on the river Min; and is about as fairly representative a Chinese city, as self-contained, as any which could be selected for the instruction of the general public. Fur-chow occupies the central position of the five ports opened to foreign trade and residence at the end of the Opium War, and is equally distant from Canton and Shang-hae. It is a walled city, affording pleasant promenades on foot, or in the favourite sedan-chairs; it numbers one million inhabitants, and is remarkable as the chosen place of dwelling in ease and dignity of numerous retired official dignitaries of the empire. It is a great literary centre; and as it is not easy to connect the idea of much literary activity with the Chinese printed and written characters, it is good to correct such erroneous notions, and to learn that at Fuh-chow is the official residence of the imperial commissioner, the literary chancellor, and the unofficial residences of many men of high literary attainments; also, that all the literary graduates of the first degree over the province of Fuh-kien, which includes the large and beautiful island of For-

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mosa, must appear at Fuh-chow twice in each period of five years, to compete in the provincial examination-hall for the second degree, if they desire to compete for that degree at all. On these occasions, the "educated talent" of the province musters by thousands—a statement which has rather an odd effect on readers who have had their notions of China mainly formed by the late Mr. Albert Smith. All this "educated talent" appears to us to affect the mental and moral attitude of the people very little; and the result of close and elaborate descriptions—drawn from long personal observation and experience of the present, and from impartial study of every record of the past, within reach—is, that the Chinese are, as was said of the ancient Egyptians, only full-grown children. The unpleasant aspects of childhood are distinctly to be seen in the national character: its instinctive cruelty, its silliness, its love of senseless gauds, its incapacity to understand the beauties of nature, its superficiality and fickleness, its self-conceit, and ready, touchy jealousy. The simplicity, the grace, the generosity, and the more poetical aspects of childhood, are wanting in the Chinese character, which is grasping, narrow, and inconceivably credulous and superstitious, without any mixture of the romantic, the graceful, or the beautiful in its superstitions. The elaborate idolatry of the people, who boast an immemorial civilization, has something in it more distressing, more repulsive, more hopeless, than the rude savage ignorance of the most debased Indian tribes; than the utter absence of recognition of the supernatural among the Australian aborigines; or than the melancholy, material aspiration, taught by their frightful life-long condition of absolute want, to the starved and frozen Esquimaux.—The angular artificiality, the "infinite lit leness" which pervades everything Chinese, which we remark in their most elaborate works of art, from the decorations of a vast Buddhist temple to the designs on a tea-cup, are peculiarly noticeable in their religious and social ceremonies. It is easy to get into one's mind, and retain in one's memory, facts concerning the commercial importance of China, the ways and means by which the vast population of the empire and its huge vague dependencies exist, the unwieldy fabric of its government, and the peculiarities of its cultivation and industries. It is not difficult to get into one's mind a picture of Chinese localities—of the streets, in which no vehicles are to be seen, and only government officials make their appearance on horseback. It is not difficult to picture crowds of the Chinese people; the process is easy enough where features and complexion are monotonous, where dress never varies either in material or in form. But what is difficult is to get at the reality of human lives all overlaid by a multitude of little forms and observances, which have their origin in the silliest and meanest notions, and which trammel every

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incident and event of solemn, joyful, or sorrowful importance in existence, with fantastic gear and foolish mummeries at once ghastly and grotesque. It is the contrast between the civilization of China, its venerable history, its vast and multiplied industries, its place in the sphere of humanity—which, though concentrated, and producing little effect outside its own limits, is large and important—and the contemptible folly which pervades the actual life of every family, that strikes the reader of Mr Doolittle's book so painfully. We do not shrink with any sense of incongruity, however strong that of disgust may be, from the Obi and the Fetich of the African, from the Angeko of the Esquimaux, from the Anton of the Bornean, from the medicine-man of the Iroquois. Either the savage tribes to whom these delusions are a law, will disappear in their savagery, or they will become civilized, and these wretched superstitions will lose their sway; but the heathenism which is the law of civilizations so old that those of Europe are but of yesterday in comparison with them—it is from the contemplation of this that the mind shrinks with pain. Not only is Chinese heathenism revolting and despicable when regarded from the point of comparison with Christianity, but it is so when compared with other forms of heathenism. An immeasurable gulf of inferiority divides its mean, low, crapulous devices, its wretched aspirations, its silly cheateries, from the poetical mythologies of Greece and Rome; and its sole superiority to the hideous Mexican form of idolatry consists in the absence of human sacrifices. Its dogmas are weak, obscure, complicated, and calculated to affect only the lowest instincts of the human mind; its details are inconceivably childish, and would be laughable, were they not lugubriously oppressive and tiresome.—Fortune-telling and paper-flowers accompany every action in life from betrothal, in which they play a conspicuous part, the burial, which it is hard to believe can be a solemnity in the eyes of the performers of such elaborate and idiotic mummeries as those prescribed on the occasion. The ceremonies of betrothal and marriage, of worshipping the parents of bride and bridegroom respectively, are of the dreariest absurdity; and those which precede and accompany a birth, especially those inflicted on a Chinese infant during his first three days of existence, are perhaps the silliest of all. Innumerable ceremonies are gone through before the child is a year old; among these, "passing through the door" is the strangest. If the child be sickly, it is passed through the door once or twice a month; and as it takes a whole day to perform the ceremony, it must be very invigorating to the young invalid and his relatives. A number of goddesses are implored to be present, and are supposed to be willing, on the correct and emphatic enunciation of their names and addresses; incense, candles, rattles, and tinsel-paper are largely in demand; and

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the "door," which appears to resemble the stage representation of a triumphal-arch, is arranged as follows: "It is made out of bamboo, covered with red and white paper, and is some seven feet high by three feet wide. The furniture is so arranged that the priests and the party passing through this door can go around and around without doubling on their track. One of the priests—who wears a fancy-coloured shirt, and has on his head a curiously-shaped head-dress—takes in one hand a small bell, or a sword having small bells fastened to the handle, and in the other a horn, and commences reciting formulas or incantations in front of this door, which is often at this time standing near the centre of the room. The priest, thus dressed, personates 'Mother,' in the act of performing magic spells for the purpose of saving children from evil spirits and unhealthy and malignant influences. The Paterfamilias, or, if dead or absent, some one in his stead, takes the child who cannot walk, or is sick, in his arms; and the other children, if any, take a single stick of lighted incense in their hands. The priest blows his horn, and advances slowly through the door, followed by Paterfamilias and all the children of the family. All the other priests are at this time doing something to aid, as beating the drum and clapping their cymbals. The head-priest brandishes the sword in the air, or, in its place, he sometimes flourishes a whip made in the shape of a snake, as though he was striking an invisible object. The door is then taken and placed at one of the four corners of the room; and the priest, father, and children again pass through it in a similar manner. It is then successively placed in each of the other corners, and again in the centre, where it is respectively passed through by the priest and his followers. Soon after this, the door is hacked in pieces, and its parts set on fire, and burned in the open court of the house, or in the street."

The active and all-pervading influence of spirits, especially of the evil kind, is the very central belief of the wretched delusion under which these creatures live. The ceremonies of propitiation are endless, and one ludicrous part of the folly is that they fondly flatter themselves they can deceive the evil spirits, and induce them to leave their children unmolested, by pretending to dislike them, by subjecting them to certain insulting treatment and especially by calling them bad names, of which "Buddhist priest," "beggar," "refuse," "dirt," are supposed to be the most effectively contumelious. If one read about Mr. Baker's and Captain Speke's friends on the White Nile, or Lord Milton's Assiniboines, doing these things, and returning respectively to their ant-hills and their wigwams, it would be sufficiently humiliating; but the idea of people who buy and sell, who make war, who understand diplomacy, who despise all the rest of mankind, who have the whip-hand of the world in many industries, who have a grand system of philosophy, and plenty of purple

and linen, worshipping gods of the measure, the bedstead, the eaves of the house, and doing it with the assistance of cut-paper and Dutch cheese, is infinitely horrible.

The superstitious treatment of disease is an extraordinary feature in Chinese social life. Death, they account for by saying it is in accordance with the "reckoning of Heaven;" and it would appear that in this at least they are not far out of theirs. Recovery is by the grace of some particular god or goddess. The general practice, as a preservative, is the propitiation of a certain destructive divinity, concerning whose operations they entertain a very uncomfortable notion. They imagine that this evil god works by mysterious influences existing between and among the members of a family, and resulting in illness. Hence innumerable bribes offered to this pleasant familiar, and large profits to the Taouist priests. The formulas employed for the expulsion of deadly influences proceeding from evil spirits are painfully absurd, especially "the mandate of the arrow." This is an arrow-like utensil, two feet long, with the word "Command" upon it, which is begged by a dishevelled and weeping procession from the temple of some powerful god, set up in the centre of a table, and worshipped with burning of incense and candles until the sick dies or recovers. In the latter case, the temple gets a thank-offering. The catalogue of the absurdities perpetrated in cases of disease is of a melancholy length. One of its items is the invitation of the god of medicine to the house. A friend of the sick man goes to a temple of the god, and having tickled his ears, and thus gained his attention, makes his request. Then he rubs the portion of the god's body, which corresponds to the afflicted part of the patient. Lastly, having burned candle and incense before the image of the "Doctor," he returns to the home of his friend, carrying some of the ashes taken from the censer standing before the god. These ashes represent the "Doctor," and must be treated with respect and reverence by the family. They are done up in red paper, and placed in the censer belonging to the household, and incense and candles are daily burned before them, accompanied with kneeling and bowing. Another pleasant notion entertained by them is, that disease is to be ascribed to the enmity of the spirit of a deceased person, and priests are employed to use the formula for dissolving or untying grudges, a portion of which performance consists of getting ten men to become "security" for the sick person. The ceremony of endeavouring to bring back the departing spirit by carrying about the sick man's clothes on a bamboo-pole, with a number of antics, in which a white cock and a bright mirror perform important parts, must be extremely trying to the gravity of even the most sympathising foreigner. Hiring a priest to ascend a ladder of knives is an expensive but very favourite re-

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source in cases of urgency; and the burning of a paper image, with a quantity of household stuff to enrich the holocaust, as a substitute for the invalid, is found very efficacious in cheating the god who desires his decease. Epidemics are believed to be under the control of "the five emperors," which are five particularly hideous specimens of "bogey," much dreaded by the people of Fuh-chow. The Celestial lady who patronises small-pox, looks her part to perfection. These horrible idols are carried in procession in July and August, to prevent summer diseases.

When all has proved vain—when the gods have finally refused to be either propitiated, bribed, or duped, and John Chinaman has really gone to correct his impressions in another sphere, the ceremonies for death, mourning, and burial begin, and are quite on a par with those which have preceded them. Of these, "moving round the bridge-ladder," and burning a miniature paper sedan for the use of the dead, are perhaps the most absurd. Before burial, there is bringing water in the morning, waiting on the dead at meal time, and worshipping the "longevity" picture. One item in the performance has an especially strange sound to foreign ears—it is "informing the ten kings of hell of the death of the individual."—Whether this is done with a strict view to the honest discharge of liabilities, is not explained. The meritorious ceremonies performed for the benefit of the dead, are numerous and extraordinary. Among them are the burning an image of a crane, and trunks of mock money and mock-clothing—they have a "frugal mind," it seems, and do not forget that, though they have not cheated the god in the main particular, they may do so in the lesser—sending money to pay the debts of the deceased, or for the use of the animal to which he belongs; and the ceremony in propitiation of the ten kings of hell.

The worship of their ancestors by the Chinese has a poetical side, wanting in all other customs and ceremonies; and had their idolatry rested there, it would have been reconcilable with the "educated talent" of which Mr Doolittle speaks, and of the really high state of cultivation and prosperity, of which he gives numerous proofs, statistical and otherwise; but as if the grotesque must needs come into everything these people do, the pretty and even pathetic "worship of the ancestral tablet" is made ridiculous by the custom of making inquiries of the dead. On the anniversary of the death of an ancestor, his surviving descendant makes kindly inquiries of him, in regard to health or food, by dropping on the floor before the tablet two pieces of wood, each piece having an oval and a flat side. The character of the answer of the dead is supposed to be indicated by the relative positions of the same after reaching the floor. If the first reply is unfavourable, another trial is made; and so, until a satisfactory reply is given, for it would never do to desist from inquiring so long

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as the reply indicated displeasure or dissatisfaction on the part of the deceased.

The mythology of which all this nonsensical posturing is the outward expression, is singularly silly and uninteresting. In vain will a trace of the grace and meaning, the poetry and the subtlety of classic inventions, be sought in the coarse, fantastic, childish complications of Celestial superstition.

The Argosy.

RUBENS IN ANTWERP.

Rubens was in his thirty-first year when he was suddenly recalled, by the last illness of his mother, from Genoa to Flanders, which he had left in his boyish hope and promise. The good mother, to whom her family had owed so much, was now seventy years of age, and lay on her death-bed.

Rubens was domestic in his habits and affectionate in his temper; and whether or not he felt some remorse for his long lingering in Italy, which had prevented his mother receiving her just reward in seeing the accomplishment of her son's hope, certainly, after receiving the warning of the stroke which was impending, there was no further dallying with the perpetual danger of accident, and the sure decay of years. Rubens posted home with all his energy, but only to find forlorn Antwerp in deepest black; for the eyes which had watched over his cradle were closed for ever on the reverence and duty of his manhood. It was not for such a return home that the proud, triumphant, spirited painter had prayed, and longed, and waited. He was cut to the heart by the unexpected loss of his mother; and he had not yet learnt the lesson taught him later in life, to fly from the influence of impotent and restless impatience, and seek distraction in new places and faces, new obligations of work, responsibility, and honour. On his melancholy reception in Antwerp, the city with which he was to be identified, and which he was to glorify by his genius—he retired into the abbey of St. Michael, where his mother was buried; and against all entreaties and seductions, remained there in strict seclusion for four months, with no companionship save that of his books and pencil. If his conduct was significant of the sharp grief and passionate disappointment of the true son, so also was his subsequent behaviour significant of the whole man. When his mourning for his mother was ended, Rubens felt at first drawn away from home by the

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powerful associations of his early manhood spent in Italy, and his strong constitutional inclination to turn his back on what was painful and mournful; and he thought of setting his face towards Italy and the house of his attached patron, the Duke of Mantua. On second thoughts, however, he was induced, by his practical common sense, and the honest patriotism aroused in him, to listen to the solicitations of his own sovereigns, the archduke and archduchess Albert and Isabella, to settle in his native land, and bless it by his genius. But he declined the invitation to the court, preferring to remain in Antwerp in its desertion and silence, probably feeling that it was better suited to his mood at the time, and better fitted for the studies he was bent upon pursuing. There was more than one reason in the choice; for Rubens was not only a favourite of all the kings and queens with whom he came in contact, but he, in return, cherished toward them a loyal admiration, tolerance, and devotion. His was the nature, brave, contented, and sensuous, on which the circumstances of royalty—its state, show, and air of chivalry—made their utmost impression, and to which they were welcome as to a child or a woman.

No sooner had Rubens fixed on dwelling in Flanders, than he entered on his new position with all the keenness of a man with powers capable of accomplishing his purposes, and ever resolute not to let the grass grow beneath his feet.—So he resolved to take to himself a young wife, to fill up the sorrowful blank which the vanished venerable figure, moving slowly in its sombre drapery had left in his life. And he would build a house fit either for a painter or a prince; such a structure as Andrea Mantegna reared for himself at Mantua, and Tintoretto at Venice. He would collect around him a school of such artists as even Raphael could not command; and he would maintain a correspondence with all the great spirits of his age. The world would contend for his pictures, while he presided an acknowledged leader of his fellows. We will see how he realized his lawful desire, and filled up his great programme.

Rubens was so eager to accomplish the first act of his play, that he married within a year after his mother's death, in the same church where she was buried and where he mourned—that of St. Michael.—Of course it was a long time before his magnificent house was finished; so that the young couple had to reside for some time in the house of the bride's father, who was a man of substance, and a magistrate of Antwerp. The wife whom Rubens married in his thirty-second year, in the mellow month of October, 1609, was Isabella, sometimes called Elizabeth, daughter of John Brant, and niece to Maria de Moy, Rubens' elder brother Philip's wife.

That the marriage was a happy one is as certain as that the great artist's wife was neither more nor less than a fair, buxom, kind, blithe woman. If ever painter's brush

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could show contentment, certainly that of Rubens dashed it in on the canvass in every different group, with affectionate enthusiasm and constancy. That this wife, as well as his second wife, was drawn from the immediate circle of his kindred, was a sign how the warm, impulsive, erratic heart yet clung and clave with all its natural energies to home. Finally—it may read like a satire on matrimony, but it is, nevertheless, true—Rubens was eminently happy in both of his matrimonial ventures, not only because he was strong, gifted, renowned, and, above all, sweet-tempered, but because his standard of humanity was not a high one. He looked for little more in a mate than a bonnie face and a complacent temper; and he was sufficiently master of himself in the pursuit to know when he found these. Though he valued Isabella Brant after her death, on the ground of her intelligence and freedom from the weaknesses of women, he set greater store on Helena Fourment, the child pet of the man of threescore.

Married and settled, Rubens went on apace at just what most people would think he ought to have executed first—his house. It was really the marvel of the painter's generation; and though little more than the defaced and mutilated shell of it remains, it is still sought out and gazed at with deep interest by the visitors to Antwerp.

It was in the Italian style. The front was painted in fresco by the master's own hands. It was built in a court, with a large garden behind, where he collected and cultivated the rarest trees and flowers which he had seen on his travels. Between the house and the garden was the crowning glory of the establishment—the Rotunda, lighted from a cupola, similar to the Pantheon at Rome, in which he spent many happy days arranging, and still more reviewing, his choice assemblage of works of art, which even his old friend the Duke of Mantua might have envied. There was antique statues, busts, bas-reliefs, medals, coins, onyxes, agates, cameos, and, especially, pictures by the great masters, which he had bought or copied while in Italy.—The list of these last included several of Leonardo and Raphael, and many Giulio Romanos, Titians, Tintorettos, Paul Veroneses, with great pictures of his own school and the schools of his contemporaries. These appropriate jewels of "the prince of painters and of gentlemen" were not only the fruit of his energy and taste, but of his rapidly growing fortune. It is said that the house cost him sixty thousand florins.

Thus, worthily housed, about the year 1610, Rubens proceeded not merely to dwell in state and bounty, but to make hay while the sun shone. He used all his powers to preserve and extend the source of his prosperity, by daily bouts of manly labour as stupendous, yet buoyant, as his projects of fame and pleasure. He rose early—in summer at four. Immediately afterwards, in contradiction to the insinuations of his French admirers,

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he heard mass, and then went to work, and while working had a person to read to him from classical authors—chiefly Plutarch, Livy, Cicero, Seneca, or the poets. He received strangers—to whom he was of all great men the most royally accessible and affable—at his easel, and conversed with them without being any way disturbed. An hour before dinner he gave to recreation, science, or politics, or to standing looking at his pictures. He was temperate at table, although gout, which was hereditary and constitutional, found him out soon, and followed him hard. Indeed, there is a suspicion that, to the excitable temperament of Rubens, that which would have been temperance in another was self-indulgence with him. Ordinary excess in him would have been simply madness and destruction. After dinner he worked again till evening, and then rode an hour or two on one of the Andalusian horses which he affected so much. On his return home, he would receive at supper a few friends—mostly men of learning and artists. But to this congenial society were soon added frequent visitors from the number of travellers of rank who were passing through the provinces, and from the roll of haughty Spanish grandees and arrogant German barons—the courtiers of the archduke. The sovereigns, the archduke, and the archduchess themselves were visitors occasionally.

Rubens' rapidity of design and execution, and the spirit and the breeding of the man, are the true explanations of his long hours of work, rather than his physical strength or immunity from injury by undue exertion. The collateral evidence indicates that he was a stately, handsome, high--hearted man, healthy, but not robust; and that so far from escaping hurt by his perilous devotion to his art, he began to fail manifestly a little over fifty, and succumbed to his foe by the time he was threescore.

As might be expected, Rubens gathered round him, in a very short time, as though by magnetic influence, the cream of Flemish painters, and artists from foreign lands. To them he was an honourable and a munificent chief, being at once free from the irritability and jealousy of Titian, the austerity and moroseness of Michael Angelo, as well as the loftiness and solitariness of spirit which made Albrecht Durer the man of a few devoted friends rather than of a crowd of intimate associates. It is to say no more of the presiding genius of Antwerp than that he was merely human, when we confess he had his enemies, and that the ways he took to defeat their schemes, though greatly lauded for their dignity and magnanimity, savour a little of the light scorn and the cool superiority of unbounded prosperity.—Jansens and Broudel are conspicuous names included by common rumour in the party of his detractors, who, when they could find no other offence in his art or himself, accused him of growing famous on the joint efforts of his scholars.—

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Jansens, who has left his own portrait, with long, wavy hair, a single tuft of beard, and drooping hand —the very likeness of a vain idle dreamer and dissipated spendthrift —is said to have challenged the redoubted Rubens to a fair trial of skill, single handed it is to be presumed. The answer of Rubens was, that he would engage with Jansens when he had proved himself worthy to be his competitor, but that in the meantime Jansens had better submit his works to the judgment of the public, as he had done before him.

Broudel, an unsuccessful artist, declared the grapes were sour, and proposed to Rubens to relinquish his palette and pencils, and share with him his laboratory and his search for the philosopher's stone. The answer, given in Rubens' painting-room, with a comical flash of his warm brown eyes, was, that the offer was dated twenty-three years too late; "for so long it is," said he, "since I found the art of making gold with my palette and pencils."

When Cornelius Schut, an old pupil of Rubens, finding no market for his work, because of the unapproachable popularity of the master, allowed himself to be provoked into feeling an implacable hatred towards Rubens, and slandered him grossly behind his back, the most illustrious man in Antwerp paid the bitter disappointed sinner an unexpected visit, praised, and offered to buy his pictures at his own price, and announced that if he—the master—ever had employment to bestow on another assistant, he would offer it to Schut.

And he also purchased all the finished pictures of Anthony Vandyck, the very next day after the cavalier painter complained that the profits of his pictures would not maintain him—as a cavalier.

There can be no doubt that the frankness of Rubens' open door to artists, his readiness to inspect the performances of others, the freedom of his criticism, and yet the sweet-tempered wish to find something good in every picture, as well as the generosity of his aid, and the forbearance of his rebuke, were not without aggravation and gall to the other specimens of humanity—frail, mortified, and in a state of mental collapse.

Round Rubens in the first circle were the Flemish artists, who were his contemporaries rather than his scholars. With a few exceptions, they were honest and wise in owning their comrade's preëminence; and he was on excellent terms with them, for they worked together frequently.

With his numerous and renowned assistants Rubens lived in great and glorious harmony; and it was impossible he could dispense with their services, the number and the size of his commissioned pictures (though it is to Rubens that we are indebted for the rise of cabinet pictures in family rooms) rendering it imperative that the master should not do more, unless in rare instances, than sketch the designs, put in the heads, and add the fin-

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ishing touches. When one of the great altar-pieces, that of "St. Roch Healing the Sick," was begun and completed in a single week, it may easily be seen that some assistance was absolutely needed. It is a triumphant testimony to the credit which the assistants did their chief, and to the merit of the workmanship which they employed in his somewhat startling manufactory of pictures, that his few enemies started the cry against his reputation that Wildens painted his landscapes, Sneyders his animals, and Vandyck his men and women—an accusation so easily refuted by the mighty man who feared no work, for he would throw off in a trice four landscapes, two lion hunts, an odd historical scene or two—all incomparable in their respective lines—on which neither of the three smaller men had laid a finger.

It was a goodly company to whom the magnificent house and its happy family circle were open and free. They were at liberty to stroll among the rare plants in the garden, and study the noble pictures in the Rotunda, and to maintain their different speculations and theories. They were a set of gallant, eager, clever men, who give stir and gaiety again to the dull streets of Antwerp. No wonder Antwerp honours her painter, for in the hey-day of his life, the only honour and traffic that came to her were the princely cavalcades stopping at his door, and the negotiations, from far and near, for his pictures. The colony of artists were happy for the greater part, the one man sharpening the other, and putting him on his mettle; their very rivalries were frank, and their squabbles honest and short-lived, under the leadership of the kindly, high-bred, and good fellow, Peter Paul Rubens.

That society in Antwerp remains unique. There is not much either in appearance or deed, in ancient or modern art to compare with that galaxy of which Rubens was the centre. It certainly did not want for solid flesh and blood, for muscular development, or for picturesque details—the flapping hats and waving feathers, the embroidered cloth, velvet, and point lace, the long boots and jangling spurs, were fair and fitting accompaniments for the faces. Rubens was not idle himself, as the head and heart of his band of workers. The habits of indefatigable application he had at once adopted, have already been referred to. His happy marriage, and his establishment as the master of a school of painters, according to his project, had the most favourable influence on his invention and skill. To these early years of wedded life in Antwerp belong the middle and best period of his life as an artist, and the greatest of his paintings date from this time. Those Madonnas at Madrid which are freest from the offensive voluptuousness and the low tone of Rubens' women are one cluster of its fruit. The Virgin, as she stands on the globe, and trampling on the serpent as it writhes beneath her feet, a heavenly crown with the rays of glory just touching her head, and an unearthly

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and inspired soul in her eyes, is almost a miracle of art. There is another Madonna in the "Adoration of the Three Kings," in Madrid. Then, perhaps too, that other Virgin and Serpent at Munich, in splendid allegory, from the twelfth chapter of Revelation, dates from the same time; and also the Virgin with the new-born Saviour in her arms, mounting on the wings of an eagle and surrounded by a flood of light. There is the serpent encircling the moon on which she stands, here also crushed under her flying but conquering footsteps.

Now, too, were begun Rubens' Holy Families; and these are very attractive although the Virgin was but a Flemish peasant; while his studies of children are free, sweet, and lovely, as the children whom Thackeray wrote of, and John Leech drew. The children playing with lambs, and with fruit and flowers—especially the seven children dragging along the huge cluster of fruit—the fruit, ripe and luscious, by Sneyders, are truly exquisite.

At this time some of Peter Paul's most renowned portraits were also taken. Among them, that of himself and Isabella Brant, seated in a honeysuckle arbour, was painted soon after their marriage. In it, Rubens, though a man upwards of thirty, looks in his joyous power no older than the lad who started on his travels nigh ten years before, while she forms a beau ideal of plump, blooming womanhood. Then there is that other of the two at a wolf hunt, Rubens seated on a fine dapple grey, and Isabella on a brown horse, with a falcon on her wrist. There is also a charming picture of Isabella, with her infant son, the painter's first-born child, after four or five years of childless wedlock.

About this epoch, as has been already indicated, Rubens' great essays as an animal painter were commenced. It is said in connection with his painting of animals, and his fondness for them, that he seized every opportunity of becoming familiarly acquainted with their ways. Indeed, had the facility for procuring and conveying animals over the world been then equal to what it is now, the house at Antwerp, in addition to its gardens, might have shown such a menagerie as rumour has attributed to more than one eminent modern literary man. Even as it was, there is a story that Rubens had a lion brought to his house by its keeper (under what protest from Isabella Brant, women may divine); and that the big clever boy was so delighted when the great brute by chance condescended to yawn, that he suggested that the keeper should tickle it under the chin, to induce it to repeat the process; a liberty on the keeper's part which the lion punished by bearing a grudge against the unfortunate man, and tearing him in pieces a few weeks afterwards.

It will be seen that Rubens had now attained preëminence in almost all the departments of his art; but the work of his prime, which we have purposely left last, was his "Descent from the Cross,"—the glory of Antwerp, and the picture

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which has been designated by competent authority "the first for workmanship in the world," so widely applauded in his own day, that it was the description of its merits which induced Marie de Medici to summon the painter to Paris to adorn the Luxembourg with grand illustrations of her ingloriously conspicuous life.

The life of Rubens was now almost a life to dream of by an artist. He had his schools, his great works, his rapidly growing fame and fortune, his fond, simple domestic happiness; but still this life was not without its fault of earthiness. Here, again, he was doomed to meet "the shadow feared by man," which so often darkened his bright hearth, and fell cold, and with a warning shudder, over him, ere it wrapped him viewless in its folds, and dulled the murmur on his lips.

Peter Paul's sister, Blandina, died about this time, and so did his beloved brother Philip, leaving him the last of the short-lived family.

He wrote in honour of his elder brother, the loving, scholarly, Latin epitaph: "To Philip Rubens, jurisconsult, son of John, citizen and senator of Antwerp, the disciple and pupil of the great Lepsius, to whose learning having almost attained, he happily equalled his modesty, at Brussels under the President Richardst, at Rome under Ascanius, the Cardinal of Colonna. From his letters and studies, and from his secretaryship of the senate and people of Antwerp, he departed, rather than died, surviving in his reputation and writings, the 5th of the calends of September, 1619, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Good stranger, lift up your hands in fervent prayer, and contemplate. He has gone before; shortly I must follow."

All the Year Round.

WAITING.

I am waiting on the margin
  Of the dark cold rushing tide;
All I love have pass'd before me,
  And have reach'd the other side:
Only unto me a passage
  Through the waters is denied.

Mist and gloom o'erhang the river,
  Gloom and mist the landscape veil;
Straining for the shores of promise,
  Sight and hope and feeling fail;
Not a sigh, a breath, a motion,
  Answers to my feeble wail.

Surely they have all forgot me
  'Mid the wonders they have found
In the far enchanted mansions;
  Out of heart, and sight and sound,
Here I sit, like Judah's daughters,
  Desolate upon the ground.

Be the river ne'er so turbid,
  Chill and angry, deep and drear,
All my loved ones are gone over,
  Daunted not by doubt or fear;
And my spirit reaches after,
  While I sit lamenting here.

Happy waters that embraced them,
  Happier regions hid from sight,
Where my keen, far-stretching vision,
  Dazed and baffled, lost them quite.
Dread, immeasurable distance
  'Twixt the darkness and the light!

And I know that never, never,
  Till this weak, repining breast
Stills its murmurs into patience,
  Yonder from the region blest
Shall there break a streak of radiance,
  And upon the river rest.

I shall hail the mystic token
  Bright'ning all the waters o'er,
Struggle through the threat'ning torrent,
  Till I reach the further shore,
Wonder then, my blind eyes open'd,
  That I had not trusted more.

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Westminster Review.

THE MORALS OF TRADE.

Before the recent war, a scathing article appeared in the Westminster Review, exposing the frauds which were practiced by manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers, shippers, bankers and others, of the commerical classes in England. It is a subject of general complaint, that since the termination of the war, there has been a sad deterioration in the "morals of trade" in our own country. Omitting all the details and specifications of the reviewer, the conclusion of the article contains some reflections so just that its republication now will be regarded by many as timely.

The average commercial morality cannot of course be accurately depicted in so brief a space. On the one hand we have been able to give only a few typical instances of the mal-practices by which trade is disgraced. On the other hand we have been obliged to present these in a separate form, unqualified by a large amount of honest dealing throughout which they are interspersed. While, by an accumulation of these disclosures, the indictment might be made much heavier; by diluting them with the immense mass of equitable transactions daily carried on, the verdict would be greatly mitigated. We fear, however, that after all allowances have been made, the state of things is very bad. And our impression on this point is due less to the particular fact we have above given, than to the general opinion expressed by our informants. On all sides we have found the net result of long personal experience, to be the conviction that trade is essentially corrupt. In tones of disgust or discouragement, reprehension or derision, according to their several natures, men in business have one after another expressed or implied this belief.—Omitting the highest mercantile classes, a few of the less common trades, and those exceptional cases where an entire command of the market has been obtained, the uniform testimony of competent judges is, that success is incompatible with strict integrity. To live in the commercial world it appears necessary to adopt its ethical code; neither exceeding or falling short of it—neither being less honest nor more honest; those who sink below the standard are expelled; while those who rise above it are either pulled down to it or ruined. As, in self-defence, the civilized man becomes savage among savages; so it seems that in self-defence the scrupulous trader is obliged to become as little scrupulous as his competitors. The remark, made we believe by Dr. Darwin, that the law of the animal creation is—"Eat and be eaten," may be paralleled with respect to our trading

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community; of which the law appears to be—Cheat and be cheated. Indeed a system of keen competition, carried on as it is without adequate moral restraint, is very much a system of commercial cannibalism. Its alternatives are—Use the weapons of your antagonists, or be conquered and devoured.

Another question, here naturally arising, is—Are not these evils growing worse? Many of the facts we have cited seem to imply that they are. And yet there are many other facts which point as distinctly the other way. In weighing the evidence it is needful to bear in mind, that the much greater public attention at present paid to such matters, is itself a source of error, is apt to generate the belief that evils now becoming recognised, are evils that have recently arisen; when in truth they have merely been hitherto disregarded, or less regarded. It has been clearly thus with crime, with distress, with popular ignorance; and it is very probably thus with trading dishonesties. Not only is it true of individual beings, that their height in the scale of creation may be measured by the degree of their self-consciousness; but the like is true of societies. Advanced and highly organized societies are distinguished from lower ones by the evolution of a social self-consciousness. Among ourselves there has, very happily, been of late years a remarkable growth of this social self-consciousness; and we believe that to this is chiefly ascribable the impression that commercial mal-practices are increasing. Such facts as have come down to us respecting the trade of past times quite confirm this view. In his "Complete English Tradesman," Defoe mentions, among other manœuvres of retailers, the false lights which they introduced into their shops for the purpose of giving a delusive appearance to their goods. He comments upon the "shop rhetorick," the "flux of falsehoods," which tradesmen habitually uttered to their customers; and quotes their defence as being that they could not live without lying. Add to which, he says that there was scarce a shop-keeper who had not a bag of spurious or debased coin, from which he gave change whenever he could; and that men, even most honest, triumphed in their skill in getting rid of bad money. These facts sufficiently indicate that the mercantile morals of that day were, at any rate, no better than ours; and if we call to mind the numerous Acts of Parliament passed in old times to prevent frauds of all kinds, we perceive the like implication. Moreover, the fact may be safely inferred from the general state of society. When reign after reign, governments debased the coinage, it can scarcely be that the moral tone of the middle classes was better than now.—Times characterized by an administration of justice so inefficient that there were in London nests of criminals who defied the law, and on all the high roads robbers who eluded it, cannot well have been

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distinguished by just mercantile dealings. While, conversely, an age which like ours has seen so many equitable social changes thrust upon the legislature by public opinion, is very unlikely to be an age in which the transactions between individuals have been growing more inequitable. And yet, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that many of the dishonesties we have described are of modern origin. Not a few of them have become established during the last thirty years; and others are even now arising. How are these seeming contradictions to be reconciled?

But the question which most concerns us is, not whether the morals of trade are better or worse than they have been? but rather—why are they so bad? Why, in this civilized state of ours is there so much that betrays the cunning selfishness of the savage? Why, after the careful inculcations of rectitude during education, comes there in after life all this knavery? Why, in spite of all the exhortations to which the commercial classes listen every Sunday, do they next morning recommence their evil deeds? What is this so potent agency which almost neutralizes the discipline of education, of law, of religion?

Various subsidiary causes that might be assigned must be passed over, that we may have space to dwell upon the chief one. In an exhaustive statement, something would have to be said upon the credulity of consumers, which leads them to believe in representations of impossible advantages; and something, too, on their greediness, which, ever prompting them to look for more than they ought to get, encourages the sellers to offer delusive bargains. The increased difficulty of living consequent on the growing pressure of population, would also come in as a part cause; and that greater cost of bringing up a family, which results from the higher standard of education, might be added. But all these are relatively insignificant. If we inquire what is the great inciter of these trading mal-practices, we find it to be—intense desire for wealth. And if we go a step further back and ask—Why this intense desire for wealth? the reply is—It results from the *indiscriminate respect paid to wealth.*

To be distinguished from the common herd—to be somebody—to make a name, a position—this is the universal ambition; and every one finds that to accumulate riches, is alike the surest and the easiest way of fulfilling his ambition. Very early in life all learn this. At school, the court paid to one whose parents have called in the carriage to see him, is conspicuous; while the poor boy, whose insufficient stock of clothes implies the small means of his family, soon has burnt into his memory the fact that proverty is contemptible. On entering the world, the lessons that may have been taught about the nobility of self-sacrifice, the reverence due to genius, the admirableness of high integrity, are quickly neutralized by counter experience: men's ac-

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tions proving that these are not their standards of respect. It is soon perceived that while abundant outward marks of deference from fellow-citizens may almost certainly be gained by directing every energy to the accumulation of property, they are but rarely to be gained in any other way; and that even in the few cases where they are otherwise gained, they are not given with entire unreserve; but are commonly joined with a more or less manifest display of patronage. When seeing this, the young man further sees that while the acquisition of property is quite possible with his mediocre endowments, the acquirement of distinction by brilliant discoveries, or heroic acts, implies faculties and feelings which he does not possess; it is not difficult to understand why he devotes himself heart and soul to business. We do not mean to say that men act upon the consciously reasoned-out conclusions thus indicated; but we mean that these conclusions are the unconsciously formed products of their daily experience. From early childhood the sayings and doings of all around them have generated the idea that wealth and respectability are two sides of the same thing. This idea growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, becomes at last almost what we may call an organic conviction. And this organic conviction it is which prompts the expenditure of all their energies in money-making. We contend that the chief stimulus is not the desire for the wealth itself; but for the applause and position which wealth brings. And in this belief we find ourselves thoroughly at one with various intelligent traders with whom we have talked on the matter. It is incredible that men should make the sacrifices, mental and bodily, which they do, merely to get the material benefits which money purchases. What merchant would spend an additional hour at his office daily, merely that he might move into a larger house in a better quarter? In so far as health and comfort are concerned, he knows he will be a loser by the exchange; and would never be induced to make it, were it not for the increased social consideration which the new house will bring him. Where is the man who would lie awake at nights devising means of increasing his income in the hope of being able to provide his wife with a carriage, were the use of the carriage the sole consideration? It is because of the *éclat* which the carriage will give, that he enters on these additional anxieties. So manifest, so trite, indeed, are these truths, that we should be ashamed of insisting on them did not our argument require it.

For if the desire for that homage which wealth brings, is the chief stimulus to these intense strivings after wealth; then is the giving of this homage—when given, as it is, with but little discrimination—the chief ultimate cause of those countless dishonesties into which these intense strivings betray mercantile men. When the shopkeeper, on the strength of a prosperous year

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and tolerably favourable prospects, has yielded to his wife's persuasions and replaced the old furniture with new at an outlay greater than his income covers—when instead of the hoped-for increase, the next year brings a decrease in his returns—when he finds that his expenses are outrunning his revenue; then does he fall under the strongest temptation to adopt some newly-introduced adulteration or other mal-practice. When, having by display gained a certain recognition, the wholesale trader begins to give dinners appropriate only to those of ten times his income, and other expensive entertainments to match—when, having for a time carried on this style at a cost greater than he can afford, he finds that he cannot discontinue it without giving up his position; then is he most strongly prompted to enter into larger transactions; to trade beyond his means; to seek undue credit; to get into that ever-complicating series of misdeeds, which end in disgraceful bankruptcy. And if these are the facts—the undeniable facts—then is it an unavoidable conclusion that the blind admiration which the mass of society gives to mere wealth, and the display of wealth is the chief source of these multitudinous immoralities.

Yes, the evil is deeper than appears—draws its nutriment from far below the surface. This gigantic system of dishonesty, branching out into every conceivable form of fraud, has roots that run underneath our whole social fabric, and sending fibres into every house, suck up strength from our daily sayings and doings. In every dining-room a rootlet finds food when the conversation turns upon So-and-so's successful speculations, his purchase of an estate, his probable worth—upon this man's recent large legacy, and the other's advantageous match; for being thus talked about is one form of that tacit respect which men struggle for. Every drawing-room furnishes nourishment in the admiration awarded to costliness—to silks that are "rich," that is, expensive; to dresses that contain an enormous quantity of material, that is, are expensive; to laces that are hand-made, that is, expensive; to diamonds that are rare, that is, expensive; to china that is old, that is, expensive. And from scores of small remarks and minutiæ of behaviour, which, in all circles, hourly imply how completely the idea of respectability involves that of costly externals, there is drawn fresh pabulum.

We are all implicated. We all, whether with self-approbation or not, give expression to the established feeling. Even he who disapproves this feeling, finds himself unable to treat virtue in threadbare apparel with a cordiality as great as that which he would show to the same virtue endowed with prosperity. Scarcely a man is to be found who would not behave with more civility to a knave in broadcloth than to a knave in fustian. Though for the deference which they have shown to the vulgar rich, or the dishonestly success-

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ful, men will afterwards compound with their consciences by privately venting their contempt; yet when they again come face to face with these imposing externals covering worthlessness, they do as before. And so long as imposing worthlessness gets the visible marks of respect, while the disrespect felt for it is hidden, it naturally flourishes.

Thus, then, is it that men are encouraged to persevere in these evil practices which all condemn: they can so purchase a homage, which, if not genuine, is yet, so far as appearances go, as good as the best. To one whose wealth has been gained by a life of frauds, what matters it that his name is in all circles a synonym of roguery? Has he not been conspicuously honored by being twice elected mayor of his town? (we state a fact) and does not this, joined to the personal deference shown him, outweigh in his estimation, all that is said against him: of which he hears scarcely anything? When, not many years after the exposure of his inequitable dealing, a trader attains to the highest civic distinction which the kingdom has to offer; and that, too, through the instrumentality of those who best know his delinquency; is not the fact an encouragement to him, and to all others, to sacrifice rectitude to aggrandizement? If, after listening to a sermon that has by implication denounced the dishonesties he has been guilty of, the rich ill-doer finds on leaving the church that the neighbours cap to him; does not this tacit approval go far to neutralize the effect of all he has heard? The truth is, that with the great majority of men the visible expression of social opinion is far the most efficient of incentives and restraints. Let any one who wishes to estimate the strength of this control, propose to himself to walk through the streets in the dress of a dust-man, or carry home a leg of mutton from the butcher's. Let him feel, as he probably will, that he had rather do something morally wrong than commit such a breach of usage, and suffer the resulting derision; and he will then better estimate how powerful a curb to men is the open disapproval of their fellows; and how, conversely, the outward applause of their fellows is a stimulous surpassing all others in intensity.—Fully realizing which facts, he will see that the immoralities of trade are in great part traceable to an immoral public opinion.

Let none infer, from what has been said, that the payment of respect to wealth rightly acquired and rightly used is deprecated. On the contrary, we contend that in its original meaning, and in due degree, the feeling which prompts it is good. Primarily, wealth is the sign of mental power; and this is always respectable. To have honestly acquired property, implies intelligence, energy, self-control; and these are worthy of the homage that is indirectly paid to them by admiring their results. Further, the good administration and increase of inherited property, also requires its virtues: and therefore

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demands its share of approbation. Add to which, that not only for their display of faculty are men who gain and increase wealth to be applauded, but also as public benefactors. For he who, as manufacturer or merchant, has, without injustice to others, realized a fortune, is thereby proved to have discharged his functions better than those who have been less successful. By greater skill, better judgment, or more economy than his competitors, he has afforded the public greater advantages. His extra profits are but a share of the extra produce obtained by the same expenditure: the other share going to the consumers. And similarly the landowner, who, by judicious outlay, has increased the value—that is the productiveness—of his estate, has thereby added to the stock of national capital. By all means, then, we say, let the right acquisition and proper use of wealth have their due share of admiration.

But that which we condemn as the chief cause of commercial dishonesty, is the *indiscriminate* admiration of wealth—an admiration that has little or no reference to the character of the possessor. When, as very generally happens, the external signs are reverenced, not only where they signify no internal worthiness, but even where they cover internal unworthiness, then does the feeling become vicious. It is this idolatry which worships the symbol apart from the thing symbolized, that is the root of all these evils we have been exposing. So long as men pay homage to these social benefactors who have grown rich honestly, they afford to others a wholesome stimulus to go and do likewise; but when they accord a share of their homage to those social malefactors who have grown rich dishonestly, then do they foster corruption by encouraging others to follow their example, then do they become indirect accomplices in all these frauds of commerce.

As for remedy, it manifestly follows that there is none save a purified public opinion. When that abhorrence which society now shows to direct theft is shown to theft of all degrees of indirectness; then will these mercantile vices disappear. When not only the trader who adulterates or gives short measure, but also the merchant who overtrades, the bank director who countenances an exaggerated report, and the railway director who repudiates his guarantee, come to be regarded as of the same genus as the pickpocket, and are treated with like disdain; then will the morals of trade become what they should be.

We have little hope, however, that any such higher tone of public opinion will shortly be reached. The present condition of things appears to be, in great measure, a necessary accompaniment of our present phase of progress. Throughout the civilized world, especially in England, and above all in America, social activity is almost wholly expended in material development. To subjugate Nature, and bring the powers of production and distribution to their highest perfec-

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tion, is the task of our age; and probably of many future ages. And as in times when national defence and conquest were the chief desiderata, military achievement was honoured above all other things; so now, when the chief desideratum is industrial growth, honour is most conspicuously given to that which generally indicates the aiding of industrial growth. The English nation at present displays what we may call the commercial diathesis, and the undue admiration for wealth appears to be its necessary accompaniment — a relation still more conspicuous in the worship of the "almighty dollar" by the Americans. And while the commercial diathesis, with its accompanying standard of distinction, continues predominant, we fear the evils we have been delineating can be but partially cured. It seems hopeless to expect that the mass of men will distinguish between that wealth which represents personal superiority and benefits done to society, from that which does not. The symbols, the externals, have all the world through swayed the great majority, and must long continue to do so; and even the cultivated, who are on their guard against the bias of associated ideas, and try to separate the real from the seeming, cannot escape the influence of current opinion. We must, therefore, content ourselves with looking for a slow amelioration.

Something, however, may even now be done by vigorous protest against adoration of mere success. And it is important that it should be done, considering how this vicious sentiment is being fostered. When we have one of our leading moralists preaching with increasing vehemence the doctrine of sanctification by force—when we are told that while a selfishness troubled with qualms of conscience is contemptible, a selfishness intense enough to trample down everything in the unscrupulous pursuit of its ends is worthy of all admiration—when we find that if it be sufficiently great, power, no matter of what kind or how directed, is held up for our reverence; we may fear lest the prevalent worship of mere success, together with all the commercial vices which it stimulates, should be increased rather than diminished. Not at all by this hero worship, grown into brute-worship, is society to be made better; but by exactly the opposite—by a stern criticism of the means through which success has been achieved, and by according honour to the higher and less selfish modes of activity.

And happily the signs of this more moral public opinion are already showing themselves. It is becoming a tacitly received doctrine that the rich should not, as in bygone times, spend their lives in personal gratification; but should devote them to the general welfare. Year by year is the improvement of the people occupying a larger share of the attention of the upper classes. Year by year are they devoting more and more energy to the furtherance of the material and

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mental progress of the masses.—And those among them who do not join in the discharge of these high functions, are beginning to be looked upon with more or less contempt by their own order. This latest and most hopeful fact in human history—this new and better chivalry—promises to evolve a higher standard of honour; and so to ameliorate many evils: among others those which we have detailed. When wealth obtained by illegitimate means inevitably brings nothing but disgrace—when to wealth rightly acquired is accorded only its due share of homage, while the greatest homage is given to those who consecrate their energies and their means to the noblest ends; then may we be sure that, along with other accompanying benefits, the morals of trade will be greatly purified.

Macmillan's Magazine.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS:" A COMMENTARY.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"Idle tears" they may be—for what tears in this world are not idle?—but still the saddest that ever flowed from human eye. Tears of joy, tears of pity, are to be found elsewhere; but such tears of desolate, hopeless unrelieved misery, are recorded in no literature, are preserved in no lachrymatory, ancient or modern. Each stanza contains an image, and each hopelessly, irretrievably mournful, drawn from the very abyss of sorrow. Even the "happy autumn fields" and the

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bright beam of morning, glorifying our friends' return, borrow the dispairing hues of the rest.

The theme is the irrecoverable past—"the days that are no more" —exhibited to us in the several aspects of their freshness, their sadness, their strangeness, their darkness, their sweetness, their depth, and their wild regret. The key-note is clearly and beautifully struck in the first stanza. Nothing moves the spirit of man so profoundly as some of the appearances of nature; more profoundly, because it is often impossible to explain why it should be so. The vague but intense yearning, the feeling of vastness and longing, which possesses one at the sight of certain aspects of the sunset, has been felt by almost every one. It is a mere common-place, but a common-place that is unexplainable, and which is a stronger evidence to those who feel it, of the immortality of the soul than all the demonstrations of natural theology. So it is, too, with the awe excited in the mind by the starry heavens in all their clearness and immensity; by the rare and most touching spectacle of the waning moon; or by the ascent of the dawn, in the hush and chill of daybreak. The same kind of feeling, only more personal, and less vast, and coloured rather by wild passionate human regret, is apt to seize the mind in autumn, in viewing some scene of sweet rich peaceful beauty, like the "happy autumn fields" of this poem. The feeling may be due in part to the universal spectacle of things passing away—corn ripe and cut, leaves gradually "reddening to the fall," all things drawing slowly but surely to their appointed end. The very look of the clouds in the autumn afternoons, so round and calm and still, so ethereal in their tints, so unutterably soft and mellow in their lights and shadows, contributes to the general impression of rest and peace. But the real ground of the melancholy which autumn inspires is something deeper, some instinct of which we know only the effect, and cannot even conjecture the working, and which, from that very vagueness, stirs the spirit more deeply than any more definite cause would do.

However this may be, certain it is that, at such moments, the transitoriness of life and all around will suddenly impress itself on the mind. The key-note of "some divine despair" in the heart is touched. Persons and incidents, fraught with unutterable recollections, and worth all the world to one—a dead child, a lost love, a sudden look, a parting, a difference, a reconciliation—present themselves with peculiar power. It is, perhaps, long since we had to do with them, but they come back as "fresh" as if it were yesterday; they fill the mind as if present, in all their sweetness and familiar tender dearness, and the pang of absence, and the maddening sense of the utter irrecoverableness of the past rushes in after them with a "wild regret," and the tears, the "idle tears,"—not idle in themselves, but idle only because "we

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know not what they mean,"—" rise from the depths" for our "divine despair"—" divine" because so utterly beyond all human reason or knowledge—and gather, smarting, in the eye of the gazer.

The images in which this grief of the mind is presented are not only very original, but they succeed one another in a progression as subtle and delicate as it is admirable. The key, so to speak, in which the poem starts, is adhered to, with a slight departure only, through the second and third stanzas. The natural and external image of the "happy autumn fields" is continued in the wide expanse of the ocean, the ships, and the sunbeams striking acoss the world, all external to the observer. It is again continued in the next stanza, in the rising of the "dim dawn," "loud with voices of the birds" outside the casement, though here intensified and made more solemn by the introduction of the slowly dying man, on whose dull eyes and feeble ears these sights and sounds strike for the last time. The outward-bound ship, bearing off "all we love," is mournful enough, as in the chill damp air which fore-runs the night we watch the last red tint on the sails, and wait for the sun to drop below the sea-line, and all to assume, as if by magic, one dull, leaden, indistinguishable hue. This is mournful, but the picture which follows it—the dying man on his death-bed, watching the faint beginning of his last day on earth—is surely one of the most desolate in all literature or art. Even this, however, can be surpassed. So far we have been spectators only—looking at that which is outside of us. In the fourth and last stanza we encounter a sudden modulation; and by a transition, than which Beethoven himself never imagined anything at once more sudden and less violent, we are landed in a region quite remote from the former one—the region of our own selves, and amongst images that transcend those that precede them, as much as that which is personal and passionate must surpass that which is merely external and passive. Sad as is the departure of all we love across the waste of the ocean, desolate as are the loneliness of the long day-break and the dim sounds of life to the dying man, the sting of kisses remembered when the loved one who kissed us is gone for ever is still sharper :—

> "—a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But even this again may be exceeded. There may be a union of sweetness and mad anguish in repeating in fancy the caresses of lips, once all your own, and now lost for ever—lost, not by death, or any such divine decree, but by human faults, by faithlessness, or misunderstanding or social difference, or some other cause which infuses a rankling sense of injustice into the pain of the loss. As it is the thought of death that forms the link between the two stanzas—the dying man leading on to the dead love—so it is the introduction of the element of love

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which gives the last stanza its special keenness, which makes it so truly the climax of the poem. For love is the crown of all human things, and gives the last bitterness to sorrow, the highest culmination to joy; and, in comparison to it, absence, and friendship, and kindred, and death, and all other ills, and all other delights of earth, are as nothings, as mere passing vanities. Thus pointed and thus presented, the memory of the "days that are no more" becomes indeed a very "Death in Life."

So, hopeless and forlorn, ends this most lovely but most sorrowful of poems. And if this "moan about the retrospect" were all that could be said about the "days that are no more," what would there be for us but to lie down and die, and so purchase a swift immunity from such unavailing regrets? And it is undeniable that such a view of the past has at times, more or less often, been taken by every man and woman of sensibility.—More or less often, but, thank Heaven, not always. There is another aspect, brighter, and better, and healthier than any of those yet presented to us. "Sweet" as they are—and there is no denying their sweetness, even the stern Princess herself is compelled to allow that—sweet as they are, they are yet truly "vague" and "fatal to men"—"fancies hatched in silkenfolded idleness." Memory may be—perhaps always must be—"memory with sad eyes," but we must not forget that what she supplies us with would, but for her, be lost for ever; her gifts are not only so much saved from the wreck of life, but, once possessed, they are ours for life. That which has once happened to us becomes a part of our being, and though for the time forgotten or overlooked, is still there, in the storehouse of the mind, always ready to start into action when the proper chord is touched, and to present itself in its original force and freshness, mellowed perhaps, but hardly weakened, by the enchanting effect of distance.—Such memories are a part of our very selves, and can only be taken from us by the failure of our powers, the positive loss of the faculty of recollection. Cherish and encourage them! Nothing can make up for their loss, nothing can surpass their power and sweetness.—They are the one certain possession granted to us; nor only certain, but personal and exclusive in the highest possible degree. No one can take them away, and no one can share them:—

"Mine are they, evermore mine, mine alone."

As long as they remain there is still an Eden for men. "Memory," says Jean Paul, "is the only Paradise out of which nothing can ever drive us." And surely to remember and ponder over the joys of life, even when those joys are no longer ours, is full of unspeakable comfort. True, the caresses of the loved one, which were "sweeter, sweeter than anything on earth," are gone for ever; but we possess their memory, the memory of the supreme happiness which they brought to us, and to

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her who loved us, on their heavenly wings. We may meet again, and we may not, in the land of peace and brightness, which we are taught from our childhood to believe in. We may not. Alas! that the doubt should obtrude itself on those to whom the contrary belief would be the greatest blessing! But the very shadow of the doubt should make us prize only the more ardently the certain memory which we hold, and with which we may solace ourselves during the few short years which yet remain to us on earth. Whatever our future may be, this we have, this nothing can take away. We can go over every circumstance of the past, recall every look, every word, every thought, of each interview, each meeting, and each parting, and in so doing feel what alleviations there are to the immense inevitable ills of life, how carefully each privation is accompanied by a gift, how true it is that we have here a joy that nothing can take away—

"Come foul or fair, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed in spite of fate are mine;
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have lived my hour."

A view so opposite to that of the song before us could hardly have been embodied without violating the dramatic intention and course of the poem. But it is a great lesson, and one which might well be enforced. Indeed, Mr. Tennyson has elsewhere done it in the noblest, most complete manner. If we want to see how, by a great loss, a man can be plunged headlong into the very depths of grief and despair; how, out of the listlessness which follows so stunning a blow, when the paralysed "tongue" refuses to "utter" the vague "thoughts that arise" in the mind; when all earthly things, from the "stately ships" and everlasting "hills," to the "fisherman's boys," seem as nothing in comparison to one "touch of the vanished hand"—how out of even these depths, he can lift his head gradually above the wave, and at length look calmly back on what has been, and "two-and-thirty years" after the "fatal loss" can see the mist rolled away, and all stand before him in perfect symmetry and perfect loveliness—if we want to see this, then look at "In Memoriam." That wonderful poem, and the few scattered pieces connected with it, contain the most complete answer to the sweet seductions of "Tears, idle tears."

But "In Memoriam" deals with a larger and more complicated past than that which is reflected in the little poem we are considering. It is too much to hope that Mr. Tennyson may some day take up the task, and compose a pendant to "Tears, idle Tears," setting forth in his own exquisite language, and with images as suggestive and touching as those now before us, the happy aspect of the past—the comfort and satisfaction conferred by those purely personal recollections, which are of more real value to each individual man and woman than anything outside of us can

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be; and thus give us, in the forms and feelings of our own time, a companion to that striking Ode just quoted, in which the nervous and energetic genius of Dryden embodied the sentiments of his coarser and more material age?

One remonstance I desire, though with great deference, to make, before concluding this part of my subject. It refers to the expression "deep as first love." Of course there are exceptions to the general rule, and it may be a man's fortune not to love till his faculties are mature; but, generally speaking, "first love" occurs in youth, or immature age, and, in that case, "holding" as it does all the "promise of the golden hours," and brilliant and fresh as it may be—and surely nothing can compare for freshness with the bloom and dew with which one's first passion invests all the world—brilliant and fresh as it may be, it cannot be so "deep" as the love of a man of ripe age and maturer powers, who has kept his "boy's heart" so long as still to love ardently, but joins to his ardour the knowledge, the firmness, the persistence, the power, with which years have endowed him. These—and they are not of infrequent occurrence—these are the grand "deep" passions of life, so powerful as to modify, and sometimes to completely change, even a character long fixed and settled.

The form of this song is not one of the least remarkable things about it. It is in four stanzas, each of the unusual number of five lines. Like the general body of the poem, the stanzas consist of ordinary ten syllabled unrhymed lines; and the Song is distinguished from that which precedes and follows it merely by the fact that the sense comes to an end at the end of each stanza, and each closes with the refrain "the days which are no more."—Owing to some hidden secret of workmanship, which I am unable to discover, save by its effects, some subtle fragrance breathed over the song, so perfect is the cadence of the lines, and so sweet the music of the syllables, as to give all the effect of the rhymes which the stanza-form naturally suggests, and which the ear, in this case, fails to miss.

The diction and workmanship are as choice, as delicately appropriate, and as minutely finished as those of Mr. Tennyson's poems usually are. Such lines as—

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair,"

or

"Sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned;"

or again

"That sinks with all we love below the verge,"

where the slow, heavy monosyllables are almost like earth dropping on to a coffin—lines like these, in which the force of the thought is preserved through all the labour necessary for such high finish, would make the fortune of any other poet. Every one knows that they are to be found in hundreds in the works of Mr. Tennyson, one of whose most remarkable characteristics is the power he possesses of uniting the most exquisite beauty of detail with force and complete-

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ness of general effect, a power which forms one of the strongest guarantees for the endurance of his poetry.

I have only to add that this Song has never been altered; but remains exactly as it was in the original edition of "The Princess."

Temple Bar.

ANTÆUS.

Strange is the beauty of the old Greek myth:
And when the huntsman's bugle, blowing blithe,
Rouses the misty woodland, or when oars
Dip in fresh Eden, 'twixt the fairy shores—
Comes to my spirit, in this Cumbrian clime,
The memories of the great heroic time.

Deep were the meanings of that fable: man
Looked upon earth with clearer eyesight then,
Beheld in solitude the immortal Powers,
And marked the traces of the swift-winged Hours.
Because it never varies, all can bear
The burden of the circumambient air;
Because it never ceases, none can hear
The music of the ever-rolling sphere;
None—save the poet, who, in moor and wood,
Holds converse with the spirit of solitude.

And I remember how Antæus heard
Deep in great oakwoods the mysterious word,
Which said—"Go forth across the unshaven leas
To meet unconquerable Hercules."
Leaving his antre by the cedar-glen,
This Titan of the primal race of men,
Whom the swart lions feared, and who could tear
Huge oaks asunder, to the combat bare
Courage undaunted. Full of giant grace,
Built up as 'twere, from earth's own granite base,
Colossal, iron-sinewed, firm he trod
The lawns. How vain, against a demigod!

O sorrow of defeat! He plunges far
Into his forests, where deep shadows are,

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And the wind's murmur comes not, and the gloom
Of pine and cedar seems to make a tomb
For fallen ambition. Prone the mortal lies
Who dared mad warfare with the unpitying skies.

But lo! as buried in the waving ferns,
The baffled giant for oblivion yearns;
Cursing his human feebleness, he feels
A sudden impulse of new strength, which heals
His angry wounds; his vigour he regains—
His blood is dancing gaily through his veins.
Fresh power, fresh life is his who lay at rest
On bounteous Hertha's kind creative breast.

Even so, O poet, by the world subdued,
Regain thy health 'mid perfect solitude.
In noisy cities, far from hills and trees,
The brawling demigod, harsh Hurcules,
Has power to hurt thy placid spirit—power
To crush thy joyous instincts every hour,
To weary thee with woes for mortals stored,
Red gold (coined hatred) and the tyrant's sword.

Then, then, O sad Antæus, wilt thou yearn
For dense green woodlands and the fragrant fern;
Then stretch thy form upon the sward, and rest
From worldly toil on Hertha's gracious breast;
Plunge in the foaming river, or divide
With happy arms grey ocean's murmurous tide
And drinking thence each solitary hour,
Immortal beauty and immortal power,
Thou may'st the buffets of the world efface,
And live a Titan of earth's earliest race.

Fraser's Magazine

THE CONVENTIONAL LAWS OF SOCIETY.

"La bienséance est la moindre de toutes les lois, et la plus suive," says La Rochefoucauld; and hundreds of moralists and preachers who differ from him on every other point are found to echo his complaint. The world's laws, they say, are obeyed, while those of religion are disregarded. The transitory fashions of social life receive respectful observance, while the eternal principles of morality are

set at defiance. The "mint, anise, and cummin" of courtesy and etiquette are scrupulously paid. The weightier matters of justice and truth are ever in arrears.

It is a true statement undoubtedly. The preacher and the satirest are in accord, and few will challenge their veracity. Probably not many of us, looking into our own hearts sharply, could honestly say that he shrank more from a small act of selfishness or unkindness than from such a dereliction from the proprieties of demeanour, dress, language or manners, as would expose us to the charge of offending against these same *bienséances*. But a perversity of this kind cannot be so general without reason, or at least without excuse. If men constantly prefer a small law which they know to be small, to a great law which they know to be great, it must be because the small law appeals to their feelings or their interests in a way which the high sanctions of the great law fail to do. The nature and cause of the power of the minor moralities generally seems to be a subject worthy of some investigation. We shall endeavor to elucidate it as best we may, and afterwards inquire what substantial ground of reason may be found for some of the special rules which at first sight appear purely arbitrary and conventional, but which not unfrequently are very logical applications of true ethical principles.

The reasons why the *bienséances* have obtained their actual importance are doubtless some of them deplorable enough. In the first place, the rules which concern dress and behaviour all appeal more or less to Taste—to the æsthetic element in our nature. Now it asks small knowledge of life to discern that this same Taste is in some occult way allied with Pride more closely than any other faculty. *Why* it should be so it is not easy to guess, but the fact of the alliance is indisputable, and constitutes one of the most curious of what we may call the by-laws of our nature. To quote again that seer into the dark places, La Rochefoucauld: "On souffre plus impatiemment la condamnation de nos gouts meme que de nos opinions." He might have added, "and even of our conduct." Bad taste, vulgarity, lack of refinement, are things which to the cultivated classes in our stage of civilization are more shameful than heartlessness or intellectual stupidity. The unpardonable sin in the nineteenth century is to have—not a bad heart or a bad head—but a bad taste. To say and do things *de mauvais genre*, to have a bad eye for colours in dress and equipage, a bad ear for the regulation of laughter and pronunciation, a love for course food, drinks, perfumes, an indifference to the delicacy of personal habits,—these are all things which we not only dislike, but *despise*, and that in a way we hardly despise any vice except meanness.

Laws which more or less remotely concern matters of taste are therefore supported by all the pride which connects itself with our

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æsthetic sentiments. A man would not feel repentance for infringing them, but he would feel mortification. His self-love would be hurt, his vanity wounded, and as things are constituted the dread of such mortification is to the majority far worse than the dread of having cause for repentance. The former is a very real and certain penalty, the latter it is extremely doubtful whether they will feel at all.—Another curious fact is that the proudest of us accept another's condemnation of our taste with somewhat of a sense of rebuke, a certain degree of misdoubting and uneasiness. But a moral condemnation an honest man will rarely take from any. He shrugs his shoulders if his conduct be blamed; he winces if his taste be pronounced meretricious.

A second reason for the strange preponderance of authority of the minor moralities may be found in the littleness of many of the minds which espouse them. There is indeed in the human soul, healthily developed, an innate tendency towards the grand, the sublime, the noble. A mind which has not been warped and bound down in childhood like a Chinese woman's foot, till all natural growth is stopped by petty thoughts, petty ambitions and worldlinesses, will spontaneously rise to the call of great ideas, and respond to heroic sentiments as to things naturally akin to the Divine spark within. To this true human state, everything great bears a certain attraction,—a forest, or mountain, or vast cathedral, the ocean, the sky, the rushing of mighty armies to the battle, the lofty thoughts of prophet and of poet, the sublime conceptions of religion. Nay, even great sorrows, and tragic woes are not wholly uncongenial,—the desolation of death and the tremendous gloom of the terrors of eternity. But on the other hand there are thousands on whom the cramping process of a worldly education has been effectually performed, and who live ever afterwards "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" in pitifullest circles of little pleasure and little pains, little vanities, and little mortifications. To such persons a great idea is *per se* inacceptable; nay, almost inadmissible. They shrink from it, or if forced to look it in the face, turn away again to some trifling gossip or detail of business. They pass along the thoroughfares of mortal life, amply lighted, so far as they desire, by the lamps of the street and the gas-burners of the shops. Rarely if ever do they look up to behold, above and beyond them, the calm moon sailing through the night, and the solemn stars glittering far off in highest heaven. Duty and religion seem to such persons things too lofty to be invoked as the regulators of the details of daily life. Like the child who is astonished and incredulous when he hears that the great law of gravitation moulds the drops on the window-pane no less than it rolls suns in their courses, many a man thinks of justice as a matter pertaining only to courts of law and decrees of senates, and is startled if

some one bid him remember it may possibly be concerned in his attention to his wife's request or his reply to his son's arguments. But precisely to those minds for whom Justice and Love are things too big, Politeness and Etiquette are things of the right size. The same man who will rob a reputation will scrupulously return the courtesy of a morning visit. He who will break a woman's heart by unkindness, will anxiously open the door for her whenever she leaves the room. Pope's Satire may be applied to the whole tribe alike:

> Virtue they find too painful an endeavor,
> Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Thirdly, men are lured and goaded by rewards and punishments, and chiefly those whose effect is immediate. Society rewards obedience to its laws, and punishes disobedience to them, with a promptness and (in ordinary cases) with a liberality or severity making the matter extremely important to the comfort of the individual. A man who squares all his actions, looks, dress and language, by the rules of of custom and good taste, will receive all the thousand little pleasures society has to bestow. He will float with the stream down the river of life. Another man, who rebels against fashion, is boorish in dress, or incorrect in language, will be daily and hourly fretted and *froissé* (to use another inevitable Gallicism) by the silent or outspoken disapproval of everybody around him. He will find the voyage of life a perpetual rowing against the stream, and even good and generous qualities, short of extraordinary gifts of genius or fortune, will hardly enable him to make headway against prejudice. These things being notoriously so, where is he who can profess indifference?

A question which here meets us is this. Why should society trouble itself so much about things like these? Why should men and women, in other things most various, unite with such singular unanimity in running down the unlucky being who chances to wander from the herd? Why should people who are lenient towards offenders against sincerity, sobriety, chastity, be so rancorous against harmless oddities who are merely guilty of habits and ways of life different from those of their neighbours?

The reasons are probably these. First, people feel a little insulted by the defiance of laws, of which they themselves have accepted the yoke. Secondly, they have a common prejudice that such infractions of conventional laws are in some occult way very mischievous to the community. Society, in so far as it is a moralist, is thoroughly utilitarian, and punishes, accordingly, not by the scale of guilt, but by the scale of mischief—such mischief as it perceives and holds in account. And this is especially the mischief of disorder, of disturbing the social machine by any eccentricity. The large sweep of vision which enables a true prophet to see that every good and just and noble deed is a benefit, and every evil and base and selfish deed an evil to all and

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for all for ever, is not in the least the view which the mole-eyes of society take of events,

> Stick to your daily rule; the breach of custom
> Is breach of all,

is the cry of the world—however Shakspeare, of all men, ever came to give it utterance. Society commonly thinks itself less hurt by selfishness, however gross—be it only orderly and well regulated selfishness—than by the "Enthusiasm of Humanity," which acts irregularly. It has laid down its beaten track and built its vehicle on the assumption that oxen are to bear the draught, impelled in their slow and steady course by the constant goad of self-interest. A blood horse, ready to dash forward unimpelled, is a most unwelcome addition to the team. Nine people out of ten think regular selfishness a form of virtue, and irregular self-sacrifice very nearly a vice. Of course, the orderly principle holds good completely when (as in the case of infractions of the laws of good manners) there is no reason to suppose any good motive whatever in the case. The offender disturbs the social routine for nothing, or for his own gratification. Society indignantly chastises him—if not with the sword of justice, at least with the cat-o'-nine-tails of ridicule.

Lastly, there is the true and right reason why the minor moralities, though not placed beside the great laws of duty, should yet receive respectful attention. A vast number of rules, which at first sight appear purely arbitrary and conventional, are in reality just and logical applications to the details of ordinary life, of the great eternal canons of morality, or of principles readily deducible from those canons. They are valid in ethics precisely in proportion to the importance of the departments of human virtue and happiness to which they apply. If it be really a small corner of existence, a trifling detail of comfort or ease, which they concern, they must be accounted small also, and to elevate them to stringent duties is absurd and ridiculous. If the department they regulate involves a large share of the well-being of men and women (like so many supposed little pleasures and pains,) then they are more than small moralities—they become real and even important duties.

Take the rules of courtesy for instance. They forbid us to hurt anybody, to disgust anybody; they bid us to aid the weak, protect those who need protection, and spread over life the delicious atmosphere of gentleness and suavity. Surely all these are simple deductions from the canon of love to our neighbour, and of the golden rule. Morality lays down the general law, and the common sense and tradition of millions has worked it out into a series of cases applicable to every imaginable detail. We must not "hurt" any one; then we must avoid all those rude speeches and rough movements which might "hurt." We must "disgust" no one; therefore this, that, and the other habit—every habit recognized

in the nation or class as "disgusting"—must be forsworn. We must "aid the weak;" therefore a man must help a woman whenever she may need his greater strength.—And so on through all such rules of courtesy.

Take self-respect. The *bienséances* require us to presume a certain personal dignity, to guard ourselves from insult, to act, speak, move, dress, in a way becoming our age, sex, rank. We offend these laws if we act like a merry Andrew, or lay ourselves open in any way to scorn. What is all this again, but the application in detail, of the true principle of personal virtue—self-reverence?

Take decency and decorum.—Conventional rules require the vices of ill-temper, inebriety, and unchastity to be, if not renounced (for here is the weakness of these rules,) yet hidden out of sight. It is an offence to good breeding to parade vice. Too weak to kill the demon, the minor moralities at least banish him, so that where they reign, even among the saddest victims of sin, he can appear only under a cloak. Even association with the vicious is forbidden to those (name, to women) who come most strictly under the rules of decorum; or the entering of places where there is danger of such association. The conventional rule decency is here the extravagant interpreter of the true moral principle of purity.

A thousand more cases might be cited—the rules of precedency of rank, the rules of hospitality, the rules of social intercourse, which may all, without violence, be traced to the general laws of benevolence, applied in each country and class of society, in accordance with local customs and ideas.

All these rules exemplify what is true in the conventional laws of society. They all represent real obligations, though some are infinitesimally small and others so largely influential on human happiness as to deserve to be called not so much "minor" moralities as the moralities of domestic and social life. When Bishop South said that nine-tenths of Christianity was temper; he might have added that ninety-nine hundredths of morality went to constitute a perfect gentleman.

But the true rules, great and small, which we have reviewed are far from forming the whole code of *les bienséances*. There are conventional laws of society which are not to be deduced from any real moral obligation, and which are therefore false rules, against which it behoves us to rebel. These rules attach themselves—not like those of courtesy, or self-respect, or decorum—to the moral principles of benevolence, or self-reverence, or purity, but to the immoral principles of worldliness and selfishness.

Of the evils of class-exclusiveness we have heard in the last fifty years far more than enough. In the prevalent Darwinian "struggle for existence" (that is for existence as recognized members of the higher ranks), the miserable efforts of one class to push itself away from

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that next beneath it, and into that next above it, have been the favourite themes of novelists and satirists unnumbered. Sometimes we have been shown the comedy of the manœuvring mother through adverse trade-winds to land herself and her daughters in the "fortunate isles" of aristocractic drawing-rooms. Sometimes we have been called on to sympathize with the tragic wrongs of refined and intellectual shopkeepers' daughters, on whom country gentlefolk neglect to leave their cards. Sometimes again, we have beheld (in a novel) the encouraging spectacle of the happy intermarriages of the families of blacksmiths and baronets, and a dozen other modern versions of the tale of King Cophetua.—Now the fact seems to be that so far from the upper classes in England being justly open to censure for exclusiveness, it may fairly be maintained that in the year of grace 1866 there is a more universal intermixture of classes than has ever existed before. Political elections, money interests, the powers acquired by the press, have all served on different sides to break down walls of partition between the educated and influential orders, till the distinctions which remain are no longer the chance distinctions of birth or rank, but the real and ineffaceable distinctions between refinement and coarseness, education and ignorance, the ease and grace of high culture and the stiffness and dullness of imperfect civilization. When it is equally pleasant to converse with a well read man and an illiterate one, with a man possessing the light easy tone of good society, and with one who hammers out heavily his thoughts, with a woman graceful and gentle and suave of manner, and with one awkward and stiff and unable to talk of anything beyond gossip and and her household concerns,—when we say, it is equally pleasant to converse with these different kinds of people, then, and not till then, the millennium prophesied by the novelists aforesaid will take place, and the nobleman make a bosom friend of the shoemaker, and the gentleman's daughter find felicity in becoming her footman's wife.—It is not here, though many would have it so, that the conventional rules of society are false. Every one has a right to avail himself of laws which guard his leisure and his privacy from the intrusion of those uncongenial to him. A democracy which would oblige us to spend our days—walk, ride, drive, breakfast, dine, and sup with people of different education, habits, and manners, would be the most obnoxious despotism the world ever saw.

The false conventional laws of society and those which institute distinctions, not between one rank and another, and not between virtue and vice, or even between one kind of vice and another, but between vice in high places and vice in low; between vice in man and vice in woman; between vice cloaked by some transparent gauze of respectability (seen through by every eye and only adding hypoc-

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risy to shame), and vice whose cloak has been torn off, and which stands shivering in the blast of infamy. Let a man be very wealthy, a powerful statesman, a brilliant writer. How does society condemn his debts and his dishonesties, his drunkenness, gambling, profligacy, domestic cruelties? The same faults would make an ordinary man a social outlaw in a week. Or let a man contrive to throw some appearance of decency over a life of vice. How does the world innocently pretend to believe him a saint, even while every one whispers to his neighbour the scandal which lies under the semblance of honour! The very same vice, not one feather's weight worse, only chancing to be exposed in such manner that the pretence of not knowing it can no longer be kept up, is enough to make society stop its ears with holy horror, and cry "Crucify him," with true pharisaic malignity.

We will not dwell on these ugly themes. Let it suffice that we have indicated where there exists false rules amid the many true ones which form the conventional laws of society. We resume our conclusions thus.

The smaller moralities receive disproportionate obedience partly from their alliance with Taste, and so with Pride—partly from the littleness of many minds which rest in them in preference to more solemn duties—partly from fear of the punishments which infractions of them may bring—and lastly, parly also from the right reason, because many of them constitute true and serious moral obligations.

Those conventional laws are true, which may be deduced from the great principles of ethics, from benevolence, self-respect, and the like, and of such kind are nearly all the rules of courtesy, dignity, hospitality, &c. To these true laws we owe obedience—an obedience in each case proportioned to the importance of the special rule to human welfare, or (as we may express it) to the extent to which it represents the great principle from which it is deduced.

Those conventional laws, on the other hand, are false, which are not deduced from such principles, but from evil sentiments of interest, pride, or pseudo-indulgence, seeking itself to be indulged. To these false rules we owe no obedience, but rather are we morally bound to disobey them, and, in so far as our influence may permit, to expose their meanness and counteract their power.

Could the pharisaic horror of *low* vice, and *exposed* vice, but be transferred for a year to the lofty vice, and vice cloaked in the garb of decorum, more would be achieved for the regeneration of society than by any laws invented by puritan legislators. Let this marvellous rule of which we have been speaking, this law of the *bienséances*, which is more obediently followed than the holiest laws; be so applied as to convey the terrible penalties of the social ban to all vice actually recognized in high or low, in the

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triumphant hypocrite as in the convicted offender; then indeed the "minor moralities" will accomplish for their proper work, a work which in the rapid progress of moral sentiment we do not despair of finding them ere long perform.

Saturday Review.

THE POPE AND ITALY.

The King of Prussia has issued a very proper manifesto, in which he tells his people that, as he at the outset committed his fortunes humbly and submissively to the protection of Heaven, he is now anxious to return thanks fcr the mercies that have been vouchsafed to him. Everything has gone well lately with the Head of Continental Protestantism. He has sent his hosts into the field, and they have been victorious, without a single reverse or a single check. He has guided his petty neighbours in the right way; and where he had to use a little gentle compulsion, he used it without opposition, and almost without bloodshed. He has played his part out, and has a pleasant and pious duty to perform in acknowledging publicly that he has been signally blessed. Far different is the political position, and still more different is the religious tone, of the Head of the Catholic world. He evidently does not know what to make of the world in which he is placed. On general principles it is clear to him that Italy and Italians ought to be cursed. They have behaved as wickedly as possible. They have robbed the Church, invaded the patrimony of St. Peter, insulted bishops, treated monks as useless encumbrances of the earth. Theoretically, the thing is as clear as daylight. The Pope, in order to be a proper Pope, must have an earthly kingdom. This kingdom is therefore sacred, on account of the ends it answers. But the Italians have diminished, and are trying still further to diminish, the earthly kingdom which is the Pope's heritage. Therefore they are guilty of sacrilege, and ought to be accursed. But here the Pope breaks down, and that he breaks down is much to his credit. Facts do not seem somehow to accord with theory. The Italians are evidently prospering. They have just achieved one of the dearest objects of their national ambition. They have got Venetia at last, and Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic. And then, again, the Pope himself is an Italian. He cannot help being

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a little proud, and very fond, of his country. So, after summing up every theoretical reason why he should curse Italy, he suddenly ends his Allocution by blessing. The ALMIGHTY is solemnly asked to bless Italy, in spite of all the misdeeds of which Italy is guilty, and of which Italy has no notion of repenting. The blessing will be remembered when the curses are forgotten. All the grand language about the sins of Italy, and the heinousness of acts like those of Italy against the Holy See, seem as if they were mere bits of what lawyers call common form. The genuine feelings of the Pope, as a man sensible enough in his unclerical thoughts, and fond of his native country, appear when he bursts into a blessing on the nation he denounces. The Italians would be a very strange set of people if they were not more encouraged by the blessing than deterred by the denunciation launched against them.

The Pope has also given publicity to another Allocution which has to do, not with Italy, but with Russia. The Czar is going on in a very bad way. He is oppressing Catholics, persecuting the Archbishop, forcing the humbler brethren of the flock into the fold of the Greek Church. The Pope remonstrates against this, and points out how wrong it is. But what is he to do? It is no use cursing the Czar, for the Czar would no more mind the Pope's curses than Dr. Cumming would. He has a political object to serve, and he is not likely to be deterred from following it because an old man of a different creed disapproves of his conduct. The Pope sees this, and does no more than utter a gentle prayer that the heart of the Czar may be otherwise inclined. It ought, however, to be a comfort to the good old man that, as it happens, persecution is not all at present on the wrong side. Whatever may be the severities practised against the Romish Church by the Czar or his agents, they are certainly rivalled, and probably eclipsed, by the barbarous acts which are going on in Spain to the profit and in the honour of the Romish Church. Spain is now the victim of one of the most frightful revolutions which have visited her in recent times. She has passed under a tyranny which seeks, by a free use of the arm of flesh, to eradicate all the evils of which the Pope habitually complains as monstrous signs of the iniquity of the modern world. Every approach to independent thought is being trampled out. Men who think and have talked less than a half of the wicked thoughts and sayings of an ordinary Italian Liberal, are now being sent out of Spain by hundreds to rot and die in the penal colonies. Spain is doing its duty nobly, and behaving in a manner worthy of the old home of the Inquisition. And yet, strangely enough, no one seems to believe that the present reign of terror in Spain will last, and nothing will tend more powerfully to terminate it than the expectation that it must necessarily come to an end. This

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may be a mistake, and Spain may possibly settle once more into the degrading decay of an iron, lifeless superstition. But the general tendency of modern thought is shown in a very striking way by the prevailing expectation that things in Spain cannot possibly go on as badly as they go on now. The indignation of Europe, and even of liberal Europe, against the Czar for his interference with the religion of Poland is not very lively, for it is impossible to forget that the religion which is a martyr in Poland is a tyrant in Spain.

That the temporal power should literally come to an end is not, perhaps, quite so great an object as it was once thought to be. It would be no sort of gain for Italy to shift its capital once more, and to migrate from Florence to Rome. That famous city had much better retain the fame it has got, and seek no more. Nor have Protestants any occasion for wishing that Rome should be lost to the Pope, for, at any rate in Protestant countries, the Pope would be much more powerful if he ceased to be a temporal sovereign. Nor is it impossible that the temporal power may last a little longer than is expected. Great efforts will be made to keep it up after the French have gone; and if there were the slightest pretence given for saying that the Italian Government was using force, directly or indirectly, to overthrow it, the indignation of the Catholic world would compel an armed interference on behalf of the Pope, and France would never permit that this interference should come from any one but herself.—Outsiders may ask why Catholics of the more ardent sort attach so much importance to the maintenance of the temporal power; but outsiders may also ask why English Churchmen of the more ardent sort attach so much importance to the maintenance of the Anglican Establishment in Ireland. The answer in both cases is the same. There is, in the first place, the feeling that, if the change asked for were conceded, there is no telling what might be the consequences. All religious communities naturally dread change, for nothing, as it seems, can be better than to maintain exactly as it stands what is perfectly right. In the next place, the importance of maintaining that which is attacked is a tradition which has been handed down by a long succession of pious people; it has become part of a great whole in the minds of those who defend it, and strong feelings of reverence, and many religious associations, are bound up with its preservation. Sooner or later, however, the temporal power will fail, for reasons which are apparent in this very Allocution of the Pope. No one, not even the Pope, really believes in a society conducted on ecclesiastical principles. He censures the Italians vehemently for reörganizing their society on lay principles, for appropriating Church property, controlling or dissolving the monastic orders, and treating marriage as a mere civil contract so far as the State is concerned. But

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all the world knows that these things have been overlooked and allowed by the Church in the very country which is now leading soldiers to maintain the temporal power. The Italians are perfectly well aware, from the example of France, that they are only doing what is wrong now but will become right if they go on doing it long enough. Already, in spite of all these misdoings, the Pope blesses them. But unless society after the ecclesiastical pattern has a divine right to exist, however bad may be its temporal consequences, the superior attractions of a society constructed on the principles which the Pope condemns, will make the Romans struggle on until they have made their Government like that of Italy. The political arrangements to which the change would lead are of very minor importance, for the temporal power as it at present exists does not merely mean that the Pope holds a certain territory as an independent sovereign, but that he is at liberty to govern this territory on his own peculiar principles. If priests were controlled by the laity, marriage treated as a civil contract, and prohibited books freely sold in Rome, the temporal power would be equally at an end whether the troops that paraded the steets were or were not a part of the Italian army.

Sunday Magazine.

THE GLORY OF YOUNG MEN.

AN ASPECT OF "MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY."

"The glory of young men," says the royal preacher and sage, "is their strength." This is their peculiar excellence and charm—their distinctive crown of beauty. Every age of human life, like every other true work of God, has such a distinctive excellence—some special characteristic which preëminently belongs to it, and which constitutes the authentic stamp of its Maker's mind and hand. Everything which He hath made, and which remains in any measure as He made it, is beautiful; but beautiful in its own place, and after its own kind. It has not only its degree, but its style of beauty, which is its own, and not another's.—Thus, the glory of God's works lies not in their being like, but rather in their being unlike—not in the confusion of their diverse natures, but in the distinct individuality of their separate life; not in being something else than they are, but in being what they are, and being that of the best. A lion is a lion, and a lamb is a lamb.—Each is beautiful, each is perfect in its kind; but in that kind how utterly unlike, how essentially in-

compatible, how incapable of assimilation, of conversion, of admixture! The lion is grand and noble, just by being altogether lion-like, and the lamb is in its gentleness lovely, by being every inch a lamb. So there is the beauty of the cedar, and the beauty of the palm; there is the beauty of the eagle, and the beauty of the moth; there is the beauty of the great world river, and the beauty of the laughing, sparkling rill; there is the beauty of the awful forest, and the beauty of the shining plain; there is the beauty of the mountain, of the garden, of the waving harvest field, of the close bosky dell, and of the wide, boundless, mysterious sea; there is the beauty of man, and the beauty of woman. It is not that any one of these is best, but each is best in its own place, and its own kind. You cannot improve them by intermixture; by conforming the one to the other, or engraving the one upon the other. Each is itself, and its true glory lies in being like itself, and the best of itself. So "the glory of young men is their strength." If they have any peculiar excellence at all, it is this. This is what God made them and intended them to be; this is the ideal after which He fashioned them, and in conformity to which, therefore, their true glory lies.—This they must be, if they would be anything—anything but a failure and abortion—an anomaly and solecism in God's world, having no rightful place amongst the veritable and authentic works of his hands. They are this or nothing. They have neither the simplicity of the child, nor the wisdom of reverend age, nor the tenderness and the soft beauty of woman; but "they are strong." In this they are preëminent—in this they stand alone. They have a strong heart, and a strong hand, and a strong pulse of life and action.—They may not trust like the child, nor counsel like the hoary head, nor suffer and endure like patient woman; but they can do and dare, toil and fight, as none else can, and that is their glory. This is the idea, evidently, which was in the mind of the hoary Apostle of Love, when after writing successively to the children and the fathers in the faith, he addresses himself last of all to this class, and says, "I have written unto you young men because ye are strong." "This is the especial grace I recognise in you, the especial property I look to find in you. The children, like children, know their Father, and in that knowledge they are blest; the fathers, like fathers, are rich in sage experience, the fruit of lifelong converse and communion with Him who 'was from the beginning.' You have neither of these distinctions, at least in an eminent degree, but you have a distinction all your own—*ye are strong*, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have ovecome the wicked one." In short, they are the soldier class in God's kingdom; therefore, when hard battles are to be fought, and brave deeds done in the field of the world, it is to them preëminently

that the summons of the great Commander comes. "Thou, therefore, my son," said the great Apostle of the Gentiles, who even in old age still retained the lion-heart of his early days, "*be strong* in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

What then, is the nature of that strength which is the glory of young men, and what the sources from which it comes?

Assuredly, first of all, one main element of it is *manly courage*.—The first quality in a young man is to be manly. This, at least, he must be, and this first of all.—Whatever style or kind of man he may be, he must at least be a man —a man, and not a woman; a man, and not a child; a man, and not a piece of maudlin affectation and pretence that is neither man, woman nor child. ***His*** christianity, at least, must be "muscular"—must have a strong heart and a strong hand, as well as a devout and tender spirit. As youth is the very bloom and flower of human life, so should we find in young men the very bloom and flower of manhood and of everything manly. And the bloom and flower of manhood is strength; and most of all, the strength of courage, the strong heart even more than the strong hand, the spirit that is brave to dare more than the force that is mighty to do.

Each of the sexes has its own peculiar glory and crown of grace. That of the one is courage; that of the other gentleness. The one attribute is manly; the other womanly. Let not the one be exchanged for, or confounded with the other. Let the great Divine law of distinction and difference be held sacred and inviolable. A soft, effeminate youth, and a bold, masculine, and ungentle woman,—a youth that simpers and talks sentiment, and a woman that speaks loud and talks slang, are alike an anomaly and an offence in nature. Be then what God made you, and strive to be it more and more, and better and better. Keep before you the true Divine ideal of your sex and of your age, and seek to rise up to it and to realize it. "*Quit you like men: be strong*,"—gentle indeed and generous in your strength, like the aged Apostle, who was at once the stout Boanerges and the gentle Apostle of Love; but still strong —strong in spirit, strong in brave resolute purpose, strong in all high and noble and manly sentiment, strong above all in that holy and unseen might which cometh from above, which lifts the soul above itself, which makes the meanest nature noble, and the homeliest life sublime.

There is the strength of *youthful fervour*. Fervour is the inspiration of life, the fire of energy, the spring and moving power of action. If courage imparts steadfastness, fervour imparts intensity. If the one forbids us to shrink back, the other urges us on. The one gives solidity, the other impulse, enthusiasm. Fervour makes us not only brave, but chivalrous, heroic; teaches us to hope great things, and attempt great things, and never to despair while we are in God's

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work and on God's side. Its motto is not only "No Surrender!" but "Onward!" "Forward!" "Excelsior!" "Excelsior!" It teaches us to lose sight of ourselves, and to live only in the work given us to do; to forget the things that are behind, and to press forward to the brighter and better future that beckons us on. It makes us not only do our work, but "do it with our might;" not only put our hand to it, but throw our whole heart and soul into it. As, therefore, it is in youth and early manhood that the greater part of the strenuous work of life has to be done, it is then that this spirit of youthful ardour and high emprise reaches its height. It is then, most of all, that the eye kindles and the heart burns, and life rises above the level of the commonplace to the region of the heroic and sublime. Wherever this element, then, is wanted, wherever work is to be done or a battle fought which demands not only cool purpose, and steady principle, and unflinching courage, but enthusiasm, we must follow the example of the hoary Apostle of Love; we must speak unto the young men, because they are strong—strong, in this respect, as none others are strong, as not even themselves will be in a little time.

There are some, indeed, especially among the scions of wealth and fashion, that think themselves above being thus in earnest. They are too knowing, too old and well versed in the world's ways to become enthusiastic and get into raptures about anything. A sickly, fastidious, supercilious apathy is their beau ideal. Their motto is "Nil admirari!" their habit to look down on all this world of mystery and beauty, instead of looking up with wonder, reverence, awe.—They will leave sentiment and high-flown fervours, and "all that sort of thing," to young women and interesting, unsophistocated youths, to ingenuous "Verdant Greens" of either sex, who must pass through that stage of amiable inexperience, just as they did before them. As for them, they have moved a little faster, seen a little more, and have got beyond all this a little sooner. A miserable mistake! Youth is nothing without its fervour, any more than the morning without its glow, or the spring without its sunshine and its flowers, and infinite stirrings of fresh, exuberant life. Its one characteristic excellence is fire, ardour, enthusiasm; its one proper contribution to the world is impulse, even as that of age is wary caution, and ripe, sagacious counsel. Without this it is nothing, and while affecting to be wise and knowing becomes simply insipid and contemptible. Once and for ever then, abjure this folly! Do not be ashamed to be in earnest, to be all on fire on behalf of that which you deem pure and good, to forget yourself and throw your whole being into the work in hand. Live in the bright world of wonder, admiration, love, reverence, and indignant sense of right, which is peculiarly your world, and throw your whole heart open to all its generous and kind-

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ling impulses. Have at once the purity and the glow of the morning in your heart, and let your starting on life's journey be like that of the sun, which is as a bridegroom going out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run his race.

Need I say that the Gospel of the Grace of God, instead of checking, only consecrates and deepens this fervour? Does it not sanctify it where it exists, and kindle it where it is not? Is not love, self-sacrifice, lofty devotion, heart-consuming zeal, the very element and breath of its life? Has not its greatest contribution to the world been that it has infused thus a new soul into it, and made its old frame young again? Do not those even who look at it mainly from the outside, and with a philosophic rather than a religious interest, recognise in it an "enthusiasm of humanity," which is to be found nowhere else, and which is of the very essence of that living fire which its Divine Founder "sent upon the earth?" And, oh! when a young heart is laid on its altar of sacrifice, does it not wrap it in a holy flame of life and ardour, which Nature in its best and purest prime never knew?

"The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all then were all dead, and that He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again."

There is the strength of *sobriety* and *self-control*. "Young men likewise exhort, that they be soberminded." Thus spoke the great Apostle of the Gentiles, intimating no doubt thereby, that if this virtue were not one peculiarly characteristic of youth, it was one at least which they greatly needed.—If self-control is for them difficult, it is just on that very account peculiarly necessary. Their eager passions and mutinous appetites must either be mastered, or they will master them. The full stream of young life must be kept by strong banks within its appointed channels, or it will break forth and overflow. The fiery steed, stirred from within by the hot blood, must be held by a tight and constant rein. This is that sobriety, that self-discipline and self-control of which the Apostle speaks; that "temperance in all things" which the true soldier practises, and so prepares himself for other and easier victories, by first of all conquering himself. It is a prime element of moral strength, and one without which every other were comparatively worthless and vain. Without it the most precious gifts are thrown away, and the noblest powers run to waste; courage melts into effeminacy, and enthusiasm expires in self-indulgence and apathy. In self-control the soul gathers up its strength, rallies its scattered powers, subdues distracting elements, nerves and braces itself, takes possession of itself, asserts the command of all it is and all it can do; and thus, with concentrated force, addresses itself to its appointed work, whether to do or to dare.—

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We do not wonder, then, at the encomiums which have been heaped upon it by the wise and great in every age. It is the strength and robustness of the soul, said Pythagoras; it is the foundation of virtue, says Socrates; it is the order or fit array of all good things, says Plato; it is the safe keeping of the soul's fairest conditions, says Iamblichus. It is, says Jeremy Taylor, "reason's girdle and passion's bridle." It is, by the very etymology of the word, the guarding of the soul's health—what more shall we say of it? It is the helm of the ship; it is the breakwater of the stream; it is the regulating wheel of the whole mechanism and movement of life; it is the calm charioteer, who, as he guides his fiery steeds along, never closes his eyes or lets slip the reins. Let that vigilance, then, that firm bridle-hand be yours; and however eagerly and joyously you urge on the chariot of your youthful life, never cease to mark the path in which it is carrying you, or warily and firmly to direct its course. Be wise, be resolute, forecasting, self-contained, and self-possessed. Be master of thyself, that thou mayest thyself serve thy true Master. Be a law to thyself, that thou mayest be under law to God. And yet do not mistake me here. I do not ask you to renounce the innocent joys of life, and devote yourself to an existence of simple restraint and gloom—to be morose, moody, ascetic, mortified to every other thought or care but that which immediately belongs to the soul, to religion, and to the future world. What we plead for is regulation, government, not constraint. It is control, not suppression.

True religion is not the abnegation of nature, but the purifying and sanctifying of nature. It destroys nothing; but it redeems everything for God. Now, as ever, there is but one forbidden tree in God's garden, and that is sin; and of all the rest we may freely eat, guarded by his sanction and gladdened by his smile. There are two falsehoods of the devil here, both equally dangerous. The one is calling that which is evil good; the other calling that which is good evil—the one allowing what God has forbidden, the other forbidding what God has allowed. The one puts God's stamp upon the devil's coin: the other puts the devil's stamp on God's. Let us equally avoid either error. Let us dare neither to add to nor to take from the pure and perfect law of God. Let parents forbid nothing to their children which the Bible does not forbid; let young people ask nothing from their parents on which God hath set his brand. Let neither of them make law, but only administer or obey the law of God.

Rejoice, then, O young man, in thy youth, and in all the good and pleasant things which youth brings with it, and which God himself has given you richly to enjoy; but rejoice in them wisely and heedfully, remembering the while that God will bring thee into judgment in regard to the manner and the mea-

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sure of your using them. It is a mark of the good time coming, of which the prophet speaks, and at the thought of which he exclaims, "How great is his goodness, how great is his beauty," that "corn shall make the young men cheerful and new wine the maids;" yet none the less it is true that by abuses or excess we may turn those elements of joy to our bane and ruin. Remember, then, while you enjoy these things, that there are still better things than these; and, while you pluck the flowers and tread the green paths of life, take heed of the thorns that may lie close to the flowers, of the serpent that may be nestling, hid amid the leaves. While you enjoy thankfully the blessings of the way, never forget that it is still only the way, and that nothing must be allowed to hinder you in your steady progress towards the end. There are many fair and bright and pleasant things to be seen on earth; but still "the things that are seen are temporal, and the things that are unseen are eternal." The one is for a moment, the other is for ever.

TREASURES.

Let me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith to me she brought.

Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song.

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past—
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

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The Quiver.

ST. COLUMB OF IONA.

A LAY OF THE CULDEES.

PREFATORY REMARKS.—For most of the facts in connection with the history of St. Columba (or Colum, as his name was before it was Latinised) we are indebted to the accounts of Cumin and Adamnan, who were both his successors as Abbots of Iona. He was descended on his father's side from the great Niall, King of Ireland; and on his mother's from Lorn, a Scottish Prince.—O'Donelius tells us that he not only divested himself of his possessions, but resigned his succession to a crown. He was born A. D. 521, became a pupil of the celebrated St. Ciaran, and after founding churches and monasteries in Ireland, and also distinguishing himself in several foreign countries by his learning and piety, he determined to attempt the evangelisation of the western and northern parts of Scotland. He chose Iona, one of the western isles, then occupied by the Druids, as his starting point, and arrived there A. D. 564 with twelve followers, learned and devoted men. His unwearied zeal, sagacity and prudence, as well as his piety—for he was remarkable both in respect of natural and spiritual gifts—made him successful in every point of view.—He overthrew Druidism, won over the rude inhabitants, conciliated the fierce Pictish king; then went himself and sent disciples to found churches among all the heathen tribes of the north; was sought out for counsel by chieftains and princes on all sides; was the great encourager of learning and of the study of the Scriptures, and made his monastery in Iona a seminary to which students repaired from all points, and whence they went forth among the Pictish, Celtic, and Saxon tribes to diffuse "the benefits of knowledge and blessings of religion."

He died on Sunday, July 27, A. D. 596, in the 35th year of his abbotship, and the 77th of his age. Some interesting circumstances in connection with his death are dealt with at the close of the following ballad, which is supposed to be a Lay of the Culdees (CEILE DE, Servants of God), who formed "the sainted family of Iona," of which St. Columba was the father—the ancient British clergy, who ought, with their founder, to be "held in everlasting remembrance," as the first illuminators of the dark ages of the north—to whom we are indebted to an extent which it is scarcely possible to overstate.

I.

Iona's hills are lowly,
  Her rocks are bleak and wild,
The motherland beside her
  Frowns on her parted child;
No forests make her stately,
  No rivers make her fair,
She lieth still o'er vale and hill,
  As if in meek despair.

II.

Yet the Lord God Almighty
  Hath loved the lonely isle:
His word abideth surely,
  The wilderness shall smile,
And on these bleak rocks, beautiful
  Shall be their feet who stand—
The heralds of the Lord of Love
  Who died in Holy Land.

III.

But long years—half a thousand—
  Have fled in weary line,
And nought hath waked the silence,
  And none have seen a sign.
And still by feet unholy
  Valley and hill are trod,
And priests in shapeless temples
  Worship an unknown God.

IV.

And still the winds that sweep her
  Ever are sad in tone,
And still the waves around her
  Make ever wail and moan;
For, from the chosen island,
  In tempest or in calm,
Rolls on the air nor praise nor prayer
  In litany or psalm.

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V.

But now! the burden changeth,
Though none the change may know,
Save those who joy in heaven,
For blessings wrought below.
The mournful burden changeth,
Like weeping into song:
Like those who cry, "He cometh!"
Who wailed before, "How long?"

VI.

'Tis on a silent even,
After the glare of day,
A frail boat to Iona
Is wending peaceful way;
A glow is on the waters,
A charm is in the air,
And the blessing Pentecostal
Seems falling everywhere.

VII.

Long was the weary waiting,
The desolate day was long,
But peace has come at sunset,
Like praise at even song!
Cometh Iona's promise,
In that frail boat on the sea,
As of old the Hope of a world forlorn,
The future church and her Lord was borne
On the waves of Galilee!

VIII.

A saint and his twelve companions
Are all the waters bear;
They wave no warring standard,
No battle-arms they wear.
No sword have they but the sacred Sign
Of the love unto death of a Grace divine;
But never, I ween, hath sword been seen,
Which may with that compare!

IX.

St. Columb's name is noble,
Of kingly line is he;
And rich broad lands and vassal bands
Are his in his own countree;
But homage, and wealth, and sceptre,
He layeth gladly down;
Who counts the Cross his glory,
Recks not of earthly crown!

X.

Priests of the old delusion,
Fear for your ancient reign!
A mightier than the Roman
Here cometh o'er the main:
Soon shall the golden sickle
Gleam in the oak no more;
No more the stones of the cromlech
Be red with human gore.
The charm of your day is passing,
A new strange "fire of God"
Shall wither the worn-out tokens,
The Amulet and the Rod:
There shall rise a temple stately
For every shapeless shrine,
And a sacred priestly order
Supplant the threefold line!

XI.

Of a truth be her name Iona!
Now call her Holy Isle!
Now let the winds be joyful,
Now let the waters smile!
For proud at the sacred service
They render the fright they bore,
And the saint of the great Redeemer
Stands on the sacred shore.

XII.

He calls his Twelve around him,
As a chieftain calls his clan,
For zealous deed in some sore need
Exhorting every man:
"Behold," he saith, "the darkness

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Deep o'er the northern land!
And ye, the Sons of Morning,
To shine at the Lord's command!
Shine ye forth at his bidding,
Oh, new, best light of souls,
Till from the chosen kingdom
The death-shade backward rolls!

XIII.

"Far are ye from the borders
The feet of Jesus trod,
Far from the Holy City,
Far from the Hill of God:
But the Pentecostal Presence
Is brooding everywhere,
And the whole earth is Zion,
And Jesus dwelleth there!
To every wind of heaven
His standard is unfurled,
His kingdom's only limit
The kingdoms of the world!

XIV.

"Scatter the ancient shadows,
Grace of the mystic Trine!
O Human tender pity,
O love and power Divine!
Gather the northern peoples,
Gather them near and far,
To follow the herald promise
Of the Western morning star."

XV.

The saint fulfils his praying—
Whose life is as his prayer,
Shall work the work he willeth,
And safely do and dare:
The Lord God is his keeper,
And His strong angels stand
To watch and ward, to guide and guard
Ever on either hand.

XVI.

King Brudius rules Iona:
Fierce is his heart and hard,
And fast against the stranger
His castle gate is barred;
But, as the gentle sea-tide
O'erflows the rugged shore,
Ere long the saintly spirit
Winneth the proud heart o'er!

XVII.

Fell is his foemen's malice,
More fell the Druid's wile;
But neither threat can daunt him,
Nor treachery beguile.
Through pain, and toil, and vigil
Ever so passeth he,
With a steadfast heart, through every one,
As of old through the fire in Babylon
Did pass the holy Three.

XVIII.

As after hours of tempest,
Or ere the day be done,
Pierces the rolling cloud-rack
The great orb of the sun;
And all the broken heaven,
And the waste world below,
Is bathed with his tender glory,
A deeper golden glow:

XIX.

So to the heathen peoples,
As after gloom of storm,
In the light of the great evangel
Stands forth St. Columb's form:
Out-pouring peace on hatred,
And closing years of strife;
Like a visible benediction
Outbreaking a new life.

XX.

Behold the throng around him!
Vassals, and chiefs, and kings;
From the poet-lips, that scorned him,
His fame and honour rings.

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See how the wild barbarians
Kneel at his loving word,
And come, like sheep that have wandered,
Back to the Shepherd-Lord!

XXI.

Fear is in his rebuking,
Strength in his clear command,
But Love in his long forbearing,
And Blessing beneath his hand:
Tenderly loosing the burden,
Yet crushing the pride of sin,
He bringeth the fierce with the fearful,
The stern with the gentle, in!

XXII.

Conqueror, true and noble!
Not his the wasted lands,
Not his the riven banner
And reeking battle brands;
But a kingdom torn from Satan,
And the spoil of souls unpriced,
Won painfully, laid humbly,
At the feet of the Lord Christ!

XXIII.

See, high in barren places,
Springs hallowed house, or shrine,
Of unseen spirit-blessing
The visible fair sign.
And winds that breathed the story
Of human hate and wrong,
Bear now the heavenly incense
Of morn and even-song.

XXIV.

Praise to the Lord of harvest!
The waste-land is a field
Wherein the sowers' labour
A hundredfold doth yield:
Seed which the Spirit wafteth
Far on from clime to clime,
To be reaped at last by the angels,
At blessed Harvest-time.

XXV.

But he dies—the saintly Sower;
Lo, 'tis the Sabbath morn:
With joyful praise he seeth
The garnered wealth of corn.
"They shall not lack," he crieth;
"The children shall be blest,
Though the long Sabbath calleth
The father unto rest!"

XXVI.

Now 'tis the hour of vigil—
The father in his cell
Hears on the air the call for prayer
Ring from the midnight bell.
Long ere the monks have risen
His feet have passed the door,
And at the altar lowly
He kneeleth on the floor.

XXVII.

"Where art thou, O my father?"
One crieth through the gloom:
But the darkness is as silent
As the darkness in the tomb.
With haste they bring the tapers,
With fear they gather round;
But in answer to their praying
Is neither sign nor sound.

XXVIII.

Then gently they uplift him,
And lo! a little space—
An infinite sweet rapture
Doth lighten in his face;
And well they knew he seeth
The coming great Reward!
The glory of the blessed,
The vision of the Lord!

XXIX.

Yet once he turneth on them
One last long look of love;
One moment, for last blessing,
Raiseth his hand above,
And then they watch him wildly,
And then they turn and weep;

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The soul hath passed to Eden—
  The body into sleep.

XXX.

Iona! Holy island!
  Isle of St. Columb's cell!
The very names thou bearest
  The Culdee loveth well,
To him thy thought is dearer
  Than all earth's brightest lands,
With all their lordly mountains,
  And all their golden sands.
Where'er his steps may wander
  In far-off ways of toil,
In longing sweet remembrance
  He treads thy sacred soil:
And when the toil is over
  Fain would he fall on sleep,
Where o'er thy first great Abbot
  Thine ocean breezes sweep;
So when that Angel's trumpet
  Heralds the Easter-tide,
He may behold, as the mighty sound
Wakens the blessed sleepers round,
  Saint Columb at his side!

The Argosy.

HIS YOUNG LORDSHIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX," GENTLEMAN.

It was a pat of butter—only a pat of butter, a small, silly thing, and yet it made me feel as the children say, "like to greet."—For I knew the spot it came from, —a lovely nook in a lovely land. I could picture the narrow valley, so rich and green, over which the huge grey granite mountains watched, frowning or smiling, but still watching, like faithful parents over their children; reflecting the sunshine, gathering the rain, and sending both down alternately upon the fertile tract below. I could summon up its "pastures green," not like English meadows, hedged and ditched, but divided angularly by stone dykes, among which grew innumerable ferns and accidental clumps of heather and whin; while here and there in damp places were queer bog-plants; butter-wort with its flat leaves and tall-stemmed blue flowers; the white tufts of the cotton-plant; the aromatic bog-myrtle. Nay, as I looked at my pat of butter, I could almost see the cows that originated it,—small, shaggy, active, Highland beasts, or the dainty little Ayrshire breed, the prettiest of cattle, moving about their restricted plot of pasturage under the shadow of these same mountains which—whom, I was nearly writing, they felt so like living friends—any one who knows, and once loving, loves forever.

"Yes," said my hostess, whom I had better call by the good Scotch name of Mrs. Burns, "it is real Scotch butter; we don't get anything here like it. It was sent to me from ———," naming the place,

to which I mean to give an imaginary name, and call it the Laighlands.

For upon it, and the butter, hangs a story, which she immediately began to tell me: a story true and simple as that of Jeanie Deans—of which, while she related it, we were both strongly reminded. I asked her leave to tell it here, just plainly as it was, with no elaborations or exaggerations,—for indeed it required none; only disguising the names and the places, so that while the truth remained—the internal truth, which is the real life and usefulness of fiction—the bare outside facts may be quite unrecognizable by the general public. And I wish I could give to the written tale anything like the simple graphic power with which it was unconsciously told.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, looking me through with her clear, kind eyes; "I must tell you all about that butter, and how we got it from such a distance. You know the Laighlands? Isn't it a bonnie place? Such a sweet, quiet, out-of-the-way farm. We lived there a whole summer. We had come to the neighbourhood, and did not know where to get lodgings; the whole country-side was full; and they took us in at the Laighlands, eight in all,—papa, and me, and our six: and we lived there for ten happy weeks. That was nine years ago."

It was not nearly so long since I had seen the farm myself; and though I was only there, at that particular farm house, for one day, I could still remember it; the garden, wonderfully neat and well-stocked for that part of Scotland, where the lazy Highland nature has not yet arrived at the difficult science of horticulture: and among the common people life implies mere living, without any attempt to adorn life, with even the beauty of a cottage flower-border, or the small luxury of a dozen gooseberry bushes, and a row of beans or peas. Therefore, I could especially recall this farm-house, for it had a capital garden, and an upland orchard behind; and its orderliness was equal to its picturesqueness which is a great deal to say for dwellings of its size and character in the Highlands of Scotland.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Burns (I will go straight on with her part in the conversation and omit my own, which indeed consisted merely of a few questions), "we lived t ere ten weeks, and during that time we got to have quite an affection for our landlord and his wife. They were such simple people, and so honest, painfully honest. Of course, in country lodgings where the people can only make hay while the sun shines, and that is for about two months in the twelve, one almost expects to be cheated, or at least made the most of in some way; but these good folks only cheated themselves. For instance, we had the run of the garden, and you can imagine what a raid my children would make upon the gooseberry bushes. Besides, we had an unlimited quantity of vegetables. But when, at the first

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week's end, I looked to see what was put down in the bill, there was nothing at all! 'Oh,' said the mistress, a tall, handsome Highland woman, much younger than her husband, and speaking English with a quaint slow purity of accent that you often find among those who have to learn it like a foreign language—'Oh,' I hope ye'll use your freedom with the garden—we'd never ask ye to pay.' But when I remonstrated—for I don't like that Celtic fashion of being too proud to receive honest payment, and yet expecting always an eqivalent in kind—Mrs. Kennedy (I will call her Kennedy) quickly assented, with a sort of dignified acquiescence that had a touch of condescension in it, begging I would put my own price on the things we took, for she really did not know what they were worth, which doubtless was the truth, for you are aware how little actual coin is current in that district, and how people there often live half a lifetime without ever having seen a town street, or the inside of a moderate-sized shop.

"This woman, Mrs. Kennedy, was a case in point. She was about forty, her husband being somewhat over sixty; yet neither of them had ever travelled twenty miles from their own farm, which had been rented by Kennedy, and his father before him, for the best part of a century, from the one great landholder of these parts.

"'And his lordship kens us weel,' said the gudewife to me one day, when my children had been describing a grand-looking gentleman, whom they met riding over the hill-side. 'He's a fine man, and a gude friend to us. Many's the day I hae seen him stand and crack wi' the auld gudeman—that's Kennedy's father; and he never meets Kennedy himsel', but he'll stop and shake hands and ask for the wife and bairns. He's a fine man, —his lordship—and a gude landlord; he kens a' that's done on the property. Though I'll no say but that he might hae waur tenants than oursels: for my man and his father before him had lived at the Laighlands, and paid their honest rent, every term-day, for seventy-five years.'

"I remember this little incident," continued Mrs. Burns, "because I remember the woman's face as she spoke—full of that honourable pride which is as justifiable in a farmer as in a duke; and, also, because circumstances brought it to my mind afterwards.

"Well, we stayed at the Laighlands all summer. It was a glorious summer to my young folks—and a sorrowful day when we left the place. We had to start about four in the morning, in Kennedy's cart, which had been our sole link with the civilised world, and in which he had conveyed to us daily—for this absolutely refusing payment to the last—all provisions which the farm could not supply; and the few extraneous necessities—letters, newspapers, linendrapery, &c., which we indulged in at this primitive place. He brought them from the nearest town, or what flattered itself was a town, several

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miles off. We had given him a deal of trouble, and now he had taken for us the final trouble of all, by bestowing endless pains on the arrangement of seats and mattresses, so as to make the rough jolting cart a little comfortable for me and the children. They cried as they said good-bye to the pretty place where they had been so happy, and the good folk who had been so excessively kind to them. And I own I was half inclined to cry too, when Mrs. Kennedy, who had been rather invisible of late—she brought her gudeman his seventh child while we were at the Laighlands—appeared, weak and white-looking as she was, in the cold dawn of the morning, and gave me a basket neatly packed with all sorts of good things—eatables and drinkables. 'It's for the weans on their journey,' she said. 'We'll no forget the weans.'

"And it was a very long time before the weans forgot her or the Laighlands. Of winter nights they used to go over every bit of our blithe time there—from the first day we came and settled ourselves in the small but tidy parlour, in the clean bed-rooms, full of furniture that looked as if it had been bought in the last century—as possibly it had—up to the final day when old Kennedy, he was quite an old man, though hale and hearty, drove his cart into the sea almost—for the waves were running high and carried the children through them into the boat by which we had to reach the steamer that was to bear us far away—to horrid London, to streets, and squares, and work, and school. And over and over again I had to describe to the little ones, whose memories were fainter than they cared to confess, the figure of the good old man in his grey kilt, bonnet, and plaid, with his white hair flying in the wind, as he stood making his last signals from the shore, and shouting out his last Gaelic farewells, for he could speak but little English; the boys answering him in the few words he had taught them, which they remembered ever so long, till Gaelic was rubbed out by Latin and Greek. I too—with the warm heart that a mother cannot help having towards one who has been kind to her children—kept for a long time in my store-cupboard the basket Mrs. Kennedy had filled for the bairns on their voyage. And every New Year, for several years, we sent books and other gifts to the little Kennedys, hoping every summer that we should manage to go back to the Laighlands. But we never did; and in process of time our connection with the place slipped by—perhaps our interest likewise; in this busy London life it is so easy to forget.

"It was last New Year, or possibly a few days after then, that I was sitting just here—in this drawing room"—(which was a very nice one, for Mrs. Burns' husband has honourably worked his way to a handsome house in one of the best streets in London—"I was sewing by myself, and the young folks were down below in the school-room. It was one of those terribly

cold bleak days that we had last winter, the wind howling in the chimney, and the snow falling or trying to fall, for it was too cold almost to snow. I was sitting with my feet on the fender, and with the feeling of intense thankfulness which I always have in such weather that I have a good house over my head and all my dear ones about me—when a message came that some one below wanted to speak to me.

"'Who is it?' asked I; for such messages are endless in our house, and generally prove to be applications for charity. It was a poor woman, my servant said; a woman with a little girl, and she would not send up her name, but insisted upon speaking to me.

"I thought it was one of the ordinary genteel London beggars, and you know what London begging is, and how, after being taken in over and over again, one has to harden one's heart," (a process which, judging from Mrs. Burns' face, in her case would not be sudden or easy.) "Of course, I could not refuse to see the person; but I went down to her, looking, I dare say, as hard as a stone.

"She was a tall thin woman, remarkably tall for a woman; and her long straight black dress, and clinging black shawl, no thicker than yours to-day, though it was mid-winter, made her seem taller and thinner still. I looked in her face, which was sharp-featured, worn, and elderly, but I could not remember ever having seen it before. So I just asked her her business, very coldly I suppose, for she drew back at once towards the dining-room door.

"'Ye'll no mind me. I'm troubling ye; so I'll just be gone, ma'am. It's no matter."

"It was a Scotch voice, and a Scotch manner; the air of quiet independence that, I am glad to say, even the very poorest of us seldom quite lose. We Scotch don't beg like your London beggars. So, of course, I asked her to wait a minute, and tell me her name.

"'Do you no ken?—Eh, Mrs. Burns? I must be sair changed—and nae wonder—if ye dinna ken me. I'm Mistress Kennedy of the Laighlands.'

"'Mrs. Kennedy of the Laighlands!' You will guess how in an instant the face of matters was entirely changed, and what sort of a welcome she got—she and her daughter, for the little girlie that hung by her gown, and peered from behind her with shy, dark Gaelic eyes, must be hers—possibly the baby that was born while we were there.

"Ay, so she was. 'She's the youngest; and I couldna leave her behind; though it's a very sad journey I come on to this awfu' London. Oh, it is an awfu' place, Mrs. Burns! And ye're keeping weel yoursel', and the gudeman and a' the bairns?' added she, with the instinctive tact and courtesy which one sees almost universally among Highland people, and which we had always noticed so much in Mrs. Kennedy. Though a farmer's

wife, her manners were as good as many a lady born. But she looked so ill, so depressed, so actually weighed down with care, that I shrank from asking her the especial trouble which had brought her hither. By-and-by she poured it out.

"'No, the gudeman's no deid, Mrs. Burns, though sometimes he almost wishes he were. He has got notice to quit the Laighlands.—Just think! the Laighlands!—Where he was born, and his father likewise—and where he has paid his rent—never behind a day—for fifty year. Isn't it hard ma'am?'

"It was hard. We folks who live in streets and houses all just like one another can scarcely recognise how hard. Besides, as Mrs. Kennedy went on to explain, and which I myself knew well, in that thinly-populated district an eviction meant actual turning out; with small prospect of finding another home. The farms were few and far between, mostly held by tenants who had held them for generations. A notice to quit meant not merely a flitting but a complete uprooting. No wonder the poor body spoke of it as we speak of some heavy calamity.

"'But your factor is a good man,' said I. 'Did you not appeal to him?'

"Mrs. Kennedy shook her head. 'I'm no saying aught against the factor, but he's my lord's servant, and they say my lord wants money, and they're wishing to feu the estate. But they might hae let my man keep the Laighlands a bit while. It'll no be lang—he's ower seventy year. It's breaking his heart.'

"I asked her why she did not write to the young lord; for the old lord, as he was now called, though scarcely past middle age when he died, had, I knew, been dead a year or more.

"'We did think o' that. His young lordship—do you ken him, Mrs. Burns?'

"That was not likely; but I had heard about him—a promising lad in his teens, left sole master of one of the finest properties in Scotland. He was too young for people to know much good about him—but nobody knew any harm. He was a college youth, frank and lively, given to all the amusements of his age and rank—not much of a student, but that could hardly be expected of the heir to indefinite thousands a year. Still, as I told Mrs. Kennedy, a young man scarcely twenty, in any rank of life, was apt to be thoughtless, and in his rank great people often do little people a deal of harm without in the least intending it.

"'That was just what the lawyer said—the lawyer I went to in Edinburgh, yesterday.'

"'Yesterday!' I exclaimed.

"'Ay, ma'am, though it seems a year sinsyne. The gudeman couldna stir, being laid aside with rheumatism, so I just thought I would go up to Edinburg mysel', and see Mr Campbell, a friend o' mine that's a writer there. And he said to me—'Mrs. Kennedy, if I was you I would gang up to Lon-

don and speak wi' his young lordship face to face.' That was yesterday, as I said; there wasna a day to lose—in a week's time the notice we got to leave the Laighlands was due; and we would be turned out. So I wrote to my husband frae Mr. Campbell's office, I put myself in the train—me and the bairn, for I could neither send her hame nor leave her in Edinburgh; and we travelled a' the night and reached London the morn, just as we were.'

"Just as they were!—in those thin cloths, and such a terrible cold night as it had been! No wonder they looked as they did, and that my servant had made such a mistake about them and their condition in life. Very much surprised the maid looked when I rang the bell and desired her to take the little girl and make her comfortable in my children's nursery; and bring up breakfast at once for 'my friend Mrs. Kennedy, who had come all the way from Scotland last night.'

"Mrs. Kennedy said nothing, nor resisted in the least; she was utterly exhausted. She sat by the fire with her hands on her lap, and her sad eyes looking straight before her, scarcely noticing the things around her, as if she had been familiar with them all her life.—And when at last she got a little strengthened by warmth and food, and was able to tell me her story, she did so with a composure and quiet dignity that would have surprised any one who did not know how the Jeanie Deans' nature, fearless, self-reliant, yet absolutely without self-consciousness, is not exceptional, but lies dormant in many and many a Scotchwoman, ready to appear at once when circumstances require it, as in this case. For you and I, I suppose, can hardly realize what such a journey to London, must have appeared to Mrs. Kennedy—almost like a journey to the Antipodes.

"'Were you not afraid?' I asked her.

"'Maybe,' she answered, faintly smiling. 'But somebody maun do it, ye ken, and there was naebody but me.' In that simple sentence the woman expressed all.

"Poor body! only imagine her, dropped in the gloomy winter morning at the terminus in Euston Square, not knowing a soul, having but one place to go to in all London, and with her Scotch directness of purpose she went right to it—his young lordship's town house, the magnificent mansion in ——— Square.

"It was partially closed, as most great houses are in the Christmas recess. Mrs. Kennedy merely thought, 'the London folks are awfu' late of rising,' and unwilling to disturb the family, sat down on the lowest stone step, with her little girl beside her. There she waited, pinched with cold—but she was well accustomed to cold—until there should be some sign of life in the house within. By-and-by came 'a braw sogerly young man, wi' a bag o' letters,' and rang as if he, at least, had no fear of disturbing his lordship's slumbers,

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but he poked his letters in at a slit in the door—and still it was not opened. At last Mrs. Kennedy took courage, and rang the bell likewise, and begged the footman who opened it to tell his lordship that she had come all the way from Scotland to speak to him, and could he see her for five minutes on private business, as soon as he rose?

"But the footman only laughed, and called another footman who laughed too, and they told her it was a capital story, but that if she didn't go away they would send the Mendicity officer after her. 'I didna' ken what the young man meant,' added Mrs. Kennedy, 'but I tel't him (ceevilly enough, for I was sure he was only doing his duty) that his young lorship would mind me weel, I was Mrs. Kennedy o' the Laighlands. But what do you think Mrs. Burns?' and she looked at me with a grieved simplicity, 'he had never heard tell o' the Laighlands?'

"There must have been some uncomfortable passages between her and these grand footmen, though with her natural dignified reticence, which did not like even to own that she had been insulted, Mrs. Kennedy avoided particularizing them. Besides, the feudal reverence in which the young lord was held everywhere on the estate was such, that under the shadow of it even his domestics were exempt from blame. I could only gather that she was turning to quit the house, when up there came a young man, or, as Mrs. Kennedy pointedly put it, a young gentleman.

"He entered with an air of authority, so that she might have taken him for her landlord, only it had been plainly said that the young nobleman was absent from home; 'and,' reasoned she in her simplicity, 'his lordship must be far too great a gentleman to bid his servants tell a lee about himsel'.' But the new-comer was of some importance in the establishment. When he perceived the confusion in the hall, he asked imperatively what it was all about; and so he learnt Mrs. Kennedy's name, and where she came from.

"'He was a Scotsman—I'm gey sure he was a Scotsman,' she said; but at any rate he was a kindly-hearted young gentleman, and evidently held some good position in the establishment; for when he spoke and listened to her answers, the servants ceased to interfere, and hung back respectfully. At length he asked her to walk into his 'study,' a little room leading off the hall, and then told her who he was.

(Mrs. Burns gave me the gentleman's name and position in the young lord's household; but neither are of consequence to my story.—If he ever reads it, he may take the reward of one of those small kindlinesses which cost so little and are worth so much, and recognise himself.)

"He placed the weary woman in his own arm-chair, and shut the study-door. Then, before he allowed her to speak another word, he opened a cupboard, and took out a bottle of wine and a bag of

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biscuits, with which he put a little life into her and the child—the bairn, her mother's own daughter, who had stood silent and sleepy and hungry, but had never once shed a tear. Then he bade Mrs. Kennedy tell him her whole case from beginning to end.

"It was very simple; and he, of course, must have seen it clearly enough—probably much clearer than the poor woman herself saw it. It was the common story of the different way in which the same things affect big folk and little.—Probably nobody was to blame; or the whole was a matter of mere carelessness. In all likelihood the young nobleman knew nothing whatever about it, and never would, unless some one specially told him. 'You cannot see him,' said Mr. ——, 'he really is not here, but you might write to him. If you like I will sketch out the letter.'

"'But,' continued Mrs. Kennedy, 'I tell't him that I was ill at the pen, and gin I wrote maybe his lordship couldna read it; and if I could only see him, just for five minutes. I hae seen him mony a time—riding up our hill-side by his father's big horse—on his wee Shetland pony. O, gin I could but see his lordship!'

"Probably the young gentleman thought—as I did then—oh, if his lordship could but see this woman!—one of the sort of women who bore the sons that followed and fought for his forefathers; with her strong, earnest, and yet not unbeautiful Highland face; her complete self-forgetfulness, and absorption in the work she had before her. So, after a little consideration, he agreed with her that a personal interview would give the best chance. But it could only be attained by her going to the college, where the young lord then was; and which, to avoid all recognition, I will call St. Cuthbert's Hall, Oxbridge. Would she do this? Could she do it? For it was a considerable journey from London, and it would cost a good deal more money. She asked how much; and then inwardly reckoned her purse. It fell short by at least twenty shillings.

"This was a hard discovery, but she kept it to herself. She had never borrowed a half-penny in her life, and would not begin now—certainly not from a stranger. The only thought that occurred to her was to sell something, perhaps a little cairngorm brooch she had; but how to set about it she did not know. And then, in answer to the young gentleman's question, had she any friends in London? she suddenly thought of us.

"She did not know, or if she ever did know, had forgotten, our London address, and our name was a common one enough. The Directory, which her friend took down and diligently searched in, scarcely helped her at all; till at length she recollected my husband's profession and somewhat peculiar Christian name. 'That's him,' she cried; and found to her comfort that Mr. —— knew him, at least by reputation. Most young Scotsmen in London knew my husband. So, without more ado, Mrs.

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Kennedy took a grateful leave of the gentleman, put herself into a cab by his advice, and drove to our door.

"While she rested, for she absolutely refused to go to bed or to sleep, I went in to consult with my husband. But when I saw him I was so excited by the story I had heard, by the old remembrances which the sight of Mrs. Kennedy had revived, and by things in general, that I could not speak a word, but fairly began to 'greet.' He, too, was in no small degree affected by what at last I managed to tell him; even so much that he had to take refuge in the study of Bradshaw, and discovery of the Oxbridge trains.

"We found the only available one now would take Mrs. Kennedy into the town about eleven that night—an impossible time to see a young undergraduate. So we persuaded her with great difficulty, for it seemed to be like losing time, that her best course was to sleep at our house, she and Jessie, and take the earliest morning train, which was at six A. M. To this she consented; seeing, with her clear good sense, that nothing better could be done, and being withal greatly comforted by perceiving how happy Jessie was with our children.

"The children—or rather the young people—were in great excitement all day. It was such a romantic story—in a small way—and Mrs. Kennedy was such a remarkable person, and Jessie (who being left behind in awful London, was at first very unhappy, and then being taken to the Zoological Gardens, found consolation in a ride on the big elephant,) was such a quaint sort of child, speaking little English, yet full of a curious Highland grace and Highland intelligence.—Late at night Jessie's mother came back, and then we all thronged round her, eager to learn how she had fared; in fact, greedy over every word of her story.

"It was told in her face. Never was there such a sad face. I wish his young lordship could have seen it.

"Understand, I don't mean unwarrantably to blame the young nobleman. He was but a boy—careless as boys are: and upon him had fallen, much before his time, the solemn responsibilities of property. I do not suppose he meant any harm, or had the least idea he was doing an unkindness. Only, he did it.

"When Mrs. Kennedy reached Oxbridge at about nine in the morning, she was told that his lordship could not be seen; in fact, he had not long gone to bed. This his valet informed her confidentially; adding, for he seemed a kind young fellow, and knew his lordship's Scotch property, and even thought he remembered the farm at the Laighlands, that as soon as his master waked he would tell him that there was a woman waiting, who had come all the way from Scotland to see him.

"She did wait—hour after hour—wandering forlornly about the college gardens and quadrangle—then going into the town for a lit-

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tle food—then walking hurriedly back again, lest by chance she should miss the happy moment when his young lordship should condescend to open his eyes; afraid to intrude, and yet trembling to be forgotten and overlooked, until nearly three in the afternoon.—Then, in despair applying again to the valet, she heard that his lordship was at breakfast; some friends were breakfasting with him; he could not possibly be disturbed.

"Nevertheless, the kindly valet took in a message, imploring that she might see him just for one minute; she would not trouble his lordship longer. He surely must remember the Laighlands; he had ridden there many a time on his little pony. He sent out word that he did remember the Laighlands, and that though he could not see her now, he would see her on Monday following, at his house in London.

"But Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would be too late. If she could not leave London on the Saturday evening, she would not reach home in time to prevent the notice from taking effect, and the ejection being accomplished. She urged this upon the valet, who was really kind to her, and he was daring enough to go in and speak to his master a second time. Then one of the guests—a merry-looking young gentleman; they seemed a merry set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the door—came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with exceeding entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor, to pause in the ejection until he heard further.

"With this Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content; but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She stayed with us until the appointed Monday; and we took her about and showed her and Jessie the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was labouring.—She tried to enjoy herself—she was touchingly grateful. But still the heavy sense of what was hanging over her—hanging upon half-a-dozen words from a youth's careless lips—seemed to cloud over everything. I never spent a more restless uncomfortable Sunday than the one before that Monday, in thinking and wondering what would be the result of her application: a result of such slight moment to the young nobleman—of incalculable importance to the old farmer and his family.

"'I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns,' said the poor woman, looking at me pathetically on coming home from church,—we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Established, to prove that there were good 'soun'' Presbyterian Kirks to go to even in London—'I dinna mean to be wicked or unthankfu'—and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and

kind eyes—but I dinna hear one half o' the minister's sermon.'

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin moralizing to Mrs. Kennedy about the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I notice in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that it behoves all who are put in authority to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the under as well as the upper side.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things; for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable that his lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenantry of fifty years previous to that, should appear before him as respectable as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent her off in a decent cab, which my husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This done—we, too, waited; in a suspense that to my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, indeed I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would likely be kept waiting; people whose time is of little value never reckon the value of time to others. So if she were back by one, I should have been well-pleased. But long before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I was certain that all was lost.

"'Come in,' I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door, to keep the children out awhile. 'Come in and sit down.'

"She sat down, and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye're very kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye've been wonderfu' kind. My puir auld man!—and he past seventy year!—It's awfu' hard for him.'

"I took her hand—poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"'I maun gang hame as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man.'

"'Then there is no chance?—What did his lordship say to you?'

"'Naething. He went off to Paris yestreen.'

"'And did he leave no letter—no message?'

"'Ne'er a word. He's clean forgot me. Young folks hae short memories. Maybe he meant nae harm.'

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach, or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of feudal respect in which she had been brought up, or perhaps a higher feeling still, sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I—indignant as I was—desire to be more severe upon the young man than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands—such an unlimited

possibility of experiencing the keenest joy of life—making people happy—could have seen the misery on this poor woman's face, as she thought of all her weary journeys thrown away—of her returning journey to tell the bitter tidings to her old husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"'If his lordship wad hae let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived,' she said, 'we wad hae paid a better rent—we tell't the factor that—and new stockit the farm, and Kennedy wad hae done his best wi' the new-fangled ways, though he hates them a'—and it wadna hae been for more than ten years at most; and what's ten years to his lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man's in his grave? Ochone—ochone!' And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking Gaelic to Jessie who had run in eagerly with several of my children. I took them all away, and left the child and mother together.

"There was no more to be done. To apply to Mr. ——, who had been so kind, was useless; he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her affairs, with which, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively things as they were, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the meantime Mrs. Kennedy might take the course which had at first been intended, of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We wrote it for her, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could; and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should *not* receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland—for she was most eager to be gone—making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could; earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all things might turn out less sad than she feared. We assured her—and ourselves in doing so—that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the meantime her letter—that momentous letter, the invention and inditing of which had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains—might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young landlord's sense of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments; so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folks, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do all manner of noble and generous actions—even to driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to express his regard for the Kennedys—the very next time

he happened to be on his property.

"We started her off—poor body! with many good wishes on both sides; talked of her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded all was well so far; the whirl of London life swallowed us up, and the subject dropped out of our memories.

"It might have been February—no, I have the letter here, and it is dated 12th March—that my husband got the following from Mr. Kennedy, written in a feeble old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelt, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, too, who though only a farmer, could count his forefathers for more generations than many an owner of a magnificent 'place.'

"'Dear Sir,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when in London; when they came home and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend got a paper made out in our favor, to prevent anything being done against us; this friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, also officers from ———, to get us put out. I went in the morning to call upon the factor, and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew if he had got it, but he said he had heard no word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet go to the telegraph office at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but this friend of ours got them stopped. We learned afterwards that the telegram had been misdirected, and so it went to another place, and did not reach the factor till too late. We have got no answer from his young lordship to the letter you was kind enough to help Mrs. Kennedy write. We have sold part of our sheep in order to get some better kind, as we have been hearing that it has been said we were turned out because our farm was not fully stocked; but the Order in Council about the cattle disease, preventing cattle being removed from one place to another, and the uncertain situation we are placed in, has hindered this being done. But if we get encouragement from his lordship, we will stock the farm, and get on as soon as possible. If you will be kindly pleased, say in your wisdom, if anything can be done, and if we need to write his lordship any more till we hear from himself.

"'I am, dear sir,

"'Your most ob't serv't,

"'Andrew Kennedy.'

"On receipt of this letter, we all laid our heads together to consider what had best be done. The result was that Mr. Kennedy wrote a second letter to the young nobleman—sufficient, we thought, to have moved a heart of stone—and my husband got it forwarded immediately by what he believed to be even a surer channel than the first one had gone by. And, meantime,

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we made private inquiries as to what sort of young fellow he really was; and, I must confess, we heard nothing ill of him; nothing but faults of youth—which a few more years may mend, and cause him to grow up a man worthy of his important destiny; worthy of his ancestors and himself. Oh, that, for many sakes besides his own, this poor lad, left orphaned at a time a lad most needs a father's care, and pinnacled on a height where the bravest and steadiest could hardly walk without tottering—oh, that it may be so!

"After sending this letter, for two months more we heard nothing from the Laighlands. Then came the following, headed by another date, which the minute I saw, I knew the poor old farmer's fate was decided:—

"'*Fairbank Cottage, May* 3.

"'Dear Sir:—I am sorry to say that we never received any letter from his lordship; and we had to submit to be ejected from our farm and home, so that we are now for a short time in a little cottage belonging to my brother, James Kennedy. I called upon the factor today, to see if he had any place for us now; but I got no encouragement. He had said the family could make us comfortable with another house if we left the Farm; but there is no word of that now. We would have written to you sooner, but Mrs. Kennedy has been so grieved in her mind, and she had no time to spare, being busy removing and packing up furniture, until we get some home elsewhere. She still remembers the kindness shown her by you and your kind family, and bids me say she has a small box preparing, with a few articles to send to Mrs. Burns, as a small token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. You can let Mr. —— know how we have been used, and how the young lord forgot us in our distress. If his lordship would have given us a small lot of ground and a house, we should have taken it kind, though we lost our farm; and so we would now—but, in the way he forgot us, we have no encouragement to ask any other favour.

"'I am, my dear sir,

"'Your sincere well-wisher,

"'ANDREW KENNEDY.'

"That was all. No more complaints; no blame; no wild democratic outcry against the lord of the soil. The old man had been brought up to respect 'the powers that be,' and to submit, unmurmuring, in his stern, patient, unquestioning faith, to the ordering of Providence. Unto human injustice it is possible to submit too much; and yet there is a submission which is not merely wise, but heroic. I own, that poor old man's letter—in its brevity involving such a world of grief and loss, and that too, at the close of life, when loss is quite irreparable—touched most deeply both my husband and me. And—well, there lies before you Mrs. Kennedy's butter."

I tasted it for the second time feeling "like to greet," but with a far deeper emotion than the mere

remembrance of the lovely country about the Laighlands. * * *

I should like to end this tale—a true tale, be it again understood—with the bright winding-up exacted by "poetical justice." I should like to state how—" better late than never"—his young lordship had recognised his responsibilities; and though the carelessly-worded telegram did fail of its object, though the promised appointment was broken, and the humble entreating letters left unanswered, possibly even unread, still some good angel had brought the matter to the young man's memory, with favourable results for poor Kennedy's few remaining years. So that, though he could not be reinstated in his farm—nay (for let us hold the balance of justice fairly between poor and rich, the rich who are often in reality so painfully, humiliatingly poor,) although it might even be inevitable, for some recondite reason, that he should have been removed from it—still there was found for him that " little lot of ground" hard by somewhere, where the old man could live comfortably and content until the end of his days.

But nothing of the sort had happened, or seems likely to happen, so far as I know. I can only tell the story, and leave it; as we are obliged to leave so many things in this world—sad, unfinished; unable alike to see the reason of them, or the final settlement of them.—Only there is One above us who sees all.

All the Year Round.

STEAM ON PUBLIC ROADS.

The steam-horse in the street is not a new idea. Did not Sir Isaac Newton himself conceive such a thought two hundred years ago? There is a certain book of his, in which he speculates upon a globular vessel perched upon four little wheels, a jet-pipe protruding from one side, a seat adjacent to the other side, and a triumphant charioteer on the seat. The vessel being used as a steam-generator, and steam issuing from the tube, the resistance and reäction of the air would drive the vessel on its wheels in the opposite direction.

But although Newton did not, so far as we know, attempt to realize his notion, there was an ingenious Frenchman, exactly midway in time between Newton's days and ours, who really did make a steam-carriage. This was M. Cugnut, whose small rude machine is still preserved in Paris. At first he made a model, which he exhibited to the Compte de Saxe. Then, under the patronage of the Duc de Choiseul, he made a steam-carriage, which not only travelled, but travelled with such energy as to travel through a brick wall. Hence

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arose a belief that steam power was too good, too strong for the purpose, and could not be controlled. Poor Cugnot was shelved; and his machine, if it does not now, did a few years ago, occupy a place in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Some years before this—that is, more than a century ago—Dr. Robinson conceived the possibility of propelling a road vehicle by steam power; and James Watt, to whom the thought was communicated, afterwards sketched a practical plan for the purpose. He said to himself, "Let us form a boiler of wooden staves, hooped together like a cask; let us put an iron furnace in it, separated from the wood by water; let the water boil, and the steam be made to move a piston in a cylinder; let the piston move some wheels, and let these move some other wheels on which the cask is placed; and lo, we shall have a steam carriage." But Watt, who had many schemes in his head, allowed this one to die out: and he, as well as Newton, took rank among the thinkers rather than the workers on this subject.

The person who really came second after Cugnot as coachmaker in this fashion, was Mr. Murdoch, a Cornish engineer, who, about eighty years ago, caused a little steam-carriage to run along the highway near Redruth. The Cornish miners, prone to superstition, saw a fiery little monster running along the road one dark night. They cried out, they ran, more than half believing that the arch fiery monster of all monsters was close at their heels. This contrivance of Mr. Murdoch, whatever its details may have been, soon lapsed into forgetfulness. Next came Mr. William Symington, who tried his hand at steam-coaches as well as steam-boats: so far at least, as to construct a model. In his model, which was exhibited at Edinburg, the moving mechanism was placed in the back of the carriage, and all the several portions seemed suitably placed in regard to each other: but the execrable state of the roads, and the difficulty of procuring adequate supplies of fuel and water, deterred Symington from any further development of his scheme.—About the same time, one Oliver Evans, an American, of Pennsylvania, suggested to the legislature of that State the encouragement of many inventive schemes of his, one of which was a steam-carriage to run on common roads. Whether he was too clever for the legislators, or they were for him, nothing definite came of the proposal. He was a prophet, however; for he predicted the arrival of days when carriages propelled by steam would come into general use on turnpike roads for the transport of passengers as well as goods, and that they would travel, ay, fifteen miles an hour.

We hence see that, before the advent of the present century, men had thought as busily of steam-carriages as of steam-boats and of railways: all the three kinds of invention being about in the same tenative position at the same time.

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Then, when this century was only two years old, Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian tried their skill at a new kind of steam-carriage. They adopted a form of construction much lig'.ter and more portable than had before been tried. The carriage was mounted on four wheels, the hinder pair to bear the greater portion of the weight, the front pair to be chiefly used to guide or steer; the boiler and a horizontal cylinder were placed at the back of the hind axle; then there was a whole family of pistons, rods, crosspieces, guides, cranks, axles, toothed-wheels fly-wheels, levers, and breaks, too numerous to mention. It was by far the most scientific steam-carriage (locomotive was a word not then in fashion) that had been devised. One of the carriages so constructed ran experimentally on a bit of road where the mighty Euston station now stands—classical ground, we may call it, in the history of steam.

A long pause then ensued. Roads were bad, people were frightened, and a costly war absorbed the general attention. Hardly anything is to be found, during a period of twenty years, bearing upon the use of steam-carriages on common roads. Then, however, came forth into light Julius Griffiths, who employed the redoubtable Bramah to construct the more delicate parts of a new machine. It had two cylinders and pistons instead of one; it had chains and helical springs, to deaden the concussion of the machinery; it had a tubular boiler, and many novel and ingenious appliances. But whether Griffiths had no money (Limited Liability was not known in those days,) or the public had too much apathy, or the machine too many defects, certain it is that nothing came of it. One David Gordon, about forty years ago, asserted that a locomotive (let us now use the term) cannot ascend a hill without something to make the wheels bite the ground; to overcome this supposed difficulty, he contrived an extraordinary carriage in which a steam-engine, put inside a large iron drum, caused it to rotate, very much in the same way as a squirrel makes his cage rotate; the engine caused the drum to roll along the ground, and the drum drew a carriage after it. Very funny and very ingenious; but this steam-squirrel died, and left no children. David must have been an original genius, for he next contrived a locomotive with six legs, which were to help the wheels to get up hill. It must have been very amusing to see this new insect taking its walks abroad, with its six legs or vibrators, having something like veritable knees and insteps, alternately dangling and stretching. It was really ingenious; but engineers found out, about that time, that ordinary wheels would hold to the ground firmly enough for the ascent of any ordinarily steep road.

At about the period when the Liverpool and Manchester Railway began to be seriously considered, say forty years ago, the inventors of road-locomotives cropped up in

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great abundance. Several of the inventors produced steam-carriages capable of maintaining an average speed of ten or twelve miles an hour along turnpike-roads, and even a higher speed for short distances. Sir Charles Dance at one time resolved to try Goldsworthy Gurney's locomotive as a regular steam-stage coach, to ply between Gloucester and Cheltenham. It went four times a day, doing the nine miles in a little under an hour. But opposition was at work; somebody laid down in a part of the road a layer of rough stones so thick as to disable the machinery; somebody laid turnpike tolls on the vehicle so heavy, that the receipts could not meet them. Mr. Gurney, not choosing to be beaten by local prejudice, succeeded in getting the House of Commons to inquire into the matter; the report of the committee, presented in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, was of a highly favourable character. It declared that carriages can be propelled by steam on common roads, at an average rate of ten miles an hour; that they can carry twelve or fourteen passengers each, at this rate; that the weight, with engine, fuel, water and attendants, might be under three tons; that they can ascend and descend steep roads with facility; that they may be made free from annoyance to the public; that they are calculated to become speedier and cheaper than vehicles drawn by horses; and that as the wheels have great breadth of tire, they will not injure the roads so much as narrow wheels and horses' feet.

The verdict was so good, that inventors brightened up. An excited correspondent sent to one of the journals an account of a journey he made in Captain Ogle's steam-coach from Oxford to Birmingham. "The starting from Oxford was a grand spectacle. It was St. Giles's fair-day; therefore, all the population, including thousands from the surrounding villages, thronged the streets, reminding the beholder of the multitude at Juggernaut; whilst the ponderous machine, like that idol's car, appeared ready to crush its votaries. Care was, however, taken to make them understand the danger; and a passage being cleared, away went the splendid vehicle through Oxford city, at the rate of ten miles an hour, which, when clear of the houses, was accelerated to fourteen. Notice of the intended journey having been carried forward some days before, every town presented an appearance somewhat similar; but it was not until it reached Birmingham that real assistance, as well as applause, was required; and willingly was it granted. Just as the vehicle was entering the town, the supply of coke being exhausted, the steam dropped; and the good people, on hearing the cause, flew to the machine, and dragged it into the inn-yard of the Hen and Chickens." This vehicle of Captain Ogle's was a kind of mail coach in appearance, with seats for six inside passengers and eight outside; but attached to the rear was all the mechanism for providing and applying the motive power,

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How they tried and tried to get the mechanism into small compass, to do a great deal of work with a few shovels of coal, and to make the wheels take a good bite of the roads! Mr. Gurney and some moneyed friends expended thirty thousand pounds in inventing and building steam-carriages. Mr. Hancock's invention, which he modestly christened "The Infant," ran for hire as a steam stage-coach between London and Stratford. Colonel Macerone's carriage made many trips in and around the metropolis. Mr. Russell's ran for some time between Glasgow and Paisley. At one time, a Steam Carriage and Wagon Company was started, for the application of capital on a large scale to this matter; but—perhaps luckily for the shareholders—nothing came of it except a few prospectuses and advertisements.

There are more than twenty thousand miles of turnpike-road in England and Wales; men wish to try whether steam-horses can travel on those roads, without rails.—The idea is a natural one. Railways cannot penetrate to all towns and villages. There must, under any circumstances, be towns, nay, whole districts, left to be served by common roads. The steam-horse can do a portion of the work more quickly and effectively than the living horse. Hence the numerous inventions touched upon above, one and all of which, however, commercially failed. Sometimes, horses were frightened; sometimes, the road tolls were made enormously high; sometimes, the machines were too heavy, or the difficulty of getting water was too great. That a long steam-carriage journey has been made, however, we shall see.

If any people in the world were ever surprised, it must have been the Highlanders, when, five years ago, they saw the Earl of Caithness come among them in, or rather on, his steam-carriage. The earl was not his own machinist. His machine was invented by Mr. Rickett, and was intended to carry three or four persons at ten miles an hour on any ordinary road. Starting from Inverness one fine day, with his lady countess, a clergyman and the inventor, the earl got over the first fourteen miles, to Beauly, in an hour and twenty minutes, including a few stoppages. Then, on a part of the road where he could see a long way ahead, he attained a speed of eighteen miles an hour, going up the hill and down the hill in gallant style. After a night's rest, he set off again, ascending the steep incline from Golspie to Dunrobin Castle, and thence to Holmsdale. The Ord of Caithness came next: a mountain with a road so terribly steep—one in seven for several miles—that the people made sure of the discomfiture of the noble charioteer. Not so, however; the engine panted and puffed, but did its work, and reached the summit without any stoppage.—Then, the descent was made to Berridale Glen, with brakes that kept the velocity within limited bounds.

At last he entered Wick, which turned out in style. After an

hour's delay, on he went again, and arrived before nightfall at Ballogell Castle, his own residence, not many miles distant from John o'Groat's. So far as we know, this is the longest journey in a steam-carriage (a hundred and fifty miles) ever made on a common road.—The machine resembled a sort of hooded chaise with a small locomotive behind it, and occupied altogether about as much space as a horse and chaise. The earl took the proper driver's place, at the right hand of the front seat; the lady, we will suppose, was seated between him and the clergyman; Mr. Rickett, on a small platform in the rear, attended to the creature-comforts of the engine in the matter of coal and water. The engine carried water enough for fifteen miles, and coal for thirty.—The charioteer could turn on and off the steam at pleasure, as well as work the front rudder-wheel and the brake; inasmuch that the duties of the assistant were limited to those of a stoker. The whole affair, living freight excluded, weighed a ton and a half. The puffing gave a little fright to one or two horses met on the road; but no other discomfiture occurred.—During the descent to Berridale Glen, three out of the four persons alighted and walked, to lesson the impetus and aid the drag or brake.

The thing *can* be done, and possibly a commercially-profitable system may arise out of such inventions. At present, the tendency is to construct very strong vehicles that will draw heavy weights at slow speed, under circumstances that would severely test horse-flesh.—Some time back a heavy marine boiler was drawn from Messrs. Laird's works at Birkenhead, to the harbour, by an engine which its inventor, Mr. Taylor, dignified with the name of a Steam-Elephant.—Another of these elephants was set to work at Devonport Dockyard; a third was ordered by the Dutch government to aid in some work at Flushing. One of these monsters carries a steam crane on his back, lifts up with it ever so many tons, deposits the load in a row of trucks, and runs along merrily with the whole affair. Another inventor, his bosom swelling with praiseworthy emulation, invented a steam bull as a competitor to the steam-elephant. One of Bray's traction engines, as these ponderous steam-carriages are now frequently called, employed to supersede or supplement hand labour at Woolwich Dockyard, on one occasion dragged about the yard one of the boilers for the Caledonia, weighing nearly thirty tons; it then wheeled itself off to the foundry, took up an armour-plate weighing seventeen tons, conveyed it to the travelling-crane, took up two more plates, and then promenaded triumphantly round the yard, turning the corners almost as easily as a perambulator. When relieved of its heavy load, this engine ran about the yard at the rate of ten miles an hour, and did all sorts of wonderful things.

Another maker of these massive engines has been sending some of

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them out to a mine with an unpronounceable name in South America; there were hardly any roads that horse-vehicles could traverse from the mines to the nearest navigation; and so one of these traction-engines came to the rescue, undertaking to drag ore down from the mines to the river, and to drag stores up from the river to the mines, either upon earthen trucks or corduroy roads, whichever might offer.—There appears real usefulness in such application of steam-carriages as traction-engines, in countries having ill-formed roads; the broad wheels do not sink so deeply as the narrow wheels of ordinary vehicles, or as horses' hoofs; some of them, indeed, have the wheels so peculiarly furnished with moveable boards, that they would hardly sink even in a quagmire. In heavy farming operations, when the state of the fields render it difficult for horses to pass over them, traction-engines are pointed out as being just the thing; but then it remains a problem to be solved, whether the same construction will suit soft fields and hard roads.

Four years ago the probable appearance of locomotives on turnpike-roads was so great that an act of parliament was passed to regulate them. They were to pay toll like other road vehicles; the toll to depend upon the width of the wheel, the weight resting on it, and the existence or non-existence of springs on the axle. They were not to be of greater width than seven feet, or greater weight than twelve tons, unless specially and exceptionally engaged in carrying one single monster block of stone, log of timber, cable of rope, vessel of iron, or mass of metal. They were to consume their own smoke, and to have lights in front at night. They were to have each its commander-in-chief, in the shape of a driver, together with a stoker and a guard. They were not to be used on suspension-bridges without the special consent of the owners, and not on any bridges or roads which the Secretary of State might deem unsuitable. They were never to exceed a speed of ten miles an hour on any public highway, or five miles in towns or villages.

One would have thought these restrictions severe enough. Ministers, however, were besieged in parliament with many queries and complaints about these dreadful monsters which sometimes frightened Belgravia and all its horses and all its men; and hence, after much battling, a further legislative settlement of the matter.

How, and where, and when, and under what regulations, we may now work locomotives in the streets and on the roads is all laid down in the act of parliament. We must have three persons to attend to each monster, to command and stoke and steer; to ease her and stop her and put her astern; if there be any wagons or carriages drawn by the machine, there must be one person additional to attend to them. We must have one man, either inclusive or exclusive of those here denoted, to act the part of a running-footman; he must

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walk or run in front of the locomotive, at least sixty yards in advance of it; he shall carry a red flag constantly displayed, shall warn riders and drivers of the approach of the monster, and shall assist them, if the horses become troubled by the apparition and its snorting. We must not use any steam-whistle, or blow off steam in such a way as to make much noise. We must stop the monster whenever the running-footman gives a signal for so doing. We must have two lights at night, one on each side. We must not travel on turn-roads more rapidly than four miles an hour, or in the streets of towns more than two miles an hour. We may weigh as much as fourteen tons, and may be nine feet wide, if used on a turnpike-road in country districts; but the municipal or corporate authorities in any town may determine at what hours the locomotives may run through the streets of that town, and under what detailed conditions.

Of course steam-omnibusses are out of the question now. Two miles an hour will not do even for the slowest of slow-going people. And these land-steamers must have a healthy constitution if they survive certain other conditions imposed upon them in this statute. It may be that the legislature is a little too restrictive. We shall see.

Chambers's Journal.

BALLOONING, AS IT IS HOPED TO BE.

Mr. Hatton Turnor has published a volume so bulky, so handsome, so costly, on the subject of aërostation, that one marvels where he will find purchasers for it. Mr. Mudie certainly will not take a hundred thousand copies of *Astra Castra*; nor do we suppose the members of the new Aëronautic Society likely to make a deep impression on the printers' labours. But these are matters which we may leave to the author and the publishers. The book itself, *Experiments and Adventures in the Atmosphere*, is certainly a remarkable one. It is an exhaustive collection of everything that has been done in ballooning—all the successes, all the failures, all the novelties, all the hopes: not digested in such a way as to give it the merit of a history, but rather a series of annals, a chronological arrangement of facts bearing in any way on the subject.

There certainly is something to say, however little, in favour of the aid to science rendered by ballooning. The art of flying was always a favourite speculation, before any thing in the shape of a balloon was constructed; for, irrespective of

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the proud pleasure of doing something which no one had done before, there was a vague belief in the mind of each inventor, that real usefulness would result from the achievement. Those who raised themselves to a great height by smoke or fire, occupy a place in many a fable. Abaris, Dædalus, the pigeon of Archytas, the oracle of Hierapolis, the British king Bladud, all live in story in connection with such supposed deeds.—Roger Bacon declared his belief in a flying-machine, though he knew of no one who had seen one. Van Helmont proved very eloquently, to his own satisfaction, that men could fly. Bishop Wilkins, Baptista Porta, Schott, Cardin, Fabri, all maintained the possibility of flying. The Jesuit, Francis Lana, asserted the same thing, but denounced the attempt on the theological ground, that the Almighty would never allow an invention to succeed by means of which civil government could so easily be disturbed. Kircher, Regiomontanus, and other semi-scientific men, speculated on the same idea.

When the Montgolfiers, in 1782, really raised a paper balloon to a great height in the atmosphere by heating and expanding the air within it, the flying theory went into retirement for a time; and Joseph Montgolfier cautiously put forth a hint, that possibly the balloon, in an improved form, "might be employed for victualling a beseiged town, for raising wrecked vessels, perhaps even for voyages, and certainly, in particular cases, for observations of various kinds; for reconnoitering the position of an army, or the course of vessels, at twenty-five or even thirty leagues' distance." The first men who really left the earth in a balloon, unattached by a rope of any kind to the ground, were M. Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, in 1783. The subsequent aërial voyages of Montgolfier Rozier, Robert, Charles, Zambeccari, Blanchard, Morveau, Bertrand, Lunardi, Jefferies, Romani, Money, Garnerin, Brioschi, Andreani, and others, familiarised the public with the pleasures and dangers of hydrogen balloons. Gay-Lussac and Biot, in 1804, were the sort of men to make scientific use of their aërial voyages; but the condition of meteorology at the time was scarcely such as to afford them the means.

Then followed half a century or so of exhibition-ballooning, venturesome ascents by men (and women,) who were paid for their services and dangers by the owners of public gardens and the like; varied by repulsive attempts to make aëronauts of horses and cattle. The British Association has, however, shown a willingness to encourage reasonable ballooning, provided the aëronauts undertake the collection of meteorological facts when high up in the atmosphere.—Mr. Green made useful observations of this kind in 1843; Mr. Rush made five ascents in 1847 and the two following years, and communicated some useful scientific facts to the Association. Mr. Glaisher, by far the most successful aëronaut in

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the cause of science, now communicates regularly to the journals the results of his many journeys—over twenty in number. Every one of them has been productive of valuable observations relating to atmospheric phenomena, electric and magnetic, hygrometric and thermometric, photometric and actinic.

In the Report of the Balloon Committee of the British Association read at Birmingham last autumn, Mr. Glaisher narrated what had been effected, with the aid of annual grants from that body, "to examine the electrical conditions of the air at great heights; to verify the law of the decrease of temperature as found from summer-day observations, already made, with day observations at other seasons of the year, but principally in the winter and adjacent months; to make, as far as possible, magnetic experiments, spectroscope observations, and records of facts relating to aërial currents, solar radiation at different heights, and moisture; and finally to make arrangements for observations at night." To carry out this last-named purpose, Mr. Glaisher caused two excellent safety-lamps to be made for him, that would give light enough to read off observations without endangering the balloon or its appendages. One night-ascent has been made in this way; and scientific men look forward with much interest to a continuation of them; for we are profoundly ignorant of what is going on in the higher regions of the atmosphere during the night. As the night-ascents are more valuable than the day, so are the winter-ascents than those made in summer—because they are more likely to fill up a scientific gap.—The fruitful results are already making themselves apparent. Professor Phillips, in his address at the Birmingham Meeting, said: "Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, during many balloon ascents to the zone of life-destroying cold, far above our mountain-tops, have obtained remarkable data, in all seasons of the year, and through a vast range of vertical heights.—The result is to show much more rapid decrease near the earth, much slower decrease at a greater elevation," than had before been theoretically supposed.

Ballooning to aid in war is insisted on by many persons as among the good things to come—if there are any good things in war. During the French Revolution, when the republican forces were engaged against so many continental armies, an aëronautic school was established at Meudon, from which four balloon corps were despatched to four great armies, one to each. At the battle of Flerus, in 1794, Col. Coulette went up in a balloon to a height of several thousand feet, remained fixed there by a rope, watched the movements of the Austrian army, and gave signals to General Jourdan, which greatly assisted him in the manœuvres of the day. In the great recent struggle in America, Lowe's balloon staff was attached as part of M'Clellan's army. On March 27, 1862, Professor Steiner,

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Captain Burford, and Captain Maynardier, ascended in a balloon outside Charleston, and ascertained that shells had been thrown by the Federals at too great a range to be sufficiently effective against the Confederate batteries. For twenty years past, Mr. Coxwell has been endeavoring to indoctrinate military men in the importance of warlike ballooning; and his ascents at Aldershott and Woolwich have not been without some influence in the matter. The ascent need not be to any very great height; at an altitude of 500 feet, the eye takes in a range of twenty miles radius, or forty diameter, if the air be clear.

We are becoming aëronautical in more ways than one. On the 12th of January last, a meeting was held at the Duke of Argyll's residence, at Campden Hill, to found an "Aëronautical Society of Great Britain." The noble host himself was chosen chairman; his brother-in-law, the Duke of Sutherland, vice-chairman; Lord Grosvenor, another vice-chairman; and Mr. Glaisher, treasurer. In his address on the occasion, Mr. Glaisher said: "The first appearance of the balloon as a means of ascending into the upper regions of the atmosphere has been almost within the recollection of men now living; but with the exception of some of the early experiments, it has scarcely occupied the attention of scientific men; nor has the subject of aërostation been properly recognized as a distinct branch of science. The main reason for this may have been that, from the very commencement, balloons have been, with but few exceptions, employed merely for exhibition, or for the purpose of public entertainment. The first wonder having ceased, sundry performances have been resorted to in order to pander to the public taste for the grotesque and the hazardous; which have tended so far to degrade the subject that it has been, till very recently, looked upon with contempt by scientific men in general."

Here the Aëronautical Society was fitted to render good service. "A chief branch of inquiry by the Society would be the department relating to the mechanical expedients and inventions for facilitating aërial navigation, and obtaining or aiding a change of locality at the will of the aëronant. Nearly all contrivances for this purpose have hitherto failed, or have only been successful to a very limited extent. The chief cause of these failures has been the utter absence of a correct theory of the action of surfaces at different velocities upon elastic and yielding media, and the requirements needed to obtain a power for a lever upon an unstable fulcrum. When we consider that the act of flying is not a vital condition, but purely a mechanical action, and that the animal creation furnishes us with models of every size and form, both simple and compound wings—from the minutest microscopic insect, to the bird that soars for hours above the highest mountain range—it seems remarkable that no correct demonstration has ever been given of

the combined principles upon which flight is performed, or of the absolute force required to maintain that flight. In the absence of an established principle, much time and money have been wasted in attempts to adapt aërial propellers; and it will be the office of the Society to bring forward any information or successful experiment illustrative of a theory."—And so the Society was established. The Commissioners of Patents have presented copies of all the specifications for patents in aërostation from 1617 to the present time: and application has been made for a room at the South Kensington Museum for receiving the Society's models.

SCIENCE AND ART.

In considering the fitness of iron as a material for ships and bridges, and particularly for the latter, one most dangerous defect to which it is liable must be taken carefully into account, namely, its tendency to crystallize, and thus to lose a very large portion of its strength. It appears, from Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, that with constant changes of load, or with the same load, but with constant disturbance of the metallic molecules, from vibration, fracture will, in time, certainly ensue of itself. And it has been ascertained that an iron girder will break with about 400,000 changes of load, accompanied by vibrations; a fact which but too clearly shows that the spontaneous destruction of our iron is but a question of time, and not even of a very long one. The explanations of this very alarming fact, the danger from which is, unfortunately, not even confined to bridges, but extends to the axles of locomotives and carriages, and to the various portions of machinery, which from time to time so unexpectedly give way, is found in the restoration to their primitive form of the crystals which had been elongated, and mutually entangled by the hammering to which the iron is subjected during its manufacture.

There is, however, one objection to the use of iron in ship-building, which has often caused serious doubts as to the propriety or even the possibility of continuing to employ it for that purpose. Iron is the most perishable of the common metals, not even excepting zinc, which, though more strongly electro-negative, is more durable, being to a greater or less extent protected by a coating of oxide, which, in ordinary cases, soon forms upon it. The pecuniary loss caused by the rapid corrosion of iron ships has given rise to very serious anxiety, both to our own and to foreign governments. This loss is so enormous that, about twenty years ago, the government of this country determined to abandon the use of iron ships of war. The evil is of

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the greater magnitude, as the iron ships cost nearly four times as much as those of timber formerly in use in our navy.

Few persons have any idea of the rapidity with which iron ships are eaten away under the action of sea water. Large holes have been produced in two or three years, plates and rivets have been destroyed over a large surface, so as to put even the safety of the ship in peril. The vast number of the patents taken out for paints and other protective compounds, shows the seriousness of the difficulty, and at the same time proves the futility of the efforts which have been made to grapple with it.

Iron supplies to the engineer a most excellent material for the construction of bridges. Not only is it cheaper for the purpose than stone or brick, and more durable than wood, but it allows the construction of bridges of immense span. It may be in the form of cast iron, wrought iron, or steel.—Cast iron answers well enough within certain spans, but the soundness of the casting can never be entirely depended on. In the form of voussoirs or ribs, engineers have ventured to employ it in spans of 240 feet. Malleable iron is most generally used, and invariably with very large spans—almost always in plates varying from less than a quarter to little more than five-eighths of an inch in thickness.—Looking to the rapidity with which iron is corroded, even in the atmosphere, how short is the period during which these plates will retain any amount of strength, without a degree of care which no one thinks of bestowing upon them. The danger from this source is not imaginary. The best constructed and most carefully preserved of our iron bridges, are as it were, melting away perceptibly. Very recently more than *forty tons* of rust were removed from the Menai tubular bridge; but, large as this quantity was, it does not represent anything like the entire corrosion which has taken place in this bridge during the few years it has been in existence, since it consisted only of the rust which had formed on the exterior. How many additional tons would the interior and inaccessible portions have furnished places where corrosion may be going on with an unsuspected but most dangerous rapidity! A very small extent of surface deeply corroded, would suffice to endanger the stability of the largest constructions of iron, and might at any moment give rise to its sudden destruction.

Independently of the danger which must arise to the public from the rapid decay of so many iron bridges, their renewal within a comparatively very short period, which, under the circumstances, will be unavoidable, must hereafter entail a most serious expense and inconvenience on railway companies, and, indeed, indirectly at least on the public. This consideration should lead to the adoption of a more rational treatment of iron bridges, and even to some attempt at a retardation of that decay which seems almost inseparable

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from them. Protection from moisture, with the exception of that contained in the air, is, in many cases at least, possible. But our electro-chemical knowledge might, perhaps, if properly employed, supply us with the means of imparting to iron constructions a degree of permanancy almost without limit. Why do we not avail ourselves of the principle, which is now being applied to the protection of iron ships—the transfer of the corrosive action to zinc. The cost of the metal which would thus be consumed, especially taking into account the ease with which it could be replaced, would bear no proportion to the expense and trouble which the frequent renewal or extensive repair of so many iron bridges must necessarily entail.

The subject of iron as a material for ships and bridges, is one of the most important that can be considered. There is not one whom it does not, in some way or another concern. The owner of an iron ship is seriously interested in its preservation; the shareholder in a railway company ought to be anxious that the bridges on his line should last as long as possible, since the cost of their repair or renewal, must be effected with money which otherwise would be his. The traveller whether by sea or railway, is also deeply concerned, as there is the question of his safety. The general public is concerned, since it is impossible to proceed in any direction without passing over one or more railway bridges, and this, if they are allowed to corrode as rapidly for the future as at present, cannot but be attended with peril.

Iron and steel, as materials for ship and bridge building, possess advantages which will render their use for these purposes still more general than it is. We can never return to the materials they have supplanted. It behooves us, therefore, to make every effort to lessen or remove the inconveniences by which their use is at present accompanied. Science, if it does not now, will certainly hereafter supply us with the means for effecting this; but future safety and a large saving in the time to come, must not be sacrificed to a trifling advantage in the present. The precautions that are taken must be wise, and not specious ones. It is not unusual, for example, to contract for iron-work by weight, in the hope of securing the required amount of strength; but this important object is not to be attained in such a way; for the strength of iron and steel depends not only on their massiveness, but their quality, and the contractor may exactly fulfil his bargain as to weight, while at the same time he supplies what is vitiated by dangerous weakness.—*Intellectual Observer.*

Analine.—The discovery of analine, and the knowledge of the uses to which it may be applied, is one of the happy incidents of the day in which we live. Men of science are still investigating its properties, and new and beautiful applications of this wondrous chem-

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ical may be anticipated. It is colourless, yet there is no end to the charming hues which it will form in union with other agents. A solution of chloride of lime imparts to analine a blue colour. Bichromate of potash with a dilute solution of analine in sulphuric acid forms a rich violet. Analine red is formed by chloride of tin boiled with the colourless fluid. Analine green or emeraldine is quite as beautiful as the rosaniline. Not only are all the ordinary and well-known colours obtained from it, but new and most exquisite shades, hitherto unknown, may be procured with ease. The intensely deep colour of some of its derivatives is almost beyond belief. The sea has been dyed in all direction for a great distance, so as to resemble blood, by the accidental spilling of some of the vessels containing analine and its compounds.

Porosity of Caoutchouc.—M. Payen states in the *Comtes Rendus* that a microscopic examination of thin sheets of caoutchouc discloses minute holes or pores, which are rounded and communicate with each other. Contact with liquids makes these pores more distinct.

The Ninetieth Planet was discovered by Dr. Luther, of Bilk, near Düsseldorf, on the 18th of October.

The Terrestrial Dark Lines of the Spectrum.—From the moment that Wollaston observed that certain rays are wanting in the solar spectrum, their places being occupied by dark lines or bands, philosophers have been engaged in attempting to investigate their origin. These attempts have been in a great degree successful. They arise from a cause which enables us not only to detect the presence of elements so minute in quantity as to elude the most careful researches of the chemist, but to pronounce with certainty regarding the elementary substances of which the most distant stars are formed.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED OR FORTHCOMING.

History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

There are some voices that *ring* true and at once gain our confidence, and Froude's is one of them. At every step one feels that the interests of truth, and not of party, are uppermost in the mind of this writer, and the evidence on which his conclusions are based is, in most cases, all but irresistible. Not that he judges and writes with a cold, passionless stoicism, which is im-

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partial because indifferent. Far enough from that. He feels deeply, he speaks strongly, he takes a side; but we do not remember a case in which he can fairly be charged with allowing feeling to override evidence or pervert truth. It is evident that all the original sources of history have been sifted and sorted with pains, with discrimination and without favour. Henry VIII., however unfortunate he was in all his relations to women—and none was ever more so—was not the Bluebeard of the nursery; Mary, commonly called the Bloody, is seen to deserve that odious name more truly than the sternest Protestant had ever before conceived. The portrait of Elizabeth is not yet finished, but we have seen enough of it to alter somewhat our previous conceptions of her. Nor is the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots yet finished. But it is sufficiently far advanced to leave no doubt—where doubt formerly existed—in the minds of all reasonable men that she was accessory to the murder of Darnly. The peculiar merit of Mr. Froude's work is its wealth of unpublished manuscripts. The extraordinary interest of such illustrations is apparent in almost every page of these volumes. They give novelty to the narrative and variety to the well-known incidents of the time.

Cosas de Espana. By Mrs. William Pitt Byrne. Alexander Strahan. London and New York.

The title of this work may mean everything about Spain, but it more especially signifies everything that is *characteristic* of that country. In whatever other respects ladies as tourists may be deficient, their writing has always the charm that they can throw themselves into the life of the country they visit. So it is here. It is no mere guidebook to cities, nor a cold outline of the life and manners of a people. We look into Spanish skies, breathe the air of its sierras, mingle in the life of its pleasure-loving people, and get to understand at the same time something of the annoyances of living in a country whose civilization is so far behind our own.

Arne: A Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. Alexander Strahan. London and New York.

Bjornson is a young Norwegian writer, whose works have made as much sensation in Norway, as Hans Andersen's in Denmark. This story, "Arne," is full of flashes of genius, and is a truthful sketch of Norwegian life. This is its charm. The freshness of the narrative, the poetic element in it, and the novelty of Norwegian life, more familiar to us than it used to be, but even yet so little known, will well repay the reader for a perusal of "Arne."

"Mr. Swinburne and his Critics," is the title of an article in Fraser's Magazine for November, in which the reviewer of the *reviews* (a volume of them has been collected and published,) takes the ground that the charge of immorality and indecency which has been

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made against Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" is over coloured.

The weight of public opinion, however, falls the other way; and even the writer in Fraser admits that in the next edition about forty pages *ought to be suppressed.*

"Not to put too fine a point upon it," he is candid enough to say, "we may add, moreover, that there is a Pre-Raphaelite distinctness of delineation in some of his pictures, from which, for the future, we would advise him to abstain."

The "Saturday Review" on the contrary is outspoken in its reprobation of the work.

FELIX HOLT still furnishes a prolific theme for the Reviewers. It was a strange fancy which induced an authoress of so much ability to adopt the ungraceful, masculine *nom de plume,* "George Eliot."

Her "Romola" was a success, and now returned from the continent to English ground, she has been fortunate enough to fill the public eye with "Felix Holt." The "Edinburgh Review" says, if this work "has none of the tragic depths of 'Romola,' it is a truer picture of life; and the changes which have occurred since the date of the story, almost give the book a historical value."

THE WILD FLOWER OF RAVENSWORTH. By the author of "John and I."

The "Victoria Magazine" says of this romance: "We fear that Mr. Carlyle's definition of novels is daily becoming more significant. He calls them "Tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads; which nevertheless obtain temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively at this epoch of the world in similar, still more unfurnished chambers."

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, from Thales to the Present Day. A new edition of this work, by George Henry Lewes, re-written and enlarged, will be issued by Longmans, Green & Co., this month.

A LIFE OF KEBLE, author of "The Christian Year," is in preparation by the Hon. Sir John T. Coleridge.

"MUGBY JUNCTION," is the unmusical and unromantic title of Dicken's Christmas story, to be issued early in this month.

At least a dozen volumes upon "The First Man's Place in Nature," most of them by eminent writers, are advertised in the latest English papers.

A translation of Schenkel's work on the Character of Jesus, which excited serious dissatisfaction among the author's former friends in Germany, is soon to appear in this country.

Dr. Pressense, in a late number of the "Bulletin Theologique," characterizes the anonymous work,

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recently issued in England, entitled "Ecce Homo," as presenting a Christianity of moral force, rather than the Christianity of grace and pardon. The idea of redemption, he observes, is almost completely effaced.

M. DORÉ'S ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Illustrated works have now become quite a necessary characteristic of Christmas time, and publishers make it a practice to retain for the end of the year the issue of the most attractive books which they can produce. To one particular class of works, announced for the Christmas season, we now propose to direct our readers' attention.—We allude to those illustrated by the greatest living artist, M. Doré.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" is the great English composition which M. Doré has illustrated, and it is issued now for the first time with his designs, in a volume, the type, paper, binding and engravings of which are all in keeping with the splendour of the great English epic. It is something to be able to say that the great expectations which were raised by the announcement that M. Doré had undertaken the illustration of this work, have been amply fulfilled. The sublime composition of the great English poet afforded subjects most congenial to the pencil of the great French artist. The alternation of the brilliant, sunny scenes of Paradise with the mysterious horrors of the infernal regions enabled Doré to display that masterly power of contrast which is peculiarly his own. The great moral thought which the poet unfolds is realised by the artist in the immensity of space and distance which he gives in each scene where the incarnation of the moral forces is depicted in the persons of devils and the scenes of Paradise. The drawings in this work produce upon the mind, in regard to things physical, an impression similar to that which the poem produces in respect to things moral.

We think that M. Doré has been peculiarly happy in his rendering of Satan. The usual representation of the chief of the devils as a brutal-faced, depraved, vulgar, ill-featured ruffian, to which we have been so often treated by ordinary artists, is entirely at variance with a true conception of his diabolical character. Satan's countenance should really be as unlike that of a sensual brute as mind differs from matter. In fact the truest and profoundest description ever given of the nature of Satan is the very brief one—"mind without God." This is what M. Doré has portrayed, and therefore, where Satan occurs in his drawings, the true and proper feelings are aroused in our mind when contemplating the illustration. The scenes in Paradise glow with a heat, and life, and beauty, which enables us to realise, more entirely than perhaps we have ever yet done, the loveliness of a sinless world, and leads one on to the profound thought of what, if physical beauty were so entrancing, moral beauty must have been before the fall of man. Thus it is

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that M. Doré's illustrations lend a greater charm to, and enable us to form a truer appreciation of, the grand moral of Milton's sublime poem.

It too often happens that when extraordinary attention is bestowed upon the illustration of a classic, the literary department of the edition is neglected or ignored. In this respect, however, care has been taken by the publishers that this edition shall not be open to such complaint. Tho text is edited and annotated by the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D. D., and a life of Milton, by the same author, is prefixed to the volume. The life is written in Dr. Vaughan's usual terse, manly, vigorous style. Tennyson's exquisite poem "Elaine" is also issued, in a very beautiful volume, by Messrs. Moxon, containing nine illustrations on steel, from drawings by M. Doré, which are in every respect worthy of the subject and the artist's reputation.

Another work of M. Doré's, deserving of much praise, is the English edition of "The Wandering Jew." The old legend, containing a fine meaning and moral—that of a Jew condemned by our Lord to wander about the world until his coming again—is marvellously realised in Doré's splendid drawings. Over land and sea, through busy towns and lonely graveyards, we see the unhappy wretch wandering, without finding even the rest of death, and ever present to his fevered imagination is the figure of Him whom he reviled—the Crucified One. To those delighting in noble illustration, and yet unable to afford the more expensive Milton, this volume of the "Wandering Jew" will be acceptable.

We must not omit to mention the superb volume of "Don Quixote" which M. Doré has illustrated. Well bound, well printed, and lavishly illustrated, this volume is deserving of much praise. To our readers, it will be a great commendation of it to know that from this edition of Cervantes' immortal work every sentence has been omitted which could offend against morality or religion. In the biographical notice of Cervantes prefixed to this edition, it is pointed out that the real meaning of this most melancholy and brilliant of human compositions is to ridicule false estimates of Christian duty. Thus, while the reader is amused with the knight's adventures, and laughs over the grotesque illustrations of his misfortune, he can thank God that this false and spurious estimate of Christian duty has been preached and written and laughed out of the world, and be grateful for truer knowledge of the real spirit of the faith of Christendom.

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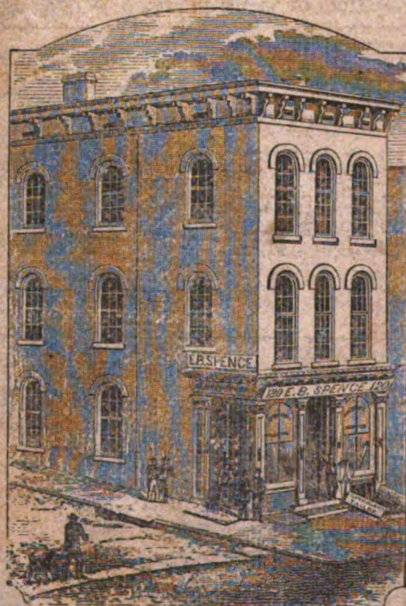

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EDITED BY

Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. **January, 1867.** **No. 3.**

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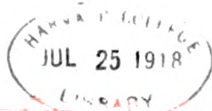
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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

Vol. I. January, 1867. No. 3.

R 033

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE VISION OF CAGLIOSTRO.*

The last, and perhaps the most renowned of the Rosicrucians, was, according to a historical insinuation, implicated in that notorious juggle of the Diamond Necklace, which tended so much to increase the popular hatred towards the evil-doomed and beautiful Marie Antoinette.—Whether this imputation was correct, or whether the Cardinal Duc de Rohan was the only distinguished person deluded by the artifices of the Countess de la Motte, it is certain that Joseph Balsamo, commonly called Alexandre, Count de Cagliostro, was capable of any knavery, however infamous. Guile was his element; audacity was his breastplate; delusion was his profession; immorality was his creed; debauchery was his consolation; his own genius, the genius of cunning, was the god of his idolatry. Had Cagliostro been sustained by the principles of rectitude, he must have become the idol as well as the wonder of his contemporaries; his accomplishments must have dazzled them into admiration, for he possessed all the attributes of a Crichton. Beautiful in aspect, symmetrical in proportions, graceful in carriage, capacious in intellect, erudite as a Bendictine, agile as an Acrobat, daring as Scævola, persuasive as Alcibiades, skilled in all manly pastimes, familiar with the philosophies of the scholar and the worldling, an orator, a musician, a courtier, a linguist—such was the celebrated Cagliostro. In his abilities, he was as capricious as Leonardo, and as subtle as Macchiavelli; but he was without the magnanimity of the one, or the crafty prudence of the other.—Lucretius so darkened the glories of nature by the glooms of his blasphemous imagination, that he might have described this earth as a golden globe animated by a demon. Fashioned in a mould as marvellous as that golden orb, and animated in like manner by a devilish and wily

* See Note by the Editors, at the end of this number of the Eclectic.

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spirit, was Balsamo the Rosicrucian.

Between the period of his birth in 1743, and that of his dissolution in 1795, when incarcerated in a dungeon of San Leo, at Rome, Cagliostro rendered himself in a manner illustrious by practising upon the credulity of his fellow-creatures. Holstein had witnessed his pretended successes in alchemy. Strasburg had received him with adulation, as the evangelist of a mystic religion. Paris had resounded with the marvels revealed by his performances in Egyptian free-masonry. Molten gold was said to stream at pleasure over the rim of his crucibles; divination by astrology was as familiar to him as it had been of yore to Zoroaster or Nostradamus; graves yawned at the beck of his potent finger; their ghostly habitants appeared at his preternatural bidding. The necromantic achievements of Doctor Dee and William Lilly dwindled into insignificance before those attributed to a man who, although apparently in the bloom of manhood, was believed to have survived a thousand winters.

Opposite the Rue de Luxembourg, and parallel with the Rue de Caumartin, there stood, in the year 1782, a little villa-cottage or rustic pavilion. It was separated from the Boulevard de la Madeleine by a green paddock, and was concealed in a nest of laurustines and clematis. Autumn, that generous season which seems in its bounty to impart a smell of ripeness to the very leaves, had already scattered dyes of gold and vermilion over the verdure of this shrubbery. A night-breeze, impregnated with vegetable perfumes, and wafting before it one of these leaves, stole between the branches—over the fragrant mould—across a grass-plot—through an open window of the cottage. The leaf tinkled. It had fallen upon the pages of a volume from which a man was reading by a lamp. At that moment the clock of the Capuchins tolled out a doleful two; it was answered by the numerous bells of Paris. Solemn, querulous, sepulchral, quavering, silvery, close at hand, or modulated into a dim echo by the distance, the voice of the inexorable hours vibrated over the capital, and then ceased.

Alas, for the heart of Cagliostro!

The solitary watcher shuddered as the metalic sounds floated in from the belfries. Although startled by the dropping of the leaf, he closed the volume, leisurely placing it between the pages as a marker—*it*, so brittle! so yellow! so typical of decay and mortality! The book comprised the writings of Sir Cornelius Agrippa. Having tossed the old alchemist from him with an air of overwhelming dejection, the student abandoned himself to the most sorrowful reflections.

"Death," thought the Rosicrucian, "fills me with abhorrence; and yet life is totally devoid of happiness. Happiness! O delusive phantom of humanity, how art thou attainable? Through Fame? Fame is mine, and I am wretched. Over the realms of civilization my name is noised abroad; in the populous

cities the glory of my art resounds: when my barge glided among the palaces of Venice, the blue Adriatic was purpled with blossoms in my honour.—Fame? Fame brings not happiness to Cagliostro. Wealth? Not so. Ducats, pistoles, louis-d'or, have brought no panacea to the sorrows of Balsamo. Beauty? Nay; for, in the profligate experience of capitals, the sage is saddened with the knowledge that comeliness, at best, is but an exquisite hypocrisy. I have strived also, vainly, for contentment in the luxuries of voluptuous living. The talisman of Epicurus has evaded my grasp—the glittering bauble! The ravishing ideal, Joy, has been to me not as the statue to Pygmalion: I have grovelled down in adoration at its feet, and have found it the same immobile, relentless, unresponsive image. Youth is yet mine, but it is a youth hoary in desolation. Centuries of anguish have flooded through my bosom, even in the hey-day of existence. The tangible and the intangible, the visible and the invisible, the material and the immaterial have been at deadly strife in my conjectures. The present has been to me an evasion, the future an enigma; the earth a delusion, the heavens a doubt. Even the pomp of those inexplicable stars is a new agony of indecision to my recoiling fancy—so impassive in their unchangeableness, so awful in the quiescence of their eternal grandeur. Supreme, too, in my bewilderment, remains the problem of their revolutions—the cause of their impulsion, as well as of their creation. Baffled in my scrutiny of the sublime puzzle which is *domed* over the globe at nightfall, dizzy with the contemplation of such abysses of mystery, my thoughts have reverted to this earth, in which pleasure sparkles but to evaporate. No solace in the investigation of those infinitudes, which are only fathomable by a system revolting to my judgment—the system of a theocratic philosophy; no consolation in the dreamings evoked by the lore of the stupendous skies: my heart throbs still for the detection and the possession of happiness. Nature has endowed me with senses—five delicate and susceptible instruments—for the realization of bodily delight. Sights of unutterable loveliness, tones of surpassing melody, perfumes of delicious fragrance, marvellous sensibilities of touch and palate, afford me so many channels for enjoyment. Still the insufficiency of the palpable and appreciable is paramount; still the everlasting dolor interposes; the appetite is satiated, the aroma palls upon the nostrils, the nerves are affected by irritability, the harmony merges into dissonance; even the beautiful becomes so far an abomination that man is 'mad for the sight of his eyes that he did see.' Such is the sterile and repulsive penalty of the searcher after happiness. Happiness! O delusive phantom of humanity, how art thou attainable?"

A thrill pervaded the frame of the visionary as he paused in his meditations. Subtle as the birth of an emotion—solemn as the pre-

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sage of a disaster—terrible as the throes of dissolution, was the pang that agonized the Rosicrucian. His flesh crept upon his bones at the consciousness of a preternatural but invisible presence—the presence of an unseen visitant in the dead of the midnight! His heart quaked as it drank in, like Eliphaz, "*the veins of its whispers*." There was no sound or reverberation, and yet the language streamed upon the knowledge of the listener with a distinctness beyond that of human articulation. The stillness of his solitude was only broken by the rustling of the night-breeze among the laurustines, and yet in the ears of Cagliostro there was the utterance as of unsubstantial lips—the sense as of a divine symphony—" the thunder, and the music, and the pomp " of an unearthly Voice.

" Balsamo ! " it cried, " thy thoughts are blasphemy; thy lamentations are foolishness; thy mind is darkened by the glooms of a most barren dejection. Away ! vain Sceptic, with the syllogism of infidelity. The glory of the immortal WILL evades thy comprehension in the depths of infinitude. When in its natural brightness, the spiritual being of man reflects that glory as in a mirror. *Thine* is blurred by sensuality. Tranquillity is denied thee, because of the concupiscence of thy ambition. A profligate and venal career has troubled thy soul with misgivings. Thou hast scorned even the five senses—those golden portals of humanity ! Arise, Balsamo, and behold the teaching of eternity !"

As the last sentence resounded in the heart of Cagliostro, up into the air floated the Rosicrucian and the Voice.

TIBERIUS.

Time and distance seemed to be conquered in that mysterious ascension, and an impenetrable darkness enveloped the impostor as he felt himself carried swiftly through the atmosphere. When he had somewhat recovered, however, from his astonishment, the motion ceased, and the light of an Italian evening beamed upon him from the heavens. A scene then revealed itself around Cagliostro, the like of which his eyes had never before beheld, or his imagination, in its wildest mood, conceived.

He was standing in a secluded grove in the island of Capræ. Fountains sparkled under the branches; blossoms of the gaudiest colours flaunted on the branches; or enamelled the turf; laughter and music filled the air with a confusion of sweet sounds; and among the intricacies of the trees, bands of revellers flitted to and fro, clad in the antique costumes of Rome. Under the shadow of a gigantic orange-bush, upon a couch of luxurious softness and embroidered in gorgeous arabesques, there reclined the figure of an old man. His countenance was hideous with age and debauchery. Sin glimmered in the evil light of his eyes—those enormous and blood-shot eyes, with which (*prægrandibus oculis*) the historian tells us he could see even

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in the night time.* Habitual intemperance had inflamed his complexion, and disfigured his skin with disgusting eruptions; while his body, naturally robust in its proportions, had become bloated with the indolence of confirmed gluttony. A garment (the *toga varilis*) of virgin whiteness covered his limbs; along the edge of the garment was the broad hem of Tyrian purple indicative of the imperial dignity; and around the hoary brow of the epicurian, was woven a chaplet of rose and aloe leaves.

Cagliostro recoiled in abhorrence before a spectacle at once so austere and lascivious. His spirit quailed at the sight of a visage in which appeared to be concentrated the infamy of many centuries. His soul revolted at the sinister and ferocious expression pervading every lineament, and lurking in every wrinkle. As he gazed, however, a blithe sound startled him from the umbrage of the boughs. Quick, lively, jocund, to the clashing of her cymbals, there bounded forth an Italian maiden in the garb of a Bacchante. Her feet agile as the roe's, her eyes lustrous and defiant, her hair dishevelled, her bosom heaving, her arms symmetrical as sculpture, but glowing with the roseate warmth of youth, the virgin still rejoiced, as it were, in the tumult of the dance. Grapes of a golden-green, relieved by the ruddy-brown of their foliage, clustered in a garland about her temples, and leaped in unison with her movements.—Around! with her raven tresses streaming abroad in ringlets—around! with her sandals clinking on the gravel to the capricious beat of her cymbals—around! with her light robes flowing back from a jewelled brooch above the knee—singing, sparkling, undulating, circling, rustling, the Bacchante entranced the heart of the Rosicrucian. She gleamed before him like the embodiment of enthusiasm.—She was the genius of motion, the divinity of the dance: she was Terpischore in the grace of her movements, Euterpe in the ravishing sweetness of her voice. A thrill of admiration suffused with a deeper tint even the abhorred cheek of the voluptuary.

By an almost imperceptible degree, the damsel abated the ardour of her gyrations, her cymbals clashed less frequently, the song faded from her lip, the flutter of her garments ceased, the vine-fruit dropped upon her forehead. She stood before the couch palpitating with emotion, and radiant with divine beauty. In another instant, she had prostrated herself upon the earth, for in the decrepit monster of Capreæ she recognized the lord of the whole world—Tiberius.

"Arise, maiden of Apulia," he said, with an immediate sense that he beheld another of those innocent damsels, who were stolen from their pastoral homes on the Peninsula to become the victims of his depravity. "Arise, and slake my thirst from yonder goblet. The

* Thus writes Suetonius—"prægrandibus oculis, qui quod mirum esset, noctu etiam et in tenebris, viderent, sed ad breve, et quum primum a somno patuissent; deinde rursum hebescebant."—TIB. cap. lxviii.

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tongue of Tiberius is dry with the avidity of his passion."

An indescribable loathing entered into the imagination of the Bacchante even as she lay upon the grass; yet she rose with precipitation and filled a chalice to the brim with Falernian. Tiberius grasped it with an eager hand, and his mouth pressed the lip of the cup as if to drain its ruby vintage to the bottom. Suddenly, however, the eyes of the old man blazed with a raging light; the scowl of lust was forgotten; the vindictiveness of a fiend shone in his dilated eye-balls, and, with a yell of fury, he cast the goblet into the air, crying out that the wine *boiled like the bowl of Pluto*. He was writhing in one of those paroxysms of rage, which justified posterity in regarding him as a madman. The howling of Tiberius resounded among the verdure, as the rattle of a snake might do when it raises its deadly crest from its lair among the flowers.—Quick as thought, at the first sound of those inexorable accents, the grove was thronged with the revellers. They jostled each other in their solicitude to minister to the cruelty of the despot; and that cruelty was as ruthless, and as hell-born, as it was ingenious and appalling.

Obedient to a gesture of Tiberius, the Bacchante was placed upon a pedestal. For a moment, she stood before them an exquisite statue of despair—exquisite even in the excess of her bewilderment. For a moment, she stood there stunned by the suddenness of the commotion, and frantic with the consciousness of her peril. For a moment she gazed about her for aid wildly, but, alas! vainly. No pity beamed upon her in that more horrible Gomorrah. The marble trembled under her feet—a sulphurous stench shot through the crevices—the virgin shrieked and fell forwards scorched and blackened to a cinder. She was blasted, as if by a thunderbolt.*

Cagliostro looked with horror upon the ashes of the Bacchante.—He had seen youth stricken down by age; he had seen virtue annihilated, so to speak, at the mandate of vice; he had seen—and even *his* callous heart exulted at the thought—he had seen innocence snatched from pollution, when upon the very threshold of an earthly hell. While rejoicing in this reflection, he was aroused by the stertorous breathing of the emperor. The crowned demon of the island was being borne away to his palace upon the shoulders of his attendants. Although maddened by an insatiable thirst, and by a gloom that was becoming habitual, the monster lay upon his cushions as impotent as a child, in the midst of his disease and iniquities.

At the feet of the Rosicrucian were huddled the bones of the vir-

* Those who are familiar with the classic historians, will see in this description no exaggeration whatever. Instruments for the destruction of life yet more awful and mysterious were employed by many of the predecessors, and many of the successors of Tiberius, as well as Tiberius himself. That he was capable of atrocities yet more terrific, and that murders of the most inhuman kind were the consequence of almost every one of his diabolical whims, those acquainted with the picturesque narratives of Suetonius already know.

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gin of Apulia; and the babbling of the fountains was alone audible in the solitude.

"Such," said the mournful Voice, as Cagliostro again felt himself carried through the darkness—"such, Balsamo, are the miseries of a debauched appetite."

HEROD AGRIPPA.

In another instant, the impostor was standing upon the floor of a gigantic amphitheatre in Palestine. The whole air was refulgent with the light of a summer morning, and through the loopholes of the structure, the eye caught the blue shimmer of the Mediterranean.—Banners emblazoned with the ciphers of Rome, fluttered from the walls of the amphitheatre. Its internal circumference was thronged with a vast concourse of citizens; and, immediately about the Rosicrucian, groups of foreign traders, habited as if for some unusual ceremony, were scattered over the arena. Expectation was evinced in every movement of the assemblage, in every murmur that floated round the benches. The worshippers were there, it seemed, and were awaiting the high-priest.—That high-priest was approaching, and more than a high priest; for Herod Agrippa, the tetrarch of Judea, had descended from Jerusalem to Cæsarea, for the celebration of warlike games in honour of the Emperor Claudius, and, on the completion of those festivities, the deputed sovereign had consented, at the intercession of Blastus, to receive a deputation of certain Phenician ambassadors who were solicitous for an assurance of his clemency. Those envoys—the merchant princes of Tyre and Sidon—were tarrying in the public theatre of the city, for the promised interview, in presence of the people of Samaria.

Cagliostro marvelled, as he scanned the scene before him, whether it were all a reality or a delusion of his fancy; but the rapping of the surge upon the adjacent beach and the perfume of Oriental spices impregnated the breezes from the Levant, and even the motes, that swarmed about him like phosphoric atoms, proved that it was no juggle of distempered imagination.

Suddenly the air was rent with acclamations: the crowd rose as if by a single impulse; trumpets sounded in the seven porches of the amphitheatre; again the plaudits shook the air like the concussion of enthusiasm, and the deputation in the arena prostrated themselves in the dust. Balsamo saw, at once, the reason of this rejoicing; he saw the tetrarch of Judea seated upon a throne of ivory. The crown of Agrippa glittered upon his forehead with an unnatural brightness—it was of the purest gold, radiating from the brow in spikes, and flecked with pearls of an uncommon size. Silent—erect—inflated with pride at his own grandeur, and the adulation of the rabble, sat the King of Palestine. Silent—awe-stricken—uncovered before the majesty of the representative of Claudius, stood the people of

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Samaria and Phenicia. Extreme beauty, of an elevated and heroic character, shone upon the features of Herod, although his beard was grizzled with the passage of fifty-four winters. In the midst of the silence of the populace, the morning sun rose, almost abruptly, above the topmost arches of the edifice, and darted his beams full upon the glorious garments of Agrippa. It played in sparkles of intense lustre upon the jewels of his diadem; and upon the outer robe, which was of silver tissue, woven with consummate skill and powdered with diamonds, the refraction of the sunlight produced an intolerable splendour.* The Samaritans shielded their eyes from its magnificence; they were dazzled; they were blinded; they thrilled with admiration and astonishment.

Agrippa spoke.

At the first sound of his accents, there was a whisper of awe among the multitude—it increased—it grew louder—it arose to the heavens in one prolonged and jubilant shout of adoration.

"It is a God!" they cried—"it is a God that speaketh, not a man!"

As the language of that impious homage saluted the ears of Herod, his mouth curled with a smile of satisfaction, his soul expanded with an inexpressible tumult of emotions, he drank in the blasphemous flatteries of the rabble, and assumed to himself the power and the dignity of the Most High God. Yet in the very ecstacy of those sensations, his countenance became ghastly, his lips writhed, his eyes beheld with unutterable dismay the omen of his dissolution—the visible phantom of an avenging Nemesis. He staggered from his throne, crying aloud in the extremity of his anguish; a sudden corruption had seized upon his body—he was being devoured by worms.

The heart of Cagliostro quailed within him at the lamentation of the people of Samaria, as they beheld their idol smitten down by death in the midst of his surpassing pomp. Even the Jewish hagiographer tells us, with pathetic simplicity, that King Agrippa himself wept at the wailings of the adoring mob.

Again the Alchemist found himself enveloped in darkness—again the unearthly Voice stole into his brain.

"Lo," it said, "how the frame rots in the ermine; how the body and soul are polluted by vicious passions! Such, Balsamo, are the penalties of the lusts of the flesh."

MILTON.

Another scene then revealed itself to the Rosicrucian, but one altogether different from those he had already witnessed. Instead of being in an Oriental amphitheatre, he was standing in a rural lane; instead of tumult he found tranquillity; instead of regal pageantries an almost primitive simplicity. He inhaled the sweet smells of

* His garb, writes Josephus, was so resplendent as to spread a horror over those that looked intently upon him."—Lib. xix, c. 8.

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clover and newly-turned mould with a zest hitherto unexperienced. The gurgling of a brook by the way-side saluted his ears, as it struggled through the rushes and tinkled over the pebbles, with a sound more agreeable than he ever remembered to have heard from the instruments of court musicians. For the first time nature seemed to disclose her real loveliness to his comprehension. Every where she appeared to abound with beauties: in the bee that lit upon the nettle and sucked the honey out of its blossom; in the nettle that nodded under the weight of the bee; in the dew that dropped like a diamond from the alder-bough when the trush alighted on its stem; in the thrush that warbled till the speckled feathers on its throat throbbed as if its heart were in its song; in the slug that trailed a silver track upon the dust; in the very dust itself that twirled in threads and circles on the ground as the wind swerved round the corner of the hedgerow. Cagliostro was entranced with the most novel and pleasurable emotions, as he strolled on towards the building he had already observed. From the elevation of the ground which he was traversing, his glance roved with admiration over a wide and diversified extent of country; over a prospect richly wooded and teeming with vegetation; over orchards laden with fruit and knee-deep in grass; over fields of barley bristling with golden ripeness; over distant mills, churning the water into foam, and driving gusts of meal out through the open door-way; over meadows where the sheep cropped the cool herbage, and the cattle lay in the sunshine sleeping; over village steeples, over homesteads brown with age, or hid amongst the verdure. The worldling scanned the profusion of the panorama with an amazement that was exquisite from its newness. He marvelled at the charms that strewed the earth in such abundance, at the almost unnumbered forms and colours of her vitality, at the wonderful harmony that subsisted amidst all those various hues and shapes. Never had the joys derivable from the sense of vision appeared of so much value as now that he gazed into the deep and delicious magnificence of nature. His sight, with a sort of luxurious abandonment, strayed over the contrasts, and penetrated into the distances of the landscape; his bosom swelled with the consciousness of sympathy with that creation of which he felt himself to be but a kindred unit, or, at best, a sentient atom.

It was while absorbed in these sensations, that Cagliostro paused before the rustic dwelling-house towards which his steps had been involuntarily directed. The building was situated at a few paces from the pathway. There was nothing about it to arrest the attention of a passer-by, except perhaps an appearance of extreme but picturesque humility. The walls were riveted together with iron-bands in cross-bars and zigzags; the brickwork was decayed and crumbling away in blotches; the roof was low and thatched. Yet, in spite of these evidences of pov-

erty, the scholar regarded the structure with a reverential aspect, with such an aspect as he might have presented had he contemplated the hut of Baucis and Philemon.

The threshold of this obscure edifice formed of itself a bower of greenery, thickly covered with the blooms of the honey-suckle. Under the porch was seated a man of a most venerable countenance. He was muffled in a gray coat of the coarsest texture, and his legs being crossed, a worsted stocking and a slipper of untanned leather betrayed the meanness of his under garments. His hair, brilliant with a whiteness like that of milk, was parted in the centre of the forehead, and fell over his shoulders in those negligent curls called *oreilles de chien*, which became fashionable long afterwards, during the days of the French Directory. Had the Alchemist remained profoundly ignorant as to the identity of the old man, he must still have observed with interest, features which were equally characterised by the pensiveness of the student and the paleness of the valetudinarian. He knew, however, instinctively, as he had done upon the two preceding occasions, that he beheld a personage of illustrious memory. And he knew rightly, for it was Milton. While the great plague was desolating the metropolis, he had escaped from the residence in the Artillery Walk, and sought security from the contagion by a temporary sojourn in Buckinghamshire.

Opposite the immortal sage stood a person of about the same years, but of a very different deportment—it was the dearest of his few friends, and the most ardent of his many worshippers, Richardson. The latter was leaning against the trunk of a great maple-tree that grew close to the parlour-lattice, stretching forth its enormous branches in all directions, and mingling its foliage with the smoke that issued from the chimney. Richardson had been reading aloud but a moment before, from a volume of Boccaccio; he had placed the book, however, upon the window-sill, in obedience to a movement from his companion, and continued, with his arms folded and his eyelids closed, a silent and almost inanimate portion of the domestic group. The quietude which ensued was so contagious that Cagliostro remarked with a feeling of listlessness, the details and accessories of the spectacle—the silk curtains of rusty green festooned before the open window, the tobacco-pipe lying among the manuscripts upon the table, even the slouched hat hanging from the back of an arm-chair. The rambling meditations of Balsamo were soon concentrated upon a loftier theme, by the voice of Milton singing in a subdued tone the antistroph of a favourite ode of Pindar. As the noble words of the Greek lyrist rolled with an indescribable gusto from the lips of Milton, it seemed to the Rosicrucian that he had never before comprehended the true euphony of the language. And the visage of the old bard responded to the strain of Pindar; it was illumined with a certain majesty

of expression that imparted additional dignity to a countenance at all times beaming with wisdom. In appreciating the Pagan poet, the poet of Christianity appeared to glow with enthusiasm like that which entranced his whole soul in the moments of his own superb inspiration.* Nor was the grandeur of the head diminished in any manner by the unpoetical proportions of the body, for, according to the acknowledgment of his most partial biographer, Richardson, the stature of Milton was so much below the ordinary height, and so much beyond the ordinary bulk, that he might almost be described as "short and thick." Yet, notwithstanding these peculiarities of the frame, an august radiance seemed to envelop the brow—a brow, hoary alike from years and from misfortune—and to invest with a sublime air the figure of that old man huddled in that old gray coat. Cagliostro gazed with profound interest upon Milton as the rolling melody of Pindar streamed into his ears, when suddenly the song ceased, and the face of the singer was raised to the resplendent light of the heavens. Alas! those eyes turned vacantly in their sockets—those eyes which had once looked so sorrowfully on the sightless Galileo—those eyes which had mourned over the ashes of *Lycidas*, and rained upon them tears transmuted by poetry into a shower of precious stones! The misery of his blindness recurred to Milton himself at that same instant. A cloud of grief descended upon his countenance. He experienced one of those poignant feelings of regret which, in our own day, occasionally oppress the heart of Augustin Thierry—for with the sensibility of a poet he *knew* that the hour was beautiful. Never had Cagliostro seen human face express such exquisite but patient suffering; it seemed to be *listening* to the loveliness of the earth; it seemed to be *inhaling* the glories of nature, as it were, through those channels which were not obliterated. The stirring of the leaves, the scent of the woodbine, the pattering of the winged seeds of the maple upon the pages of Boccaccio, the fitful twittering of the birds—all ascended as offerings of recompense to the blind man, but they only tended to enhance the sense of his affliction. He caught but the skirts of the goddess of that creation whose glories he had chaunted in his celestial epic; and yet no murmur escaped from the dejected lip of Milton!

Again darkness surrounded the Rosicrucian—again the awful Voice resounded in his imagination.

"Behold!" it said, "the sorrows of the great and virtuous when the light is quenched: behold the divine prerogative of those who see? And know, Balsamo, that such are the boons thou hast contemned—such are the faculties thou hast polluted."

* It is impossible for any one devoted to the study of "Paradise Lost," of "Comus," even of "Samson Agonistes," and especially of "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro," to doubt that their writer was carried away at times by the œstrum, or divine afflatus, although Dr. Johnson discredits "these bursts of light, and involutions of darkness, these transient and involuntary excursions and retrocessions of invention."—See LIVES OF THE POETS, vol. i., p. 188.

MIRABEAU.

After a scarce perceptible pause, the Voice resumed: "The miseries of those who have abused or lost the powers of seeing, of tasting, or of feeling, have been revealed to thee, O sceptic? Thine eyes have penetrated into the dim retrospections of the past. Look onwards, Balsamo, and thou shalt discern the things that are germinating in the womb of the future."

Cagliostro had scarcely heard this assurance, when the curtain hitherto impenetrable to mortal, was raised—the dread shadows of the future were dispelled. He found himself in the upper apartment of one of the most distinguished mansions in Paris. The chamber, which was lofty and spacious, was enriched with the most costly furniture, and the most gorgeous decorations. Pilasters, incrusted with marble, and enamelled with lapis-lazuli, broke the monotony of the walls and supported the ceiling with their capitals.—Between these pilasters were pedestals surmounted with statuary and busts; and these, again, were reflected in the mirrors hung about the room in profusion. An almost Oriental luxury characterized the Turkish carpets, as soft as the green sward, and the draperies of velvet which concealed the windows, and fell in graceful folds about a bed at the opposite end of the apartment. An antique candelabrum stood upon the mantle-piece and shed a rosy and voluptuous light over this domestic pomp, while some odorous gums crackled in a chafing-dish upon the hearth, and loaded the air with their fragrance.

Familiar as the Rosicrucian was with splendour, his glance roved over these appurtenances with delight, for he had never before seen the evidences of wealth so enhanced by the evidences of refinement.—He thought that the possession of such a dwelling would be something towards the realization of happiness. In the very conception of that ignoble thought, however, he received a solemn and effectual admonition. Before him, in the silent chamber, on either side of it groups of attendants and men robed in the costumes of the court and the barracks, was a death-bed. It was the death-bed of an extraordinary being, the owner of all this grandeur. It was the death-bed of Honoré-Gabriel de Mirabeau.

The patrician demagogue reposed upon the pillows in the final stage of dissolution, and his broad forehead was already damp with the sweat of his last agony. Cagliostro surveyed the dying tribune with emotion, for in the very hideousness of his countenance there was a subtle and indefinable fascination. The gigantic stature which had so often awed the tumults of the National Assembly was prostrate. The voice, whose brazen tones had sounded like a trumpet over the land was hushed—that voice which had exclaimed with such sublime significance to the Marseillais—"When the last of the Gracchi expired, he flung dust towards heaven, and from this dust sprang Marius!"—that voice which

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had conquered the aversion of Mademoiselle de Marignan, with its seductive melody—that voice which had been at once the oracle of the king and the law of the rabble.—Mirabeau lay before the Rosicrucian with his natural ugliness rendered yet more repulsive by the tokens of a terrible malady. The touch of death imparted additional horror to the massive deformity of his skull, to the coarseness of his pock-marked features, to his sunken eye-balls, to his cheeks scarred by disease, to his hair bristling and dishevelled like that of a gorgon. Still, through all these unsightly and almost loathsome peculiarities, there was perceptible a sort of masculine susceptibility. It was that susceptibility which gave zest to his debaucheries, and occasionally subdued into pathos the storms of his dazzling and sonorous eloquence.

Never was a solitary life prized by so many millions, as that which was then ebbing from the breast of Mirabeau. He seemed to be the only guarantee for the solid adjustment of the Revolution. With his disappearance, all hope of tranquillity and good government was prepared to vanish. His was the intellect in which the extremes of that momentous epoch were united. He was the antithesis of public opinion. Noble by birth and plebian by accident, a democrat in principle and a dictator in ambition, the shield of the monarch and the sword of the people, he was placed exactly between the contending powers of the age. He was the arbiter between the royalty and revolt; on the one side he acquired the obedience of the sovereign through his fears, and on the other he obtained the allegiance of the multitude through their aspirations. His supremacy occupied at the same moment the palace, the legislative chamber and the market place; for all recognised *in* him the omen of their good fortunes, and *through* him the realization of their wishes. Flattered by the minions of the monarchy, applauded by the members of the National Assembly, and idolized by the mob, his influence rested, as it were, upon a triple foundation. And yet, by a contradiction as remarkable as the anomalies of his own character, all parties were disposed to rejoice at the probability of his departure. The King was gratified at the thought of his removal, forasmuch as Mirabeau was the impersonation of a formidable sedition: the political adventurers exulted in the prospect of his diseases, because he monopolized popularity, and rendered them insignificant by the contrast of his colossal genius; the people, in like manner, were not altogether displeased at the notion of his extinction, because he appeared to them the only obstacle between themselves and the supreme authority. All valued him as their present preserver, and all hated him as their future impediment. Such were the conflicting sentiments entertained towards Mirabeau, during the last incidents of his eccentric and volatile career. And in the midst of so many antagonistic interests, he alone remained unshaken

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and unappalled, his oratory rendering him still the mouth-piece of the Revolution, his duplicity its diplomatist, and his intellectual contrivance its statesmen. Nor was he satisfied with these successes; he sought others, and was equally fortunate. Profligacy and legislation equally divided his enthusiasm between them, and proved him to be not only the most daring politician, but the most debauched citizen in France. His power and popularity had now, however, reached their apogee, and Honoré-Gabriel Riquettii Comte de Mirabeau was stretched upon his death-bed.

Cagliostro approached the couch and listened, for the great demagogue was speaking. His voice was harsh even in a murmur, though it still retained, according to Lemercier, "a slight meridional accent." The rosy light of the candelabrum beamed upon his cadaverous lips.

"Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that thus I may enter upon eternal sleep."

Memorable words—the last words of Gabriel de Mirabeau. They embody the spirit of his sterile philosophy, and are in unison with the evanescence of his genius.* As Cagliostro observed the limbs convulsed and the eyes glazed with a simultaneous pang, he was caught up again into the darkness, and again his soul hearkened to the whispers of the Holy Voice.

"Thus," it said, "are those recompensed with disease and satiety, who are the slaves of their meanest, as of their noblest appetites; thus is their talisman shattered in the hour of its attainment."

BEETHOVEN.

When the reproachful accents ceased, Balsamo felt his feet once more pressing the earth, and the breezes rustling against his domino. He was wandering in the garden of what is termed the Schwarzpanier House, situated on a slope or glacis in the outskirts of Wahring. The evening was so far advanced, that candles already twinkled from the upper windows of the building, while the fires of the kitchen checkered the shrubs and gravel with patches of glaring light. Through the flower-beds, and along the intricate paths of the shrubbery, the Alchemist strolled at a languid pace, musing upon the things he had already witnessed, when his vigilant ears caught the tones of a musical instrument. Although it was scarcely audible from the distance, Cagliostro was struck by the extreme beauty and *espiéglerie* of the performance. He hurried forward in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, and at each step they became more distinguishable and bewitching. After a momentary feeling of indecision when he reached the walls of the Schwarzpanier, the Alchemist ascended a flight of steps, and passed through the open casement of a French-window into a modest

* Even M. Alphonse de Lamartine acknowledges of Mirabeau that neither his character, his deeds, nor his thoughts, have the brand of immortality."—Hist. Giron., Liv. i., chap. 3.

sitting-room. The musician whose skill had attracted him, was seated in the gray twilight at a piano.—Cagliostro scarcely noticed that he was a man of short stature but of muscular proportions: he scarcely remarked, indeed, either the apartment or its occupant; his whole consciousness was absorbed in the melody that streamed from the instrument.

At first, the fingers of the player seemed to frolic over the keys, as though they toyed with the vibrations of the strings. The sounds were sportive and jocund; they rippled like laughter; they were capricious as the merriment of a coquette. Then they merged into a sweet and warbling cadence—a cadence of inimitable tenderness, the very suavity of which was rendered more piquant by its lavish variations. The measure changed, with an abrupt fling of the treble-hand; it gushed into an air quaint and sprightly as the dance of Puck—comic, odd—sparkling on the ear like zig-zags; it threw out a shower of notes; it was the voice of agility and merriment; it was grotesque and fitful, droll in its absurd confusion, and yet nimble in its amazing ingenuity. Gradually, however, the humorous movement resolved itself into a strain of preternatural wildness; a strain that made the blood curdle, and the flesh creep, and the nerves shudder. It abounded with dark and goblin passages; it was the whirlwind blowing among the crags of the Jungfrau, and swarming with the forms and cries of the witches of the Walpurgis; it was Eurydice traversing the corridors of hell; it was midnight over the wilderness, with the clouds drifting before the moon; it was a hurricane on the deep sea; it was everything horrible, wierd-like, and tumultuous.—And through the very fury of these passages there would start tones of ravishing and gentle beauty—the incense of an adoring heart wafted to the black heavens through the lightnings and lamentations of Nineveh. Again the musician changed the purpose of his improvization; it was no longer dismal and appalling, it was pathetic. The instrument became, as it were, the organ of sadness; it became eloquent with an inarticulate woe; it was a breast bursting with affliction, a voice broken with sorrow, a soul dissolving with emotions.—Then the variable harmonies rose from pensiveness into frenzy, from frenzy into the noise and the shocks of a great battle; they swelled to the din of contending armies, to the storms and vicissitudes of warlike deeds, and soared at last into a pæan such as that of victorious legions when—

> "Gaily to glory they come,
> Like a king in his pomp,
> To the blast of the tromp,
> And the roar of the mighty drum!"

As the triumphant tones of the instrument rolled up from its recesses, and filled the apartment with a torrent of majestic sounds, as the musician swayed to and fro in the enthusiasm of his sublime inspirations, and enhanced the divine symphony by the crash of many thrilling and abrupt discords, the

Rosicrucian gazed with awe upon the responsive grandeur of his countenance. The impetus of his superb imagination imparted an inconceivable dignity to every lineament—to his capacious forehead, to his broad and distended nostrils, to the fierce protrusion of his underlip, to the mobile and generous expression of his mouth, to the tawny yellow of his complexion, to the brown depths of his noble and dilated eyes. There was something in unison with the glorious sounds that reverberated through the chamber, even in the enormous contour of his head and the gray disorder of his hair. He seemed to exult in the torrent of melody as it gushed from the piano and streamed out upon the dusk of the evening. While Cagliostro was listening, in an ecstasy of admiration, he was startled by a sudden clangour among the base-notes—the music seemed to be jumbled into confusion, and the ear was stunned by a painful and intolerable dissonance. On looking more intently, he perceived that the composer had let one hand fall abstractedly upon the key-board, while the other executed, by itself, a passage of extraordinary difficulty and involution. Then for the first time, the thought struck him that the musician was deaf.* Alas! the supposition was too true; Beethoven was cursed with the loss of his most precious faculty. Those who appreciate the full splendour of his gigantic genius, those who conceive, with a distinguished composer now living, that "Beethoven began where Hadyn and Mozart left off;" those who coincide with an eminent critic, in saying that "the discords of Beethoven are better than the harmonies of all other musicians;" those, in fine, who worship his memory with the devotion inspired by his compositions, can sympathize in that terrible deprivation of the powers of hearing, by which his art was rendered a blank, and the latter years of his life were embittered. They will remember with gratitude the joys they have derived from the effusions of his fruitful intellect; they will call to their recollection the joyous chorus of the prisoners in *Fidelio*—the sublime and adoring hymn of the "Alleluia" in *The Mount of Olives*—the matchless pomp of the *Sinfonia Eroica*—the passionate beauty of the sentiment of *Adelaida*—the aërial grace of his quartettes and waltzes, the thrilling and almost awful pathos of the dirge written for six trombones—but, above all, they will recall to mind the noblest work ever conceived and perfected by composer, one of the greatest achievements of the human mind, *the Mass in D.* And, bearing these wonders in their memory, their hearts will ache for the doom of Ludwig Von Beethoven. None of these things, however, being

* This incident was suggested by a touching sentence in Schindler's biography of Beethoven. After observing that the outward sense no longer co-operated with the inward mind of the great composer, and that consequently, "the outpourings of his fancy became scarcely intelligible," Schindler continues: "Sometimes he would lay his hand flat upon the key-board, and thus drown, in discordant noise, the music to which his right was feelingly giving utterance."—See LIFE OF BEETHOVEN.

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known to the Rosicrucian, his sympathies were aroused solely by what he himself had heard and witnessed. Still that was more than enough to fill his whole soul with commiseration, especially as the sounds again burst in bewitching concert from the instrument, and a new inspiration lit up the visage of the musician. Cagliostro found himself, with profound sorrow, returning into the silent darkness, and the solemn Voice stealing, for the last time, into his brain.

"Behold, Balsamo," it said, "the pleasures that may vanish with the loss of hearing. Behold, and shudder at the remembrance of thy blasphemies. Recognize the goodness of Omnipotence in thy five senses—value them beyond either rank, or wealth, or dignity, or fame, or power,—value them as the five mysterious talismans of human life; and, in thy virtuous employment, know that earthly happiness *is* attainable!"

While these words were resounding in his mind, the Rosicrucian felt himself carried with inconceivable swiftness through the atmosphere. Immediately they ceased he became motionless, though he was still enveloped in the shadows of night. All that had recently occurred to him,—all the strange and moving circumstances of which he had been a spectator, then thronged upon his recollection, and stirred his heart with astonishment. His imagination responded to his amazement. He revisited again, in thought, the blooming grove of Capreæ, the pageantries of Cesarea, the green lanes of Buckingham, the luxurious *salon* of Paris, and the twilight of the garden of Währing. Italian beauty lived again in his remembrance, but a beauty marred by licentiousness and cruelty. He seemed to behold once more the multitudes of Palestine, the landscapes of England, the dainty splendours of France, and the tranquil homes of Germany. Gradually, however, his reflections became less incoherent, and the meaning of the vision appeared to evolve itself before him, in inductions fraught at once with reproach and consolation. Coupling together the truths enunciated by the voice of his unseen visitant, and the spectacles revealed to him in succession through its agency, the Alchemist bethought himself whether his original impressions, as to the condition of humanity, might not, in a great measure, have been erroneous. What he had just witnessed assured him, in an unanswerable manner, that overt crimes or overt virtues were merely the good or evil employment of one or other of the five senses; that they were the bright and black spots upon the spiritual nature of man, the *faculæ* and the *maculæ*, as it were, on the disc of his conscience. He perceived especially that these organs were the channels through which that immaterial portion of humanity was brought into communication with a material existence, was compelled to endure its miseries, or was enabled to appreciate its enjoyments. Balsamo had been taught the inestimable value of

those senses, and the penalties of such as abused them by their vices. Five incidents, most touching, or most appalling, had reminded him of the exquisite pleasure derivable from created things, through the eyes, through the nostrils, through the ears, through the palate, and through the nerves. He had seen the anguish, moreover, of those who suffered from the deprivation of either sense, or of those who were tortured by the result of their own heinous misapplication. He had seen this in the insanity of Tiberius, in the torments of Agrippa, in the sadness of Milton, in the desolation of Mirabeau, and even in the philosophic sorrows of Beethoven. The emperor, the tetrach, the poet, the demagogue, and the musician, crowded upon his memory and appealed to his judgment with the same melancholy distinctness. Still the villainous predilections of the Rosicrucian contended for the mastery, although his intellect recognised the wisdom of the Vision. A fierce strife arose between his passions and his reason.

Suddenly his eyes opened to the splendour of an autumn morning; and as the sunlight poured along the *Boulevard de la Madeleine*, as it gilded every blade of grass in the paddock, and streamed in golden pencils through the open window of the cottage, it glittered upon his cheek like raindrops.

Cagliostro was weeping.

The Intellectual Repository.

THE BEECHES OF OLD ENGLAND.

The Beech is one of the grandest of our forest-trees. It rises to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, and in dimensions, when full grown, surpasses all except the oak. No tree forms woods so dry and pleasant to walk in, though grasses do not flourish beneath the shade; and at every season of the year it presents some remarkable and pleasing peculiarity. In the depth of winter it is told by the smooth gray bark and the arrangement of the branches; in spring by the buds; in summer by the leaves; while in autumn, if close by, we have the very curious seed-pods, and at a distance, those auburn and coppery-golden dyes which place the beech in the front rank of painted-foliage trees.

The general character of the trunk and branches gives the idea, more than is done by any other tree, of that glorious style of architecture termed the Gothic. The columned temples of ancient Greece, and the still older ones of ancient Egypt, lead the imagination away to palm-trees, and in all probability are mementos of the use of those trees by the earliest designers of high-class buildings—in the beech, on the other hand, though there is no reason to suppose that there is any actual artistic and historical connection between the two things, we are

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powerfully reminded of the clustered pillars of a Gothic cathedral,—and especially of such as are formed of many independent and slender shafts, as in Westminster Abbey, and ordinarily in the style called "Early English." A grand old cathedral, with its innumerable harmonies of splendour, its "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults," its dimness and arcaded scenery, its calm, and repose, and coolness, its broken sunbeams, and imitative leaf and climbing plant on every vantage,—and not these only, but with its quiet and sculptured tombs, with mitred abbot and belted warrior, sleeping so softly,

> While the sound of those they fought for,
> And the steps of those they wrought for,
> Echo round their bones for evermore,—

a grand old catheral, we say, with these, and the thousand other solacing and inspiring charms, is always the counterpart, among men's works, of the ancient forest, where, in some mode or another, every one of its imposing qualities is reverberated;—it is pleasing, accordingly, to find that here and there, amid the trees of the wood, the exact forms and ideas worked out by the builder seem anticipated.—In this one, the beech, we have not merely the tall and erect pillar, smooth, except for odd cavities, depressions, and knobs; but in well-developed individuals, those singular grouping of erect branches which wear the semblance of clustered columns, and by-and-by give out from their summits, gracefully sweeping arches that seem the ribs of a roof of air. The smoothness of the bark fits the beech, more than any other tree, for the carving of letters and inscriptions, which, though distorted in the course of a few years, and eventually quite lost, by the gradual expansion, and decay of the outer portion, are for a while as clear and sharp as if cut in stone. How beautiful and how ancient are the associations of this practice! "There is a man," exclaims one of Shakspeare's immortal characters, "There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young trees, carving *Rosalind* on their barks." Twenty-five centuries before then lived Paris and Œnone,—the former that famous youth, who bred among old Priam's shepherds, and tending his flocks upon mount Ida, was suddenly called to adjudge the prize of beauty among the goddesses. Venus persuaded him with the promise of the finest woman in the world to wife, and for the sake of Helen, poor Œnone was forsaken. Till that ill-fated hour, from which dated the overthrow of Troy, and all the incidents and fables that are embosomed in the greatest poems of antiquity, Œnone and Paris had been playmates and lovers. Gone from her for ever, now she writes him one of those tender and moving epistles which Ovid has preserved for us as the "Letters of the Heroines," reminding him of the happy days when they were partakers in the same amusements, and when he had been used to carve her name on the bark of trees.

> Incisæ servant a te mea nomina fagi,
> Et legor Œnone falce notata tua.
> Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt;
> Crescite, et in titulos surgite recta meos!

"The beeches still preserve my

name, carved by your hand, and '*Œnone*,' the work of your pruning-knife, is read upon their bark. As the trunks increase, the letters still dilate; they grow and rise as testimonies of my just claim upon your love!" If the remembrance of these soft moments could not recall to her his wandering affection, how little, she expresses in this simple and pathetic allusion, can she hope to recover it in any other way. The poplar was used for the same purpose in ancient times, as we may gather from the lines that follow: "There grows a poplar," she continues, "by the river-side (ah, I well remember it!) on which is carved the motto of our love. Flourish, thou poplar!—fed by the bordering stream—whose furrowed bark bears this inscription—'Sooner shall Xanthus return to his source, than Paris be able to live without Œnone.'" By comparison, these things are trifles: to some they may seem silly, and not worth the citation. But to a heart that loves to contemplate the sweet simplicities of nature, and how little change the lapse of time promotes in all that concerns human affections and human sympathies, such records are dear. In these tender lines, as much as in any of the simple narratives of the Old Testament, we see that the passions and the events of to-day, the fidelities and the inconstancies, the lettered beech and the poplar by the river, are the same old and long-past ones ever again. Human life and nature are everywhere like the waterfalls among the Alps, sparkle, and tear-drops, and rainbows whenever we look, though the stream is never the same for a single instant.

Early in the spring the beech seems everywhere armed with little brown spikes. These are the buds, which in the peculiarity of their shape differ from those of every other British forest-tree. They are formed at the close of the previous autumn, and though during the winter the increase in size is scarcely perceptible, there appears to be still a slow progression. One of the most beautiful and suggestive phenomena in connection with tree-life is this early commencement of Spring. For while the almanac states March or April to be the beginning, and while our own first impressions seem to confirm it, in truth the beginning of Spring is many months before. Just as on a sweet summer's night, before the last glow of the sunset has quite departed, Aurora peeps from the east, so at the close of summer, if we look sharp, we may find indications on every hand, that a new season of life and energy is in reserve, and beginning even now.—The buds of the hedgerow willows are swollen, and often shining and silvery with the soft white silk that wraps their contents; the alder-trees and the hasels are hung with the green rudiments of their intended catkins; every musician has his instrument ready, and waits only to see the lifted hand that shall give the signal. All things begin farther back than we are apt to suppose; nature's cradles, like those of wicker, have not more of begin-

ning in them than of ending. Presently these little brown spikes begin to open in their sharp extremities. The coverings roll away, and in due time fall to the ground, strewing the surface till it looks like a threshing-floor. At the same time are disclosed the young green leaves and the *inner* coverings, which are of a delicate pink colour, dry, soft and shining, wavy and half curled, and so thin that the light goes through them. They hang about the opening leaves, and in the contrast of their exquisite tint, produces one of the loveliest spectacles of the vernal season.—Botanists call these pretty and transitory vestments of the buds the "perules." Every tree possesses analogous ones, larger or smaller, according to the species, but in none are they more delicately fashioned or tinted. The leaves themselves are doubled up precisely after the manner of a lady's fan, whence it is that on a fine warm day, in the beech (as happens in the sycamore and several other trees), there seems an almost miraculous start into life. The mode in which leaves are folded while in the bud, varies most wonderfully. Sometimes the leaf is rolled up like a scroll of paper.—Sometimes it is doubly rolled, or from each edge towards the central line, and not infrequently this condition is reversed by the roll being directed *backwards*. There are trees, and herbaceous plants also, in which the rolling is like that of a coil of ribbon; and here in the beech, as we have said, the folding is like that of a fan. The rapidity with which leaves expand is of course greatly influenced by their primitive condition, and thus it is more to the arrangement of the parts than to any casual or external circumstance that we are to look for the explanation of their very various rate of opening. So true is it, once over again, that when we desire to discover truth, we must go *inside*. The differences of the arrangement of the leaves in the bud are often accompanied by considerable differences in other particulars. The plum-tree, for instance, and the cherry-tree, are not more distinct in their produce than in this curious particular of the early leaf-folding, for while in the plum-tree the "vernation" is "convolute," in the cherry tree it is "conduplicate."

While young, the leaves of the beech are most beautifully ornamented with lines of silky hairs, which at the same moment constitute a defence for them. With the expansion of the blade, these lines of hairs are discovered to coincide with the veins; while along the edge of the leaf, projecting from it like the eyelashes from the margin of the eyelid, are similar hairs, which give it the most delicate fringe conceivable. No other British forest-tree has its young leaves thus fringed, so that in this one single particular we possess a certain guide. A young beech-grove, about the middle of May, when the foliage is tolerably well expanded, presents one of the greenest and airiest sights that trees afford.—The leaves are singularly thin and

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translucent, and these innumerable silvery fringes seem to aid in detaining the light. Embosoming ourselves in a little thicket of young beech, we learn for the first time in its fulness, what is the meaning of *green*, and the force of that charming line in Coleridge—

> "The level sunshine glimmers with green light."

Fully expanded, the striking and characteristic feature of the beech-leaf is at once obvious. To recognise this, it is useful to remember that tree-leaves are of five principal forms, viz :—

1. Needle-shaped, as in pines and firs.

2. Simple and with a midrib, as in the beech, oak, elm, lime, alder, hornbeam, hazel-nut, birch, poplar, willow, Spanish chestnut.

3. Simple and palmate, as in the maple, sycamore, and plane.

4. Digitate, as in the horse-chestnut.

5. Pinnate, as in the walnut and ash.

Two or three of those in the second class have the blade rather larger upon one side of the midrib than upon the other. This is the case with the beech, the margin of which is at the same time quite free from notches or incisions, and by these two simple characters it may thus, under any circumstances, be identified. In general figure the leaf is oval; the stalk is very short; the primary veins proceed towards the margin in parallel and nearly equidistant lines, and the surface is quite smooth.

Convinced, as are all thinking men, of the absolute unity of nature and with ten thousand familiar illustrations of it lying at our feet, it is agreeable to note those more recondite ones which "crop out," as geologists say, where least expected, and under conditions and circumstances the most dissimilar. Who, for example, at the first glance, recognises in the great class of leaves to which that of the beech is referable, and which is the predominant one in nature, the meanest herb and weed being possessed of it as well as the stateliest of trees—who, at the first glance, recognises in it the idea which is wrought out perfectly and consummately in the human body! The midrib of the leaf corresponds to and prefigures the spinal column; the great ribs which strike out therefrom prefigures the bones of the human skeleton which are called by the same name; the interior is traversed by a multitude of delicate sap-vessels that answer to the veins and their crimson blood; and over the entire surface is spread an exquisitely organized skin, through pores in which the leaf absorbs moisture, and perspires, and performs other functions so similar to those of the skin of the human body, that if clogged with dirt or soot, the plant suffers no less severely than a human being who ignores the bath. Nor is this all. Every portion of the blossom of a plant is a leaf curiously modified, so as to perform the various and special functions that pertain to flower life. Sepals and corolla, stamens and pistil, all these parts are leaves metamorphosed, while

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in the seed-pod we often find the leaf scarcely altered, as happens in the legume of the pea. Just as the ribs in the human skeleton are so curved and disposed as to form the great pectoral cavity in which lie the most vital organs of the animal fabric, so in the pod of the pea we find the edges of the leaf so brought together as to convert it into a casket for the seeds—the most important part of the plant, and round the history of which are concentrated all the most admirable phenomena of its existence.—Leaves scarcely altered, except in texture, similarly constitute the seed-pods of the larkspur, the aconite, and that gay golden blossom of spring, called the marsh-marigold; and exactly conforming with all these are the great seed-follicles of the South American trees called Sterculias.

The great glory of the beech is disclosed however in the month of October. The leaves then assume many shades of yellow and amber, and the surface being peculiarly adapted to reflect the light of the setting sun, the spectacle, when the weather is fine and mild, is most effective. Amid the immensely varied hues supplied by oak, and chestnut, and elm, the beech still lifts its magnificence distinct and unrivalled, and even the crown of its concluding moments has a richness superior to that of any other. Leaves, it may be well to say, assume these beautiful tints in autumn, through failure of their power to appropriate only the carbon of the atmosphere during the performance of the process of respiration. They become in consequence, super-oxygenised, and the oxygen, as in other cases manifests its presence by giving an unaccustomed brightness of tint. We are apt to speak of the fading of the leaves in autumn; it would be more truthful to speak of it as the autumnal painting. Very prone are we also to connect the idea of "autumnal foliage" with trees only, overlooking the fact that multitudes of herbaceous plants, including many of the most inconsiderable weeds of the wayside, are gifted with an equal beauty in the decline of life. No tint in nature is lovelier than the roseate amber of the October foliage of the little silver-weed, ***Potentilla Anserina***; while docks and sorrels glow with vivid crimson, and the hedge-parsley turns its fern-like leaves to the colour of a king's mantle. Nature delights here, as everywhere else, to echo her greatest things in her least ones. No blind heart was that which in old time said that Pan, the god of material nature, took for his wife the nymph Echo, *he* playing on his sevenfold pipe, wrought from the reeds by the river, while *she* gave response to every harmony.

Lastly, should we note the singular fruit of the beech. In May, soon after the young leaves are open, the tree is ornamented with ten thousand globular clusters, downy, and containing all the essentials of a flower; by the time that the lilac stars of the michaelmas-daisy begin to shine in the garden, these are

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followed by prickly pods the size of an acorn, and very curiously corresponding with acorns in structure. That part which in the fruit of the oak is a smooth-edged and hemispherical cup, in the beech is four-valved, the valves recurving like those of a chestnut; the acorn itself is represented by a triangular brown nut, with margins almost as sharp as the blade of a knife. In Spring these three-cornered seeds are prone to sprout, and among the mosses on the hedge-bank, beeches, like children at play, are found beginning the world anew.

Beeches are not, like oaks, the resort of many living creatures; the number of insects frequenting them is comparatively few, nor are they much sought after by the nest-builders. A pleasing association clings to the tree nevertheless, such as we have with scarcely another, for as long as children's voices are lovely to human souls, will be their trill of "the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." Naturalists find, in connection with the beech, quite another class of objects, viz., fungi of uncommon kinds—one in particular, that in autumn appears upon the trunks, and from its resemblance to sprays of white coral, has been classically named ***Hydnum coralloides.*** So beautiful are the plans and marshallings of nature! If to one tree be given good fruit, another excels in foliage; if one be tall and soaring, another gives sweet amplitude of shade, touching the earth with the tips of its great arms; and like the cities of a great empire, every one is noted for a merit and suite of qualities peculiarly its own.

Sunday Magazine.

THOMAS-À-KEMPIS' IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The greater number even of good religious books disappear with the age that produced them. It was sufficient honour for their authors to have ranked among the teachers of one generation. They may still be found upon the topmost and dustiest shelves of book-collectors, or in the cellars of national libraries, but they have ceased to exert any appreciable influence on the religious thought and action of posterity. What was most valuable in such writings has probably been assimilated and reproduced in new forms and colours by other minds; what was ephemeral has vanished. This is true of thousands of works to which there was promised, at the time of their appearance, a certain immortality.

But there is a rare class of works, which, after making a profound impression on the age that saw their birth, are found to retain their popularity and power, and some of which after the lapse of centuries are, by means of translations, at

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this hour extending their intellectual and spiritual dominion. As in the instance of the bones of the old prophet, when the dead body was let down into his grave and was immediately revived by contact with them, so do these books continue to give forth a vitalising influence. When this is the case, it will generally be observed that the work contains an unusual amount of the essential truth of Scripture, which operates as a preservative spice or salt; that, along with this, the author has transfused into it an extraordinary measure of his own individuality and earnestness of his higher and better self, the stamping it with originality and freshness; and that genius or high talent, in some of its many forms, is linked to religious thought. As in the example of the antediluvians, the great vital force accounts for the longevity. To this rare class of religious compositions belongs "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas-à-Kempis. The earliest edition of this religious treatise carries us back through nearly four centuries or a hundred years beyond the reformation. In the intervening ages, it is affirmed to have been translated into sixty different languages, and to have passed through 1800 editions, and probably to have been more read than any other religious book, the Bible alone excepted. And that it has in no degree been indebted to external circumstances connected with its composition for the hold which it retains of human interest, may be concluded from the fact, that its authorship was, for many ages, the subject of as much discussion as that of the celebrated letters of Junius, and that the controversial works which have been expended on this one subject have occupied a hundred times more space than the original work itself. It became a national question between the learned schools of different countries; and universities ranged themselves on the side of opposite claimants. The theologians and literary men of France generally contended that Thomas-à-Kempis was merely the transcriber of the book, and that John Gerson, a famous chancellor of the University of Paris, was its real author. Others put forward the name of John Gersen, whose name has been found attached to one manuscript; but one is strongly tempted to suspect that this is only a slight misnomer for the Chancellor. The German and Flemish writers who entered the lists in this long-pending discussion, declared themselves on the side of à-Kempis, and were ultimately supported by the powerful authority of the Sorbonne. The external evidence on the side of the two principal claimants seems nearly equal; but not to speak of a very distinct line of unbroken tradition, the internal evidence turns the scale in favour of à-Kempis; for Gerson was never the inmate of a monastery, which Thomas-à-Kempis was for seventy years, and the whole composition bears the indubitable mark of monastic life, and evidently comes from the pen of a solitary, though kind-hearted ascetic.

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Only the scantiest fragments of information have been gathered regarding the life of this singularly eminent devotional writer. Like some other of our greatest names in literature, he is known almost entirely by his book. He is reported to have been born in the year 1380, at Kempen, a little walled town in the Duchy of Cleves. Beginning his theological studies at the age of thirteen, he assumed the habit of the Augustine monks at the age of twenty-five, joining himself to a society of this Order in the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes, of which he eventually became subprior. In this monastery he lived for seventy years, and was distinguished for his humility, his diligent study of the Scriptures, his ascetic severity of life, his moving eloquence of speech, as well as for the length of his vigils and the fervour of his prayers. And it was amid the lonely vigils of Mount St. Agnes, after he had long passed the middle period of human life, that his "Imitation of Christ" was slowly written, originally in the somewhat barbaric Latin, which was the common language of learned devotion in those days.

The title, "The Imitation of Christ," which has evidently been adopted from the first chapter, does not accurately designate the entire work. It might with more propriety be represented as descriptive of the inner life of a good man in his struggles against sin, and his efforts after the highest attainments in sanctity, and as designed by the meditations and the holy maxims with which it is thickly strewn, to assist and encourage others in similar contemplations and earnest soul-conflicts. In all this, there is much of conscious or unconscious autobiography. We may imagine him, like Savonarola in his cell at Florence—

> With looks commercing with the skies,
> His rapt soul sitting in his eyes.

The whole work, however is circumscribed by the conditions of a formal and entire separation from the outer world, so that there is scarcely any reference in it to social and domestic duties proving how inaccurately it has been designated "The Imitation" of Christ, who was reproached by his enemies for the freedom and frequency of his intercourse with men, "the friend of publicans and sinners." But within its own circle as I have thus described it, as reflecting the earnest aspirations of a devout spirit after the good and pure, the communion of the individual soul with itself and God, this work of à-Kempis is by far the most precious devotional treatise that preceded the great religious literature of the Reformation, at least since the time of the Confessions of St. Augustine. The principal which forms the undertone of the whole composition, is the duty and happiness of the complete subjection of our own will to the divine will; and the quaint lines of Bishop Ken have well expressed its condensed spirit:

> His will entire, he to God's will resign'd,
> And what pleas'd God, pleas'd his devoted mind·
> Thrice happy saint, remote from haunts of ill,
> Employed in hymn, and dispossess'd of will.

We have touched, in what we have just said, on one principal de-

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fect of the work,—a defect clinging indeed to all the devotional literature that is the growth of convents—that it reflects only the religion of contemplation and solitude. The retirement commended in the teachings of Scripture, and by the example of Christ and his Apostles, is temporary and not perpetual, voluntary and not votive—retirement in order to intercourse with men, and vigorous and devoted action for God when in the midst of them. John the Baptist was in the desert as the fit preparation for his appearing unto Israel; and Paul retired for a season into Arabia, but it was as part of his divine education for his going forth as the great missionary to the Gentiles. Jeremy Taylor, who wrote in a more favoured age than à-Kempis, has put the case not more happily in language than in discriminating thought, when he has said, "Solitude is a good school, and the world the best theatre. The institution is best there, the practice here. The wilderness hath the advantage of discipline, but society furnisheth the opportunities of perfection." Had the vigils of à-Kempis been alternated by social intercourse, and the culture of domestic virtue in family life, his piety would not have been less heavenly, but it would have been more human and genial, and would have touched human nature at far more points. The devotion of a monastery, even when like that of Thomas-á-Kempis it is most sincere and ardent, reminds us of a lamp burning in a place where it is abundantly fed with oil, but not duly sustained by a fresh and healthful atmosphere. Open the windows and let in a fuller stream of air, it will not extinguish the lamp, but will certainly make its flame purer and stronger.

Unquestionably, too, this remarkable work is also defective, through not bringing into greater prominence than it does the great central Christian motives and helps to holy living. It would indeed be unjust to à-Kempis to say that they are not there; but for the great purpose that he aims at in his book for himself and others, they are not sufficiently outstanding and diffused. In the place which they occupy, they remind us of the towers of public buildings and the village spires in North Holland, as descried by one when sailing on the Zuyder-Zee, scarcely appearing to rise above the flat surface. À-Kempis deals too exclusively in rules and self-inspection, and in a somewhat too vague and abstract contemplation, when he should be looking forth into the sunlight of divine truths, and laying open his bosom to their life-giving warmth. Compare the joy of Luther's religion with the sombre piety of the Augustinian recluse, and you will soon see the difference. On the one there too often falls the cold shadow of the convent-wall; the other is strong in his evangelical freedom, and his healthy happy spirit seems constantly to live within sound of the song of the angels at Bethlehem. We are even prepared to concede that there are passages in which contrition is tinged with asce-

ticism, in which the author appears to do battle quite as much with the instincts of the creature as with the depravity of the sinner, and in which the self-abnegation which he commends and practices has a nearer affinity to that of Madame Guyon and the Mystics than of Christ and his Apostles.

But when we have made these exceptions, "The Imitation of Christ" remains, in our estimate, a great and wondrous book still, standing out, like all great works, with the stamp of originality upon it, bringing the reader into intimate fellowship with a mind of uncommon natural powers that is aiming after seraphic purity, and elevating him into a region of thought into which it is impossible for a mind of any discrimination and religious susceptibility to pass, without coming forth wiser, humbler, and holier. That book must indeed have rare and solid excellencies of some kind, which has kept hold of the interest of Christendom for 400 years.

It is remarkable how few of the characteristic errors of the papal system show themselves in the work. Whether à-Kempis formally rejects them or not, assuredly they do not form the pabulum of his inner life. So much has this been felt by Romanists, that in what professes to be a "Brief Summary of the Four Books of the Imitation of Christ," which we have seen, evidently prepared by some Italian ecclesiastic, a considerable measure of the alloy of Romish doctrine is quietly mixed up with the purer gold of à-Kempis, and the whole treatise dishonestly altered for the worse. It is noticeable regarding the greatest of the old masters in painting, such as Michael Angelo, that when they represent sacred subjects, they shake off, by a kind of instinct, many of the human accretions that have gathered around them, and are much more faithful than inferior painters to the simple Scripture facts; and something like this is true doctrinally in regard to the best of those devotional writers, that ante-dated the Reformation. While, far from being uninjured by the superincumbent mass of error, their minds, like the roots of some vigorous tree, appear to have struck down to the richer and purer soil beneath, and to have drawn from it their chief nourishment.

"The Imitation of Christ" has a special value to the thoughtful student of Church history. For along with some other writings that appeared in those ages preceding the great revival of the sixteenth century, in which the simplicity of Christian doctrine was overlaid by the inventions of superstition, or superseded by the icy subtleties of the schoolmen, and vices and abuses of every form had grown rank and shameless within the pale of the visible Church, it proves that there were always men who did not partake of the sins and errors of the apostacy, but whose lives and writings were a constant protest against the surrounding evils. There was, in fact, a Protestanism before the Reformation, a stream of inextinguishable light which can be traced up through the darkness of the

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worst centuries. Bonaventura did much the same service as Thomas-à-Kempis, and Tauler's sermons and other popular writings, not without a vein of the "true evangel" passing through them and vitalising them, helped to keep from extinction the Church within the Church. God's hidden ones lived upon them in secret; and when the cry at length sounded throughout Europe, "Come out of her, my people," these were the men who first welcomed the sound, and not only stepped forth from their convents into the light of day, but into the intellectual and moral sunlight of a revived and restored Christianity.

We think, moreover, that a work like this has its special uses in times like ours, when the meditative element seems well-nigh excluded from the lives of so many Christians.—If religion in those days suffered from a too continuous contemplation, have we not, in our days, passed into an opposite extreme; and while we wisely shun the cloister, do we sufficiently frequent the closet? And, if in one case the waters became stagnant, do they not as certainly in the other case become shallow? It will not do, even for the most strong-winged bird, to be always on the wing.—A union of the solitude and self-scrutiny of men like à-Kempis with the action of the present age, would produce a form of Christian character more conformed to the Bible, and more perfect than either.—There never was a period in which it was more needed that Christ should take us into the desert for a while that He may talk with us.—Luther's practice of spending the three best hours of every day in solitary devotion, is far more wondered at by good men in these times than imitated. And, one kindred benefit likely to be derived from a discriminating acquaintance with this remarkable book, would be to make us more severe judges of ourselves, and so to feel less at ease and self-complacent; and to show us what so many persons with a Christian name appear to have almost forgotten, that the most intense and real, as well as momentous of all battles, is that which we wage within. The mower has always his whetstone near him when he is mowing; the devout Christian is wise who has the "Imitation of Christ" always within reach, to put a finer edge upon his spirit.

But what I believe has given its principal value to this book in the estimate of multitudes, is the wonderful beauty and heart-searching power of many of its detached sentences; there are barbed sayings in it, which pierce you through and through; there are others which refresh you by their suggestiveness; and others still which express familiar truths with a conciseness and beauty that remind you of apples of gold in baskets of silver. You cannot read many pages without pausing over a sentence, as you would over a rare gem in some collection or cabinet. Indeed, there are not a few individual sayings, which it would not be difficult to expand into a discourse without undue diffuseness;

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and we think we could even name sermons of some value with their open blossoms, of which the seed-thought had been found in Thomas-à-Kempis. Let us indulge in a few quotations, such as our own age might profitably ruminate.

"I had rather feel compunction, than be able to give the most accurate definition of it." This may serve as a rebuke to the men who are more anxious to appear right than earnest to be righteous.

And the following might be useful as a check on the imprudence of many in these times, who are ever leading forth novices in religion to parade their experience: "How often has the growth of holiness been checked by its being too hastily made known and too highly commended. And how greatly hath it flourished in that humble state of silence and obscurity so desirable in the present life, which is one scene of temptation, one continual warfare."

When Sir James Stephen says: "A scriptural mind is the best interpreter of Scripture," he only reproduces what our author had written four centuries before:—"Every part of the Holy Scriptures must be read by the same spirit by which it was written."

And when he thus counsels us, "In the morning and in the evening examine thy behaviour, what thou hast that day been in thought, word, or deed; for in all these, perhaps, thou hast offended God and thy brother," we are thankful to holy Herbert for having turned the vigorous prose into quaint verse:

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul, mark the decay
And growth of it: if, with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

When again he remarks that "it is unprofitable and vain to be dejected or elevated by the anticipation of that which may never come to pass—what other effect doth thy extreme anxiety about the events of to-morrow produce than the accumulation of anguish upon anguish?"—we are reminded of Howe's denunciation of the utter folly of "causing ourselves to suffer a thousand times beforehand in imagination, what we may only be called to suffer once in reality." The following sentences reflect much of the spirit of the whole book:—"When self is once overcome, the conquest of every other evil will be easy. This is the true victory, this is the glorious triumph of the new man! And he whose sensual appetite is kept in continual subjection to his spirit, and his spirit in continual subjection to the will of Christ, he is this mighty conqueror of himself and the lord of the whole world."

These are a few samples of those wedges of gold, those sayings of sanctified wisdom with which the treasury of this ancient book is replenished. It would not, indeed, be very difficult to bring forth other sayings to which we could not give an unqualified approval, and some from which we must entirely dissent. But Thomas-à-Kempis must be judged by the circumstances in the midst of which he lived, and which cast their influence upon him; and so judged, he will be a man

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wondered at. Had he flourished in the more favourable times which followed the Reformation, the greatest imperfections of his book would have been absent. He would still, indeed, have been the man of meek-eyed contemplation. We can imagine him in England, in the days of the Commonwealth or of the Restoration, finding congenial spirits in such men as George Herbert or Bishop Ken, walking with Jeremy Taylor in his half exile on the shores of Lough Neagh, and even visiting the humble dwelling of John Howe, listening for hours to his divine philosophy, and thanking him a thousand times for his great work, in which the highest forms of human thought blend so richly with meditative devotion: "A good man is the temple of God."

Chambers's Journal.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL.

Many grand, noble, and solemn memories enthrone themselves upon mountain-heights. The poet, the artist, and the historian alike love, venerate, and immortalise many a mountain, which adds to its solitary dignity and mysterious grandeur the sublime interest of some great event in the supernatural or natural history of the human race. Ararat and Sinai, Hermon, Horeb, and Moriah are names which transport the mind by their mere sound into a world of infinite thought, wonder, and interest. Around Gerizim and Ebal, venerable and sacred associations cluster, dating from the earliest days of which any record is preserved. And away in the far past, beyond all such records, are the probabilities of the story of the sacred hills. Looking at their rugged sides and gray summits, and remembering that in all likelihood Gerizim and Ebal had been consecrated mountains, and had witnessed the performance of sacrifice and religious rites ages before Abraham and his grandson Jacob erected there their altars to Jehovah, the story of the ancient people "the oldest and smallest sect in the world," whose dwelling-place is in the valley between them, whose lives are influenced by their traditions, as their homes are overshadowed by their majestic presence, acquires an extraordinary interest. There the present is a living illustration and explanation of the past; there the mind has not to travel through ages and gradations of history, to trace the fusion of races, the ravages of conquest, the removal of landmarks. All these are to be found on either hand; change and desolation spread widely around, and the glory of the past is but a sacred and solemn memory; but there, in the deep valley which lies between the holy hills, the past is not gainsaid by the present, the busy meddling of change has been stayed. "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and we worship," said a woman of Samaria, nineteen

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centures ago, to a wayfarer who questioned her, sitting by the brink of the well which Jacob had made for his flocks and his people, in the midst of a hostile people, who might have forbidden him the use of the stream which still flows near the patriarch's well. A little while ago, an English traveller sat on the same spot, probably upon the self-same stone, and Amram, the priest of the Samaritans, told him how their fathers had worshipped in this mountain, this gray old Gerizim, stretching away and aloft in the pure air, and under the hot, cloudless sky; and how they worship still, they the sole inheritors of the promise, the true children of the Covenant, who alone hold whole and unbroken the law of Moses, and possess the authentic roll of the Pentateuch.

In this little valley of Shechem dwelt Melchizedek, the mysterious priest of the Most High, and officiated, under the venerable oak of Moreh, in the sacred rites which preceded by long centuries the ceremonial law of Moses. Here Abraham offered up his first sacrifice in the Promised Land, and duly paid his tithes to Melchizedek.— On Gerizim, now proved to be the Moriah of Abraham, was that terrible and mysterious trial of the faith of the friend of God, the sacrifice of Isaac, applied, and triumphantly sustained. How must Moses have thought of all these things when he commanded that the children of Israel, when they should have crossed the Jordan, and entered upon the Promised Land, never to be trodden by his foot, should be halted between Gerizim and Ebal, in the valley of Shechem, to listen to the solemn proclamation of the Law. And when the triumphant claimants of the Covenant swarmed about the immemorial hills, they, and their children, and their cattle, drank sweet water from the well which Jacob, the father of the people, had given them when the Captivity was yet undreamed of; and now, behold, it had passed away, and they had come to fill the land and to possess it. Such as it was then, it is now, and the Law, as there proclaimed, is kept now, the customs then observed are observed now, though the tale of the greatness of the children of Israel is told and ended, though another Captivity and another restoration, a bitterer and wider ruin, and long ages of dispersion, homelessness, contempt, and contumely, the rule of the pagan, the presence of the Christian in their Holy Places and in their God-governed city, have made the chosen people a mere tradition for the historian of the past, a mere problem for the curious in the future.

A little while, and the sect of the Samaritans will be no more—a little while, and this wonderful illustration of the past will no more make the dead and gone ages real to the traveller's gaze. They are yielding slowly, but surely, to the law which, however long of operation, inexorably fulfils itself. Jacob's well has been purchased by the Greek Church. No more may

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the women of Samaria set down their water-jars by the brink, and speak with strangers there. The purchase is not talked about at present, but the mouth of the well has been filled in, so that it may be deserted; and when the fitting time comes, a magnificent building, rich with gold and gems, barbarous in taste, and unmeaning in ornament, will utterly efface the old Hebrew tradition, while it will (far less effectively than by the simple venerable well) commemorate the introduction of Christianity into Samaria by the founder of Christianity himself. A divided, and even antagonistic interest reigns in this wonderful spot for those who hasten to examine its landmarks while yet they endure, for here is the last stronghold of the faith of the patriarchs, still vital and active in the actual scene of the first mission inaugurated for its destruction.—Sacred as the valley of Shechem is to the Samaritans, who still worship the God of Moses according to the law of Moses, it has a double sanctity in the eyes of Christians incomprehensible to them.

The identity of Nablus, the dwelling-place of the last remnant of the sect of the Samaritans, with the ancient city of Shechem is indubitable. The pulpit-like projection on Gerizim, which overhangs the city, and from whence any man's voice might make itself heard by a great multitude without extraordinary effort, is an important piece of testimony, but the entire description otherwise coheres. There was the sacred oak, beneath which Jacob buried the idols of his father-in-law's household, and under whose branches Joshua set up the first of the great stones of the Law, as commanded by Moses. Hard by the sacred oak was the ancient Sanctuary of the Lord, for whose superior sanctity over that of the Temple at Jerusalem (a mushroon city, without rank or importance, until the merely modern times of King David), the Samaritans contended. Here, too, is that "parcel of ground" which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for a hundred pieces of silver, wherein the wanderers laid the bones of Joseph, which they had brought up out of Egypt. To Mount Ebal belongs the sacred inheritance of the tomb of Joseph. If the time ever comes when its sublime solitude shall be invaded, and its secrets explored, what may it not reveal. "We know," says Mr. Mills, "that Joseph was embalmed in Egypt; and being the most important personage next to the king, there is no doubt that the usual appendages of royalty were placed with him in the coffin. If this is the real tomb—and there is every reason to believe it is—then underneath is the sarcophagus, and even the mummy of Joseph, just as they were when deposited by the conquerers. The Mohammedan legend confirms the belief that when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, he carried Joseph's bones with him into Canaan and buried them by his ancestors; but it affirms that they had first been placed by the Egyptians in a marble coffin, and sunk in the

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Nile, in order to help the regular increase of the river, and deliver them from famine for the futnre.

It must be a sensation worth experiencing to look from the valley of Shechem over the slopes of Gerizim and of Ebal, as they recede gradually, and offer space for hundreds of thousands of auditors, and to try to picture to the imagination the spectacle of the reading of the Law. 'The ark is placed in the middle of the valley, with the "heads of the people" ranged on each side. The Levites of the one half of the tribes stood upon the lower spur of Gerizim to read the blessings, and the Levites of the other half stood upon the lower spur of Ebal to read the curses. The vast congregation filled the valley; and the women and children covered the sides of the mountain like locusts. The Levites on Mount Gerizim then read the blessings, and the Levites on Ebal read the curses, to which the vast assembly responded Amen! A congregation and a service compared with which all other assemblies the world has ever witnessed dwindle into insignificance? From ancient Shechem to the Nablus of to-day, what a wonderous survey of time, what a chronicle of change and immobility side by side with it! It was ancient in the days of Abraham, venerable when Jacob came by that way. It was the capital city of the conquered land, under Joshua, a Levitical town, and a city of refuge. It retained its pride of place while the Judges ruled in Israel; and though Abimelech destroyed it, it was rebuilt, and restored to all its former power. The modern magnificence and pride of Jerusalem did not humble Shechem, during the reign of the first monarchs. Thither Rehoboam went to decide the question of his succession, and when the nation was divided into two kingdoms, it continued to be the capital.

The story of Shechem is to be read in liviug letters at Nablus.— Along the foot of Ebal, long lines of camels pass to-day, carrying on the traffic between Jerusalem and Galilee as it was carried on thousands of years ago. Within the gates of Nablus, the ancient "gate," in which the "elders" sat, are the lineal descendants of those who heard the Law read from Gerizim, and beheld the burial of Joseph.— Unchanged in faith, in dress, in customs, the visitor to Nablus who sees the Samaritans, and studies their domestic life, has no need to to exert his fancy in repeopling the scene with forms of the past. He has but to look and see. The Christian and the Mohammedan population he may discard as accidents, and go up with priest and people to the feasts of the Passover and of the Full Moon, on Gerizim, ascending by the steps which were cut for the first worshippers among the heirs of the Covenant. The account the Samaritans give of their own origin differs from that of Josephus, and it is far more attractive to faith and fancy. They hold that they are the only pure and unmixed children of Israel, the sons of Joseph, who have dwelt, through all their past history, since the

conquest, in the mountains of Ephraim; that the Jews on the other hand, ever since the Captivity, are beyond all doubt a mixed people, and that they have tampered with the Book of Joshua, and falsified their whole history. "In their own history and chronology, the Samaritans prove, to their own satisfaction, that they are the only true representatives of the Israelites who entered Palestine under Joshua; and that their priest's family can trace their genealogy in an unbroken chain up to Aaron, the first high-priest of the nation."

No people have been more persecuted and oppressed from age to age than the Samaritans, but suffering has only knit them more closely together. The story of their days, whether good or evil, is coming to a close. The only remnant of them is to be found at Nablus, and it numbers but forty families. Upon this little community, there is a distinct impress of superiority to all around them. The nobility of an immemorial ancestry, and a pure and ancient faith, is theirs, investing them with physical beauty lofty bearing, and a strong family resemblance. They have never been tainted by assimilation to any other race, and their strict system of intermarriage has preserved all their traits. To observe their domestic life, is to live in a biblical atmosphere, and to return to the days of the patriarchs. It is to find the birth of a male child rejoiced over, and that of a female regarded as a misfortune; to see the ceremonial law observed in its minutest particulars, its endless ablutions and purifications, its strange penalties and disabilities; marriage, mourning, death, the confession to be made in the sacred (Hebrew) tongue, with the last conscious effort, that "the Lord our God is one Lord," the frequent reading of the Law, the intimate relation between all the details of life and the tenets of their faith, which makes the exactions of the Levitical law appear to us as burdens very grievous to be borne—these may all be seen, as in the most ancient of days. Their faith and their people are synonymous. That any one of their brethren could change his creed, and yet remain a Samaritan, is beyond their comprehension. They believe in the coming of the Messiah, not as a king, or a conqueror, but as a peacemaker, and the healer of nations; as the inferior of Moses, the greatest of all; as a mortal man, who is to fufil his mission, and die. They look for his advent about 1910 of the Christian era. His coming is to be preceded by peculiar signs, but they are not permitted to be divulged to unbelievers.

The worship of the synagogue is preserved in its most ancient forms, the Law is read from the precious rolls, and the language is Hebrew. The Sabbath is observed with such extraordinary strictness, that the movement of the hands, and even the lighting of a lamp, is forbidden. *No manner* of work may be done from the sunset of the eve of the Sabbath to the sunset of the

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day of rest. No servant of another faith may be hired to do prohibited work; no action may be performed, even in the defence of property or life. Their fasts are as severe as their Sabbaths are strict. The tenth day of the seventh month, called Tishri, is kept as the great day of atonement, and is the most important in the Samaritan calendar. The fast begins at sunset, and lasts twenty-five hours. During this time, neither man, woman, nor child, not even the sick, or unweaned infants, are permitted to taste so much as a drop of water. In the most extreme case, no medicine would be administered. Half an hour before sunset, all the community assemble at the synagogue, and the repeating of the Pentateuch commences. This, interrupted by prayers, lasts all night, and goes on in solemn darkness.—In the morning, the worshippers form in procession, and visit the tombs of the prophets; on their return at noon, to the synagogue, the service commences as before.—With the approach of sunset, the great ceremony takes place—the exhibition of the precious roll of the Law, their glorious possession, which they declare to have been written at the door of the tabernacle, in the thirteenth year of the establishment of the children of Israel in the Holy Land, by Abishna, the great-grandson of Aaron. Into whose hands is this priceless treasure, which a few English travellers have seen, destined to fall, when this story of solemn, awful antiquity comes to a close?

For forty years (a suggestive period in connection with their history), the Samaritans were prevented by the Mohammedans, peculiarly violent and fanatical at Nablus, from celebrating the Passover on Mount Gerizim. Twenty years ago, Mr. Finn, the English consul at Jerusalem, succeeded in getting their rights restored to them; and in 1860, Mr. Mills witnessed the celebration of the Paschal solemnities, as a sharer of the tent of Amram; a wonderful experience, never to be forgotten, and intensified in its effect by the fact that he had just witnessed the Christian celebration of Easter at Jerusalem. What solemn feelings they must have been which arose within him, when, having ascended Mount Gerizim, he stood and gazed upon the scene around. Under his feet was the wall of the ruined temple of Samaria; on the left, the seven steps of Adam, out of Paradise; still a little southward, was the place of the offering of Isaac; westward was the rock of the Holy Place; northward, the stones set up by Joshua. Hard by was the Samaritan encampment, and in front the platform for the celebration of the sacred feast.—How strangely the tide of time must have rolled back, for the spectator, for the educated Englishman, divided by the incalculable space of a dispensation in the history of humanity from the men he was observing, divided by the incalculable gulf of race, and faith, and knowledge from those who thus confounded the ages, in their sim-

ple adherence to their antique law! Europe must have been forgotten, and all the modern world, and ancient Egypt have unveiled her mighty, mystic face to the gaze of his fancy, as the camp of the children of Israel was pitched, and the men came forth, and slew the Paschal lambs, and roasted them, eating in haste, with their loins girded their staves in their hands, and their shoes upon their feet—the Lord's Passover.

The Saturday Review.

THE IRON CROWN.

The handing over of the "Iron Crown" to Victor Emmanuel is unquestionably an event of singular interest in connection with the ancient traditions of Italian history. Like most matters connected with Italy, it has given to sensation writers in newspapers an opportunity of displaying an amount of ignorance almost more sensational, certainly more amusing, than the high-flown periods in which it is exhibited. One writer sentimentally informed his readers that "this precious remnant of the past" was, in point of actual value, "worth only the few pence that would purchase the rusty bit of iron of which it is formed;" and another, as well informed upon the subject of its history as the first was upon that of its materials, feelingly observes that "it is impossible to contemplate without emotion the last descendant of the Cæsars handing over to a stranger the ancient hereditary diadem of his illustrious house."

The "last descendant of the Cæsars" is of course Francis Joseph. Yet, if he be at all the descendant of the Cæsars, why is he to be the last? There is, we thought, an Austrian Prince Imperial, who has, we presume, "descended from the Cæsars" (if this is the proper phrase for being born in the Imperial family) later than his father. We say nothing of the collateral branches, in which there seems to be no fear of the race of Cæsars becoming extinct. The stranger is "Victor Emmanuel," and the "hereditary diadem" of the House of Hapsburg is the iron crown. By what strange fatality is it that, even among well-educated men, nine out of ten cannot venture either to speak or write upon any subject connected with "the Holy Roman Empire" without falling into errors as absurd as that which regards the iron crown as the hereditary diadem of Francis Joseph.

Of the "iron crown" a very small portion is iron. The crown, like most other crowns, is made of gold and precious stones. Inside it is encircled with a narrow iron rim which derives its value and its sanctity from a tradition that it is

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actually made out of some of the nails of the Cross. Helena, the mother of Constantine, is said to have brought them from the Holy Land upon the occasion of the visit in which she ascertained the true place of the sepulture of Christ. By her an iron rim formed of these nails was given as a precious gift to the first Christian Emperor. There is no very clear or distinct account of the manner in which this iron rim got into possession of the Lombard kings. But unquestionably at a very early period the "iron crown" formed a part of the regalia of the sovereignty which, under the name of the Italian Kingdom, had been constituted in North Italy by Alboin, the chief of the Lombard invaders.

About the middle of the sixth century the Lombards—or, as the original name was, the Long-bearded Men—had wrested from the feeble hand of the Emperors a district occupying nearly the northern half of the Italian peninsula, with a small territory in the south. Pavia was the capital of this monarchy, and, by whatever means the Lombards may have acquired the sacred relic, the iron crown was the crown of the Italian Kingdom. Charlemagne married the daughter of the last king of the Lombard race.—Ultimately, he divorced his wife and deposed his father-in-law crowning himself in the Cathedral of Milan with the iron crown. To the title of King of Italy, which he thus acquired, the Pope and the Senate almost immediately added that of Emperor of Rome. But, though the dignities were thus united in one person, they were distinct, and were held in distinct rights. Charles was, in fact, King of the Franks, King of Italy, and he was also Emperor of Rome.

On the extinction of the descendants of Charlemagne native princes seized, one after another, on the Italian crown. Some of them succeeded in obtaining the title of Emperor of Rome. No family, however, succeeded in firmly establishing its title, and after some years of civil war, the Kings of Germany were invited to the sovereignty, and finally it was settled that the Kingdom of Italy should be appendant to the German crown. The King of Germany (there never was an Emperor) was elected by the chief of the German tribes. By virtue of that election he became King of Italy and entitled to wear the iron crown; and, as King of Italy, he acquired an inchoate right to be Emperor of Rome—a right however, which required confirmation by the Roman Pontiff and Senate. Under this Imperial system three perfectly distinct sovereignties were united in the successor of Charlemagne. Elected King of Germany, he was crowned at Frankfort with the silver crown which was worn by the chief of the German nations. From this he proceeded either to Milan or Monza, where he was crowned King of Italy with the iron crown; afterwards he presented himself at Rome, and received from the Pope the coronation without which he had no claim to any Imperial title. He never was Em-

peror until he was crowned Emperor of Rome, and for centuries no King of Germany ever ventured to assume the Imperial title until he had received coronation from the Pope.

This Imperial system really ceased with the election of Rudolph, the founder of the House of Hapsburg, to the Germanic crown. Popes denied the Emperor all authority at Romé. The German Diet asserted the title of their chief to be Emperor without any assent or coronation from the Pope. Gradually the "Empire," although it never legally bore the title of German, became German, and not Roman. "The Holy Roman Empire" became exclusively a German institution under the control of a German Diet, and wholly separated from Rome. The somewhat shadowy prerogatives which had belonged to the Italian monarchy became, like the Imperial title, attached directly to the German sovereign, without any assumption of the Italian crown. The princes of the House of Hapsburg acquired at last possessions in Northern Italy in their own right. In all the later settlements or divisions of Italian territory the old Italian Kingdom had wholly disappeared. Its iron crown, however, remained at Milan; and because Milan was under the rule of the sovereign of Austria, the sovereign of Austria became the keeper of the crown. In 1866, as our readers know, the Emperor Francis laid down the Imperial crown, then erroneously called that of Germany, and the Holy Roman Empire came formally to an end.

From that hour there was no one who could put forward any pretensions to wear the iron crown of Alboin and the old Lombard kings.—There was neither King of Italy nor Emperor of Rome. Napoleon had some shadow of claim to it when he declared himself King of a so-called Kingdom of Italy, and mimicked Charlemagne by placing it with his own hands upon his head. After the downfall of Napoleon the Congress of Vienna established a new Kingdom in Northern Italy in favour of Austria. But, with the most persevering obstinacy, the Emperor, acting on the advice of Metternich, refused to permit his new dominion to be called the Kingdom of Italy; it was, indeed, as a concession to his Italian subjects that he condescended to be crowned with the old iron crown as King of the realm, to which he gave the outward title of "the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom."

Such were the vicissitudes of this celebrated "iron crown." Originally it was the royal symbol of the Lombard sovereigns of the old Kingdom of Italy, established by Alboin 1,300 years ago. Passing with that kingdom to Charlemagne from the monarchs of the Lombard race, it became in time appendant to the silver crown of the elected German kings. Surviving the realm which it represented, it remained through many a long year an unused and almost forgotton relic of the past. It was brought from its obscurity by Napoleon, in order, if

possible, to connect with old titles a revolutionary throne. It became then the diadem of one who was indeed a stranger. It is at last restored to an Italian prince. Possibly no existing dynasty can show a perfect appropriateness in the wearing of that crown. The authority and the royalty it represents are things of the long forgotten past, of which there is no representative in the present. Victor Emmanuel might probably find it hard to make himself out the successor of the "long-bearded" Alboin, or the inheritor of his crown. All that can be said is that the King of Italy has a better title to wear the iron crown than any other living man. Certainly the most sensitive sentimentalist may be spared any anguish he might feel in the thought that poor Francis Joseph, "the last descendant of the Cæsars," in giving up the iron crown of Alboin, is parting with "the ancient hereditary diadem of his house."—Until after the erection of the new-fangled "Lombardo-Venetian" Kingdom in 1815, not one of his ancestors ever had it on his head.

The Argosy.

CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The price inexorably demanding to be paid for all genuine social intercourse, is sympathy. But how very few among us are at the pains to acquire the sympathy! The greater part of our lives is spent in doing things which would never be done by us if it were not for our children; and yet how little some of us reflect upon the space they occupy, the place they fill, in the great picture of existence! They are more than two to one; they "influence" us just as much as we "influence" them. We are indebted to them for incalculable strength and courage, and sweetness, and wisdom. The best thing in the universe must be received in the spirit of a little child, or not at all. And in that spirit children should be approached, for social purposes, or not at all.

In one of the most beautiful works in the English, or any other language—the "Cranford" of the late Mrs Caskell—when Susan has a baby, poor old Miss Matty puts on her spectacles, and looks with awe at the tender perfection of its little parts. I wish people would just extend the meaning of the phrase, and then imitate Miss Matty. The child contains, in little, all that the adult contains, and should be dealt with upon that hypothesis. Do you say it is so dealt with? I am sorry I cannot agree with you. Children seem to me to be dealt with as if they were crude, shapeless lumps, that had to be "turned" into figure on the

lathe, or the potter's wheel. I cannot here trust myself to pursue that subject. Without risking the loss of any sympathy on the reader's part, by saying things which, hastily put, might be misunderstood, let me say briefly, that, in my opinion, we meddle with children a great deal too much, and wait upon them a great deal too little. By waiting upon them, I mean, of course, laying ourselves out for them, in willing sympathy —giving them (spiritual) room and breathing space—treating them as we do our equals in a noble friendship. If this were done, however, it is quite true that a great deal which society thinks essential must be omitted. In my opinion, one single hour of frank *life* with children —life in which they give as much as they receive—is worth a whole quarter's "schooling;" but the moral expenditure in such an hour is, on the part of the adult, enormous. There is a story of a tumbler, who confidently made a bet that he would exactly follow a child in all its antics for one hour, imitating every movement as it occurred. The tumbler had to give in, "dead-beat." A moral effort, in similar kind, is just as arduous; and is not to be made at all by any one who thinks more of what "society" requires, than of the beauty and greatness of life, and the inscrutableness of its issues.

In all that relates to children, we have, however, been having, for many years past, an enormous improvement, and especially in children's *literature*. I should not wish to omit any honored name in this department, but I cannot omit such names as these: Mrs. Gatty, Mrs. Mary Howitt, and Hans Christian Andersen.* Yet in spite of the success of the books of such writers, the majority of parents, instead of buying, for presents, books that will please the children, buy such as please themselves—books which inculcate particular views of life, and specific lessons. Now, books of that kind have their place; but so have pleasure-books. And it strikes me with unspeakable surprise, to observe the inaptitude of the old folks in finding out what the young like. I have in my eye, while writing, three books in particular, which are greedily read by most young people, when they get hold of them, but which have no public at all proportioned to their merit as books for children. One is, "Bob and his dog Quiz" (Lumley); the second is, the "The Adventures of Alfan, or the Magic Amulet" (Smith, Elder, & Co.); the third is a Selection from Wordsworth's poems (Strahan & Co.) I am confining myself now to books which children read for pleasure, and not for any moral whatever, though the books may contain moral suggestions. Now, how many parents are there who would *readily* suppose, or believe, that children would, of their own accord, turn to Wordsworth for delight?

There is an old-fashioned book

* I have (for good reasons) said nothing here of many admirable writers for the young—some members of the Hood family; Miss Ingelow; Mr. Lewis Carroll: Dr. Macleod; and the late Mrs. Sherwood, over whose "Little Henry and his Bearer," and the "Woodman and his dog Cæsar," I have, in my time, cried heartily.

called "Poetry for Children," by Lucy Aikin, with which I was familiar when a very little boy, and to this day I can repeat the majority of the poems it contains. But how many parents are prepared to hear what follows? After my childhood there was a very long gap in my life, during which I devoted all my leisure to "dry" and difficult questions, and rarely turned to poetry of any kind. But through all the anxious years, the verses of my little child's book nestled in my memory, and were a sweet "joy" to me, whose "loveliness increased." When I did turn to poetry, I found that these favourites of my childhood were choice fragments from Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Cowper and Dryden. Now there is, I firmly believe, not one adult in fifty thousand who would have thought of picking out these beautiful fragments from great poets for the use of a child. The majority of reviewers, would say, off-hand, that the book was unfit for its purpose; yet once afloat, it had a large success; and if I were asked to name the book to which I was most indebted, I rather think I should say Lucy Aikin's "Poetry for Children." I picked up a copy at a stall a year ago, and I mean to keep it!

"One word more I wish to say; one last remark I wish to offer."—One of the pleasantest and most effective instruments of home-education, and one of the easiest (and certainly the cheapest) ways of giving delight to a group of children is, to *read to* them, with dramatic emphasis and gesture, something they would otherwise only in part understand. By the contagion of sympathy, in a little circle of such differing ages, there goes on an intercommunication of intelligence which utterly transcends and makes ludicrous all the common notions of what the young can "understand."

To produce a little book, which, while answering all the ordinary ends of a child's book, and keeping to the traditions and the vocabulary of the nursery, should also, in various ways, present the child-like moods and fancies of the mature to the imaginations of the young; which, though high and pure in tone, should not contain one line of dogmatic moralising, which, avoiding all criticism of child-life, should yet go nearly the whole round of child-experience, and include a great variety of moral suggestion—to produce such a book is well worthy the ambition of any writer.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE DEVIL AND DR. FAUSTUS.

There was a period when the Faust legends were to the people of the North what the stories of the *Arabian Nights* were to the Orientals—and, perhaps, more; for the former not only furnished amusements and gratified the love of the marvellous, but appealed likewise

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to deeper feelings. Fifty years ago, before books for the million were scattered broadcast by a cheap press, some such place may have been occupied in "the cottage homes of England" by Bunyan's great work: indeed, the history of Dr. Faustus might be not inaptly described as the mediæval *Pilgrim's Progress.* As compared with Bunyan's book, however, the fact of the hero being a real instead of an allegorical personage, or at least the embodiment of general beliefs rather than the creation of an individual mind, give the story of Faustus a wider range of interest: since few could be indifferent to professedly accurate information on a subject about which every one had already heard something. Again, the reversed plan of the narrative, delineating a retrograde movement from God, instead of an onward course in holiness, awakened a more universal sympathy. The introduction, too, of a proportion of the comic element, mingled with its graver matter, gained ready acceptance for it, where a story wholly serious might have moved but slowly. It is related, indeed, that at one time the whole library of one of the little islands in our Northern seas consisted of a single book—the said volume being the *History of the Devil and Dr. Faustus.* When, as a consequence of circulating continually from one reading household to another, it at last fell to pieces, it was resolved, at a general meeting of the inhabitants, that one of their number should be despatched to the mainland to provide a new supply of reading for the community. The question next arose—What work should be selected? After a long discussion on the merits of the various books they had ever seen or heard of, the good people at last decided that they would send for another *Dr. Faustus!* This anecdote may possibly be apocryphal, but at any rate it is no incorrect illustration of the popular favour which for a very long period attended this remarkable work.

It was undoubtedly when they had assumed the form of a book that the Faust legends attained their greatest celebrity; but before printing had even been invented they were already widely knows, the exact time and form of their origin being lost in the obscurity of remote ages. The growth of the story may, however, in some measure be traced. The principal characters, as every one known, stand in the relation of vendor and purchaser, the soul of the mortal being the object of traffic; and the foundation of the story may, therefore, fairly be sought in the earliest account of the sale of a soul to the powers of darkness. The first story of the kind upon record is believed to be that of the Greek priest Theophilus, legends of whose apostasy and re-conversion, says Mr. Dasent (in the preface to his polyglot version of the tradition), once rang throughout Christendom from Spain to Iceland. First narrated in Greek by Eutychus, the disciple of Theophilus, who declared that he had heard the account from his master's

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own lips, this tale was translated into Latin, and then into French, Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, &c., spreading over nearly the whole of Europe, and thus familiarized the popular mind with the idea of a human being entering into treaty with the Evil Spirit. The same idea was thenceforth reproduced in many other stories told of various personages, and in different countries, the display of any extraordinary knowledge or extraordinary luxury being commonly traced to some source of this kind, until at length it was embodied in the *History of Dr. Faustus.*

That the intention of this volume was to satisfy curiosity or amuse the idle, was an idea utterly repudiated by those who gave it to the world : and its Introduction accordingly sets forth that, some sins being worse than others, sorcery and magic are incontrovertibly the worst of all sins and that the grand aim, therefore of the story is, to warn the world from this dire iniquity. It is very judiciously added that lest any perverse minded individual should after all be tempted to imitate, instead of avoiding, the wickedness of the hero, all forms of conjuration, &c., have been carefully omitted, and only such matter recorded as might furnish instruction and warning. Thus solemnly introduced, the narrative begins by informing us that Johann Faust was born at Rod, near Weimar, of God-fearing peasant parents, and adopted early by a rich childless uncle at Wittenberg, who sent him to school, and then to the university to study theology. Soon wearying of this, he devoted himself, instead, to medicine and science; and though he took to bad company and fell into sin, yet, possessing a good capacity, he eventually passed a very creditable examination, gaining his degree as doctor. He now gave his nights and days to the study of curious signs and characters, and to the acquisition of the Greek, Persian, Arabic and Chaldee languages; so that besides the reputation he gained as a physician by healing many patients, he also became known as a famous astrologer. We are next told rather abruptly, that, having taken to the practice of black magic he went one evening to a spot in a neighbouring wood where four roads met, and drawing three concentric circles stood within them invoking the Evil Spirit. A terrible tempest began; then sweet music was heard; anon strange shapes flitted before him; and as he uttered spells of greater and greater power, at last the Devil appeared as a fiery man. Soon, however, he assumed the more approachable form of a grey friar: a guise which seems to indicate a Protestant origin for at least this version of the story. Fatigued with excitement, Faust avails himself no further of this interview than to extract from the spirit a promise to visit him next morning at his own house, whither accordingly he comes; and the doctor then demands that he shall obey him in all things, and answer truly whatever questions he may at any time propound. The spirit replies that

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he cannot make any such contract without first asking permission, being himself only a subordinate demon owing allegiance to Lucifer; but on his re-appearance in the evening, he avows his readiness to agree to the doctor's terms, and to be always near him, though invisible to every other eye, on condition that the latter, in return, will sign with his own blood a document promising not only to be entirely his at death, but that during his life he will renounce God and all things holy, and be an enemy to the Christian faith. Faust consents, and accordingly the next day the spirit comes again to witness the signature. The doctor pierces a vein in his left hand; when, as a last appeal from Heaven, the blood miraculously forms itself into the words, "O homo, fuge!" Undeterred even by this portent he signs the fatal deed, here given at length, as found in his house after his death, and which duly sets forth that, desiring deeper knowledge than he could learn from other men, or acquire by the faculties with which God had endowed him, he had entered into this contract, consenting that, if the Devil will only teach him all he desires to know during a period of twenty-four years, he will at its expiration resign himself to him for all eternity.

The infernal visitant who announces his name to be "Mephistopheles" now bestirs himself actively in the service of his new master, who resides in the house left him by his deceased uncle; arranging that no domestic shall be retained except one Christopher Wagner, whom Faust had taken from the streets as a boy of so bad a character that no one else would employ him. The spirit himself undertakes to be major-domo of the establishment. The cellars of the Elector Palatine and of various bishops are laid under contribution for wines of all kinds; ready-dressed viands are transported from palatial kitchens; while ample supplies for the wardrobe are obtained by supernatural raids on the tailors and other tradesmen of the city. Living thus sumptuously, Faust, we are told, soon becomes so thoroughly sensualized that he no longer believes in either God or Devil; though his scepticism as to the latter appears certainly rather extraordinary, considering who is in attendance upon him. Waking up suddenly to the disadvantage of his richly-spread table having yet no "lady at the head," he informs Mephistopheles that he wishes to marry. The latter, however, forbids the banns—not only painting very vividly the various discomforts and inconveniences attendant on the married state, but further reminding him that, as he had promised to abjure all holy things, marriage was of course included; and that it would be impossible for him to serve two masters, the Devil and a wife. The appeal winds up with the very forcible argument, that if Faust persists in such a design the demons will "tear him into little pieces." The doctor, grown arrogant, replies that, happen what will, he does intend to adhere to his plan.

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Upon this Mephistopheles vanishes, and a violent blast flings Faust upon the floor, where he lies in torture, unable to move hand or foot. He cries vehemently to Mephistopheles to come to his aid. The Devil himself appears instead, in terrible form, asking mockingly in what mind he now is; whereupon the humbled doctor confesses that he has broken his compact and craves forgiveness. In token that it is granted, the Devil disappears, the doctor's pains cease and Mephistopheles returns, soothingly promising him that though he cannot suffer him to have a wife, yet he will not object to bring him, every day, if he should wish it, some fresh beauty: a prospect which entirely reconciles Faustus to his enforced celibacy.

Not until every possible provision has been made for his comfort and enjoyment, does Faust seem to bethink himself of the main purpose for which he had invited the spirit's aid; but he now begins to put Mephistopheles through a course of interrogatories, with a view to enlarge his knowledge of things mostly beyond mortal ken. The first subject on which he claims enlightenment is the dominion of the Devil and the extent of his power. A mediæval description of hell, is served up for his information. Further questioning draws forth minuter details of its division into Gehenna, Erebus, Tartarus, &c., with an account of its various rulers, the spirit who incited Cain to murder, the one who led Solomon into licentiousness, and numerous others, including Lucifer, the king and lord of them all.—At the end of each conversation, Faust, who had already begun bitterly to repent his bargain, bemoans his fate, in having put himself into the power of these ruthless beings, whose whole occupation is to mislead and ruin men. At last he asks if there will not be at last an end to hell, or if there be no chance left for himself to escape it. He is told that it will certainly endure for ever, and that he has sinned too deeply to be saved; his informant further advising him to ask and think no more upon the subject, since it can be no pleasant one to either of them. It has, however, a fascination beyond any other for Faust. The moment he is alone his mind reverts to it, and he thinks earnestly of trying to revoke his fatal bond; but Mephistopheles raises the form of some fair woman whenever he retires to reflect, and her blandishments win him from all serious thoughts, while the demon himself flatly refuses to answer any more questions upon the subject.

The discussion of matters being thus no longer possible, Faust turns to other quarters of the universe. A question concerning creation calls forth a reply throwing as much discredit upon Genesis as a Zulu could conceive or a Colenso utter; while the answers to queries upon less recondite matters, such as the elements, the planets, &c., accord very little with the theories of modern science. The information, nevertheless, proves of so much practi-

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cal value, that by its aid Faust constructs almanacs which attain great popularity; for they combined predictions concerning political events with weather prophecies, and as we are assured, "all truly foretold."

The nether world has still, however, a greater attraction for Faust than aught above; and since he may no longer indulge in discourse upon it, he induces Mephistopheles to grant him a sight of the realm of darkness. Transported thither, either bodily or in a vision, he is shown all that had been previously described. He then desires a nearer inspection of the stars, an account of his journey to which is given from an autograph record of it sent at the time to his friend Dr. John Victory at Leipsic. In this narrative he states that he reached a height whence the earth appeared no greater than the dot of an *i*; found the atmosphere very bright and hot; the firmament solid as a wall, moving from east to west, and taking sun, moon, and stars in its course; while the sun was larger than this whole world, indeed so large that he could see no end to it. Not till things above and below have been thus exhausted, does the daring explorer stoop to a desire to inspect the world about him. At last, however, he sets forth on a terrestrial tour, the record of which embodies a short description of many famous places, enlivened by details of adventures at the court of Constantinople, where he assumes the form of the prophet Mahomet.

With the commencement of the third part, the history takes quite a new turn. The philosopher suddenly becomes harlequin, the comic capabilities of Santanic power are brought into view, and for a time all is merriment and fun. Faust, whose name has become renowned through the marvellous cures he has wrought, happening to arrive at Innspruck while Charles V. is staying there, the emperor asks him, as a proof of his skill in the black art, to procure him an interview with Alexander the Great and his queen; promising that no harm shall result to him from his compliance. Stipulating for strict silence, the sorcerer opens a door and the Macedonian comes forth clothed in armour; while his royal partner, with a sovereign contempt for the chronology of costume, appears in embroidered velvet. After bowing to the emperor and empress, the phantoms vanish.

That he did not depend on any one for means of locomotion is shown in the account of three students applying to him to gain them a sight of the Prince of Bavaria's wedding. Spreading his cloak on the ground, he bade them stand upon it close to him, and all were then taken up by the wind and deposited at the Bavarian palace. He treats another party hospitably at carnival time, providing for them also many entertainments befitting the festive season, such as dishes spontaneously filled with meat, &c., &c.; and on one guest's expressing a very fervent desire to see Helen of Greece, he calls up the fair phantom, to the fascination

of all beholders—including, as it afterwards appears, the evoker himself. But though thus generally intent only on imparting pleasure, Faust was not incapable of the feeling proverbially said to exist between "two of a trade;" for, encountering at one time a party of conjurors, who amuse their audiences by cutting off and putting on again each other's heads, their vitality being transferred to some growing lilies while the decapitation lasts, he, knowing their secret, cut the flower-stem while their leader is lying headless, thus rendering vain all their efforts to restore him.

The only check Faust seems to have received in his downward career was from an old man at Wittenberg, who, setting his mind on converting the sorcerer, very judiciously asks him to dinner, and when his guest's heart has been opened by his hospitality, seriously remonstrates with him on the life he is leading, and urges him to repent. Roused to reflection, Faust almost resolves to do so; but his demon attendant tells him that it is now too late, that he must dismiss the idea, or he will be forthwith torn in pieces; and so induces him, instead, to sign a new bond confirming the former contract.—Faust's next adventure after this damnatory act, is of a peculiarly kind and beneficent character.—Hearing of a young nobleman who has fallen so desperately in love with a beautiful girl that her indifference has rendered him dangerously ill, Faust pays him a visit and presents him with a magic ring, which, on his slipping it upon the lady's finger during a dance, causes her ardently to return his passion. They are soon after married, the amiable author of their felicity being an honoured guest at the wedding. It was, perhaps, "a fellow-feeling" that made him thus "kind;" for as the end of his earthly happiness approaches, he asks Mephistopheles to bestow upon him permanently the phantom of the Grecian Helen, which he had once raised to please his visitor.—His wish being gratified, he becomes so enamoured of his bride that he never cares to quit her side—the bond being additionally strengthened by her bearing him a son, whom he always regards with the tenderest affection. But he is not destined long to enjoy the domestic bliss he seems so well to appreciate, for the end of his term is now near. The fourth and last part of the story introduces us to the doctor making his will, wherein, knowing that his family would need no provision, he leaves all he possesses to his servant Wagner, with an injunction to study diligently his master's books, and write a biography of him—a work in which he is to be assisted by a spirit attending him in the form of an ape. But one month now remains of the twenty-four years, and the poor sorcerer, dismayed at the prospect before him, shuns the very sight of his familiar, and can do nothing but weep and mourn. Several chapters are devoted to a transcript of his lamentations, pathetic with the

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wailings of the lost soul's remorse. In bitter contrast, the next chapter recounts the gibes with which triumphant Mephistopheles mocks and taunts his prey—not with the grandeur of a fallen angel, but rather with the petty exultation of a spiteful imp glorying in successful mischief.

At the beginning of the last week, Faust is served with a regular citation from the demoniacal court, intimating that when the end comes he will be "fetched" at night; whereupon, with forced cheerfulness, he invites a party of professors and students, his most intimate friends, to breakfast with him on the last day. After the meal he requests them to remain with him until the next morning, telling them his whole history, and announcing the catastrophe which is impending. At the same time, with a meek humility which might have graced a saint, he begs them to pardon him if, even in jest, he ever in any way injured them; and exhorts them fervently to take warning by his terrible doom, and make God and salvation the first object of their lives.—Greatly shocked at the disclosure, they lament that it was not made sooner, so that they might have sought to save him through the prayers and efforts of holy men.—He assures them any such attempts would have been vain; and then, with mutual tears, they take an affectionate farewell—he retiring to his bed-room, and they to theirs, to await, in sleepless anxiety the events of the night. Soon after midnight a fearful tempest shakes the house, a hissing sound, as of myriad snakes, is heard, then a stifled cry, and their friend's voice is recognized, vainly shrieking for pity or for help. None dare to stir, and soon all again is hushed in utter silence, while the tremblers cower in terror on their beds till the light of morning emboldens them to repair to the fatal room.—An awful spectacle awaits them.—The walls are sprinkled with blood, only the dislodged eyes of their friend and a few of his teeth are to be found; but after diligent search, the mangled corpse of the unhappy Faust is discovered, flung upon a dunghill in the yard.

The history of Faust's sowing and his reaping being thus brought to an end, the book concludes with a pious wish that all its readers may "avoid his fate and serve God alone, 'since your adversary the Devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour.'" Its piety, however, seems not to have sufficed to protect it, for it is said that both the author and the publisher were punished for their work, and the books perhaps intentionally destroyed; which would account for their disappearance. But, however this may have been, the history was so well received by the public, that in the course of the next year some students of Tübingen threw it into rhyme, yet still keeping very closely to the original. In the same year that Spies' work was issued, *A Ballad of the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus the Great Conjuror* appeared in London; in 1589 the tale was printed in French; and in 1592

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in Dutch. It was not till 1599 that George Rudolf Widman published at Hamburg an edition which has often been erroneously looked upon as the first printed, those issued earlier having been almost entirely displaced by it.

In 1604 was published Marlowe's tragedy, in which the subject of Dr. Faustus is treated in language often of very great poetic beauty, but with very little deviation from the original story. The modern and now most widely known version of the tale, Goethe's, published in 1818, gained it henceforth an enduring place among classical literature. His introduction of the character of Margaret gave an entirely new turn to the story, the interest aroused by her soon diverting attention from the heretofore principal personage.

A story which once excited such universal interest, and was read or listened to in almost every German household, from the baron's castle to the boor's hut, may still be of some value in furnishing some conclusions as to the state of the people in the age wherein it found such acceptance. Originating as it did, in Germany, it is no mean testimony to Teutonic purity that the original tale is strictly modest.—We are told, indeed, that Faust "led a sensual life," but it is only in the most general terms that this is indicated; no scenes of vice are depicted, no licentious language indulged, scarcely a word occurring throughout the work which the demurest would shrink from; for even where a coarse expression is characteristically put into the mouth of a boor, it is still rather rudeness than immorality. When, however, we regard its claim to be a narration of facts and an exponent of spiritual truths challenging devout belief, we can hardly conclude that its influence could have been very wholesome. That ancient error which for so many years has been an obstacle to human progress, viz.: that to be ignorant is the only condition of being innocent, and that knowledge is so nearly allied to evil that any intensity of desire for it must be dreaded as a dangerous impulse—lies at the foundation of the story. Since aspirations after a deeper insight into nature could scarcely have been so common as to invite universal warning that they were likely to imperil the soul, it seems likely that the real feeling of those who circulated such stories must have been a desire, prompted by mingled jealousy and fear, to deter the multitude from any approach to what was represented as so dangerous, and not only to throw suspicion upon superior knowledge wherever it existed, but to repress in the uninformed the first rising of any desire for enlightenment.—The example chosen, therefore, to instruct mankind as to the surest road to ruin is that of a man whose chief desire is, in fact, simply a thirst to know more of the works of his Creator; for the motive assigned for Faust's entering into his terrible compact is neither ambition nor revenge, avarice, sensuality, or any other corrupt passion, but is strictly defined to have been

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nothing else than a thirst for knowledge—knowledge of the secrets of nature. His demand for physical enjoyments, as soon as he earned the power to command them, seems rather an afterthought, on the commercial principle of making all he can by his bargain; while his subsequent sensuality is the result of separate direct temptations, assiduously set before him by the evil being in whose power he has placed himself. Even then his errors are comparatively venial, for he is never described as seducing innocence—only the later legends furnishing even the faintest type of Goethe's Margaret. Nor yet, with the power of hell at his command, and a fiend always beside him, is he ever seen indulging in hatred, malice, or uncharitableness towards his fellow-creatures, except in the one instance of his preventing the resuscitation of the decapitated conjuror, which has the excuse of being a sort of trial of strength with a rival. With this exception, the mischievous pranks he occasionally plays never do any serious injury to their objects, and seem rather ebullitions of fun than promptings of ill-nature; while we continually find him exerting his extraordinary endowments, to afford pleasure or benefit to others. That all this was of no avail, has a certain tendency to throw contempt on morality. Faust is throughout the story an object of anything but detestation. We can but admire the skilful doctor, the kindly, genial companion, and the loving husband and father, though but of a shadowy bride and child; while our deepest pity is moved by the helpless victim of a single error, bitterly repenting a sin which, after all, had been prompted by actually laudable motives, yet sighing in vain for heavenly help or pardon. His final doom is therefore in the highest degree unsatisfactory; especially as we find that, while the powers of hell are ever on the alert to preclude any withdrawal from the pact, of which he almost immediately begins to repent, no corresponding effort is made by any power of heaven to afford him a chance of escape; all supernatural interference (with the one slight exception of his blood flowing into the form of words of warning) being thus restricted to infernal agents, as though the Devil were the only spiritual being who was active in the world, and God a mere passive spectator from afar of His creatures' vain struggles with their mighty and crafty and relentless foe.

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Sunday Magazine.

ON SOME RECENT UTTERANCES OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

The whole atmosphere both of scientific research and of speculative thought seems just now to be charged with a spirit of Naturalism, or, to express it otherwise, with an impatience of the Supernatural.—We refer here, not to the open denial of religious truth in general, nor of any specific truth in religion, but to what is far more dangerous and difficult to deal with—an eagerness to explain everything on natural principles. Hardly anybody at present ventures to avow himself an atheist, or even an infidel. But he must be blind to what is passing in the walks of science and philosophy who does not see that positive faith in God and in revealed religion is ceasing to enter into the speculations and theories of many of our leading thinkers, and this even in departments which touch their very foundations. There need be no denial of God, and usually there is none. Only He is not wanted.—His presence and operations—as a factor in scientific or philosophic investigation, or as a necessary element for the explanation of any fact or law either of matter or of mind—is not only not called in, but is regarded as an intrusion of theology on the domains of science and philosophy.

Illustrations of this are unfortunately neither few nor far to seek. But here we confine ourselves to certain recent researches in physical science, which seem to leave us without any religion, either natural or revealed. It is with sincere reluctance that we refer to Mr. Grove's "Address," as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in opening the meetings held at Nottingham. Far be it from us to join in the outcry which has been raised against the Association itself on account of this "Address," or to withhold from the "Address" itself the praise due to so lucid, comprehensive, and masterly a survey of scientific investigation and its results in every department. What alone we request attention to is the principle to the illustration of which Mr. Grove lends his whole Address—the principle of *continuity*; a phrase which means the same thing as the old one of *development*, but which Mr. Grove prefers to it, probably as more simple and comprehensive. This principle of continuity is regarded by the President as the grand law of the universe—the intelligent and rational as well as the merely sentient and material universe. Into the scientific merits of this theory we shall not enter here. We confine ourselves in this paper strictly to the bearings of this theory on theology, both natural and revealed.

With these preliminary remarks,

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let us now consider the theological bearings of this law of continuity—first, as held and expounded by Dr. Darwin, in his now celebrated work on the "Origin of Species;" and next, as held and expounded in what seems to us a much more sweeping form by Mr. Grove.

Dr. Darwin's theory is undoubtedly consistent with Theism. According to it, species was not *created*; it is *developed*. Those distinctions which we call by the name of "species," are not immutable forms stamped upon the objects so distinguished at the first, and reproducing themselves from age to age. They are all the result of gradual change, of progressive advancement, throughout incalcuable ages of past duration, from the merest rudimental germ, or germs, communicated to nature at its first creation, up to the beautiful and noble forms which we now behold. And even this but a lower stage from which everything is now advancing to yet higher and nobler forms of existence throughout interminable ages of future duration. This law of development Dr. Darwin regards as holding good in the case of man no less than in the case of all other creatures and objects in nature.

On this theory of nature we have two remarks to make:

(1.) We have admitted it to be consistent with Theism, so far as to recognise an intelligent Creator, both of the matter and its laws; the germs originally implanted in it, the powers originally breathed into its few forms, or "one" form, being the work of a creative hand. And, as if to put that quite beyond doubt and even give it prominence, the second of the three mottoes prefixed to the work is this unmistakeable statement from Butler's "Analogy:" "The only distinct meaning of the word 'natural' is *stated, fixed* or *settled*, since what is natural as much requires and presupposes an intelligent Agent to render it so—that is, to effect it continually or at stated times—as what is supernatural or miraculous does to effect it for once."

There is nothing atheistic, then, we freely admit, in Dr. Darwin's theory of development, or continuity, though we shall presently have to make a very serious deduction from the value of this Theism.

(2.) Can this theory and the Biblical view of creation, particularly of man, be held together? We have no reference in this question to what is called the reconciliation of Genesis and Geology; a subject, we must own, we are now almost sick of; a subject on which, after reading nearly all that has been written upon it, we are no wiser than when we began. It is of no consequence to our question how old the earth and all that is therein now is, or at what period in its past history the creation of man took place. What we want to know is, whether we can possibly retain our belief in the Bible representations of man, and, with Dr. Darwin, believe at the same time that man is but the highest form yet developed of a life which has existed in ever-advancing rudimentary forms in the countless past; that this life has,

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through the incalculable ages of a past duration, been struggling upwards through very inferior anthropoidal types, into the present high condition in which humanity is beheld, that even this is but the starting-point in the upward and onward struggle; that as a species, man has before him an interminable future as well as a countless past; and that, out of what he now is, the race is destined to give forth, by the operation of natural laws, ever new and higher forms of life—laws which, though likely to operate more slowly as perfection is approached, are yet none the less to be regarded as fixed natural principles impressed upon matter at the first.

What, now, is the Bible view of man's present and future constitution? Putting aside all isolated passages of Scripture, and all partial features of the case, what is the broad, fundamental, undisputed, and undisputable, teaching of the Bible on this subject? According to Dr. Darwin, *individuals* are of next to no account; the *race* or species, man, is alone regarded. According to the Bible, *individuals* are everything and the race or species, man, save as existing in them, nothing. According to Darwin, the whole system to which man belongs is simply a vast development of germs of being from rudimentary forms which perish, to forms less rudimentary which prevail against them, but perish too, being themselves overpowered in the struggle for ascendancy by forms higher still; and so on through interminable futurity. According to the Bible, the system to which man belongs is, in its very texture and constitution, *a moral system*, in which the free moral and religious character of each individual man shall determine whether his own personal future throughout all duration is to be a blest or a blighted existence. According to Darwin, the future of the human race as such is in no degree dependent on *character* in the Bible sense of that term; according to the Bible, or rather, Him to whom all Christians bow as their Master and Lord, all that are in the graves are yet to come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

But some may say, may not the one of these views of humanity be fairly regarded as the *scientific* view of man, considered as a species in nature, while the other is held at the same time as giving the *religious* view of man, with reference to his spiritual nature? Was the Bible designed to teach science? Is it not enough that we draw our religion from it? To that we have simply to answer, *Does* any man really believe both? *Can* any man retain both views of humanity at one and the same time? Let us see. Did the Bible take no cognisance whatever of the physical nature of man—were it of so purely spiritual a nature as to leave us perfectly free to hold any doctrine we pleased about the body—perhaps there would be no great difficulty in retaining both. But if there be one feature in the teaching of the Bible more unique

and characteristic than another, it is just its doctrine of the resurrection of the dead—not the mere fact that all men are to rise again in personal identity from the dead, but that this resurrection in the case of every man is to have a moral and retributive connection—for weal or for woe—with the deeds done in the body, or in the present state of our being; and we confidently ask any one who can intelligently look at both doctrines, whether a shred of this Bible view of man's destiny can remain as a belief after one has fully surrendered himself to Dr. Darwin's theory. This explains too well one noticeable feature in Dr. Darwin's book. Once and again it refers to creation and the Creator. But to man's future, in the Bible sense of it, to the resurrection of the body, to personal identity in any future state of existence, to conscience, to duty, to virtue, to sin, to any moral obligations and accountability, to any retributive prospects after the termination of the present life, there is not so much as a single allusion from beginning to end. It is not that this field is relegated to the theologians; it is that the field itself has totally disappeared. The Creator is here. *He* is not relegated to the theologians. But in what character is He here? As an Originator only, as the Beginner merely of nature's existence, as the Breather simply of life and Infuser of plasticity into its rude, primitive material. That is all the Theism which we find in this book. If your personal existence is dear to you; if you shrink from the future absorption of it into other forms of existence of which you know nothing, and with which you can have no possible sympathy; if you want to know whether death will be to you the gate only into a higher sphere of personal existence, or the gate into virtual annihilation—the Theism of this book will shed on these questions not one ray of light, but rather confirm your worst fears; it will minister not one moment's terror to the evil doer, not one atom of strength in the dread conflict of passion, not one gleam of joyful assurance to those who are striving to the uttermost to subordinate the things which are seen and temporal to those things which are unseen and eternal.

So much for Dr. Darwin's theory and his book. But we have said that this system is espoused and illustrated by Mr. Grove, in his opening address before the British Association, in a yet more sweeping form, so far as we are able to apprehend it. Dr. Darwin, we have seen, distinctly recognises a beginning of nature, a creation, an intelligent, designing Creator. Mr. Grove appears to us to recognise no original creation, either of matter or its laws. The law of *continuity*, as he expounds and illustrates it, operates not only throughout all nature, but (so far as we can see) without any beginning and with no prospect of any end.

But we must quote a passage or two from the discourse itself, that we may not seem to do it injustice.

After quoting a passage from

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Lucretius—to the effect that nothing starts into existence by sudden leaps, but all by gradual growth —he says this "may be thus freely paraphrased: "You have abandoned the belief in one primæval creation at one point of time; you cannot assert that an elephant existed when the first saurians roamed over earth and water. Without, then, in any way limiting Almighty power, if an elephant were created without progenitors, the first elephant must, in some way or other have physically arrived on this earth. Whence did he come?—Did he fall from the sky (that is, from the interplanetary space)? did he rise moulded out of a mass of amorphous earth or rock? did he appear out of the cleft of a tree? If he had no antecedent progenitors, some such beginning must be assigned to him." "I know (adds Mr. Grove) of no scientific writer who has, since the discoveries of geology have become familiar, ventured to present in intelligible terms any definite notion of how such an event could have occurred. Those who do not adopt some view of continuity are content to say, God willed it; but would it not be more reverent and more philosophical to inquire, by observation and experiment, and to reason from induction and analogy, as to the probabilities of such frequent miraculous interventions? I know (adds the President) I am touching on delicate ground, and that a long time may elapse before that calm inquiry after truth, which it is the object of associations like this to promote, can be fully attained; but I trust that the members of this body are sufficiently free from prejudice, whatever their opinions may be, to admit an inquiry into the general question whether what we term species are and have been rigidly limited, and have at numerous periods been created complete and unchangeable, or whether, in some mode or other, they have not gradually and indefinitely varied, and whether the changes due to the influence of surrounding circumstances, to efforts to accommodate themselves to surrounding changes, to what is called natural selection, or to the necessity of yielding to superior force in the struggle for existence, as maintained by our illustrious countryman Darwin, have not so modified organisms as to enable them to exist under changed conditions. I am not going to put forward any theory of my own, I am not going to argue in support of any special theory, but having endeavoured to show how, as science advances, the continuity of natural phenomena becomes more apparent, it would be cowardice not to present some of the main arguments for and against continuity as applied to the history of organic beings."

On this studiously cautious statement we have two observations to make:—First, so far as it merely affirms Dr. Darwin's theory, that species was not created but developed, we have nothing to say here; we have already said all that seems requisite on that particular form of the theory of continuity. But

secondly, mark whether the statement just quoted does not go infinitely beyond Dr. Darwin's position—whether it does not plead against all creation, in any proper sense of that term. "If an elephant," says Mr. Grove, "were created without progenitors, the first elephant must, in some way or other, have physically arrived on this earth." Well, we suppose that is pretty much of a truism. But, "whence did he come?" Most people would think it at least intelligible enough to say that he was brought into existence by immediate creation; but Mr. Grove thinks this is using unintelligible terms, "presenting no definite notion of how such an event could have occurred," and, with an air of something very like philosophical ridicule, he asks if we mean that this created object fell from the sky, or rose moulded out of a mass of amorphous earth or rock, or came forth from the cleft of a tree.

The nearest approach that we can find to a recognition in this discourse of anything like *creation* is in the following passage, the only other which we shall quote, and our readers shall judge for themselves what it amounts to:—

"It must be borne in mind, that even if we are satisfied from a persevering and impartial inquiry, that organic forms have varied indefinitely in time, the *causa causans* of these changes is not explained by our researches; if it be admitted that we find no evidence of amorphous matter suddenly changed into complex structure, still why matter should be endowed with the plasticity by which it slowly acquires modified structure is unexplained. If we assume that natural selection, or the struggle for existence, coupled with the tendency of like to reproduce like, gives rise to various organic changes, still our researches are at present uninstructive as to why like should produce like, why acquired characteristics in the parent should be reproduced in the offspring. Reproduction itself is still an enigma, and this great question may involve deeper thoughts than it would be suitable to enter upon now."

Observe the ominous caution with which this paragraph is constructed.

1. It admits that science has not as yet explained *why* or *how* it comes to pass that matter is endowed with such marvellous plasticity as to give rise, by natural selection, in the struggle for existence, to all the developments and gradual advancements, from simple to compound forms, and the whole phenomena of existing nature. To most people that would seem obvious enough. Any one not immersed in the study of nature and its laws sees at a glance that they could not have given birth to themselves. But it is something to find scientific men of the development-school admitting that when they have thrown inquiry back beyond all existing and extinct species, beyond all organic forms, back to the very rudest conceivable state of plastic matter, they have only brought us to the edge of a far

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deeper inquiry—Whence came *this matter itself*, and how came it to be endowed with this so-called *plasticity?* We say it is something in these times of cold materialistic study to have even this much admitted by the most advanced advocates of the continuity theory. But—

2. Mark how eagerly our distinguished speaker clings to the hope that further study in the same walk of science may yet be rewarded by the revelation of this secret, or at least how loth he is to count it quite hopeless. In this sense must be understood such qualifying expressions as the following, that "our researches are *at present* uninstructive" on this point, and that "reproduction itself is *still* an enigma." But—

3. More ominous than all is the shrinking with which, after saying that the *why* and the *how* of nature and its laws have not yet been reached, he presents the only other alternative, that of creation:—"And this great question," says the President, "*may* involve *deeper thoughts than it would be suitable to enter upon now.*" Of course these "deeper thoughts" refer to the hand of an intelligent Creator calling nature into existence out of nothing, as we say, and endowing it with all its supposed plasticity.—But why would it have been unsuitable to enter upon that? There was no need to go into a theological disquisition on it; that would have been as unsuitable from the chair of the British Association as a disquisition on science from a theological chair. But would it have been unsuitable to say, in one word—provided only the author believed it—that *we must go outside of nature altogether for the originating cause of nature?*—But this is just what we fear that Mr. Grove was not prepared to say. He seems to have a strange, uncomfortable, ominous difficulty in conceiving the possible creation of any creature or object in nature immediately and perfectly. "Do you mean by that," says he, "that it dropped from the sky, or that it came out of the cleft of a tree."—But, Mr. Grove, is it a whit more easy to conceive of matter itself coming into existence, even in its rudest form, from no preëxisting material, than to conceive of its coming into existence stamped with some specific form or character?—And, again, is it one whit more difficult to conceive of creation in full perfection at the first, than with the plastic power to produce that perfection? Which of the two views is the correct one is not our present question. We want only to get to the bottom of Mr. Grove's meaning, when he says that to talk of the immediate creation of any creature organically perfect is to employ unscientific and unintelligible terms—to convey no definite notion of how such an event could have occurred. Can any man who so thinks believe in creation at all? Can he believe in the immediate creation of nature itself, and its laws of development, any more than in the immediate creation of creatures fully developed? We don't

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see it. And thus we can find no way out of atheism in the principles of this discourse. It is with extreme regret that we write this. In Dr. Darwin's book, creation and the Creator are prominent enough, nor is the mention of them deemed out of place in a purely scientific work. But in Mr. Grove's discourse, not only is all this studiously avoided, but even in those places where one would think it hardly possible to avoid emitting a clear note—if only he had it to emit—even there we find it not, nor anything approaching to it. Throughout all this discourse we find ourselves roaming about in a vast universe with no Maker—a universe teeming with life, and order, and beauty, overflowing with contrivance and overspread with beneficence, yet with no Author, no Conservator, no Ruler, no Father; and what is more, with the irrepressible yearnings of the heart after Him coldly discouraged, and the painful feeling left upon the mind, that with all that sort of thing science has nothing to do.

How differently is scientific study now prosecuted from what once distinguished it in those whom we are accustomed to venerate as its greatest benefactors! Not a few are familiar with the noble prayer of the Great Instaurator of the Inductive Philosophy, as admirable for its diction as for its drift:—"This also" (says Lord Bacon) "we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are Divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything may arise of incredulity or intellectual night towards Divine mysteries; but rather that by our minds thoroughly purged and cleansed from fancy and vanity, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto Faith the things that are Faith's." But few are acquainted with the sublime prayer with which the illustrious Kepler closes his astronomical works, and our readers, we are sure, will thank us for giving it to them:—"It remains only that I should now lift up to heaven my eyes and my hands from the table of my pursuits, and humbly and devoutly supplicate the Father of lights. O Thou, who by the light of nature dost enkindle in us a desire after the light of grace, that by this Thou mayest translate us into the light of glory; I give Thee hearty thanks, O, Lord and Creator, that Thou hast gladdened me by Thy creation, when I was enraptured by the work of Thy hands. Behold, I have here completed a work of my calling, with as much of intellectual strength as Thou hast granted me. I have declared the praise of Thy works to the men who will read the evidences of it, so far as my finite spirit could comprehend them in their infinity. My mind endeavoured to its utmost to reach the truth by philosophy; but if anything unworthy of Thee has been taught by me, a worm born and nourished in sin, do Thou teach me, that I may correct it.—Have I been seduced into presumption by the admirable beauty of

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Thy works, or have I sought my own glory among men, in the construction of a work designed for Thine honour? O, then, graciously and mercifully forgive me; and finally grant me this favour, that this work may never be injurious, but may conduce to Thy glory and the good of souls!"

How refreshing is this spirit, and at what a vast remove is it from the icy coldness, the soul-starving spirit of the speculations which have held us so long! In these the very existence of a living Creator is either not explicitly recognised at all, or (as in Dr. Darwin's book) recognised only in the form of *intelligent creation*; while the everlasting existence of individual men, in personal identity, in soul and body, under the strict conditions of a moral and retributive system, is not so much as alluded to, and all because (we fear) the system of nature which these speculations are designed to establish is utterly incompatible with anything of the kind. How different is the spirit of noble Kepler! This illustrious student of nature walks into that fair kingdom as one already in the higher kingdom of grace, and expecting to be thence translated into the still higher kingdom of glory; the universe is to his clarified vision the enrapturing work of his Creator's hands; the intellectual strength which he has been able to put forth in his peculiar line is regarded as simply given him for that end; his studies in nature have been prosecuted to their completion with no other desire than that his readers may see fresh ground for glorifying His name; but, being a worm born and nourished in sin, in case he should unwittingly have been seduced into presumption or a desire for his own glory among men, he cannot close without lifting up his eyes and hands from the table of his pursuits to his Lord in the heavens, to ask forgiveness, to deprecate any injury that might arise from his works, and to entreat that only glory to God and the good of souls might be the result of them.

Whence, now, this vast difference—a difference wide as the poles—between these two ways of prosecuting scientific research? It lies, we make no doubt, in the totally different state of mind and feeling with which the same objects are looked at and handled. The one class of minds walk into the universe, *not to find there its own deepest secret*, but, being already possessed of it, there to have it brightened and reflected back into their own spirit from every creature and every object in it. The other class of minds walk into the universe a blank as to all this, there to learn the alphabet of all that they shall feel warranted to believe; prepared to take in and recognise nothing whatever that the universe itself shall not disclose and force upon them as a legitimate deduction of science.—The one class of students, already steeped in the spirit, and nourished up by the soul-reviving truths of the Bible, expatiate through God's universe, enraptured with Himself as reflected in it; they hear in its

profound and exquisite harmonies a ceaseless Hymn to the great Lord of heaven and earth, and they learn to take up, in their own broken, lisping way, that hymn themselves. But even in this they rest not.—The men we describe feel that they have souls that must be fed on higher and more enduring truth; and knowing that in those living oracles that speak to their sin-sick hearts, and minister to their spiritual necessities are salvation and life everlasting, they, like the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, in the midst of their profoundest scientific researches, make this their admiring study; and their intellectual vision being thus clarified and their spirit braced, they find it no difficult matter to rise, with Kepler, from the table of their pursuits, and breathe out their souls from time to time in prayer to their Father in heaven, at once about the kingdom of nature—their proper field as students of science—and about those higher kingdoms of grace and of glory which carry them sweetly above all. But to this whole region of thought and feeling the other class of students are as complete strangers as if the universe in which they walked were not the same universe in which the others expatiate, or, which comes to the same thing, as if they had no common organs of vision and intelligence wherewith to see and explore it.

LILIES.

She came in the dewy dawning,
Where a little brooklet ran,
With the blue sky for an awning
And a white flower for a fan.

Spring light was on the meadows,
Spring light was in her eyes,
And she saw in the stream the shadows
Of the lilies fall and rise.

The stream roll'd to the river,
And the river roll'd to the sea,
And the years that roll for ever
Bore the maiden away from me.

But I bless the Heaven that sent her,
Though spring has taken its flight,
And summer changed into winter,
And all my day into night.

And I often dream of the valleys
Long ago, and the sweet spring-tide,
And the little stream and the lilies,
And the maiden that stood beside.

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Blackwood's Magazine.

PROFITABLE VICE.

Cornelius O'Dowd.

I have just read in a German newspaper a very grave and carefully written paper in support of maintaining those gambling establishments at Homburg, Ems, and Wiesbaden, which it is said to be the intention of the Prussian Government to suppress altogether. The writer very adroitly avoids all the ethical bearings of the question, and addresses himself simply to what attaches to expediency. He does not attempt to uphold what cannot be upheld; he has nothing to say for play, and he is wise enough not to compromise himself. His line of argument is, however, strictly Benthamite. It is an expansion of the "greatest happiness" principal. What he says is this. The vast majority of those who frequent Badörter are not gamblers. They are people who come to relax after severe task—wearied statesmen, overworked lawyers, tired men of business. With these come others fond of pleasure and glad to seek it in a spot where it is made the business of life—a large idle class of every imaginable nationality, amused at the strange panorama of queer people, queer costumes, and queer manners. Then come others, a large number, of moderate fortunes, who find in these places a vast quantity of gratuitous enjoyments to which their narrow means deny them all access elsewhere. Handsome rooms splendidly illuminated, admirable music, gardens, fountains, promenades maintained in the most perfect order, and a variety of amusements provided at public cost. The people who come for play are a very small minority. The great mass of the strangers do not even enter the *salle de jeu*, or even mix with those who frequent it. Gamblers, be it remarked, are not eager to make converts to their peculiar vice. With the superstition that attaches to these people, they never divest themselves of the thought that the new convert might carry off all the luck, just as in their code they believe that the unwilling player is sure to win. A gambler, besides, is the ideal of all selfishness; there is no man so utterly and completely indifferent to his fellows; he is too little interested in them to care to influence them in any way. The absorption of his favourite pursuit is such, besides, that he is very rarely, I might say never, gifted with those qualities which in making men attractive make them dangerous. For him, there are no questions of politics or science or lite-

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rature; he cares nothing for the arts, as little for the drama. "Man delights him not, nor woman either." Armies may march and dynasties crumble, but there is more interest to him in the last turned card of the croupier than in all the fate of Europe.

In this respect, therefore, the gambler is less dangerous to society than if, like the drunkard, for instance, he cared to draw others to his vice. Of course all this reasoning only applies to him who plays at a public table, since the private gambler has a very different line, and lives upon the victims he entices.

The German journalist enters most minutely into the consideration of this part of the question, and having satisfied himself that gaming does not corrupt by example, and that, as there always will be certain men who will play, it is for the interest of society that these people should be taxed to maintain and support those pleasant spots, Ems, Baden, and the like, where the non-playing portion of humanity may enjoy itself at little cost, virtue being thus for once rewarded at the expense of vice.— With that fatalistic turn which tinges all German reasoning, he argues that the question merely concerns those who come for pleasure, not play; that gamblers are born gamblers, and will be gamblers to the end; and that if we can turn such unprofitable people to good account, it is a wise economy, not very unlike that we pursue when we employ convict labour in our public works.

The gambler, most unquestionably, pays the band, lights the salon, sweeps and waters the promenade, cultivates the flowers, and makes the fountains play, and which of us, asks the writer, would not be well pleased to see the vice of drunkenness subjected to a similar taxation, and every tippler obliged while paying for his dram, to add another penny for a fund to be devoted to furnish amusement for his more temperate fellow-men? We tax luxuries, and vice is the chief of luxuries.

It is quite true that no man following an honest craft or calling would submit to such a percentage from his income as the gambler is obliged to pay. The cost of maintaining all the public establishments at Baden-Baden has been stated at forty thousand pounds sterling per annum. That is to say, that thousands are regaled and entertained with balls, fetes, music, theatres, hunting parties, and innumerable other devices of pleasure, that a few hundred very good-for-nothing people may be despoiled to their last shilling, and sent out to live on their relatives or die in the streets.

The German thinks this very pretty economy, and calmly asks, if instead of suppressing Wiesbaden and Homburg, we could not carry out the great truths they teach to an extended practice. Why not make all vice available to the support of virtue? There are other wicked practices as well as gambling. There are certain people who imagine that all our criminals

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capable of bearing arms ought to be made to serve as soldiers, and crime be made, in this way, "the cheap defence of nations." It certainly does throw new attraction around good behaviour to know that it is as profitable as it is commendable; and when once we have attained, as the German writer appears to have done, to that happy frame of mind in which no detraction from enjoyment is felt by the thought that our pleasure is obtained at the price of another man's perdition, we may begin to imagine that the world has at last made real progress, and that we have learned to utilise our bad people, as a farmer does a blighted crop, by making manure of them.

Instead, therefore, of shedding tears over human iniquity, and making our shortcomings the story of pulpit eloquence, we shall become far more lenient to our erring brethren, seeing that it is they who pay the taxes. How lightly we should come to regard a Russian war, an Indian famine, or the endowment of an Irish cardinal, when we only reflected that a few more drunkards, another hell in St. James's Street would meet it all! How proudly some future Gladstone would close his budget speech by declaring that we had suffered two successive years of bad harvest; carried on a costly war, and extended our military defences to a degree of perfection unequalled in the history of Great Britain, yet he "was able to inform the House that these expenses had all been satisfactorily provided for by the more general spread of intoxication, and a most gratifying increase of general profligacy!"

It is to this, or to something very like it, our enlightened journalist now points. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," is the text on which he enlarges, till he arrives at the pleasant fact in which he declares, "Blessed is the nation that can turn even its iniquities to good account! Happy are the people who can sow tares and reap wheat!"

When this millennial period shall have arrived, people will not be so prone to utter their congratulations over a small calendar or a white assizes, well knowing how it is crime keeps down taxation, and that a new vice is a penny off the income-tax.

I hope M. Bismark will see the force of this reasoning. Prussia has long been distinguished for its admirable financial policy. The taxation has been light—the public debt inconsiderable. To what extent might not this happy state of things be carried, if the suggestions here thrown out were only adopted, and what a boon would Prussians feel in the newly annexed states, when they saw what mines of wealth were contained in their profligacy, and what a sorry contrast the most successful industry presented beside a good wholesale business in human iniquity!

The virtuous people, moreover, could bring such balm to their consciences by the weight of the burdens they could lay on the wicked; and thus they might exalt the horn

of their praise while filling the horn of their plenty.

The height of manufacturing skill is attained when every residuary product is turned to profit; and it is to this we shall have now arrived when we make the dregs of our population a source of national wealth. We might feel some degree of humiliation in thinking that it was from Germany came this first lesson in political economy—from a people we are in the habit of regarding as far behind us in all that concerns government and statecraft—had we not the consolation of remembering that we have already shown the world the fertilising resources of wickedness, and we can point to a formidable array of figures in our revenue as the result of propagating opium-eating amongst the Chinese.

Let not Hesse or Nassau, or Baden, then, imagine that they have given us a lesson in utilising our dross. Even the unenlightened Government of the Pope knows how to make demoralisation an ingredient of revenue, and to fill its coffers by the gains of a public lottery.

What a glorious time it will be on earth when all the good people shall live lives of ease and enjoyment, not obliged either to toil or to spin, while the whole labour of life will be carried on by the wicked—a grand system of convict labour carried out in the gin-palace, the gambling house and such like haunts of crime, where the felons themselves shall not even suspect they are prisoners, nor even know that it is they who support the state!

If the German journalist has not carried out his theory to the full extent of this conclusion, it was possibly for want of space; the language is an unwieldly sort of creature, and requires room for its gambols. And it is a pleasure to me to show what his reasonings lead to, and to warn the world what a costly thing life will become, and how heavy the pressure of taxation, if the day should arrive that the wicked man should turn from his wickedness.

While the Temperance movement lasted in Ireland, grave statesmen trembled for the maintenance of the Union; and there is positively no saying how ungovernable a people might become if they would only be virtuous.

CHANGES.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast!

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All the Year Round.

THE DEAD LOCK IN ITALY.

A Letter from an Englishman in Rome to an Italian in London.

"You are visiting Rome for the fourth time. You have leisure at your command, you have eyes in your head, and your sympathies in the Italian question are on the liberal side. Rome is now on the eve of a change which may be felt all over Europe. Tell me, in my exile, how Rome looks."

This very natural request of yours reaches me, my good friend, on the fifteenth of November. In one calendar month from that date, the French troops are bound, under the Convention, to leave the Pope and the People to settle their differences together. Must I tell you truly how Rome looks, under these circumstances? Prepare yourself to be astonished: prepare yourself to be disappointed. Rome looks as Rome looked when I was here last, nearly four years since—as Rome looked when I was here, for the second time, eleven years since—as Rome looked, when I was here, for the first time, twenty-eight years since. New hotels have been opened, in the interval, I grant you; the Pincian Hill has been improved; a central railway station has been made; an old church has been discovered at St. Clemente; a new church has been built on the ruins of the Basilica of St. Paolo; Seltzer water is to be had; crinolines are to be seen; the hackney-coachmen have been reformed. But, I repeat, nevertheless, the Rome that I first remember in '38 is, in all essentials, the Rome that I now see in '66.—Nobody walking through the city, nobody looking at the people and the priests, would have the faintest suspicion of the change which you tell me is at hand, of the convulsion that may be coming in a month's time.

What is the secret of this extraordinary apathy? I take the secret to be, that the Roman Catholic Religion sticks fast, and that the people stick fast with it. I may be quite wrong, but the impression produced on my mind by what I have seen and heard in Italy this time is—that the Pope's position is, even yet, by no means the desperate position which the liberal newspapers represent it to be. I see three chances still for His Holiness and the Priest. First, the enormous religious influence at their disposal. Secondly, the miserable dearth (since Cavour's death) of commanding ability in the civil and military administration of the Italian Kingdom. Thirdly, the inbred national defects of the Italian character.

Don't crumple up my letter, and throw it into the fire! Don't say,

"The priests have got hold of him! My friend is nothing better than a reactionary and a Jesuit after all!" No Englishman living is a heartier friend to the Italian cause than I am. No Englishman living desires more earnestly than I do to see this nation great, prosperous and free, from one end of the Peninsula to the other. But there are two sides to every question—the shady side, and the bright. Italian liberals and English liberals have agreed long enough (in my opinion) to look at Italian politics on the bright side only. Give the shady side its turn. When an individual man is in a difficulty, it is universally admitted that his best preparation for getting out of it is to look the worst in the face. What is true of individuals, in this case, is surely true of nations—doubly true, I venture to think, of your nation. Suffer a barbarous Englishman to speak the rude truth. The very last thing you are any of you willing to do is to look the worst in the face. Give me your arm, and let us look at it together.

You have been twenty years in England; you are almost—though, fortunately for my chance of convincing you, not quite—an Englishman. Have you noticed, in the time during which you have inhabited my country, what the religious influence can do, applied to purely political and purely worldly objects? Why, even in my country, where Religion expressly assumes to leave thought free, and to let men decide for themselves—the so-called religious influence, applied to political and social ends, fights from a 'vantage-ground in the minds of the masses of mankind equally above the reach of reason and of right.

If the (always so-called) religious influence can do this in England, what sort of enemy have you Italians to deal with, in the religious influence of Rome? You have a system against you here, which for generation after generation, and century after century, has put the priest before the people with his hand held out, and the one everlasting formula on his lips: "Let me think for you, and I will take you to heaven." For generation after generation, and for century after century, the people have taken the priest's hand on those terms. The greatest of human writers, the noblest of human beliefs—patience under worldly trials consolation under afflictions, the most sacred domestic ties, the very knowledge of immortality itself—have all been held through century after century, for millions and millions of your people, in the priest's hand. In the priest's hand they are held still—and you have got him against you.

Yes! here, in his central stronghold, the priest's immovable composure has its old foundation, to this day, in the priest's consciousness of his power. The political tyranny that he administers—the infamous misgovernment that he permits—has alienated you, and thousands of men like you. But he has got your wives and your daughters; he has got the influence

of the mothers over the children, and the other stronger influence yet of the women over the men.—Nay, to come to individual instances of note and mark, he has even got your King. It is notorious to everybody out of England—though it has been carefully concealed in England—that there is a religious side to Victor Emmanuel's character, as well as a political side, and that he presents to this day the curiously anomalous phenomenon of a zealous Papist who is in disgrace with the Pope.

But I am drifting into general considerations, and am forgetting that it is my business to give you the results of my own personal observations, such as they are.

I have attended more than one of the Catholic church-services on Sundays. I have walked again and again over those remoter quarters of Rome in which the life of the people shows itself most strikingly and unrestrainedly to strangers.—Go where I may, I see no change in the congregations, since my first experience of them; I discover no such phenomenon as a threatening attitude among the people. Last Sunday morning, I went to a "solemn function" at the church of St. Martin; then, to St. Peter's, to Vespers, and Cathechism in the afternoon; then, all through the Trastevere, where all the people were out enjoying the lovely sunshine! then, back again, across the river, and round about another populous quarter, to another "solemn function." In all this peregrination I looked carefully for any signs of a change anywhere, and saw none. The church ceremonies were as superb and as impressive as ever, and the congregations (the men included, mind) just as numerous and just as devout. Four years since, I saw the catechising at St. Peter's—the boys openly taught under one of the aisles, and the girls secretly taught behind a screen, under another. On that occasion I noticed that the girls all respectfully kissed the priest's hand when they came out from the screen, and were dismissed. There was the whole thing, last Sunday, going on again as usual—the much enduring boys kicking their legs on the forms, and the nicely trained girls crowding round the priest to kiss his hand as they went out. In the whole Trastevere, when I walked through it afterwards—in all that turbulent ultra-Roman quarter of Rome—I doubt if there were a soul in-doors. Were the men cursing in corners, and the terrified women trying to moderate them? The men were playing the favourite Roman game of "morra" in corners—the men were smoking and laughing—the men were making love to their sweethearts—the men went out of the way into the mud, at a place where a cardinal's carriage was standing as an obstacle on the drier ground, without a wry look or a savage word in any case. The women, in their Sunday best—the magnificent Roman women of the people—sat gossipping and nursing their children, as composedly as if they lived under the most constitutional monarchy in

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the world. If they had been English women, and had "known their blessings," they could not have looked more comfortable—nor, I will add (though it is treason in an Englishman to find any beauty out of his own country), could they have looked handsomer. Do you remember, when you were in Rome, devout female individuals stopping a cardinal out for his walk, to kiss the ring on his forefinger? I saw a devout female individual stop a cardinal, yesterday, for this extraordinary purpose, in a public thoroughfare. The cardinal took it as a matter of course, and the people took it as a matter of course, just as they did in your time.

Don't misunderstand me, in what I am now writing. I am not foolish enough to deny that there is discontent in Rome, because I don't find it coming to the surface. I don't for a moment doubt that there is serious and savage discontent—though I firmly believe it to be confined to the class (the special class, here and everywhere) which is capable of feeling a keen sense of wrong. More than this, I am even ready to believe that "the Roman committee" can raise a revolution, if it please, on the day when the French leave Rome. But granted the discontent, and granted the revolution, I am afraid there is a power here which will survive the one, and circumvent the other. I see the certainty of possessing that power in reserve in the unchanged attitude of the priests; and I see the foundation on which the conviction of the priests rests, in the unchanged attitude of the people. You know the old story of the man who had been so long in prison that he had lost all relish of liberty, and who, when they opened the doors for him at last, declined to come out. When you open the door here, I hope—but I confess I find it hard to believe—that you will find the Roman people ready to come out.

So much for the first and foremost of the chances in favour of the Pope; the chance that the immense religious influence at his command will prove too strong for you. Observe (before we get on) how boldly and openly he is meeting you with that influence already, on your own ground. You know that the form of Christianity of which he is the head, is the one form that really adapts itself to the Italian temperament; and you leave the spiritual interests of the people at his sole disposal, while you take the material interests into your own hands. What does he do upon this? He declares, with the whole force of his authority and position, that his spiritual rights and his temporal rights are indivisible, and that respect for the one means respect for the other. View this declaration as a political assertion, and the absurdity of it is beneath notice.—Pronounced by the Pope, it becomes an article of Faith. "You take your religion from Me," says His Holiness. "*That* is part of your religion." What is the answer to this from the life of the faithful—not in Rome only, but all over the civilised globe? The answer from

hundreds of thousands of otherwise intelligent people, having their influence on public opinion is—"Amen!"

The second of the chances in the Pope's favour—the present dearth of commanding ability in the civil and military administration of the Italian Kingdom—needs no discussion here, for it admits of no denial. To enlarge on this part of the subject, after the events of the late war, would be almost equivalent to reproaching Italy with her misfortunes. God forbid I should do that! May you yet find the men who can lead your brave army and your brave navy as they deserve to be led! May you yet find the men who can hold out to the discontented, disunited, degraded people of the southern provinces the hand strong enough to help them up, the hand that can rule! Here, at least, we may hope for Italy, with some assurance that we are not hoping in vain. The nation that produced Cavour, the nation that possesses Garibaldi, must surely have its reserves of strength still left.

If you were not a northern Italian, I should feel some difficulty in approaching the last of the three points of view from which I look at the Papal Obstacles standing in your way. Fortunately for my purpose, you are not a Tuscan or a Roman—for it is precisely in the radical defects of the Tuscan and the Roman characters that I see the last of the three chances which the weakness of Italy still offers to the cause of the Pope.

The two striking defects of your countrymen, so far as a stranger can see them, appear to me to be: first, their apparent incapability of believing in truth; secondly, their want of moral fibre and nerve in the smaller affairs of life. The first of these defects presents the Italian to me in the aspect of a man who cannot be persuaded that I am telling the truth about the simplest matter conceivable, so long as he sees under the surface an object which I *might* gain by telling a lie. The second of these defects shows me my Italian fellow-pilgrim along the road of life, in the character of a man who, whenever he finds a stone in his path, skirts lazily round it, and leaves it to the traveller behind him, instead of lifting his foot and kicking it, once for all, out of the way. These are both (to my mind) dangerous national failings. The first lowers the public standard of honour, and does incalculable mischief in that way. The second leaves your countrymen without the invaluable check on all nuisances, abuses, and injustices, of a public opinion to discuss, and a public voice to resent them. There is gain, my friend, certain gain and certain strength here, for the cause of bad government all the world over.

Let me illustrate what I mean, by one or two examples, before I close my letter.

Not long ago, a certain mistake (the pure result of hurry and carelessness) was made in conducting the business of a certain English Legation. Some consternation was

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felt when the error was discovered, for it might have ended in awkward results. But the caprices of chance are proverbial. An unforeseen turn of circumstances placed the Legation in the lucky position of having blundered after all, in the right direction; a diplomatic advantage was thus accidentally gained, by a fortunate diplomatic error.—A friend of mine (himself in the diplomatic service) was a few days afterwards in the company of several Italian gentlemen; all of them men of education and position; some of them men of note and mark in politics. On entering the room my friend, to his astonishment, found himself eagerly surrounded and complimented in the warmest terms on the extraordinary capacity of his Chief. It was almost a pleasure, your polite countrymen said, to be overreached in such an extremely clever manner. The Englishman, as soon as he could make himself heard, attempted to put the matter in its true light.—It all originated, he declared, in a mistake. The Italians smiled, and shook their heads with the most charming courtesy and good humour. "Cave! cave!" they remonstrated. "You have outwitted us; but, my dear sir, we are not downright fools. The mistake has done its work. You may drop the mistake!" The Englishman declared, on his word of honour, that the true explanation was the explanation he had given. The Italians bowed resignedly, and left him. To this day they are persuaded that the mistake was made on purpose. To this day they admire my friend as a master in the art of solemn false assertion for diplomatic ends.

This little incident is trivial enough in itself, I grant you; but pursue the inveterate belief in deceit that it exhibits, into the daily affairs of life, on the one hand, and into serious political emergencies on the other, and tell me if you do, or do not, see some of your domestic scandals and some of your ministerial complications under a new light.

Take your railroads again, as illustrating some of those other defects in the national character which I have ventured to point out. In Northern Italy, the railroad is excellently managed; in Northern Italy the railroad has taught the people the value of time. Advance through Tuscany, and go on to Rome, and I hardly know which would surprise and disgust you most—the absolute laziness of the official people in working the line, or the absolute submission of the passengers under the most inexcusable and the most unnecessary delays. I arrived at the capital of the kingdom of Italy by the train which they called an express.—There was surprisingly few passengers, and there were only some six or eight barrow-loads of luggage. The porters—and there were quite enough of them—occupied half an hour, by my watch, in transporting the baggage from the van to the receiving-room. I never saw men lounge as those Florentine porters lounged; I never saw inspectors stand and do nothing,

as those Florentine inspectors stood and did nothing; and I never saw travellers take the exasperating and disgraceful indolence of the people paid to serve them, as the Italian travellers took it. Two men protested—two men were angry. One was a Frenchman, the other was your obedient servant.

Going on once more towards Rome (but not yet, mind, out of the kingdom of Italy,) we were kept waiting three-quarters of an hour for the arrival of a branch train. Three impatient men got out, and walked up and down the dominions of Victor Emmanuel, fuming. Again, the Frenchman; again, your obedient servant, and another Englishman. And what did the free Italians do? They sat talking and smoking in the sweetest of tempers. The perfect composure of the engine driver, the stoker, and the guards, was more than matched by the perfect composure of the native passengers. Late or early, in the train or out of the train, oh dolce far niente, how nice you are, and how dearly we love you! See the Frenchman grinding his teeth, and hear the Englishmen with their national "grumble." What a fever is in the blood of these northern people, and what lives the poor guards and engine-drivers must lead in those restless northern lands! Here comes the train, before the fourth quarter of an hour is out—what would you have more? Has any accident happened? Nothing has happened. We have somehow lost three-quarters of an hour on the road, to-day; you somehow lost an hour on the road yesterday. Ma che? After all, we are going on to Rome. We go on. Night and darkness overtake us. The train stops, without a vestige of a station or a lamp visible anywhere in the star-light. A lonely little maid, with a little basket, appears, drifting dimly along the line, and crying "Medlars! medlars! buy my medlars!" Have we stopped to give this poor child a chance of picking up some coppers? Send her this way directly; let us buy the whole basket-full, and give the little maid a kiss, and go on to Rome. My head is out of the window; my hand is in my pocket. A gendarme appears, and the little maid vanishes. "Be so obliging," the gendarme says, "as to come out and be fumigated." I tell him I have come from Florence; I tell him there is no cholera at Florence; I tell him I have got a clean bill of health from Florence. The gendarme waits till I have done, and replies, "Be so obliging as to come out and be fumigated." Everybody else has already got out to be fumigated. I hear the Frenchman in the darkness; his language is not reproducible. First class, second class, third class, we grope our way, without artificial light of any sort to help us, up the side of a hill, and all tumble into a shed. A soldier closes the door on us; a white smoke rises from the floor, and curls feebly about the people who are near it. Human fustiness and chloride of lime contend for the mastery; human fustiness, if my

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nose be to be trusted, has the best of it. Half a minute (certainly not more) passes, and the door is suddenly opened again; we are all fumigated; we may go on to Rome. No, we may not. The passports must be examined next. In any other country in the world, one stoppage would have been made to serve the two purposes. In Italy, two take place. As we jog on again, I consult my official guide to find out when we are due in Rome. The guide says 9 P.M. An experienced traveller tells me the guide is wrong—the hour is 8 P.M. A second traveller produces another guide—the hour is so ill-printed that nobody can read it. I appeal to a guard, when we stop at the next station. "In Heaven's name, when do we get to Rome?" In the gentlest possible manner he replies, "Have patience, sir." I catch the vice of patience from the guard, and it ends in our getting to Rome before midnight. Next morning I try to find out, in various well-informed quarters, whether there is a public opinion of any sort or kind to resent and reform such absurdities as I have here, in all good humour, tried to describe. I can find out no such thing as a public opinion. I can find out no such thing as the nerve and fibre out of which a public opinion is made. Abuses which have nothing to do with politics, abuses which are remediable even under the Pope himself, encounter no public condemnation and no public resistance. Is it wonderful that the King of Naples still persists in waiting for his turn of luck? Can you call the "Catholic party" absolutely demented if the "Catholic party" believe that the cards may yet change hands?

My letter is ended. All that is to be written and said, on the other side of the question, has been written and said, over and over again already. The ungracious task of finding out your faults, and of stopping to look for the pitfalls that lie in your way, is now, to the best of my ability and within my narrow limits, a task performed. For the rest, time will show how far I am right and how far I am wrong.

Meanwhile, I beg you will not do me the injustice to suppose that I have lost hope in the future of Italy. I have said what I have ventured to say, because I believe in the sincere resolution of the best among you to rouse the worst among you, and to show them, if it lie in human power, the way to advancement and reform. A man who honestly tells another man of his faults has some hope in that man, or he would hold his tongue. Distrust the flatterers and the enthusiasts—see the difficulties still before you, as the difficulties really are. When your people have had their Venetian holiday, send them mercilessly to school. For the future, let us have less throwing up of caps, and more throwing up of arable land—less illumination of houses, and more illumination of brains—the industry of an united people (which you have not got yet), in place of the acclamations of an united people (of which you have had more

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than enough). In plainer English still, do the work first, and shout over it afterwards. On the day when Italy has learned that lesson, you will be too strong for the Pope, and you will be a free people.

The Saturday Review.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The critics of the Second Empire think themselves now entitled to take a new line. They no longer try to explain that liberty is better than glory, and that an Emperor may be successful, and yet the nation he rules may be unhappy.—They have something more gratifying to dwell on, and something to say, the saying of which is much more pleasant. It has turned out at last, they assert, that the Empire is a failure. The success of Louis Napoleon has broken down; and if he is not successful, what is he?—They point to Italy, where France sees a new maritime Power rising to threaten her; to Rome, where an army of occupation has been protecting the Pope, only to leave him at last as unprotected as ever; to Algeria, where a half-starved feeble French colony struggles on, and where the French are actually obliged to ask the wretched Arabs to help them in governing the country. Then, on the other side of the great water, France has managed to get on bad terms with one of her firmest and best allies, and has had to retire in the most humiliating manner from an absurd attempt to set up a sham Emperor over the unwilling heads of a parcel of incorrigible knaves and fools. France, they go on to say, is no longer the first Power of the Continent. She has been cajoled by Prussia until it was safe to defy her; and now Prussia remakes the map of Europe, as French dreamers used once to dream that France was going to remake it. The smaller Powers no longer believe that France can or will help them; and Russia sees that she may have her own way in the East, for France went to Syria, but did not venture to stay there.

All this, we are told, has been done under the Empire, and the Empire is, therefore, not worth its cost. There is indeed one use which France may make of the season of adversity through which she is passing. She may learn that she bartered her freedom for nothing. She could not be weaker or more despised, or show fewer marks of confidence in her own policy, if she were as free as the most liberal Constitution could make her. To this argument from utility it is to be hoped she will turn a willing ear, although she has learnt to be deaf to all the best arguments which the friends of liberty have been fond of using

for many a long year. The French have not quarrelled with the Elect of December because he has demoralized them, or because he has cheated them with specious promises of what could never be realized. They have been told that Paris is a fine city, but very wicked; that the passion for display excited by the rule of a luxurious upstart is exceedingly bad for them; that the peasantry are degraded by being made to go through the transparent farce of universal suffrage; that no honest career is now open to high-minded politicians; and, generally, that French society has become blighted to the core under the present *régime*. They have been told all this, but apparently they have not cared much for it.—The Empire gave them substantially what they wanted, and this was all they were anxious for.—But now they are going to be taught better things by the stern schooling of adversity. The Empire lived upon the tradition of its unvarying success, and now its success is at an end. M. Jules Favre, more especially, has just written a preface to a book in which he tells us he prophesied this failure; and neither as a prophet nor as a patriot can he be sorry that his prophecy has turned out to be true.

The Empire has now lasted fifteen years, for last Sunday was the anniversary of the *coup d'état*, and this is a long time for anything to have lasted in France; and, if it is to be known by its fruits, it ought to be known by this time. In some ways it is curious to think how long ago the *coup d'état* seems in the history of the Government which it founded, and how much, by mere lapse of time, the Empire may be said to have overcome the vices of its origin. Whether the Empire suits the French or not, is exactly the question at issue; but undoubtedly the *coup d'état* scandalized Englishmen very much; and if Mr. Kinglake, in his celebrated digression, exaggerates the feeling which the crime of the Second of December awakened in most English breasts, he only exaggerates it; and perhaps he does not exaggerate what it once was, as treacherous memory might be apt to suggest. But the feeling of aversion with which the Emperor was once regarded has now passed away. We can judge him with tolerable fairness, and can perhaps pronounce an opinion as to his success as well as Frenchmen can. Has he really been unsuccessful? Is his Empire a failure? We must not, of course, deny that under any circumstances the Empire, being a standing insult to freedom, must be regarded as unsuccessful, for the success of bad things is not success. But this is not what M. Jules Favre, and those who think with him and write as he does, mean when they say that the Empire has failed. They mean something much more easy to discuss.—They mean that the Empire has failed just as the First Napoleon failed when he tried to conquer Russia, and as the Southern States failed when they tried to set up a separate Confederacy. In this sense, is it true that the present

Emperor has failed? To a certain degree, but only to a small degree, it is, we think, true.

There was once a kind of charlatanry in the language in which the Emperor was spoken of, and in which he spoke of himself. He tried to instil the notion that he was a man apart, a being under a particular star, a born Saviour of Society, and other things of that vague high sort. He was supposed to have deep, dark designs, which he was going to work out at the expense of mankind, and which fate had decreed should invariably prosper. We in England were to have the chief benefit of this preternatural grandeur. He was to love us, and be our friend; and if any one did anything we did not like, he was to go with his wonderful armies and give the naughty person a sound moral lesson. A fated, oracular, invincible, incomprehensible person, executing the moral decrees of the *Times*, was the notion of the Emperor which during the interval between the Italian and the Danish wars, dwelt in the breast of the susceptible and confiding British public. This is a dream that has now vanished. In France and out of France it is seen that the Emperor is but a man, that he makes many mistakes, that he trusts greatly to accident, that he is only a clever statesman, and that many other statesmen are, or have been, as clever. In this sense, then, he has failed, for he has to come off a pedestal of idolatry.—He is thought of in England now kindly, and not unjustly, as a man who has done many wonderful things and some foolish ones, and who has played a great part in Europe with much credit, but not with any overwhelming glory, for several years.

But that he has failed, in the full sense in which M. Favre and other hostile critics assert that he has failed, seems quite untrue. If his reign is taken as a whole, it must be said to have been a successful one. He has made no conspicuous mistake, except in Mexico; and he made this mistake because he calculated wrongly as to the issue of the American war, and made the same error that nine out of ten intelligent men in every country of Europe made. The very criticisms of his opponents destroy each other. That which one party applauded as the sole redeeming feature of his career, the creation of Italy, the other party laments as an encouragement to evil-minded persons, and as a source of future hostility to France. It may be a good thing or a bad thing in itself, but no one can say that the establishment of the Kingdom of Italy has not been successful hitherto. Nor is it ever to be supposed that even a successful man can make things succeed which contain the seeds of failure in themselves. The French occupation of Rome is a failure, because the good government which it intended to set up cannot be set up, and there are no materials in an ecclesiastical court out of which good government can come.

Algeria is a failure because the colony is destitute of resources, be-

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cause the Arabs are too wild and too numerous to be subdued, because French colonists are not bold and self-relying enough under adversity to command success. The experiments of seeing whether the Pope could not be got to establish a decent Government, and of planting a settlement in Algeria, were not originally made by the Emperor. He took up the work of others, and all he had to do was to let these experiments be fairly tried. In securing this fair trial, the Emperor, more especially at Rome, seems to us not unsuccessful, but successful in a very high degree.—He has succeeded in giving the Pope a thoroughly fair chance; he has succeeded in providing an Italian Power to take over the temporal power when the time is come for the change; and he has succeeded in making the priests feel that they are not to dictate to France, and that, when the legitimate purposes of the occupation of Rome are ended, the occupation shall end, whether the priests like it or not, and whether they flatter the Head of the French State in Scriptural language, as they once used to flatter him, or denounce him in Scriptural language as they denounce him now. To have been able to do all this is surely one of the greatest successes of the Emperor's reign.

This year, it must be admitted, he has not been successful with Prussia; for, although he was quite right not to plunge France into a war in order to appropriate scraps of German soil, yet he never meant to let things take the course they did, and he was even forced, it is said, to disappoint the hopes of assistance, by holding out which to Austria he procured the cession from her of Venetia. All that can be said is, that he did not control the course of affairs as much as it was expected, and as he expected he would have done; but he ultimately adopted the course which he thought best for France, and he made his subjects see that he was right. This also was in its way a success, and we do not believe that the general confidence of the French nation in the Emperor, and in his ability to guide and control it, is, after all, by any means seriously shaken.

St. James's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT TO THE TABLE MOUNTAIN.

On Christmas Eve of the year 1850 a party was formed on board the ship to which I was then attached, with the object of ascending the Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope.

Our ship had been cruising for several months on the station, and though the anchorage of the squadron was in Simon's Bay—some ninety miles distant from Table Bay—we had frequently visited the latter;

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and had made the acquaintance of the officers of the garrison, and several of the families of the merchants of Cape Town. We therefore easily persuaded three of the officers and five gentlemen of the colony to join our party, and, moreover, the entire party accepted the invitation of one of the latter to dine at his house on Christmas Day, after we had descended from the mountain.

We were very anxious that three or four ladies should join the party; and the latter seemed half inclined to do so; but it was Christmas time; company was expected at their houses, and they declined our pressing invitations—very luckily for themselves, as the sequel proved.

As everybody knows, Christmas falls at midsummer in the Southern hemisphere, and the weather was very fine and delightful. Somewhat too sultry, perhaps, in the heat of the day; but we had arranged to set out before daylight, and hoped to reach the summit of the mountain in time to partake of a late breakfast, and as we did not intend to commence the descent until the afternoon, the heats of the mid-day would not trouble us. Indeed, we were told that we should find the atmosphere quite cool enough, and perhaps too cool, to be agreeable, on the summit of the mountain, and were advised to carry overcoats and wrappers with us, in case we should need them.

We, however, had no notion of encumbering ourselves with more clothing than was necessary; and we therefore declined this prudential advice. Our party consisted of twelve persons, all told, besides our attendants—viz., three seamen from the ship, and half-a-dozen Hottentots and Malays, who carried canvas and materials wherewith to erect a light tent, and baskets of eatables and drinkables of every variety, provided by our fair friends at Cape Town.

It happened that not one of our party had ever ascended the mountain, though three of our friends from the town, had lived for several years in the colony. We were therefore perfectly ignorant of the road, and were left to two of our attendants, a Malay and a Hottentot, who professed to have a correct knowledge of the mountain paths from having previously acted as guides.

We, from the ship in the Bay, slept on shore on Christmas Eve, and at five o'clock in the morning we joined the rest of our party, and set forth on our journey from the Cape Town Hotel.

Cape Town, with its wide streets laid out at right angles with each other, and lined on either side with trees and watered by canals cut in the streets, and with its white-painted brick houses with flat red roofs and bright green blinds, resembles very much the towns in Holland, and this resemblance is increased by the number of Dutch signs, and by the frequent sound of the Dutch language heard in the streets. We, however, soon left Cape Town behind us, and entered the Mountain road, one of the pleasantest suburbs of the capital,

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and a favourite residence of the merchants, whose pretty villas and *lust-houses* are scattered along both sides of the road to within a couple of miles of the base of the mountain.

The surrounding scenery is also very picturesque, by consequence of its variety—gay gardens, covered with brilliant flowers intermingling with vineyards and green fields, extending as far as the eye can reach, while in the background rises the dark rugged mountain range of which the Table Mountain is the south-east extremity. To the eyes of the Europeans, however, the landscape has a remarkable appearance, caused by the rocky and sandy patches of ground which are everywhere interspersed among the cultivated spots. The fields seem to be separated by small deserts, and the green turf is scattered and thin, and lacks the soft, velvety appearance of the turf so commonly met with in England.

We travelled on horseback, or rather, on the backs of ragged Cape ponies, while our attendants trudged after us on foot, or took turns to ride in the buffalo cart which conveyed our refreshments, &c., &c., as far as the base of the mountain, about nine miles from the town where we all had to alight and leave ponies and buffalo cart at a farm near by, until our return from the summit. Before we commenced the ascent, however, we turned aside and visited the celebrated Constantia farm, celebrated for the luscious, sweet wine, known as Constantia. This farm, which is overshadowed by the mountain, is of inconsiderable extent, and the quantity of wine it produces is, therefore small, one reason perhaps wherefore it is so highly esteemed, and fetches so high a price in the market. The proprietor, or rather the manager, who lives on the farm, was, at the period of our visit, a Dutchman of the name of Boerhave. He took us over the farm, the soil of which is peculiar, and consists of a kind of decomposed sand-stone, not to be met with elsewhere in the colony. To this is probably owing the superiority of the wine it produces, though something is due also to the great care that is taken of the vines, and throughout the whole process of making the wine. Probably if the same care was bestowed upon other vineyards—though they might not produce Constantia—the general reputation of South African wines would stand higher than it does.

After he had conducted us over the farm, Mr. Boerhave took us into his house, introduced us to his wife and daughters, and insisted, with true Dutch hospitality, upon our drinking each a glass of Constantia, and moreover presented us with four bottles that we might drink success to the Constantia farm on the summit of the mountain. When it is recollected that the wine is worth a guinea a bottle in the market, this was no trifling present.

Having bidden farewell to our hospitable temporary host, we hastened to rejoin our suite, who had waited for us at the base of the mountain. The sailors, and the

Malays and Hottentots, then loaded themselves with the baskets of provisions and cooking utensils, and other commodities we had brought with us, and we forthwith commenced the ascent.

This, for awhile, was tolerably easy, and we kept pretty close together. The range of mountains, of which the Table Mountain is the loftiest, do not rise to any very considerable height, the summit of the Table Mountain being less than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; but the mountain sides are steep and rugged, as we very soon discovered, and there are numerous steep precipices beneath narrow ridges, a fall over which would be fatal.

In climbing mountains it is very difficult, and, in fact, almost impossible, for a party to keep together. Some will climb with greater facility and rapidity than others, and it is natural that the best climbers should strive to beat their companions. When the ascent began to get steep and difficult, we directed the two men who had promised to act as guides, to go on slightly in advance of the party, and lead the way over the best and safest paths. We soon found, however, that they knew little more of the mountain-paths than we did ourselves; and upon being sharply interrogated, one confessed that he had once set out with a party who had returned home before they began to ascend the mountain, because a storm threatened, and the other that he had climbed half way to the summit with a gentleman who had turned back because it came on to rain. We were, therefore, left to choose our own paths, and as before we set out we had provided ourselves with bundles of little pieces of stick to which pieces of coloured ribbon was attached, those who went foremost and lost sight of their companions, stuck their sticks into the ground at intervals, to serve as a guide to to those who came after them, and also to enable them to keep to the path when we should come to descend.

We found it utterly impossible to attempt anything like a direct ascent of the mountain. Every now and then vast perpendicular walls of cliff rose suddenly before us, and compelled us to make a circuitous route of sometimes half a mile, or more, and sometimes even slightly to descend again, before we could renew our ascent.—In fact, we must have walked and climbed at least over four miles of ground in making the actual ascent of less than 4,000 feet.

Some of our party soon began to feel weary; but their weariness was recompensed by the magnificent prospects that frequently burst suddenly upon them, and upon us all.

Suddenly, in making a sharp turn, we would see spread beneath us the distant town, and the numerous surrounding farms and vineyards, and country seats, while in the far distance lay the Bay, dotted with boats and shipping, and further still stretched the sea, until the prospect was bounded by the blending of the water and the

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horizon. Then we were immediately surrounded by objects of interest.

There were the deep black, precipices to which I have already alluded, down into which we gazed shudderingly, as we thought what would be the consequences of a false step and a fall into their dismal depths. Then there were flocks of monkeys, which skipped about us at a safe distance, seemingly half frightened and half curious, sometimes gathering together, and chattering as if they were questioning each other as to the cause of such an unwonted intrusion of strange animals into their exclusive domain. Now and then one of the ugly, clog faced baboons of the Cape would make his appearance perched loft on some inaccessible crag, and seem to grin defiance upon us; while above our heads, appearing to float through the air, rather than to fly, we saw a Cape mountain eagle, or a vulture, seeking for its prey.

But above all other objects of interest were the beautiful flowers that grew in profusion around us. The Cape of Good Hope is celebrated for its magnificent *flora*. On every hand were flowers and plants that are to be found only in the hot and greenhouses of England. There were tulips of the most gorgeous colours, and other bulbs of great variety; geraniums of every species, and splendid specimens of the amaryllis, the iris, the ixia, and the gladiolus. One thing was wanting—few of the flowers of the Cape can boast of any perfume, as few of the birds can boast of song: and, after all, I am not sure that the perfume of the rose, the violet, the pink, the honeysuckle, and the numerous common flowers of the English hedgerows, as well as the sweet song of the sober-feathered thrush, and linnet, and skylark, are not preferable to the brilliant, scentless *flora*, and the silent, though gaudily-feathered birds of southern and eastern lands.

I have said that we set out at 5 A.M. At 8 A.M. we commenced the ascent of the mountain, and at half-past 10 A.M. a loud joyous shout from the vanguard of our party announced the glad intelligence that they had reached the mountain summit. Others were not far behind, and in another quarter of an hour the laggards of the party joined their companions on the top of the Table Mountain.

The three seamen and the Malays and Hottentots had already been set to work. We stood on a level rocky plateau, and, as we had previously been informed, close to us were several pools—some so large that they might almost have been termed lakes, of pure, fresh and delicious water. The atmosphere felt pleasantly cool to our bodies, heated by the hard work of climbing, and we dispensed with the erection of a tent. Some of the darkies set to work to light a fire from the furze which grew plentifully around, while others filled a kettle with water, and prepared frying pans and other culinary utensils for use. Yet others laid out the table or rather spread the canvas of our tent

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on the bare rock, and prepared the several viands for the cooks. By eleven o'clock a capital breakfast was ready, of which we partook heartily, for we were all half famished with our long walk, and the arduous work of climbing the mountain.

When our party had breakfasted, we left the still abundant fragments of the feast for our attendants, and followers, who were soon busily at work, following the example we had set them, while we rose, and proceeded to view the scenery by which we were surrounded, at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea.

In our rear, looking inland, there was nothing to be seen worthy of remark. The topography of Cape Colony is peculiar—the country consisting of three successive plateaus, increasing in elevation according to their distance from the sea, and separated from each other by three successive chains of mountains—viz: the Lange Kloof, or Long Pass, one extremity of which is known commonly as the Table Mountain; Groote Zewarte Bergen, or Great Black Mountain range, and the Niewveldt Gebirgte, or New Mountain chain. From the summit of the Lange Kloof the plateau slopes gradually and almost imperceptibly, until, at a distance of sixty miles inland, the Groote Zewarte Bergen rises abruptly to a height of more than 4,000 feet, when the plateau again shelves imperceptibly, until it reaches the base of the Niewveldt Gebirgte, which rises to a greater height than either of the afore-mentioned ranges. These successive plateaus present a varied surface, large plains of sand, called Karroos, intermingling with patches of deep and fertile soil, well clothed with small arboreous plants, and in some places with forest-trees, while they abound with rivulets well filled with pure, clear water. Still, looking inland, the country had, to our eyes, a level, monotonous aspect; but when we directed our gaze seaward, the prospect amply repaid the toil of our journey.

Apparently almost directly beneath our feet, as if we could have leaped down into it, lay the town, some miles distant, and the bay, dotted with ships—every object dwindled to Liliputian size, yet as distinctly visible as if painted on a map. Looking beyond these, and to the left, we could trace the lines and undulations of the coast, and distinguish the numerous coves and bays, and the narrow buffalo roads along the shore; while in the distance in our front and to our right, stretched the vast Atlantic Ocean, appearing, from the height at which we stood, as smooth as the surface of a mirror. The sun shone brightly, and the varied scenery was extremely beautiful and called forth the unbounded admiration of our entire party.

We had brought three or four fowling-pieces with us, and after we had feasted our eyes until they grew weary of gazing upon the fair sun-lit scene I have attempted to describe, we roamed over the plateau in search of game; but the

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birds were shy and we were unable to bring anything down. At length we began to feel weary, and having chosen a spot, thickly covered with grass, whereon to sit down and rest, we proceeded to discuss some sandwiches we had brought with us, and to empty our bottles of Constantia.

When we had finished our lunch, we stretched ourselves at full length upon the soft, moss-like-grass, and while some of our party dozed off to sleep, others chatted together about the party we were to join in the evening. Some amused themselves with rolling over and over on the soft sward, among the rest our first lieutenant; but while he was engaged in this intellectual amusement, he was very near coming to grief. Suddenly, to the amazement of one or two of the party who were watching him, he disappeared as if he had been swallowed up in the soil. A cry of alarm was immediately raised by those who had witnessed the officer's disappearance, and the entire party rushed to the spot where he had apparently suddenly sunk into the earth, those who had just started up from a doze, wondering what could be the matter.

No one could explain; but it was lucky for us all that just as we reached the spot where our companion had last been seen we heard his voice, calling to us for assistance, or otherwise, we might all have fallen into the cleft in the earth into which he had been precipitated, and all have perished together.

"I'm all right, boys! I'm all right!" we heard him cry, as if his voice came forth from the bowels of the earth; "only be cautious how you approach, for the sake of your lives; for I have tumbled into a deep hole of some sort."

We stopped short on hearing this warning cry, and reconnoitering the spot, we perceived that we were within three yards of a narrow cleft in the earth, almost concealed from our sight by the tufts of long grass that grew on its edges; and advancing cautiously on our hands and knees, guided by the sound of the officer's voice until we could peep over the inner edge of the cleft, we saw our companion, his head three or four feet beneath us, clinging for life to the branches of a shrub which he had fortunately caught hold of as he was falling.

"Bear a hand, boys!" he cried, when he saw us. "I have no rest for my feet, or I'd soon get out of this confounded hole. But I can't hold on much longer."

We were awkwardly situated.—Our friend was in imminent peril of his life, yet we had no rope to let down to him, nor anything else of sufficient strength by which we could draw him up. The cords of the portable tent we had brought with us would have served our purpose, but we had left the tent at the spot where we had breakfasted, at least two miles distant. Some proposed that we should tie our handkerchiefs together, but this suggestion was immediately scouted, as it was extremely doubtful whether they would have borne the

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full fourteen stone of the lieutenant's weight. In this dilemma there was nothing left to us but to lower one of our own party into the cleft, legs foremost, while two others held his arms, and the remainder of the party supported the holders. This was immediately done; the lieutenant clung to the legs of a young midshipman, who was lowered into the hole, and by this means, after a severe tug, we succeeded in raising our friend once more to *terra firma*, with no other ill effect than the straining of his own and the midshipman's arms.

We now examined the cleft, and found that it extended for a long distance, in a zigzag direction, though it was in no place more than three feet, and in some places scarcely two feet wide, while its presence was imperceptible until we stood close to its brink. It appeared to sink to an immense depth, though the darkness prevented us from seeing into it to the depth of more than a few yards; but we threw several large stones into it, and though we listened attentively, we could not hear any one of them strike the bottom. It had evidently been caused by an earthquake, or some similar convulsion of nature, and its discovery rendered us cautious lest we should come upon other clefts of the same description.—Well for us it was that the accident had happened, since it had proved harmless, for within half-a-mile we came across two similar clefts, into which, had we not been forewarned, it is almost certain that some of our party would have been precipitated.

These discoveries put an end to our rambling; besides, the air was growing chill, and we almost regretted that we had not provided ourselves with overcoats and wrappers, as our friends had advised, though we had much greater reason to regret our want of caution before we saw our friends again.

It was now 3 P.M., and time that we were beginning to think of descending from the mountain. We calculated that the descent would not occupy more than two hours at the most, and that two hours more would carry us to the friend's house, near Cape Town, at which we were to dine and spend the evening, and amuse the ladies of the party by relating our adventures; so we hastened back to the spot where we had left the seamen and the Malays and the Hottentots, and these latter, having taken up their loads, commenced the descent of the mountain.

To descend a mountain, however, is often a much more difficult and perilous task than to ascend, and so it proved in the present instance. The paths, which had previously appeared sufficiently firm, were now slippery to a degree, and we were obliged to proceed very slowly, while we spread ourselves as much as possible to avoid the stones and masses of earth which were frequently dislodged by our feet, and rolled down upon the heads of those who were beneath. This, however, was not the only annoyance. During the ascent we had seen numerous flocks of small monkeys, but only two or three of the large dog-

faced baboons which haunt the mountains. Now the smaller monkeys had apparently disappeared, while the baboons were numerous. The ugly mischievous brutes grinned and chattered down upon us from every ledge of rock. We never saw them beneath, but always above us, as if they were conscious—as I have no doubt they were—that they thus had us at a disadvantage; and I am certain, in my own mind, that they purposely, and with *malice prepense*, frequently loosened pieces of rock and large stones, and sent them rolling down upon our heads. We frequently narrowly avoided being struck with a stone, which passed close to our heads, and sometimes actually grazed our persons, when there were none of our party above us; and on looking up we would see one of these hideous brutes peeping over a ledge of rock, and grinning maliciously at us, showing the whole of his large white teeth, as if he enjoyed the joke, as I have no doubt he did.—Some, upon being thus discovered, would scamper away, chattering as they went, while others would remain, well satisfied that our threats were impotent, and that if we attempted to pursue them they could easily make their escape.

However, with all these little drawbacks, we descended with tolerable rapidity, and in little more than an hour from the time at which we had commenced the descent we stood on the broad plateau on which we had rested during the ascent in the morning. Many of our party were somewhat out of breath. We therefore remained to rest awhile, and to take one last look at the beautiful prospect spread beneath us. To our surprise however, everything below us was hidden in a white mist. Nothing was to be seen of the country, or the town, or the Bay—nothing but, as it were, a wide sea of mist, stretching as far as the eye could reach. We had already remarked, during our descent, that the atmosphere was less clear than it had been, and had attributed the change to the gathering shades of evening, though we had thought it early for these changes to make their appearance. Now, however, even as we stood, we could see the mist growing thicker and thicker, and apparently rising towards us.

"We must make haste," cried one of our party; "or we shall be lost in the fog before we get down to the level, and that will be no joke."

"Tink massa bes' not tink him get u' Cape Town a night," answered one of the Malays. "White fog him come. Hide eberyting. Massa no wantee lose he life—he bes' stay whar he be, I tink."

"The fellow's right," exclaimed the first lieutenant, who had cast a glance upwards towards the summit of the mountain. "The mountain imps are laying the table-cloth, and it will very soon cover us."

The whole party glanced upwards, and sure enough the white clouds, like bales of cotton wool, had already begun to roll over the mountain-top, and were descending fast upon us, while the mist beneath

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was rising faster and faster to meet them.*

"We had best hurry down as quickly as possible," cried one of the officers from the fort; "or we shall very soon have no chance of a Christmas dinner to-day."

"Tell massa him hab no chance anyway," answered the Malay.—"Bes' stay whar him be, 'fore wuss come."

"Let us try to get down, at all hazards," said the young midshipman who had been lowered into the cleft to save the first lieutenant.—"My legs have been stretched to that degree that I fancy I could wear Jack the Giant-killer's seven-leagued boots."

"No, Tom," replied the lieutenant, with whom the young middy was a favourite. "The Malay is right, and we are lucky to have reached this plateau. We shall be safe here, at all events, until the mists clear up; and if we attempt to descend further, some, if not all of us, will lose our lives by falling into the ravines. I've had one fall to-day, and that's enough for me."

"Then you propose that we bivouac here for the night!" cried the so'ger officer, who had previously spoken. "A precious cool spot, certainly, to spend the Christmas in. It'll put us in mind of the weather in Old England."

"But we are in for it, and no mistake," replied the lieutenant, "and the best thing we can do is to try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible before matters grow worse."

"We shall have the table-cloth laid for our Christmas dinner, though we miss the roast beef and plum-pudding," put in the young middy. And thus, amidst jokes and growls, we proceeded to examine into the state of affairs. In the first place, we were beginning to feel hungry, and the prospect of losing our anticipated Christmas dinner made us feel hungrier still; while on looking into the condition of our larder, we found that there was hardly enough left of the provision that we had brought with us to make a meal for three hungry men. What there was, however, was as fairly as possible divided amongst us and consumed forthwith; otherwise, in all probability, the Malays and Hottentots would very soon have consumed it themselves; but they had their fair share with the rest of us.

"Now, gentlemen," said the lieutenant, addressing the party generally; "these mountain fogs sometimes last for many hours.—We had better spread our tent, and take shelter beneath it; and all we can do then will be to wait, as patiently as we may, until the atmosphere clears up. I am sorry to say that I give up all hope of eating my Christmas dinner in Cape Town this evening."

* It is almost worth a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope to witness the phenomenon of the table-cloth being laid on the Table Mountain. It presents, from the Bay, a singular and beautiful appearance, as if countless bales of fleecy cotton-wool were rolling, one over another, from the summit to the base of the mountain, until the entire surface is completely shrouded from sight. The phenomenon is occasioned by the condensation of the moisture in the air, cooled by its contact with the mountain, and during its prevalence the cold air often rushes down the mountain side with such violence as to be fatal to the shipping in the Bay.

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"Or anywhere else," added another of the party.

"What will my poor wife and the rest of the ladies think, when they find that we do not join them?" said the gentleman at whose villa we were to have dined.

"They will see the table-cloth on the mountain, and know the cause of our detention," replied the first lieutenant.

"Yes, if that were all," continued the merchant; "if they could be satisfied of our safety. But they will surmise all sorts of evil, and fancy that we have fallen over some of the precipices."

"Well, well; we can't help that," answered the lieutenant. "We may be thankful," he added, "that such is not the case; and Mrs. B— and the other ladies will only be the more rejoiced when, please God, they see you return in safety to-morrow."

By this time the cloud had grown so dense that we were utterly unable to discern the outlines of each other's persons at the distance of three feet, and the air was every moment growing perceptibly colder. The sailors, assisted by the Malays and Hottentots, had succeeded, under the direction of the first lieutenant, in erecting the tent, which was about five feet in height, and large enough to contain our entire party, crowded close together. We deeply regretted, now, that we had declined to bring the overcoats and wrappers that had been urged upon us by our friends, and, at the same time, rejoiced that the ladies had declined to join our party; for in less than half-an-hour the cold was so severe that our teeth chattered in our heads, our fingers tingled, and we shivered in every limb.

Our feelings were strange. We seemed to be perched in mid-air, surrounded by the clouds; while, from whatever cause I cannot say, but we all felt a sensation as though the plateau upon which we were grouped was floating in the air. In fact, this sensation was so apparent to our imagination that some of our party became alarmed, and believed that the plateau was actually shifting its position and that we should find ourselves hurled over the precipice into the abyss beneath, and perhaps crushed and buried by the falling earth.

Anticipating heavy gusts of wind, the lieutenant had directed the tent to be erected close under the brow of the overhanging acclivity, and as far from the edge of the plateau as possible, and fortunate for us all it was that he had so done. We had not been crouched beneath it more than an hour when fierce squalls, one after another, came rushing through the gaps of the mountain, and swept over the plateau with such violence that they would inevitably have carried any one off his feet who had been standing near the edge of the precipice, and hurled him to destruction. We, however, were sheltered by the mountain-side, and though we heard the wind rush past us, we scarcely felt its violence, and were congratulating ourselves upon our good fortune, and the lieutenant upon his foresight, when a fiercer

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gust than usual struck the tent, and immediately tore the canvas into shreds, lifted the stakes out of the ground, and carried us, entangled among the wreck, into the centre of the plateau.

We gave ourselves up for lost; but providentially we managed to escape from the ropes and torn canvas, which were twisted about our limbs, and lying down motionless and flat upon the earth, saved ourselves from being blown over the edge of the plateau. When the squall had passed over us, the wreck of the tent had disappeared, and we crept back to our former position, where we laid ourselves down, and clung one to another, all huddled close together for mutual warmth and protection. But we could find little warmth from each other's bodies, for by this time the cold had become intense, and every garment we wore was as dripping wet with the fog as if we had been fording a river in our clothing. Our teeth chattered to that degree that we were unable to converse together, even had we felt so inclined; while —equally unable to sleep—we lay huddled together, some silent, others groaning, and bemoaning their unhappy condition—all beginning to doubt whether we should live through the night.

And yet, had we been in a situation to enjoy it, the scene around us was wildly magnificent. Darkness had come on; but it was a moonlight night, and occasionally the fog lifted for a few moments, and disclosed the moon and star-lit sky above, and the black peaks of the surrounding mountains. Then it closed up again, and left us in a cloudy darkness, amid which we could see the fog lifted, as it were, by whirlwinds, and driven by the gusts of wind in different directions, until two adverse gusts would clash and intermingle with a fierce rushing noise, and sweep rapidly on together, dividing and forcing a passage through the dense mist that rested on the mountain-side. Once, for a moment, the town and country beneath us, and the bay and the shipping in the distance, were suddenly disclosed to our view, and disappeared as suddenly, as if they had been swallowed up by some supernatural means, and then all was strange, cloudy darkness again.

We lay thus for several hours, when, at length, the fog gradually, and then more rapidly, began to clear away, and another hour not a vestige of it remained. The moon had gone down, but the stars shone out gloriously in the dark sky overhead, and disclosed every portion of the surrounding scenery as clearly as if it were daylight. The stars in the southern hemisphere are not scattered throughout the entire arc of the heavens as in the northern hemisphere. There are many dark patches in which not a solitary star is visible; but grouped together in constellations, they appear—perhaps by contrast with the surrounding dark patches—to shine more brightly. At all events, they gave sufficient light to enable us to read the smallest print, had we been so inclined, and had anything to read.

On looking at our watches, we found that it was just three o'clock A.M. We had consequently, been nearly twelve hours imprisoned in the fog; and now, amid our rejoicing at our escape, our first thought was to descend from the plateau as quickly as possible, and rejoin our no-doubt-anxious friends, and get something to eat, for we were all almost famished with hunger and cold. On endeavouring to move, however, we found our limbs so stiff and cramped that we felt it would be madness on our part to risk the descent over the now damp and slippery rocks and soil until our bodies had somewhat recovered their elasticity. We therefore set to work to rub each others' backs and limbs with all our might, to restore the circulation, and then, after awhile, paced to and fro on the plateau, and thus another hour passed away before we found ourselves in a condition to recommence the descent. Day was now dawning, and directing our followers to throw away or leave behind the empty baskets, and the other lumber they had hitherto carried, in order that they, as well as ourselves, might use their limbs freely, we started on our way.

As we expected, the descent was perilous. In some places the rocky paths were as slippery as ice, and we met with many falls. However, shortly after six o'clock on the morning of the 26th of December, we stood once more on level ground, beneath the mountain. We hastened at once to the farm where we had left our ponies and the buffalo-cart, on the previous morning; but just as we reached the house we saw a party of our friends from Cape Town, coming towards us, accompanied by servants carrying ropes, and ladders, and pickaxes, and shovels. They raised a loud shout of joy as soon as they perceived us, to which we responded, and as we met together they inquired eagerly whether all our party were safe.

"All," we replied.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Mr. S——, a magistrate of the town; and several of our brother officers from the ship who were with the party, and several of the officers from the fort, sprang towards us and shook hands with us cordially.

"Cape Town is in a blaze of excitement," said Mr. S——. "We saw the table-cloth spreading over the mountain yesterday afternoon, and were much alarmed for your safety, though we could do nothing for you until it cleared away. But it was soon known throughout the town that there was a large party on the mountain, and the excitement became intense. Many people have been up all night watching the cloud, and as soon as it began to clear we set forth to your rescue; but, to tell you the truth, we did not expect to find you all alive. It was lucky that you had not begun the descent when the cloud first began to gather."

"We had," replied the lieutenant. "We were half way down the mountain side."

"Then your lives are saved by a miracle. How did you avoid the ravines?"

We explained that we had reached a broad plateau, upon which we had remained.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. S——; "the very fact seems to point out that you were providentially guided in your descent. I know the plateau of which you speak; but it is quite out of the customary mountain path. Mr. B——," he added, "your wife will be wild with joy when she sees you. She and several other ladies have been half crazed with grief."

Our friends had brought with them restoratives, of which we partook gratefully and freely; and now that the first joy of the meeting was over, they began to laugh at and joke us upon our personal appearance. A more miserable-looking party, I should think have been seldom seen. Our faces were pale and dirty, our hair was matted with wet, and our soaked clothing was stained of various colours by the earth and grass upon which we had crouched down. However, we soon reached the farm-house, when some hot coffee was provided for us; and after we had breakfasted, we mounted our ponies, and, accompanied by our friends, returned in triumph to Cape Town. We had lost our Christmas dinner; but we had accomplished what few have done. We had been on the Table Mountain when the table-cloth was laid upon the mountain-side.

That day we all needed rest, but a day or two afterwards we all met at Mr. B——'s villa to dine, and celebrate our Christmas night's sojourn on the Table Mountain. Many years have passed away since the period of which I have written; but though I lost my Christmas dinner, and had no share in the Christmas festivities and frolics that were to have followed, I have never regretted, however unpleasant it was at the time, that the circumstance of which I have written occurred to me; for there are few, even of the inhabitants of Cape Colony, who can say that they have spent a night on the mountain-side when the table-cloth was laid.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Macmillan's Magazine.

The November Star-Shower.

"In the year 599, on the last day of Muharram, stars shot hither and thither, and flew one against another, like a swarm of locusts; this phenomenon lasted until daybreak; people were thrown into consternation, and made importunate supplications to God the most High; there was never the like seen except on the coming out of the Messenger of God—on whom be benediction and peace." In these words did the Arab historian, Abu-l-'Abbas ad-Dimashki, chronicle the

November star-shower of the year 1202 of our era.

We possess records, dating from A.D. 902, showing that about every thirty-three years since that time the heavens have been hung with gold, as they were on the 14th of last month. The shower of 902 indeed was not the least important among the data on which the prediction of the recent appearance was based.

The exquisitely beautiful display, almost awful as well as rare, had, thanks to our scientific men, been so well heralded that few among us interested in such matters failed to witness it; and, for those who did not, the accounts in the daily press have been so full that I do not think it necessary to give anything like a *résumé* of what was seen; the more so, as the time has not yet arrived for giving a rigorous analysis of the results. I prefer rather to connect some of the more salient of the appearances which are now being discussed with the received theories by which it has been attempted to account for them.

It is not so very many years ago since the planetary spaces were supposed to be untenanted by anything more tangible than that mysterious fluid called ether. This notion is exactly represented by the French equivalent for those spaces, *le vide planétaire*. Hence, not to mention imagined supernatural causes—such as that, for instance, embodied in the tradition, that St. Lawrence on the anniversary of his martyrdom (the 10th of August) shed burning tears—the cause of the phenomenon was ascribed to atmospheric perturbations, exhalations of sulphur, and so forth. An account of the August shower of 1857 even, published in the *Bulletin de l'Académie Royale de Belgique*, is accompanied by a minute record of rain, temperature, atmospheric electricity, &c.

When, however, Olmsted witnessed the shower—that of 1833—which immediately preceded the recent one (a shower heralded and followed by less brilliant displays in 1831-2, and 1834-5-6,) and when, moreover, he had compared the phenomena with those recorded by Humboldt and Bonpland in 1799, the theory which has been so recently and brilliantly confirmed—namely, that the appearances are due to the passage of the earth through a *storm*, so to speak, of asteroids—was given to the world.

This was the first blow given to *le vide planétaire*. And now-a-days it is held that the bodies which, when they enter our atmosphere, give rise to the beautiful sight we have so recently witnessed, are so numerous that there are 13,000 of them in each part of space as large as our earth; and that, could all which enter our atmosphere in a period of twenty-four hours—including those visible in a powerful telescope—be counted, they would number not less than four hundred millions. Still, however, there is ground for supposing that in the main these little bodies are congregated into rings,

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each particle composing the ring revolving like a planet round the sun; and, as far back as 1844, M. Houzeau gave the elements of the August rings as one would give those of the orbit of a planet. In fact, these rings may be compared to *tangible orbits,* indeed they almost realize the schoolboy's idea of an orbit, as each point of the path is occupied by a little planet; while in the case of our earth, for instance, each point of the path is occupied in succession only.

Let us now pass to a consideration of the November ring. For this purpose, let us suppose the plane in which our earth revolves round the sun, called by astronomers the plane of the ecliptic, to be represented by an ocean in which both earth and sun are half immersed; let us, moreover, suppose the earth's path, or orbit to be marked by buoys—remembering that astronomers define the place of a heavenly body in the plane by stating its *longitude,* that is, its angular distance, reckoning from right to left, from a particular start-point, as seen from the sun; and its *latitude,* that is, its angular height above the plane, as seen from the same body. Now, if it were possible to buoy space in this convenient manner, we should see this meteoric ring rising out of the waves of our hypothetical ocean, at a slight angle (17°), at the point of the earth's orbit occupied by our planet on the 14th of November, the point where the ring emerges being called the *node.*—Where the other node lies, where the ring plunges down again, we do not exactly know; we only know that it does not cut our orbit; if it did, another star-shower would occur in May. It has, however, been surmised that we have another proof of the existence of the node, not far within our orbit, in the almost constant retrogression of the temperature about the 12th of May, which has been ascribed to the bodies composing the ring cutting off the sun's heat from us.

Similarly, we might observe the August ring rising from one of its nodes, situated in the point of the earth's orbit occupied by our planet on the 10th of August, not at a slight angle lide the November ring, but at an angle of 79°, or so.

Bearing what has now been stated in mind, the cosmical nature of the ring comes out in its full force.—In the early records to which we have before referred, the shower is stated to have occurred in *October.* This shows that the meteors are independent of the *precession of the equinoxes.*

It is evident that if this ring crosses our orbit in a certain definite point in space, our earth will always traverse it when it occupies the same definite point of its orbit with regard to the stars. But our ordinary year, called the tropical year, is affected by the precession of the equinoxes, as it is measured from equinox to equinox, so that we do not measure it by the stars, but by an empirical point called the first point of the sign *Aries,* which is actually at the present moment in the constellation *Pisces.*

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If we refer the recorded star-showers to the sidereal year, we find an almost absolute identity in the dates of their appearance.

It is to an American astronomer, Professor Newton, that we owe the most profound investigation into the constitution of the November ring. He has first considered the question whether the ring is of uniform density, and whether it lies merely near our orbit; the variation in the brilliancy of the showers being caused by the action of the planets and moon on the earth and ring—the greatest perturbation of the earth being 9,000 miles each way—sometimes throwing us into the ring, sometimes causing us to pass it without meeting it. He has shown, however, that the ring cannot be of uniform density throughout, but that, on the other hand, in one part of it there is a clustering together of the little bodies of which it is composed—a few stragglers being scattered along the rest of its circuit. From other considerations he has shown that the meteors revolve around the sun in a direction opposed to the earth's motion; the most probable time of revolution being 354·621 days, our own being accomplished in 365·256 days. This is the same as saying that the annual motion of the group is 1 + 1-33·25 revolutions. Consequently the centre of the group is brought into contact with the earth once in every 133 years, but the earth passes very near the centre four times in this interval. Here then is the *raison d'être* of the display we have so recently witnessed.

We have, then, the earth, the velocity of which in its orbit, to speak roughly, is 1,000 miles a minute, plunging into a mass of bodies which are advancing to meet it with a velocity equal at first to its own, but which is increased to 1,200 miles a minute when they come within the region of its attraction. Was it possible, by observing the recent display, to prove that this was the real state of the case? It was. One of the most salient facts, noticed by those even who did not see the significance of it, was that all the meteors seemed to come from the same part of the sky. Among all those seen by the present writer from 11 P.M. on Tuesday till 2 A.M. on Wednesday morning, *two only* were exceptions to the general direction. In fact, there was a region in which the meteors appeared trainless, and shone out for a moment like so many stars, because they were directly approaching us. Near this spot they were so numerous, and all so fore-shortened, and for the most part faint, that the sky at times put on almost a phosphorescent appearance. As the eye travelled from this region, the trains became longer, those being longest as a rule which first made their appearance over head, or which tended westward. Now, if the paths of all had been projected backwards, they would have all intersected in one region, and that region the one in which the most foreshortened ones were seen. So decidedly did this fact come out, that there were moments in which

the meteors belted the sky like the meridians on a terrestrial globe, the pole of the globe being represented by a point in the constellation Leo. In fact, they all seemed to *radiate* from that point, and *radiant point* is precisely the name given to it by astronomers. *Vanishing point,* if the bull were permissible, is a term which would represent the fact rather than the appearance.

This apparent radiation, then, is an effect of perspective, and hence we gather that the paths of the meteors are parallel, or nearly so, and that the meteors, therefore, come from one point of the sky; the point from which they proceed lies in the constellation Leo, situated in long. 142° and lat. 8° 30′ N. according to Professor Newton —which agrees fairly with the observations made last year and this.

Now let us see what this means. Let us in imagination connect the earth and the sun by a straight line: at any moment the direction of the earth's motion will be at right angles to that line (or a tangent to its orbit;) therefore, as longitudes are reckoned, as we have seen, from right to left, the motion will be directed to a point 90° of longitude behind the sun. The sun's longitude at noon on the 14th November was 232° within a few minutes; 90° from this gives us 142°, which, as we have seen, is precisely the longitude of the radiant point. This then is proof positive enough that the meteoric hail was fairly directed against, and as fairly met by the earth.

But it will be asked, "If the radiant point is situated in latitude 8° 30′, how comes it that the inclination of the ring is stated to be 17°—should it not rather be 8° 30′?" To this question I will reply by another: How comes it that when we are hurrying through a shower, we always incline an umbrella at a less angle with the ground than that formed by the falling rain? The answer is the same in both cases. In the case of the meteors, as our motion in one direction is equal to that of the meteors in the opposite one, they appear to us to fall at an angle precisely half of their real one.

Now a word as to the number of shooting stars which fell. As recorded at Greenwich, the numbers were as follows:

	h. h.	No. of Meteors.
Tuesday night, between	9 and 10	10
November 13.	9 — 11	15
	11 — 12	168
Wednesday morning,	12 — 1	2032
November 14.	1 — 2	4860
	2 — 3	832
	3 — 4	528
	4 — 5	40

In other words, from 9 to 10:30 the rate of fall was one per minute; at 12 the numbers increased, and rose at 12:10 to 20 a minute; twenty minutes afterwards the number was 37; then, after thirty minutes, 70; then 47 a minute for the next ten minutes; and then as many as 90 a minute. The total number recorded was 8,485, and the time of maximum was between 1 and 2. Here another set of considerations come in. Suppose, for instance, we were situated in the radiant point, and could see exact-

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ly the countries which occupied the hemisphere of our planet facing the meteors, at the moments our planet entered the shower, when it was in its midst, and when it emerged again. In consequence of the earth's rotation, and as the shower can of course only fall on the hemisphere of the earth most forward at the time, the places at which the shower is central, rising and setting, so to speak, will be constantly varying. In fact, each spectator is carried round by the earth's rotation, and enters about midnight the hemisphere of the earth exposed to the meteoric hail. We know, therefore, as the shower did not last long into the morning, that the time of maximum for the whole earth was certainly not later than that observed at Greenwich; but we do not know that it was not considerably earlier. As Mr. Bompas has pointed out, had the actual number of meteors encountered by the earth remained constant, the apparent number would have increased from midnight to 6 A.M.—We shall probably find, therefore, that, in countries lying to the eastward, the spectacle commenced earlier and lasted longer than with us.* Accordingly, before we receive information, from the East, we cannot state the exact moment at which the earth passed through the densest portion of the ring, nor can we fairly compare the brilliancy of the present shower with former ones. It may, indeed, so happen that the display was limited to Western Europe; for the showers of 1799 and 1833 were limited to America, while those of 1831 and 1832 were visible only in Europe. Brilliant as it was with us, however, it was scarcely comparable with those of 1799 and 1833, in which latter year 240,000 meteors were computed by Arago to have been visible above the horizon of Boston on the morning of November 13; while Mr. Baxendell, who observed the shower from the west coast of Mexico, states that "the number of meteors seen at once often equalled the apparent number of the fixed stars seen at a glance." Humboldt, in his long account of the shower of 1799, in his "Personal Narrative," states that, from the beginning of the phenomenon, there was not a space in the firmament equal in extent to three diameters of the moon that was not filled at every instant with bolides and falling stars; while in 1766 the inhabitants of Cumana had beheld the neighbouring volcano, Cayamba, veiled for an hour by falling stars!

Thanks to the existence of such a body as the Luminous Meteor Committee of the British Association—a body which includes such men as Glaisher, Herschel, and Greg—who have arranged and distributed maps and spectroscopes among competent observers, themselves setting a noble example of quiet, unflagging work—we may hope, however, that the crop of facts reaped from the recent dis-

* Since this was written, I have been informed that the meteors fell at Malta at the rate of 36,000 an hour.

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play will far exceed any previous one. It is highly probable that the average heights at appearance and disappearance, namely seventy-four and fifty-four miles respectively, and the average velocity—forty miles a second—will not be much disturbed; but let us hope that some new facts may be gathered by the spectroscope, so that we shall no longer be in the curious condition of knowing everything about these little bodies except what they are. The *everything* includes even their weight; which in the case of some of the August group estimated by Mr. Herschel, is sometimes as low as *two grains*—not one out of twenty observed and calculated by him exceeding a pound. It may appear impossible that such atoms should produce the brilliant effects observed; but, as Mr. Herschel has stated, a single grain moving at the rate of thirty miles a second represents a dynamical energy of 55,675 foot pounds. This energy is converted by the resistance of our grosser air into heat, as the motion of a projectile is converted into heat by its impact on the target;* and hence the combustion of the matter of the meteorite, and perhaps even of the air through which it rushes with such lightning velocity. As this combustion commences often at a height of eighty miles, and sometimes even higher, in regions where the atmosphere must be excessively rare, some scientific men have supposed that some other agent besides air (ether?) is influential in generating the heat. It may be indeed that the meteors do not partake of the cold of space, but are already heated before they enter our atmosphere.

Could these little bodies pierce our envelope as readily as do their larger cousins, the meteoric stones and meteoric irons, or, as they have been christened by Professor Maskelyne, the *aërolites* and *aërosiderites*, we should certainly have the advantage of placing them in our museums; but on the other hand, the bombardment—the *feu-de-ciel*—of that wondrous Wednesday morning might have been one to which the *feu-d'enfer* of all possible terrestrial artillery would have been, in the gross total of results, as mere child's play.

That they are solid, although probably in a state of fine division, we may fairly presume. That meteors and *bolides* are representatives of the same phenomenon, the difference lying only in their size, has recently been somewhat called in question by Mr. Alexander Herschel, who, in England, is the great authority in these matters. He has shown that the larger masses, like the star showers, affect particular dates, and are independent of geographical position. Thus, for instance, two stonefalls took place on the 25th of August, 1865—one in Algeria, the other in India.—Two meteors of the largest class were seen in December, 1865—one in France, the other at Charleston, U. S. Three denoting meteors

* The particles of iron after impact are usually brought to a dark blue colour, which would correspond to about 555° Farh., but the momentary heat imparted is certainly greater than this.

were observed on the east coast of England alone in the years 1861-5 between the 19th and 21st of November. In short, " out of seventy-two aërolites whose hour of fall is certainly known, by far the greater number (fifty-eight) occurred *after midday*, during the hours from noon to 9 P.M. Shooting stars, on the contrary," (as we have seen) " reach their maximum at an opposite hour of the day, being found to be most abundant *after midnight*, or twelve hours later.

An astronomical difference, therefore, exists between aërolites and shooting stars, to which it is not impossible a physical difference of a kind not yet established should correspond. It is noticed, for example, that on the 10th of August and on the 13th of November—dates on which shooting stars and fireballs " (which we may parenthetically remark, exist in space, according to Haidinger, as a crowd of bodies revolving one about another) " are more abundant than on any other nights of the year—*but one stone has fallen* on each date. The average height of seventy-eight meteors observed in America on the 13th of November, 1863, exceeded the usual height of meteors by fifteen or twenty miles. On these grounds Professor Newton supposes that the November-shower meteors are composed of more easily destructible or of more inflammable material than aërolitic bodies."

Although, however, our atmosphere so effectually silences these winged messengers, the " traveller's tales" brought to us by the larger meteors contain the most interesting information respecting the celestial countries occupied by both, and traversed by our planet. Mr. Sorby has even dared to suggest a possible physical history of meteorites; and his results although obtained by a microscopic study, tally marvellously with what the recent telescopic and spectroscopic discoveries would lead us to think may be the true state of the case. Indeed, Mr. Sorby's paper may almost be looked upon as an independent confirmation of the main ideas shadowed forth by Laplace. He remarks, " A most careful study of their microscopical structure leads me to conclude that their constituents were originally at such a high temperature that they were in a state of vapour, like that in which many now occur in the atmosphere of the sun, as proved by the black lines in the solar spectrum." We may, in fact, look upon them as being to planets what the minute drops of water in the clouds are to an ocean. He has shown that possibly, after the condensation of the vapour, they collected into larger masses, which have been subsequently changed by metamorphic action, broken up by mutual impact, and again collected and solidified, the meteoric irons possibly being those portions of the metallic constituents which were separated from the rest by fusion when the metamorphosis was carried to the extreme point.

We see thus how interesting are the inquiries opened up to us on all sides by a consideration of the sub-

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ject which has recently forced itself upon our attention. After all—for what becomes of size in infinity?—the "ultimate cosmical particles," which we now know are so thickly strewn in the regions of space near the earth, may be likened to the suns of our firmament, which, like those cosmical particles, are ever in ceaseless motion. Will then our sun, attended by his planets, which at present may be held to represent Haidinger's conception of a fire-ball before its fall, complete in safety revolutions enough round *Alcyone* to allow of the dissipation of all his energy, before which time each planet, by its meteoric fall, will have contributed its mite towards sustaining for a brief space longer the life of the light-giver, after which time that same light-giver will roll a black planetless ball in space?

THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION. There seems to have been some apprehension on the part of the Scandinavian nations, that an invitation to the world to join them in an universal exhibition would not have been generally accepted.—They felt that Stockholm could hardly be assumed as a centre for so powerful an attraction as would be needed to draw not only the richest produce of the world, but the crowds of visitors so essential to the success of such an undertaking. There can be little doubt that they judged rightly in acting thus modestly.

The whole framework of the structure in which the Scandinavian Exhibition is held is most appropriately formed of pine, well braced up, and the building receives ample light within from large glazed spaces along the sides and in the roof. The striking external feature is a dome, if such a term can be applied to a flattened cone, the height of which from the base is not more than one-third of its greatest diameter. The whole has, however, an inferior aspect, not in the least assisted by the flags which flutter in profusion from all parts of the roof.

The plan may be described as that of a nave and chancel meeting in a large octagonal space under the great dome. There are no transepts.

The general scheme of the arrangement is an assignment of separate spaces to the four contributing countries, namely, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland.

Sweden naturally takes the lead in the manufactures, and, as might be expected, shows a splendid collection of iron in various conditions.

They have, in the harbour of Stockholm, a long, low, dangerous-looking craft, with two circular turrets on a deck sloping to within a foot or two of the water's edge—in short, a Monitor of most forbidding aspect.

From Finland little was to be expected, but it was fairly represented.

Denmark did not shine forth as brilliantly as might have been expected, for though the quality of the goods was perhaps unimpeachable, in quantity they fell far short of those from Norway.—*The Argosy*.

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NOTE BY THE EDITORS.

Within the memory of the present generation, articles have occasionally appeared in the leading periodicals of Britain so rich in thought, so graceful in expression, awakening in the mind of the reader an interest so hearty and healthful, as to entitle them to a permanent place in the literature of the language.

In this class, though not highest in it, may be ranked "The Vision of Cagliostro," which appeared in Blackwood, as long ago as October, 1847. The few who remember it will reperuse it with the pleasure which such a marvel of literary composition always awakens, and those who see it for the first time in these pages will enjoy a gratification quite fresh as well as pure.

It is true, however, even of articles which are thus attractive because of this rare and refreshing infusion of genius that, in consequence of the present prodigious fertility of the periodical press, they are quickly thrust aside to make room for others of inferior merit. This is true even of those works which we call "standard," and which are supposed to constitute the permanent treasures of the most judiciously selected libraries. Even these, in their turn, pass into oblivion, and the places which once knew them are occupied by fresh aspirants for immortality. Says Henry Rogers in his splendid essay on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature," the great bulk of writers must be contented, after having shone awhile, to be wholly or nearly lost to the world. Entering our system like comets which move in hyperbolic orbits, they may strike the immediate generation with a sudden splendor, but receding gradually into the depths of space, they will twinkle with a fainter and fainter lustre, till they fade away forever. There is no help for it however; humiliating as it may seem to represent the higher products of man's mind as destined to decay, it is the truth nevertheless in the vast majority of instances. And in, by far the greater number of seeming instances to the contrary, authors do not *live;* they are merely embalmed and made mummies of. The works of the great mass of extant authors are deposited in libraries and museums like the bodies of Egyptian kings in their pyramids—retaining only a grim semblance of life, amidst darkness, neglect and decay."

If this be so with regard to the works of classic authors, whom posterity "would not willingly let die," much more is it true with regard to periodical literature.—The very form in which it comes into the world tends to make it ephemeral. And yet there is something mournful in the thought that so much of true taste and just sentiment and felicitous expression should perish. We occasionally meet with editorials in the daily newspapers which for fine thought

and beauty of style might worthily fill a page in the Spectator, which are read with momentary admiration and then cast aside, never again to be remembered. It is a cause of just regret that there is no mode of winnowing and of preserving what is really deserving of perpetuation in the vast field of magazine literature. A judicious *Eclectic* comes nearer to meeting this want than any other instrumentality. Few readers have either the leisure or the inclination to sail over the wide and ever widening sea of current literature. If they could, in most instances the venture would be unprofitable. Were all the Magazines of Europe at hand, perhaps not one article in ten would be read with interest or advantage. The only resource, therefore, is to trust to the judgment of some one who will devote himself to the work of conscientious eclecticism, and who is supposed to know the taste of the people for whom he caters. It is no easy task to do this satisfactorily. The "many men of many minds" to whom the most thoughtfully prepared Eclectic comes, cannot all be pleased at once.

Some would have the entire Magazine filled with metaphysical dissertations; others with religious homilies; others with sensational stories; others with the results of scientific research. To present each in due proportion, and to pass with graceful transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," is no easier now than when Ben Jonson deprecated unreasonable expectations in the prologue to one of his plays. Still, it will be the honest purpose and endeavour of the Editors of the RICHMOND ECLECTIC to furnish the public with a Magazine which will merit the patronage of those whose demands are not unreasonable. They trust that each succeeding number will commend itself to public favor by exhibiting the improvement which comes from experience, from the suggestions of judicious friends and from close attention to mechanical details.—They would rather fail, than make their Magazine popular by pandering to a perverted taste. Even in the most entertaining article published, they will have regard to its literary merit and moral tone. It would be easy to increase the circulation of the ECLECTIC rapidly by filling it with articles of a meretricious character. The Editors believe, however, that their effort to issue a periodical which will be instructive as well as interesting—refreshing to mind and heart as well as readable and racy—will be appreciated and sustained by the people among whom it chiefly circulates. To add to its permanent value, it is the intention of the Editors occasionally to turn from the multitude of new Magazines and Reviews which are piled upon their table, to those of former years, for the republication of articles which are too good to be allowed to pass into oblivion. Whatever may be the sweetness of the new wine, it sometimes happens that the old is better. These reproductions, however, must be rare; and the readers of this ECLECTIC will, in the main, be invited only into "fresh fields and pastures new."

With this intimation, we most heartily wish them all, in the widest and wisest sense of the phrase,

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

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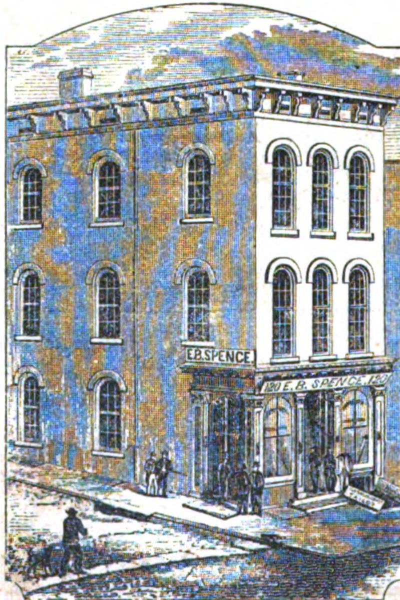

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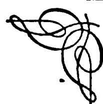

THE

RICHMOND ECLECTIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. **February, 1867.** **No. 4.**

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Vol. I. February, 1867. No. 4.

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[*Chambers's Journal.*

THE LAST RECORDS OF CHARLES LAMB.

Few men are fortunate in their biographers. A biography, which would seem such an easy matter, is really among the most difficult feats of authorship, for it demands all the usual requirements of a writer, and in addition, judgment of a very high order. It is necessary, if the work is to be what it should be—the true life-history of a man—that he who takes it in hand should have been an intimate friend of the departed, and should have loved him, and been loved in return. How hard, then, to write without bias, without partisanship, (if the subject of the memoir has been attacked in his lifetime,) without extenuation of his short-comings, and without putting down aught in malice against his opponents! When a man is dead, even if he be our enemy, we are slow to speak of his faults; but how much more difficult is the task when he has been near and dear to us! Yet, if we leave out his faults, we do not paint the man, but a monster, in whom, very naturally, the world refuses to believe. I suppose one of the best biographies we possess, not written by a personal friend of the man described, is Forster's "Life of Goldsmith;" but even in that, how we miss the one thing needful which no intelligence can supply. How much better is Boswell's "Life of Johnson," though written by a far less able man; because he knew the man he writes of—not as the historian knows the character of Julius Cæsar or William I., but as Jones knows Smith. True, Jones in this case was Smith's toady, but the excellence of his description is only the more remarkable upon that account. How faultless would the work have been, had he been capable of being his friend. The same objection, although certainly in a far less degree, lies against Lockhart's "Life of Scott." We have not only the biographer, but the worshipper and the partisan.

With such examples before our eyes, we may well say that few men are fortunate in their literary legatees, even when they are of their own choice and appointment. How far fewer, then, when their

lives have been written by persons to whom no such task has been delegated, but who have undertaken it of their own will, often for pecuniary profit, or for the sake of a little reflected fame. Some men of eminence, shrinking from this "new terror added to death"—a bad biographer—write their own story beforehand, up to the very last, just as others compose their epitaph, and leave nothing but the date of their demise to be added thereto; and they show their wisdom in so doing.

Unusual, however, as it is for a dead man to have a good biographer, there is one departed great one who has been so exceedingly fortunate as to have had *two*. Charles Lamb was introduced to us by Talfourd in such a manner that we all seem to know him through that common friend; and now, behold! here is Barry Cornwall leading his sacred shade by the hand once more, and performing a similar ceremony with the utmost success. The two presentments are, of course, the same, but the second one is by no means superfluous; it is the corroboration, but also the complement of the other. The reason of this satisfactory result lies not in the fact, that both biographers are men of genius and sensibility, but in the character of the subject of their memoirs. While Lamb's virtues were great and undeniable, his failings were not only of that sort which it is not painful to have to confess to, but which absolutely endear to us their possessor. He was a thorough and irredeemable Cockney, and was always uncomfortable when out of town. Exquisitely alive to the description of country-life in poetry—Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale* was one of his chief favourites—he did not at all care for the beauties of nature. But, then, with what humorous frankness he acknowledges this! He goes to see Coleridge at the Lakes, and although at first sight the mountains impress him—"Glorious creatures, Skiddaw, &c. I shall never forget how ye lay about that night like an intrenchment gone to bed for the night"—he resented the feeling, transitory as it was, as one would resent an imposition. He thought of the ham and beef shop in St Martin's Lane, in order to bring his mind to due propriety. Mountains were very well "to look at," but "the houses in streets were the places to live in." He loved "the sweet security of the streets," he says, "and would set up his tabernacle there." Lamb's tastes were much restricted, too, even in literature. He liked old books because they were old; and on that account sometimes eulogised works that are very stupid. He liked coteries and cliques (not political ones, however,) and now and then set up an idol (but never a golden calf) scarcely worthy of worship. Who of us, when we are dead, shall leave so little to be said to our discredit as this man, the first, or among the first, of English humorists, and exposed to all the temptations of popularity? The category of his shortcomings ends here. Stay, we forget; he lacked something yet. "It is reported of

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some person," writes his present biographer, "that he had not merit enough to create a foe. In Lamb's case, I suppose, he did not possess that peculiar merit; for he lived and died without an enemy."

The history of Charles Lamb is a wholly uneventful one, with one terrible exception—the death of his mother by the hand of his beloved sister, Mary, during a paroxysm of madness. From that awful moment, the innocent murderess, suffering unimaginable pangs of remorse in her intervals of sanity, became his constant care. To this tender purpose, he directed his whole life.—"We read of men giving up all their days to a single object, to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House." There was an hereditary taint of madness in Lamb's family, and he himself was in confinement for a few weeks. The danger in his own case never recurred; but again, and again, and again it was necessary to place his sister under restraint. Whenever the approach of one of her fits of insanity was announced, by some irritability or change of manner, he would take her under his arm to Hoxton Asylum. "It was very afflicting to encounter the young brother and sister walking together (weeping together) on this painful errand; Mary herself, although sad, very conscious of the necessity for temporary separation from her only friend. They used to carry a strait-jacket between them." The other side of this melancholy picture was Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," as Wordsworth calls him, the bright jester, the humorist who has touched us all with tears of laughter. Surely we may say of this man:

> His worst [i. e., his saddest] he kept, his best [i. e., his brightest] he gave.

Lamb's love for literature was of very early growth, and was greatly fostered by association with Coleridge, his fellow-student at Christ's Hospital. But at first his studies were almost entirely confined to serious subjects. Even poetry had less attractions than religious themes—the history of Quakers; the biography of Wesley; and the controversial works of Priestley. His first writings were religious verse, or secular criticism; or grave dramas, the offspring of his passion for the ancient dramatists. His peculiar humour caught its colour from the scenes among which his lot was cast. "Born in the Temple, educated in Christ's Hospital, and passed onward to the South Sea House, his first visions were necessarily of antiquity. The grave old buildings, tenanted by lawyers and their clerks, were replaced by 'the old and awful cloisters' of the school of Edward; and these, in turn, gave way to the

palace of the famous Bubble, now desolate, with its unpecpled committee-rooms, its pictures of governors of Queen Anne's time, 'its dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama.'" Thus, it is easy to believe that Barry Cornwall tells us of Lamb's jests, that they were not (as in the case of other humorists) the outflowing of animal spirits (for he was seldom *in* high spirits,) but rather "exercises of the mind." He brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of his day. But he would not stand being bored, or seeing others bored, by dry and lengthy talk; and when folks grew too foggy and metaphysical, he broke in with some light jest, "not quite irrelevant" to the matter in hand, and rescued the company.—Long talkers, he says, "hated him," which is surely very much to his credit.

Above all, he never fell into the error, so common with men of genius of all times, of seeking, or allowing himself to be dragged into, what is called (by a curious misnomér) "good society." He did not love a lord. Probably, he never spoke with a person of title throughout his life, or wished to speak with such. The companionship of tried friends satisfied him. Intelligence and wit, and (above all) kindness of heart, were the properties he required in his intimates; he did not sit at rich men's tables, or desire their dainties. He liked tripe and good-fellowship. The opinion of the world was nothing to him, and when it attacked his friends, he stuck to them closer than a brother. William Hazlitt—to whose great talents proper justice is for the first time paid in this honest volume—was in his day the best abused man in Great Britain; it was dangerous to be his companion, so many stones were always flying about his ears. But when Hazlitt was reviled by Southey (also a friend of his own,) Lamb came out of his corner, and did battle, in print, for the calumniated man, in noble words. "So far from being ashamed of the intimacy," he says, "it is my boast that I was able, for so many years, to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion." And yet, Lamb had many friends: a glorious company of wits and genial men of letters met around his frugal board. He did not give dinner parties. But every Wednesday evening there was open-house and supper, nor without the blessed plant tobacco, under whose influence conversation most doth flourish.

In those two far from luxurious parlours—very literally, talking-rooms—of his, only decorated by half-a-dozen engravings in black frames—four of them from his favourite Hogarth—and where neither flower nor image nor musical instrument were ever seen, but in their place a fine litter of ancient books, met once a week a considerable number of persons, "not of fashion, nor of any political importance," but every one of whom was noteworthy. Their opinions

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were often very opposite, but their common relation to Lamb kept them all together, and forbade them under that charitable roof to indulge in any acrimonious controversies. There assembled, more or less often, Coleridge, Manning, Hazlitt, Haydon, Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Sheriden Knowles; Talfourd, Godwin, Payne Collier, and Mr. Procter himself, better known as Barry Cornwall. Could any drawing-room or dining-room in Mayfair show half so eminent a company as this, which ate their cold meat and drank their porter over that brasier's shop in Russel Street, Bow Street? Lamb himself was in evening attire, as far as black clothes were concerned, but those he always wore, making the raven's apology (in the fable) for that circumstance—namely, that "he had no other;" but it is probable that for the rest of the company "the restriction, with respect to evening costume," was "altogether suspended." There was no "Mayfair clothes-horses" *there*. No one outtopped the others. No one—not even Coleridge—was permitted to outtalk the rest. "I never," says our author, "in all my life, heard so much unpretending good-sense as at these social parties. Often a piece of sparkling humour was shot out that illuminated the whole evening. Sometimes there was a flight of high and earnest talk, that took one halfway towards the stars."

Not only was Lamb entirely exempt from "snobbism," but he had no admiration for mere cleverness, which is a weakness now almost as common. To be able to say a "savage thing" was quite the reverse of a passport to his society.

His wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart's-stain away on its blade.

So genial was his disposition, that it almost disqualified him for that lower office of the critic, fault-finding, although for the higher, that of discovering beauties, few men could touch him. His charity extended to all things. He was never heard to utter a spiteful word. He was ready to defend man or beast when unjustly attacked.—"I remember," says Mr. Procter, "at one of the monthly (London) Magazine dinners, when Jno. Wilkes was too roughly handled, Lamb told the story (not generally known,) of his replying, when the black-birds were reported to have stolen all his cherries: 'Poor birds, they are welcome.'" He could not endure backbiters and cynics. It was not so necessary to win his friendship to be clever as to be be kind. Good-heartedness once proven, a man might hold any opinions he pleased, and express them, without costing him Lamb's friendship. Every one valued *that* who came near him; and indeed his personal influence seems to have fallen little short of that of Coleridge. Mr. Procter seems to doubt whether it fell short at all, and, indeed, exhibits some jealousy at the superior reputation which the author of the "Ancient Mariner" enjoys when compared to "Elia." Not so Lamb himself. He always considered Coleridge to be the greatest

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man he knew, as well as his nearest friend. He never recovered from the shock of his death, and was heard unconsciously repeating to himself, months after its occurrence: "Coleridge is dead, Coleridge is dead!" One of the most marvellous evidences of Coleridge's powers on record is that they evoked a joke from Wordsworth. The latter was stating that he had suffered his philosophic friend to expatiate to the full extent of his lungs at breakfast upon a certain morning.

"How could you permit him to weary himself thus?" said Rogers. "Why, we were to meet him at dinner this evening."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the bard of Rydal, "I knew that very well; but I like to take the sting out of him beforehand."

Lamb reverenced all things really deserving of veneration; but his worship of antiquity was almost idolatrous. After reading something out of Chapman or Sir Philip Sidney, the Holy Dying or the Urn Burial, he would, in his unaffected gratitude and devotion, absolutely kiss the volume; and in return, ancient books no doubt imparted a fine flavour to his mind. "He has, indeed," as Mr. Procter graphically says, "extracted the beauty and innermost value of antiquity whenever he has pressed it into his service." Our author also well defines the characters (and the differences of character) of that triumvirate of friends, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt—of the two last of whom the world at large knows far too little.

"Only one of them (Hunt) cared much for praise. Hazlitt's sole ambition was to sell his essays, which he rated scarcely beyond their marketable value; and Lamb saw enough of the manner in which praise and censure were at that time distributed, to place any high value on immediate success. Of posterity, neither of them thought. Leigh Hunt, from temperament, was more alive to pleasant influences (sunshine, freedom for work, rural walks, complimentary words) than the others.

"Hunt was somewhat indifferent to persons as well as to things, except in the cases of Shelley and Keats, and his own family; yet he liked poetry and poetical subjects. Hazlitt (who was ordinarily very shy) was the best talker of the three. Lamb said the most pithy and brilliant things. Hunt displayed the most ingenuity. All three sympathised often with the same persons or the same books; and this, no doubt, cemented the intimacy that existed between them for so many years. Moreover, each of them understood the others, and placed just value on their objections, when any difference of opinion (not unfrequent) arose between them. Without being debaters, they were accomplished talkers. They did not argue for the sake of conquest, but to strip off the mists and perplexities which sometimes obscure truth. These men—who lived long ago—had a great share of my regard. They were all slandered chiefly by men who knew little of them, and

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nothing of their good qualities, or by men who saw them only through the mist of political or religious animosity. Perhaps it was partly for this reason that they came nearer to my heart." Neither Hunt nor Hazlitt, although both good talkers, were sayers of "good things." In this department of conversation, Lamb was preëminent among his friends, and perhaps never had a superior, except in Douglas Jerrold or Sydney Smith, who, besides, were wits of a different class.

This very interesting volume, however, does not profess to chronicle Lamb's witticisms, far less to speak of his writings, with which all educated persons are sufficiently familiar. It merely describes his characteristics and social life from early manhood to the sad end, when he writes: "My bed-fellows are cough and cramp. We sleep three in a bed." Never was a more touching record of an honest life. In addition to its merits of execution, it has the great interest belonging to it of having been written by the last living contemporary and friend of the great man it describes.

[*Le Figaro.*

MONS. DROUYN DE L'HUYS.

[Translated for the Richmond Eclectic.]

There are some men, whose name, fortune, experience and lofty faculties, seem naturally to designate for the highest posts. Public opinion, which is just, even if it does sometimes err, likes to see them at the head of affairs. The public is confident they will carry to their station their integrity, disinterestedness, respectful, but firm independence. Indifferent about increasing their estate, which already exceeds their wants, without illusions about the delights of politics with whose disappointments they have long been familiar, without desire for new distinctions, which can add nothing to those they already possess, they seek nothing while they are in the possession of power, but the success of an idea or the accomplishment of some useful work; they are ready to quit, without bitterness, the office they accepted with enthusiasm, until the day when a new appeal may be made to their talents and attachment. Such men are valuable to the governments they serve, because the public feels they hold office only so long as they find honour and dignity in bearing public functions. They are the consolation of sovereigns able to attach them to the royal person, for amid the falsehood and fawning which are said to surround the great always, it must be consoling to them to possess an opinion, a counsel, and at proper times an opposition whose sincerity and honesty they cannot suspect.

As I had imagined Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys, so I found him a few days since, in a conversation with a

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friend, in whose house I was staying in the country. My friend is an ex-attaché of an Embassy. He, like most of his colleagues, became tired of diplomacy when he reached his 30th year. After having visited nearly every capital of the globe, from St. Petersburg to Mexico, and harvested every sort of decoration, he resigned his commission, married, grew fat, and thinks of nothing else in the world but his neighborhood's business and roads, and the last quotations of the corn market. He spoke to me about Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Know him? To be sure I do." He appointed me free attaché at St. Petersburg."

"But I dare say he appointed many another during the nine or ten years he was Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"You are right, but I became better acquainted with him in 1855 when I returned from China, whither I went with Mons. de Bourboulon. I reached France in September. Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys quitted the Foreign office in the month of May previously. As I owed to him my first appointment and subsequent promotion, I thought it my duty to take advantage of his retirement from office to present him my thanks. He was then living in a small country house, on the banks of the Bievre, in the hamlet called Amblainvilliers. I took the Orsay railway for Calaiseau station. Half an hour afterwards I rang the bell at a modest iron gate. A servant opened it, and I saw Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys some twenty paces distant in the garden. I had never seen him before, except in the State drawing-room of the Ministry of the Boulevard des Capucines or at some Foreign Ambassador's or Minister's. You remember his aristocratic air, his distinguished bearing, his elegant carriage? I saw before me at Amblainvilliers an excellent country landlord, wearing a broad-brimmed flexible hat, a coarse frock coat, pantaloons rolled above the ankle, for the ground was muddy, and holding in one hand an earthenware dish full of dough, which he distributed to young chickens, crying: 'Chick! chick! chick! here chick!' in a voice which a Norman farmer's wife would have envied. I dared not advance, for I was afraid of being indiscreet in surprising him amid his rustic occupations. But he saw me and it seems to me I still have before me his courteous frank smile as he came forward to meet me, with his earthen-ware dish in his hand and followed by all his chickens.

"He said: Ah! good day, dear sir! How kind it is in you to remember a peasant of the Bievre. Pardon me if I do not hold out to you my hand in its present condition; but if you will be good enough to go into the drawing-room, I will join you there—unless you prefer waiting with me until I feed this little family."

"You may easily believe I stayed. There was among the poultry a little cock which seized with avidity the biggest pieces; but he did not

eat them; he carried them first to one and then to another hen. This sight interested Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys. He repeatedly said to me: 'Just see how kind-hearted and generous that little cock is!'

"All this time I gazed on the man who a few months previously held in his hands the whole Eastern question, who had so ably prepared the treaty about to be signed, who had left at London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, such brilliant souvenirs, so great a reputation for honesty and skill, and who there stood gravely and seriously amusing himself feeding chickens.

"My astonishment was not less great when, thirty minutes afterwards, a cart—a real country cart—drawn by a little white horse, drove up in front of the door and a young woman nimbly leaped out of it. She wore a calico dress and a broad straw bonnet. This young woman was one of those whose grace and elegance have been oftenest and most justly celebrated, whose dresses were instanced as oracles of good taste. She had just returned from visiting a poor woman of the hamlet and she still wore the wooden clogs in which she had paid the visit. I was confounded by this simplicity. But I ought to tell you I was young and proud in those days. I thought a diplomatist always knew how to attract attention by the style of his coat, the bow of his cravat and the irreproachable lustre of his patent leather boots. It seemed to me nothing was more enviable than to have embroidered clothes for court festivals, some bits of yellow or green ribbon in my button-hole, and when a crowned head bade me good day and called me by my name, pride intoxicated my brain for a whole week.

"Nevertheless, I soon found the statesman again when an hour afterwards we were seated in his study, and he questioned me about China, its politics, commerce, resources, and destiny. When he discussed my opinions, he allowed me to discuss his own. In the evening I found the man of the world again in the manner in which he did the honours of his modest retreat to a foreign prince, to several embassadors, and some members of the French diplomatic corps, who had come to visit him. Many of our highest diplomatic agents look on Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys as the head of the diplomatic profession even when he is in retirement, that is, the head of all those who pursue diplomacy as a regular profession, who begin in the humblest station and advance in order to the very highest. Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys successively filled every grade in it, from that of mere attaché. He knew every body in the corps, and we were all very sure that when one of our superiors proposed for one of us a regular and deserved promotion, he would not reply as one of his predecessors did: 'Can't you propose to me somebody I know?'

"I have often returned to Amblainvilliers since that day. There I learned to love the simple and easy life of the country. There I

learned to honour agriculture and to believe it is best to cultivate one's field (when one is so fortunate as to own one large enough to support one and his family) than to become a poor clerk or a wretched lawyer.

"I have a modest fortune, and lands which I cultivate directly.—I bring up my children in the pure, country air and with habits of hygiene and exercise which will make them strong and healthy. I do some good whenever I find an opportunity. In this way I am happy, and I try my best to practice the maxim which Mons. Drouyn de Lhuys often repeated, and which was the rule of his life: "transire bene faciendo."'

[*Saturday Review*.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH ARMY.

Nothing could show in a more striking way how great is the change that has passed, and is passing, over Europe and France, than that the Emperor should have announced his intention of raising the French army to the enormous total of a million and a quarter of armed men, and that it should be not Europe, but France, that feels alarmed and hurt at the proposal. Ostensibly, this huge force is said to be for the protection of France, and to ward off invasion. But this deceives no one. There is no human likelihood of France being invaded. It is of course conceivable that a coalition might be formed to humble and despoil France, and that the allies might march on Paris, just as the rival sects of Christendom might agree to hold Jerusalem peacefully in common. But nothing can be more unlikely, and a nation cannot be expected to ruin itself in order to guard against remote and imaginary dangers. All the world is aware that the real object of the Emperor is to provide himself with an army of offence—an army which would place him at the head of Europe, and make him as much the arbiter of its fate as he was believed to be before the battle of Sadowa. There is a vague impression, both in France and out of it, that the Emperor intends to have a war directly the Paris Exhibition is over. He has lost ground lately, it is said. He has allowed Prussia and Italy to rise up by the side of France; he has lost his opportunity of defeating Count Bismark; he has allowed the control of European affairs to slip out of his hands.—The Mexican expedition has ended in disaster; and the dislike of it, which has been so general in France, may be turned into a still more bitter feeling when the expeditionary corps return, and the soldiers who have been to Mexico tell their friends how much and how uselessly they have suffered. The treatment, too, which the Emperor has sustained and endured at the hands of

the Government of Washington, must be galling to him and to his people. Therefore, it is argued, he must, for the sake of himself and his dynasty, have a war before long. But, although Europe talks in this way, Europe is not very seriously alarmed. There is no war apparently possible, unless the Emperor either quarrels with Germany or provokes once more the eternal Eastern question. In the East, it would be equally distasteful to France to side with Russia or against her; and a war with Germany is a very serious thing.—It may therefore be conjectured that the Emperor's design is not to force on a war, but rather to inspire a general fear of his power, and to increase the consideration with which he and his country are treated. He does not probably wish to fight Prussia, but he wishes to dispel the belief, which his hesitation in the spring inspired, that he is afraid to fight her. France is to furnish a million and a quarter of soldiers to her chief, neither that she may be saved from an attack nor that she may be triumphant in a campaign, but that she may continue to hold that position in Europe which she conceives to be due to her.

But France does not like the Emperor's scheme. He may force his subjects to adopt his plan, whether they like it or not; but there can be little doubt that they dislike it bitterly. On no previous occasion in his reign has there been the same heartiness and unanimity of opposition that this scheme for remodelling the army has excited. In the first place, there is a growing dislike in France to war; and the passive policy of the Emperor this spring was widely approved by a vast number of quiet, humble people, although it was denounced by the gossips of Paris, and laughed at by those who are only too glad to laugh at anything proposed by the man they detest. The country is most heavily taxed, and it is just beginning to grow rich, and to feel that its riches come from sources which war might easily destroy.—To men in such a position it seems very dangerous that the irresponsible ruler of France should have so tremendous an engine of warfare always at his command as an army of twelve hundred thousand men must furnish. The Emperor may not rush into a foolish and needless war, but his successor may not be as wise as he is; and there are many men whom the command of a very large army would be sure to inspire with a warlike policy. Then the abstraction of so large a number of men from peaceful pursuits must cripple and derange the national industry. The apologist of the government who writes in the *Moniteur* has, indeed, endeavoured to show that industry would be promoted rather than injured, and the population increased rather than diminished, by the new arrangement. But Government writers will prove anything; and without entering into subtle calculations of the number of extra years of married life which, on paper, are shown to have been given to the

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French population, common sense teaches that the time allotted to military service must be lost to industry, and that a population which is already almost stationary is not likely to be augmented by a scheme under which few men would think themselves free to marry until they were twenty-nine years of age. It is also a very serious thing for a people to take upon itself the burden of a universal conscription. To a certain extent, the Prussians have taken this burden on themselves, although even they are resolute in their demand that the term of compulsory service shall be reduced within limits which their military authorities consider too small. But the Prussian army is not like the French army. There is no real comparison to be made between them. The Prussian army was not used at all for a period of more than fifty years, and when it was used it was only used to decide whether the North or the South of Germany should be supreme. But the French army is being continually employed. It had been engaged in a continuous succession of wars since the Second Empire began, and it is constantly called on to serve in distant and dangerous expeditions. One French soldier in five is always in Algeria, which is nothing more than a vast camp, and the only possible use of which is to be a school for war; and a very rough school it is. At this moment one large detachment of the French army is fighting without any object or any glory in Mexico, another portion is just returning from the long occupation of Rome, a third is engaged in carrying on a war, the objects and extent of which are alike indescribable, in Cochin China. If Prussians feel conscription into their army a hardship when they are always kept within easy reach of their own homes, and are not likely to be lightly called on to fight, what would be the terrors of a universal conscription to Frenchmen, when they would be liable at any moment to be sent to catch the yellow fever at Vera Cruz, or to scurry after Arabs under a burning sun?

The opposition to the Emperor's scheme is so strong that even the Government nominees, who are elected under universal suffrage, hint that they cannot do as much as they know they are expected to do; and a candidate for a seat that happens to be vacant has actually tried to recommend himself to his constituents by assuring them that he is entirely adverse to the plan. The papers write against it with a freedom and a determination which must be very displeasing to their censors, and which can only be tolerated because the Emperor does not like to run too decidedly counter to a strong and general feeling. The feeling is so strong that it has actually engendered a sudden love and respect for the present French Constitution, and Deputies begin to profess themselves seriously concerned lest their Chamber should lose the control over the Executive which it exercises through the necessity of obtaining from it a vote for the military contingent of the

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year. Under the present system, the Government informs the Chamber how many soldiers it wants, and this number is sanctioned by the Chamber. It has always been willing to vote exactly as many as the Government has chosen to ask for; but the right of refusal remains, and if circumstances changed, and there were a Government which inspired less confidence than that of the present Emperor does, this right of refusal might be very valuable. And even when we look at the past history of the Emperor and his Chamber, and are inclined to think that this new anxiety to walk in strictly constitutional paths is somewhat artificial, yet it is quite obvious that there is danger under a Government like that of the Second Empire to which Prussians are not exposed. The master of a country like France, always feeling his hold on power to be insecure, and being prompted to try every risk rather than fall, is very apt to seek to distract the country from internal difficulties by plunging it into a war. A Frenchman, if turned into a soldier by a universal conscription, would know that he might any day be sent to die in the midst of flying bullets and cannon-balls, not that he might defend his country, or attain an object dear to his country, but simply in order that a particular man, who had had the luck to get into the Tuileries, might be enabled to go on staying there. The consideration may not be of very great importance during the Emperor's life, for most Frenchmen think that, now he is at the head of affairs, he had better stay there; but after him may come the deluge, and no one can guess whether it would be anything but madness to trust the Emperor's successor with a vast army, the annual replenishment of which was fixed by a standing law, and was not controlled by those who, in theory at least, represent the country. The Emperor is not lightly to be moved from determinations which he has once taken, but he has never yet disregarded the general feeling of the French people. He will try to gauge their opinion far more thoroughly and deeply than any one else could do; but if he finds the country to be seriously opposed to his scheme, he will be much too sensible to persevere, and will admit modifications of it which will content his subjects without exposing him to the reproach of a defeat.

[*London Society.*

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

When Sir Alexander Cockburn was made Lord Chief Justice, a few years ago, he was the most perfect and finished advocate at the Bar; and he is now, beyond all comparison, the most able and accomplished

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judge upon the Bench; so that, in every sense—in ability as in rank—he is the acknowledged head of the profession. You can see at once that he is a man of intellect and spirit. The lofty brow, the clear, generous eyes, the frank, quick, bright countenance—all, at first sight, are attractive and prepossessing. They give, in short, the true impression of the man; the idea of a man of genius—of warm and generous heart. A poet has drawn his portrait in a line—

"Genius is written on his broad, clear, brow."

You will not see a finer face in Westminster Hall. The other day a thoughtful young barrister came into court, and after sitting for a few minutes looking at him, turned round and said to the writer, "What a noble countenance!" It was the natural, spontaneous tribute of the moment, and it was as good a portraiture as words could give. It is indeed a noble countenance. It is the reflection of a clear intellect, which has been finely educated, and nobly exercised. It is open, candid, and engaging in its expression; it has a singular brightness, and clearness, at the same time a calmness of look, the result of a conscious intellectual power. It gives the idea at once of a great intellect in repose—like the stillness of a deep yet clear sea, its surface brightened by the sun, and its depths as clear as crystal. His voice is like his countenance—it is frank, bright, clear, and lively. His utterance is easy, natural, and unstudied; his manner ever genial and graceful; he is habitually grave and thoughtful, but always thoroughly unaffected, and ready to be pleasant and playful in a moment. His demeanour has a happy union of dignity and grace. This comes of good blood and high breeding; he is of an ancient family, was highly educated, and has always moved in the best society; hence his manners have an exquisite tact, and a tone of delicate and refined courtesy; and, in short, he is—as becomes the Lord Chief Justice of England—the best bred man upon the Bench.—And those delightful manners—that exquisite politeness, that charming ease and grace, that genial spirit—which have made him so charming in society, have made him the favourite of the Bar. The Court of Queen's Bench, under his presidency, has been thus described in half-a-dozen lines, which well portray his judicial character and demeanour:—

"And I have seen a court where every man
Felt himself in the presence of a gentleman,
Whose genial courtesy made all things genial,
Whose exquisite bearing captiv'd all men's love,
Whose sun-bright justice brightened every cause,
And sent even him who lost away content."

This is a perfect portraiture, drawn by one who is both an advocate and a poet.

Sir Alexander is admired by the Bar; and well he may be, for he is the ideal of a judge. You can see it all in his countenance, if you gaze upon him as he sits upon the Bench. His whole aspect gives the idea of a great intellect calm and quiet under the influence of a judicial spirit. He looks the very embodiment of justice—calm, unim-

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passioned, and serene. His demeanour on the Bench is remarkable for its calmness, and its easy, unconscious air of power and self-possession, which nothing, even for an instant, ruffles or disturbs. No weight of difficulty seems to oppress him; no multiplicity of details to perplex or confuse; no elements of excitement to disturb him: he has always that ease, that calmness of tone and manner which are so great a judicial gift, and are the undoubted marks of a great intellect. There has never been, in living memory, one who has achieved so rapidly so high a reputation as a great judge. Even while he was at the Bar he was marked by qualities which showed him highly qualified for the Bench. He showed a singular union of genius and judgment; his most brilliant gifts were under the guidance of good sense, and his very eloquence, as an advocate, had in it not only consummate forensic skill but something of judicial spirit. His style was copious, but never diffuse or verbose: he was never carried away (so to speak) by his eloquence: he never seemed to say a word too much. His choice of words was always remarkably correct, and his diction was as perfect as his elocution. His delivery was always marked with propriety, dignity, and good taste. Even in his outbursts of feeling he was never betrayed into any extravagance of sentiment. His eloquence was always real and genuine, and the offspring of his generous nature; he has brought it to the Bench, and often displays it there. The bright gift often flashes out even amidst the enforced calmness of judicial duty. To listen to a summing up of his in a great cause is a lofty treat—a great intellectual delight.

As Sir Alexander Cockburn, before his elevation to the Bench, had been in his youth a man of gaiety and gallantry, and in his maturer age had been a politician and a brilliant parliamentary orator, it was not supposed that he would make a very superior Chief Justice, and the profession were not predisposed to think so highly of his acquirements as a lawyer, as of his gifts as an orator. But they overlooked the advantages of genius and intellect, and underrated the power they give a man to acquire speedily the principles of a science which, once mastered, is perfectly easy to men of preëminent ability. They also underrated the strength of the stimulant supplied by a keen sense of honour and a sensitive feeling of duty. Sir Alexander had a first rate capacity for law: the clear intellect, the comprehensive mind, the logical habit of thought, the candid and considerate disposition, the mental faculties—at once brilliant and well-disciplined, cultivated and exercised—all these were brought to bear upon the subject which came before him with the most patient attention and persevering exertion; and the result was that, after a few years, during which he grew wonderfully in the estimation of the Bar, he acquired a very high judicial reputation, and has been spoken of in the House of Commons

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as one of the ablest Chief Justices that ever sat in Westminster Hall. Probably there never was a more remarkable and more rapid rise of a judicial reputation. Sir Alexander has this among his many great gifts—a power of prompt and ready expression in the most correct and copious diction. Hence he has always been distinguished by his judgment on charges which, although delivered off-hand, have long been distinguished for their marked and superior ability. It has become a common saying in Westminster Hall that, give the Lord Chief Justice time to make himself master of the case, and no one so clearly marshals and arranges the most complicated facts, or more lucidly applies the legal principles involved.

He soon became so remarkable for this that *causes célèbres* were carried into his court for the purpose of securing a trial before him, and his summings-up in such cases have been regarded as most masterly and luminous judicial compositions; while, at times, the beauty of his sentiments and the eloquence of his language have elicited involuntary outbreaks of applause, and have startled the cold stillness of courts of law with the sound of the homage paid to genius and eloquence. Nor has this been so only in summings-up; it has ever been so in judgments strictly legal. Never since the time of Lord Mansfield has there been a Chief Justice whose genius has had greater power to give a charm even to the exposition and application of legal principles by clear diction and a luminous style. This was exemplified, in a remarkable manner, in his judgment, when Lord Chief Justice of the common Pleas, in the great Shrewsbury case. After a protracted argument, which had taxed to the utmost the ablest counsel at the Bar, including the then Attorney-General, Sir R. Bethell, the Lord Chief Justice at once pronounced an elaborate and luminous judgment, so admirable in its diction that it might sometimes be called eloquent, but which, at all events, was a judicial masterpiece, and a perfect triumph of intellectual power. It excited the jealousy of Sir R. Bethell to such a degree that, when arguing against it in the Court of Error (where it was confirmed) he took occasion to sneer at it thus: "These principles, my lord (he said,) are not to be set aside by an *eloquent judgment delivered in popular language*." This sneer, bitter as it was, contained the best tribute to the wonderful judgment against which it was aimed, for it *was* eloquent, and it *did* render a most difficult and complicated case quite clear, by putting it into "popular language." And this is the great characteristic of Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style. It is eminently lucid and luminous, and excels in making difficult subjects clear, even to the popular mind.—Perhaps his best eulogy might be given in the words of a lady, who said, "I don't know how it is, but I always seem to understand Sir Alexander Cockburn's cases; he makes them seem so clear to me."

Since Sir Alexander Cockburn became Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

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land, his remarkable judicial abilities have been developed and displayed in the trial of many causes of such great and general interest as to attract public attention to an extraordinary degree; and the result has been to excite public admiration very strongly, and establish his superiority as a Nisi Prius judge. Such was the case, for instance, with the action by Colonel Dickson against General Peel, the Earl of Wilton, and Lord Combermere, which took eight days in its trial, and ended in a result quite in accordance with the general opinion, though different from that which had attended a former trial, of a similar action arising out of the same case before Lord Campbell, the late Lord Chief Justice. On that occasion, those who had attended both trials were struck with the superiority of the present Lord Chief Justice over his predecessor in the manner in which he dealt with the case. Indeed, Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style is perfect, and his mode of trying a really great case is something admirable. His calm judicial spirit and tone throughout—his thorough freedom from all prejudice or bias, and painstaking patience of investigation—his entire reservation of his opinion until the close of the case—his masterly ability in summing it up to the jury—his grasp and mastery of the facts, however numerous and complicated—his clear and careful arrangement of them—his judicial manner of dealing with them—his convincing way of putting them in their true light—his variety, lucidity, and often beauty of expression; and all through, the charm and grace of his manner—his good-humour and good-temper—his easy, well-bred tone of speaking—all constitute the perfection of judicial style, and fairly realize and satisfy the ideal of great judge engaged in the trial of a great case. It is really an intellectual treat, and a high gratification at once to the sense of justice, the love of truth, and the perception of genius, eloquence, and intellect.

The recent Matlock will case was another illustration. That, also, was a monster trial, a *cause célèbre;* and no one who heard will ever forget that wonderful and admirable summing-up. The case was a remarkable illustration of Sir Alexander Cockburn's immense superiority as a Nisi Prius judge: for it had been already tried before the other two chiefs; first, before Lord Chief Justice Erle, and then before Frederick Pollock, the Lord Chief Baron. Unfortunately, at the first trial, the jury went wrong, and found in *favour* of the forged will. On the trial before Sir F. Pollock, his great experience enabled him to see where the truth lay, and under his guidance the jury found a verdict *against* the forged will and codicils; but then the House of Lords were not satisfied with the way he put the case, and so there was another—a third—trial ordered before the Lord Chief Justice of England. Perhaps there never was, therefore, a fairer trial of judicial skill in a greater case.

It involved the right to large

estates, and it raised the terrible issues of forgery, perjury, and subornation of perjury; for two witnesses in a respectable position swore they attested the codicils declared to have been forged. There was an enormous mass of evidence; and, what was worse, it was so contradictory that it was extremely difficult to get at the truth, and still more so to get the jury to perceive it. But it was now tried before a master, both of forensic and judicial skill; before one who, while at the Bar, had been in many great will cases, and whose mind was eminently clear and capacious —a judge of whom one of the advocates said, "There sits on the Bench one who, as an advocate, has often displayed his great powers in causes of this magnitude, and who would now throw upon it the light of his clear and practised intellect." And he did so in a summing-up of several hours, in which the evidence was arranged and analyzed with such acuteness and such skill, and left not the shadow of doubt on the mind of any one who heard it, that the will and codicils had been forged. He had to deal with the difficulty the jury would naturally feel in convicting several persons in a most respectable position in life of such foul crimes. He did not shrink from it: he put it boldly before them at the very outset, and all through. "It is impossible to shrink from dealing with the case as one which involves a charge of conspiracy to commit fraud, forgery, and perjury. * * * And no doubt the presumption must be in favour of innocence, and more especially in the instance of persons of respectable character. But, on the other hand, suppose those persons were here on their trial for conspiracy, and that the evidence led you to the conclusion that they were guilty, what effect would their former character have upon you? It might make you pause and hesitate before you came to the conclusion of their guilt; but if the evidence satisfied you of it, then the character they had previously been able to maintain would not prevent you from pronouncing it by your verdict now; or if the evidence here leads you to the same conclusion, then, however painful may be the discharge of your duty, you must not shrink from it any the more than if these persons were arraigned before you criminally. * * * It is true, no doubt, that poor men may have a high sense of honour and integrity, but, as we know, poverty exposes men to temptation. The great master of human nature represents one of his characters saying, 'My poverty, but not my will, consents.' And it is undoubtedly true that sometimes a man who, beyond the reach of want, would not swerve from rectitude, is led away by temptation under the pressure of necessity. Start, if you please, with the presumption that men who up to a certain time have maintained an untarnished character are not likely to enter into a nefarious conspiracy to commit forgery and perjury. But you must not carry that too far. And if the evi-

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dence satisfies you that there was a forgery, and that these men were parties to it, you must not shrink from saying so by your verdict merely from the notion that it is impossible that such men should be guilty of such crimes."

This passage is a very good illustration of Sir Alexander Cockburn's judicial style—the union of a clear, calm, reflective intellect with great knowledge of the world and singular felicity of expression and happiness of elucidation or illustration. The result in this case was decisive. The jury, without difficulty, returned a verdict approving the forgery of the will, and the Court of Chancery and the House of Lords were at last satisfied, and declined to disturb the verdict.

Most of our readers will probably remember reading in the columns of the "Times" during the last few years summings-up of the Lord Chief Justice in remarkable cases, and will recall how they have been struck with the clearness of expression and the justness of thought which characterized them; but no one who has not heard one of them can form an idea of the pure, dispassionate, and thoughtful tone which pervades them, the beauty of elocution, the grand dignity of delivery. This combination of judicial gifts and graces make Sir Alexander Cockburn a most consummate Nisi Prius judge, perhaps the finest that has been seen during our own times upon the Bench. It is a fine intellectual treat of the highest order to hear him sum-up a great case; and beyond all doubt, take him all in all, he is, as the Lord Chief Justice of England ought to be, the most gifted judge in Westminster Hall.

From him we pass naturally to his old forensic competitor, the late Sir F. Thesiger, now Lord Chancellor.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD CHELMSFORD.

We group with Sir Alexander Cockburn one who for many years was constantly his forensic rival and political opponent, but always, in private, his intimate friend, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chelmsford, once so well known as Sir F. Thesiger. There are points of resemblance and of contrast between the two men. Lord Chelmsford is taller than Sir Alexander, and has firmer, keener, and more determined features; and a dark, hawk-like eye, instead of Sir Alexander's mild, clear, kindly-looking blue eyes (although they are keen too, but not in the same way—rather clear than keen); but, like Sir Alexander, he has always moved in the very highest society, and his manners have that courtly air and tone of high breeding which have been described as distinguishing Sir Alexander. Lord Chelmsford is a tall, fine, handsome, stately-looking man, and though now of considerable age, fast verging towards seventy, still carries himself loftily and proudly, and has a remarkable mixture of the tone of the courtier and the lawyer. You will rarely see a man so courtly

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and so keen. There is this great distinction between him and Sir Alexander, that he is not nearly so genial as Sir Alexander, and he has a tone of sarcasm in his voice even when most studiously courteous. His very jests or stories—and he is full of them—are sarcastic, and he is in this respect like Sir Alexander, that he is singularly happy in retort or repartee. But then, unlike Sir Alexander, his retorts are generally not only witty but sarcastic, and have not Sir Alexander's genial tone in them.—He has, in fact, altogether a colder and more severe cast of character than that of Sir Alexander. This gave him apparently greater power in cross-examination. It was difficult, however, to say which of the two was most successful, such was the great skill, the delicate tact of Sir Alexander, who was marvellously acute and adroit. They have in former days fought many a great forensic fight together, and it was a fine thing to see two such advocates engaged in contest, perhaps for great estates, as in the Swinfen case, which, we believe, was pretty nearly the last in which they were engaged. But the most remarkable case in which Sir F. Thesiger was engaged was the memorable case of the horse-dealer and forger, Provis, who, sixteen or seventeen years ago, set up a claim as the heir to large estates in Gloucestershire.—Those who were present still describe, and will never forget, the cross-examination of the miscreant by Sir F. Thesiger, during great part of two days, until, at last he all but fainted in the box, and fairly gave up. He was at once committed for forgery, and destroyed himself in gaol. There was terrible power in Sir Frederick's cross-examination, as any one can well imagine who hears him speak now, even in familiar conversation. Such sarcastic suavity; such mocking irony; such a lofty air; such insidious, expressive emphasis of tone; such bitter pungency of comment or retort—there were few who could come unscathed out of such a searching scathing ordeal. You can see a good deal of this in his features—a keen, hawk-eyed man, with acute look, and searching glance, and imposing aspect. Such was the only man at the Bar thought fit to combat with Sir Alexander, and Sir Alexander was the only man at the Bar thought fit to cope with him.

[*Sunday Magazine.*

THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

Mrs. Wesley is as beautiful a type as we have of a godly English mother. Her life never leaves the impression of haste or neglect.—With so large a family, so little to live on, and a husband who was

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neither thrifty nor provident, she contrived leisure for occupations to each of which others would have given their lives. An hour each morning and evening, and occasionally at noon, were devoted to communion with God and prayer. When her eldest son was in suspense about his scholarship at Oxford, she wrote: "If you can possibly, set apart the hours of Sunday afternoon from four to six to beg God's favour in this great affair, which time I also have determined to the same work." At least three times a day she examined her conscience, and omitted no opportunity of retirement. There is "nothing in the disposition of your time," she wrote to John, "but what I approve, unless it be that you do not assign enough of it to meditation." She laid down rules for her own conduct, and nothing could better characterise it. "If you desire to live under the continual government and direction of the Holy Spirit, preserve an equal temper." "It always argues a base and cowardly temper to whisper secretly what you dare not speak to a man's face. Therefore be very cautious in speaking of these three sorts of persons, namely, the innocent, the dead, and the absent." "In telling a story, be careful to speak deliberately and calmly; avoiding immoderate mirth or laughter on the one hand, and uncharitableness and excessive anger on the other, lest your invention supply the defect of your memory."

Charles Wesley had reason to know much of this devout temper of his mother. Like her other children he had received from her the greater part of his early education, for she considered that her life was first devoted to them. From their infancy they were brought under her firm method and principle.—But life was not cheerless in the midst of such strictness. "I take Kempis," Mrs. Wesley says, "to have been an honest, weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many direct and plain texts of Scripture;" and the lonely house and the poverty seem to have been steadily brightened by the gay spirits of the children. When a child's fifth birth-day was past, it took its place in the school-room, and from nine till twelve, and two till five, learnt the alphabet, a feat that was accomplished in one day by every child but two. This much won, the next step was to spell the first chapter of Genesis,—a task never given up till it was mastered. "I wonder at your patience," said Mr. Wesley. "You have told the children twenty times the same thing." "Had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times, I should have lost all my labour."

Nor was courtesy neglected.—Rudeness to one another or to the servants was never passed over.—Promises were to be strictly kept; gifts bestowed could not be reversed; and the rights of property were adjusted and guarded even to a pin. Before they could speak, their grace before meal was asked

by signs. The Lord's Prayer they said morning and evening, and to this, short prayers were added as they grew older; and as they came to boyhood and womanhood, she determined to give them as thorough training in religion, as in other branches of learning. She prepared a manual on natural theology; a treatise on the doctrines of the Gospel, founded upon the Apostles' Creed; and an analysis and exposition of the Ten Commandments.

Nor did these influences cease when the children left home. Her son John describes the calmness with which his mother wrote letters, while surrounded by thirteen children; and her letters to them "are probably such as no other mother ever wrote."

She was never as strong in body as in mind. The want of proper clothes and food occasioned her repeated sickness. As she drew on to old age her infirmities strengthened their hold. In the July of 1742, John Wesley hurried up from Bristol, to find his mother "on the borders of eternity." "We stood," says he, "around the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech—'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God!'"

Eight days after, an innumerable company of people came to bury her in Bunhill-fields. "At the grave there was much grief when Mr. Wesley said, 'I commit the body of my mother to the earth.'" The same Mr. John Wesley then stood up and preached the funeral sermon. "It was," he says, "one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw or expect to see on this side of eternity." She had written her husband's epitaph, and her son now wrote hers, "on a plain stone at the head of her grave."

Seven years after his father's death, "a grave man, little of stature, in full canonicals," stood on his tombstone in Epworth churchyard and preached there for eight successive summer evenings to dense and ever denser crowds. "Near forty years," John Wesley says, "did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of his labour.—I took some pains among this people too, and my strength also seemed spent in vain. But now the fruit appeared. There were scarce any in the town in whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly, but the seed sown so long since now sprang up, bringing fresh repentance and remission of sins." A new religious movement had sprung up, destined to waken the religious life of England, and to found a vast Church, and of the first fruit that was gathered the seed was sown by the patient hand of the old rector of Epworth. Nor was this the only mark he left upon it. His gift of rhyme developed in his son Charles into a worthier faculty. The poet of Methodism became the poet of the Church, and hymns of Wesley will be sung as long as there are hearts in England to love Christ.

But the mother of the Wesleys left a deeper mark. The method and order of her own mind stamped

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the new revival. Her influence was daily and secretly moulding her son. The principles he had drawn from her lasted him through life. She has more claim to be linked with Methodism than giving it its founder—the claim of that clear sense, vigorous intellect, supremacy of duty and firm conscientiousness, that meditative piety and holy living, that made her a noble woman, and that helped to make John Wesley a noble man, the man he was.

[*Good Words.*

MORE ABOUT THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

A Supplementary Lecture, in St. George's Hall, Canterbury.

When your excellent secretary requested me to open your course of lectures for this season, I naturally went to a shelf where papers await future use, to see whether the Queen's English correspondence was ample enough to warrant another lecture on that subject. I found upwards of fifty letters on questions of more or less interest, and a fair amount of cuttings from newspapers, and memoranda picked up in society and in solitude.

I therefore determined to announce 'More About the Queen's English' as my subject, and to go through my file of letters and memoranda, thus forming a supplementary lecture, which might, in the next edition of my little book, either be worked in among its paragraphs, or be printed entire as an appendix at the end.

This being so, I shall not aim at arrangement or classification, but shall simply discuss the matters presented by my correspondents, and the memoranda, as they come before me.

I am asked to assign the difference between '*oldest*' and '*eldest.*' Whatever it may be, it is clearly matter of idiomatic usage, and not derivable from any distinction in the words themselves. But that there is a difference, may in a moment be shown. 'We cannot say, Methuselah was the *eldest* man that ever lived'; we must say 'the *oldest* man that ever lived.' Again, it would hardly be natural to say, 'his father's *oldest* born,' if we were speaking to the first-born. If we were to say of a father, 'He was succeeded by his *oldest* son,' we should convey the impression that that son was not the *eldest*, but the oldest surviving after the loss of the eldest. And these examples seem to bring us to a kind

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of insight into the idiomatic difference. '*Eldest*' implies not only more years, but also priority of right; nay, it might sometimes even be independent of actual duration of life. A first-born who died an infant was yet the *eldest* son. If all mankind were assembled Methuselah would be the oldest; but Adam would be the eldest, of men. Whether any other account is to be given of this than the caprice of usage, I cannot say, but must leave the question to those who are better versed in the comparison of languages. My object is to describe the current coin, rather than to inquire into the archæology of the coinage.

Connected with this inquiry about 'oldest' and 'eldest' is the subject of a letter which I will give you entire:

"SIR,—When I came on deck the other morning in the Red Sea (very near the place at which Moses and the Israelites are supposed to have crossed), I was seized by three fellow-passengers—a Russian, a Frenchman, and a Swiss—who, *nolentem volentem*, constituted me umpire in a dispute which they were carrying on upon a point of English grammar. The Russian, it seems, was his father's eldest son, and he had four brothers, all, *ex necessitate*, younger than himself. In speaking of the oldest of these four, he called him 'my elder brother'; on which the Frenchman said, 'I thought you were your father's eldest son.' 'So I am,' he replied; 'but I spoke of the elder *of my brothers*. I am not one of my own brothers, and therefore when I speak of my elder brother, I don't include myself. He I spoke of is the oldest of *my* brothers, not the oldest of my father's sons.' To this I replied by quoting Milton—'Adam the goodliest of his sons since born, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.'—That, however, we agreed was only justified by poets' licence. Finally, I ruled that though my Russian friend was strictly and grammatically correct, yet, according to common usage, the expression employed by him, was calculated to mislead.—He seemed to think it rather hard that the English people, having constructed a grammar, should not conform to its rules; and hinted that in Russia no such liberty of the subject would be permitted—that when laws were made, people were expected to obey them; and that a man who talked bad grammar would be in danger of the knout.

"Will you be so good as to tell us in your next edition whether the Russian or the Frenchman was right, and whether you approve of my ruling.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. F."

It was somewhat curious that the Russian should have blamed us for inconsistency: for surely '*my elder brother*' must mean 'the elder brother of me,' just as '*my better half*' means, 'the better half of me.' We may also hereby illustrate what was just now said about 'oldest' and 'eldest:' 'my eldest brother' could never be said by

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the first-born of a family, seeing that the title belongs to him alone: whereas when 'my oldest brother' is said, he excludes himself, and indicates the brother next to him in age.

I am asked why we say, 'dependent *on*,' but 'independent *of*'? The answer is surely not difficult. When we make 'dependent' into 'independent,' we only deny that which 'dependent' asserts, but we construct a different word; different in its reference and its government. The '*on*,' which we use after 'dependent,' implies attachment and sequence; as in 'hanging on,' 'waiting on'; the '*of*,' which we use after 'independent,' expresses merely the relation of the thing following, as when we say 'inclusive of,' 'exclusive of.' In this case, the variation of prepositions might be still further exemplified; we say 'pendent *from*,' 'dependent *on*,' 'independent *of*.' A somewhat similar instance may be found in 'with respect *to*,' and 'irrespective *of*.'

The same correspondent who proposed the last question also asks, why we say 'contemporary *with*,' but 'a contemporary *of*'? The answer to this is to be sought from a different source. In 'contemporary with,' the '*with*,' simply carries on the force of the preposition '*con*,' or '*cum*,' with which the adjective is compounded. But when that adjective is made into a substantive, it then must be connected with other substantives by the customary preposition 'of,' indicating possession or relation.

A somewhat similar change takes place when substantives which may be used predicatively, are used indicatively. Thus we say 'neighbour to him,' but, 'a neighbour of him,' or, as we commonly express it, 'of his.' If we keep the same preposition in the two cases, the phrase does not retain the same meaning. 'He is neighbour to him,' means, 'He lives near him'; but 'He is a neighbour to him,' means 'He behaves to him in a neighbourly manner.'

This correspondent also points out the curious difference which is made in the meaning of one and the same word in a sentence, when variously introduced by other words. Thus, if I say of one in India, 'He will return for two years,' I am rightly understood as meaning that the length of his stay at home will be two years. But if I say, 'He will not return for two years,' then I do not, by the insertion of the negative, reverse the former proposition, i. e., mean that the length of his stay at home will not be two years, but I imply something quite different: viz., that two years will elapse before his return. By the insertion of the 'not,' the preposition 'for,' retaining its meaning of 'during,' 'for the space of,' ceases to belong to the length of time during which he will 'come,' and belongs to the length of time during which he will 'not come.'

My correspondent offers another example, which was originally given by the writer of the article on my little book in the Edinburgh Re-

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view for June, 1864. 'Jack was very respectful to Tom, and always took off his hat when he met him." 'Jack was very rude to Tom, and always knocked off his hat when he met him.' You will see that 'his hat' in the former sentence is Jack's, but in the latter sentence it is Tom's. There is absolutely nothing to indicate this but the context. 'Will any one pretend,' says the reviewer, 'that either of these sentences is ambiguous in meaning, or unidiomatic in expression? Yet critics of the class now before us, (i. e., who proceed on the assumption that no sentence is correct, unless the mere syntactical arrangement of the words, irrespective of their meaning, is such that they are incapable of having a double aspect,) are bound to contend that Jack showed his respect by taking off Tom's hat, or else that he showed his rudeness by knocking off his own."

And this is important, as showing how utterly impossible it is for every reference of every pronoun to be unmistakeably pointed out by the form of the sentence.—Hearers and readers are supposed to be in possession of their common sense and their powers of discrimination; and it is to these that writers and speakers must be content to address themselves.

A difficulty arises as to the proper number of the verb substantive, when it couples a singular nominative case to a plural one.—Two correspondents have written on this matter. One cites from a newspaper,—'More curates are what we want,' and asks whether '*are*' is correct. The other is a printer, and relates that on this sentence being sent for press—'A special feature of the Reformatory Exhibition were the work-shops and work-rooms,' the 'reader' in the office corrected '*were*' to 'was;' upon which the author corrected 'was' back again to 'were.'—A dispute arose in the office, some siding with the reader, some with the author. The former were the majority: and the minority, though they thought 'were' correct, yet acknowledged that 'was' would sound better.

And I believe that they were thus not only making an ingenuous confession, but giving the key to the whole question. In most cases of this kind, that which sounds right, is right. And that which sounds right is generally, in the examples before us, that the verb should take the number, be it singular or plural, of the preceding nominative case. 'More curates are what we want.' But invert the proposition, and we must say, 'What we want is, more curates.' So in the other case, 'a special feature of the exhibition was, the work-shops, and work-rooms': but 'the work-shops and work-rooms were a special feature of the exhibition.'

Still, this rule does not seem to have been always followed by our best writers. In the English Bible, Prov. xiii. 8, we have, 'The ransom of a man's life are his riches': and in Prov. xvi. 15, 'There is a way which seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of

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death.' The translators' rule seems to have been always to use the plural verb-substantive, when either of the nominatives was plural.—We have in one and the same sentence, Prov. xvii. 6, 'Children's children are the crown of old men: and the glory of children are their fathers': where it is plain that the occurrence of one plural, and not the order of the substantives, has ruled the number of the verb.

A correspondent is about to dedicate a book to a Royal patroness. He wishes to express gratitude for 'many kindnesses': but feeling uncomfortable as to the correctness of the expression, is afraid he shall have to write 'much kindness,' which does not so well express his meaning—'kindness shown on many occasions.'

It is a very easy matter to calm his apprehension, and allow him the full expression of his gratitude.—Nothing is commoner than the making of abstract nouns into concrete in this manner. I trust we all remember the verse in the Lamentations of Jeremiah, chap. iii. 22, 'It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.' In the same chapter we read of 'all their imaginations against me.' And in Ps. lxxxix. 49, we have the very word in question; 'Lord, where are thy former loving-kindnesses, which Thou swarest unto David in thy truth?'

In all these examples, the word which originally signified an attribute, is taken to indicate an instance of the exercise of that attribute. 'Loving kindnesses' are instances of loving-kindness.

A curious case of this licence in speech may be seen at present on the walls of our railway stations, where an agent announces that he has upwards of 500 'businesses' to dispose of.

Attention has been directed to the erroneous use of adjectives belonging to one bodily sense, with substantives belonging to another. We are told that 'a conspicuous voice' is a not uncommon expression. I can testify to having frequently heard 'a beautiful smell,' and 'a beautiful air.' Now of course all such expressions will not bear strict investigation: but are they, therefore, not allowable?—Every one speaks of 'beautiful music': why may we not say, 'a beautiful odour?'

The distinction seems to be this. Any word may be used in that which is called a metaphorical sense: i. e., may be transferred from a material to a mental meaning.—Thus, 'beautiful' being originally a word belonging to the sense of sight, may be transferred to the inward sight, and things may be called beautiful which are apprehended by the mind, with or without the aid of sense. Thus we recognise beauty in art. Poetry, painting, music, are arts: the first apprehended by the eye, the ear, and the thought—the second by the eye and the thought,—the third by the ear and the thought. In all these the mental vision sees beauty: we may have beautiful poetry, beautiful painting, beautiful music. But

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smell is not an art: the mere enjoyment of wholesome air is not an art: in neither is there any scope for beauty, and consequently of neither must 'beautiful' be said. 'A conspicuous voice' is even worse; it is an absolute defiance of correctness: a torturing of the machinery of one sense into the grooves of another.

This torturing of words may sometimes be perpetrated where people little suspect it. The Americanism 'proclivities' is sometimes a convenient word. It is used as equivalent 'tendencies.' But in reality, it does only half the work of the English term. *Clivus* being Latin for a hill, *proclivis* is an adjective signifying down-hill, while *acclivis* signifies up-hill. We have the term 'acclivity' in English, meaning an upward slope. So that when we use 'proclivities,' we must take care that we confine it to its proper meaning. To speak, as the *Record* did last week, of a statesman having 'High Church proclivities,' is to make a blunder in terms. A proclivity can never carry a man up on high. The achievement of the man who used to walk up an inclined plane on a rolling globe would be far surpassed by him who through any manner of proclivites should attain to High Churchmanship. I would venture to suggest that as the American term has this defect, it would be better to discard it and employ the English one.

I mentioned in one of my former lectures, that 'used to was' and 'used to could' were reported as said in some parts of England. I have a confirmation of this in a letter from Derby. My correspondent says both expressions are very common there. "I have even," he says, "heard 'used to did.'"

The same correspondent says, 'I should once have sided with your opponents as to 'the three first Gospels:' but I am convinced by your arguments.' It will be remembered that I defended this expression as equally correct with 'the first three Gospels.' 'I think, however,' he continues, 'you would not defend what we often hear from the pulpit, or even more commonly from the clerk's desk: 'In the third chapter of St. John, the three last verses, are these words;' or, 'Let us sing the three first and the three last verses of the 92nd Psalm.'

To this I answer, Why not? The 'three first' verses are, the three verses whose place, with reference to the rest, is first. It is only a short way of saying, the three verses which come first; and so of the 'three last.'

Hardly any good English expression gets so much wrath expended on it as this 'three first,' or 'three last.' It was but the other day that the present writer had a whole vial of scorn poured over him because he has used it in his edition of the Greek Testament; the reviewer being of course not aware that this is done of malice prepense, and because it is believed to be right.

A curious mistake is often made in accepting invitations. In full half the notes of this kind which are sent, we see, 'I shall be very

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happy to accept your invitation for the 9th.' But the acceptance is not a thing future; the acceptance is conveyed by that very note, and your friend, when she gets it, will put you down as having accepted. The sentence is written in confusion between 'I shall be very happy to come,' and 'I am very happy to accept,' or 'I accept with pleasure.' And so the former half of the sentence gets wedded to the latter half of the second.

An odious form of speech has lately crept into our newspapers: 'The death is announced of ——' 'The suspension is reported of ——' And sometimes we have the sentence still further divaricated thus, 'The death is announced in——.'

It is somewhat curious to observe the different forms which have come to designate the professions. Ministers of religion are 'the clergy,' soldiers are 'the military,' sailors hardly have a collective name, but are individually known as 'Jack,' or, if pluralized, 'the blue jackets;' lawyers are 'the bar,' or the 'gentlemen of the long robe,' though their robes are no longer than those of the clergy; medical men are 'the faculty;' judges are 'the bench,' or 'bigwigs.' Artists, engineers, architects, seem to be as yet without collective names.

Considering how commonly ingenious derivations are wrong, it is surprising that any grave writer in these days should allow himself to be taken in by one. Yet no less a person than the present Emperor of the French has fallen into this trap. You know that there is a place on the Thames, above London, called Teddington. It so happens that its situation nearly corresponds with the limit to which the tide ascends in the stream. So some ingenious person made what was little better than a pun upon the name, and called Teddington, Tide-end-town. In process of years, the public, who are always ready to accept a likely-sounding derivation, reported Tide-end-town as the origin of the name. And the Emperor Napoleon, in the 2nd vol. of his Life of Julius Cæsar, has gravely stated the fact, and worked it into his argument. His words are these:—

"The only thing which appears to us evident is, that the Romans did not cross any where below Teddington. It is known that this village, of which the name is derived from Tide-end-town, marks, in point of fact, the last point of the Thames at which the tide is felt. It would be impossible to believe that Cæsar exposed himself to the risk of being surprised, during his passage, by the swelling of the water." Vol. ii. p. 191 Eng. transl.

The Edinburgh reviewer well remarks on the singular simplicity, often observable in the Emperor's book, with which 'a cockney myth, such we conceive the popular derivation of Teddington to be, is transformed into a serious piece of archæology.'

Two correspondents (one within the last few days) ask for a decision as between *spoonsful* and *spoon-*

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fuls. The same question clearly involves all similar compounds—handful, cupful, apronful, &c.

There can be no real doubt about the answer. The composite word *spoonful* has an existence of its own, and must follow the laws of that commonwealth of words to which it belongs. To make its plural *spoonsful*, is to blot out its separate existence as a word. Besides, this form of plural does not convey the meaning intended.—*Three spoons full* is a different thing from *three spoonfuls*. The former implies that three separate spoons were used; the latter expresses three measures of the size indicated.

There seems to be great uncertainty about the spelling of the verb to *shew* (or, *show*.) The following rule was given me, I forget by whom, and I have generally found it observed by careful writers. When the verb is used of outward visible things, spell it with an *o*: 'He showed me his house and his pictures.' But when the verb is used of things to be manifested to the mind, and not to the sense, spell it with an *e*: 'He shewed me the advantage of becoming his tenant.' It follows from what has been said, that the substantive, *a show*, should always be spelt with an *o*: its meaning being restricted to an outward display made to the senses. On examining the English Bible, I find that *shew* is universal, both as verb and as substantive, as literal and as metaphorical. The tendency of the modern printer has been to abandon this spelling altogether, and to use the *o* in every case.

A newspaper stated in 1864, that Lord Palmerston had *attained* his eightieth year. On this a household at Beckenham fell out. The ladies maintained that the expression was equivalent to—had *completed* his eightieth year. And matter of fact was with them; for Lord Palmerston having been born in 1784, was full eighty in 1864.—But the gentlemen held that however the fact might seem to bear out the ladies' interpretation, and however the writer may have intended to express the meaning, *attained* and *completed* cannot be the same; but the expression *attained his eightieth year* must properly mean *entered his eightieth year*.

It seems to me that the gentlemen were right. A youth has attained his majority the very day he enters upon it, not the day he dies and quits it, his life being complete. A man attains a position in life the moment he is appointed to it, before he has begun any of its duties. And so a man attains his eightieth year the first day that it can be said of him that he is in his eightieth year; not the last day that this can be said: for he has then attained his eighty-first year.

I have had an amusing letter from which I extract the following: 'All you say is indeed most true: I grieve over the changes and innovations in our language I hear daily around me, especially among young people. Young people say *thanks*

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now, never *thank you*. I am sick of *abnormal*, and *æsthetic*, and *elected*, for *chosen*, all used most absurdly by modern writers. *Advent* for *coming* I hate; it seems a sacred word, which ought to be only used for our Saviour's coming. Why has *people* now an *s* added to it? It never used to have; we do not yet say *sheeps*, and both are nouns of multitude. I can't bear to be asked at dinner if Mr. Blank shall assist me to anything instead of help, and yet both mean much the same, but the former smacks of *the commercial gent*. I dare say I could think of many more follies and vulgarisms, but I shall tire you. I wish you to write a third article on the subject. Excuse an old-fashioned single woman (not a *female*) having plagued you with this letter.'

We had better take in order the words complained of. *Thanks* for *thank you*, seems to deserve better treatment than it meets with at our good Priscilla's hands. It is, first, of respectable parentage and brotherhood: having descended from classic languages, and finding both examples in our best writers, and present associates in the most polished tongues of Europe. And then, as generally used, it serves admirably the purpose of the generation now coming up, who are for the most part a jaunty off-handed set, as far as possible removed from the prim proprieties of our younger days. *Thank you* was formal, and meant to be formal: *Thanks* is both a good deal more gushing for the short time that it takes saying, and also serves the convenient purpose of nipping off very short any prospect of more gratitude or kindly remembrance on the part of the young lady or gentleman from whose mouth it so neatly and trippingly flows. Let *thanks* survive and be welcome; it is best to be satisfied with all we are likely to get.

Abnormal is one of those words which has come in to supply a want in the precise statements of science. It means the same as *irregular*: but this latter word had become so general and vague in its use, that it would not be sure to express *departure from rule*, which *abnormal* does. Thus far its use is justified, and even the oldfashioned lady could hardly complain: but the mischief is that the apes of novelty have come to substitute it for *irregular* in common talk: and Miss, at home for the holidays, complains towards the end of breakfast, that *the post has become quite abnormal of late*. The effect of this, as of fine talk in general, will be to destroy the proper force of the word, and drive future philosophers to seek a new one, which in its turn will share the like fate with its predecessor.

Æsthetic, again, has its proper use in designating that which we could hardly speak of before it came into vogue. Unfortunately our adjective formed from the substantive *sense*, had acquired an opprobrious meaning: and the attempt to substitute sensuous for it had altogether failed. There was no remedy but to have recourse to the Greek, the language of science, and take the

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word we wanted. If it has suffered in the same manner as the last, it is no more than might have been expected: but I do not remember to have heard it used, where any other word would serve the turn. *Elect* for choose is one of our modern newspaper fineries: and it is not to be denied that *advent* is rapidly losing its exclusively sacred reference.

The adding of *s* to *people* has been rather a convenience. We always spoke of the English people, the French people, the German people; why then should we not say, the European *peoples?* At all events, it is better than what is now *newspaper* for it—*nationalities*.

Assisting at dinner is of course what the single lady characterises it as being—and even worse. I don't imagine the respectable class whom she somewhat uncourteously snubs would be flattered by the idea that they can descend to any expression so simply detestable.—Another correspondent says, 'I have been often amused by a host, requesting her guest (this gender is unkind,) to *assist himself*.' The construction in which the unfortunate verb finds itself in this usage, is somewhat curious. The challenge runs, 'Mr Blank, shall I assist you to beef?' The impression of those who are unacquainted with the vulgarism would be that *to beef* was a verb, meaning to eat beef, or, as very refined people say, to *partake of beef*.

In reference to the mispronunciation of Scripture proper names, I have had several anecdotes sent me. The only one worth recounting is, that an informant, whom I well know, heard the name of the returned slave in St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon read, 'One (monosyllable) Simus,' instead of Onésimus.

A correspondent is highly offended with the very common expression, *I beg to inform you*, *I beg to state*, etc., requiring that the word *leave* should be inserted after the verb, otherwise, he says, the words are nonsense.

In this case, I conceive that custom has decided for us, that the ellipsis, *I beg* for *I beg leave* is allowable.

If ingenious derivations are often wrong, so also are ingenious corrections of common readings. I may give as an instance, a correction, often made with some confidence, of a word in the famous passage in Shakspeare's Tempest, beginning, 'The cloud-capt towers.' We commonly read in the modern editions, 'And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.' No, says the corrector, not wreck, but *rack*: rack being thin floating vapour, such as is seen on the blue sky before a change of weather. Now the original word, it is true, is *rack*, but there is every probability that by this Shakspeare meant *wreck*, not *floating vapour*. Two reasons may be giving for this opinion; 1. In this very play, he calls the wreck of a ship by the name of *wrack*: 'The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched the very virtue of compassion in thee;' and in Mea-

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sure for Measure, III. i., 'her brother Frederick was wracked at sea.' 2. The word wrack, in the sense of the thin cloud spread over the blue sky, is never found except with the definite article, *the rack*. Thus in Hamlet: 'We often see against some storm, a silence in the heavens, the rack stand still.'— And Bacon, in his natural history, says, 'the clouds above, which we call *the rack*.' In all other examples given in the dictionaries, the same is the case; and it would appear as contrary to usage to say *a rack*, as it would be to say *a north*, or *a zenith*. This being so, we have no resource but to face the corrector boldly, and to maintain that 'leave not a wrack behind,' means, leave not behind so much as a ship when she has broken up— not even a spar to be remembered by.

I will conclude with a few scraps which I have collected as specimens of broken or imperfect English.

Really ambiguous sentences are to be found even in our most careful writers. One would think that Miss Austen, if any one, would not be caught tripping in this matter. But I read in *Pride and Prejudice*, chap. xxviii., pt. i: 'Mr. Collins and Charlotte appeared at the door, and the carriage stopped at the small gate, which led by a short gravel walk to the house, amidst the nods and smiles of the whole party.' And again, chap. xiii. pt. ii: 'Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little could be gained by an attempt to pursue them.' I also find in the same novel, chap. xx. pt. ii.: 'Each felt for the other, and of course for themselves.' In this case the correction is easy, as the two persons were Jane and Elizabeth: 'Each felt for the other and of course for herself;' but had the genders been different, it would have been impossible to write the sentence in this form at all.

I find the following sentence in Thackeray's *Virginians*, Part IV.:

'He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table.'

A letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* about a fortnight ago (Oct. 22, 1866,) begins: 'Sir, I have been spending this autumn in the vicarage of a pleasant village in Blankshire, famous for its cricket, which I have rented during the parson's holiday.'

In a review in the same paper of August 24, 1866, we read as follows:

'We defy any sensible bachelor anxious to change his condition, to read Lady Harriett Sinclair's book without drawing a painful contrast in his mind between a future passed with that gifted lady, and with (the writer means, and one passed with) the fast, very fast, young women with whom he rides in the morning, plays croquet and drinks tea in the afternoon, *sits by* at dinner, and dances with at night, but wisely abstains from marrying."

One of the commonest of newspaper errors is to use a participial clause instead of a verbal one, leaving the said clause pendent, so that

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in the reader's mind it necessarily falls into a wrong relation. Thus we had in the *Times* the other day, in the description of the York congress, assembled under the presidency of the Archbishop: 'His Grace said, &c., and after pronouncing the benediction, the assembly separated.' The notable and often exposed vulgarism *and which* or *and who,* when no *which* or *who* has before occurred, seems as frequent as ever. This is an answer to an address presented to the Princess of Wales, and is the composition of an English nobleman:

'H. R. H. the Princess of Wales acknowledges, &c., *and for which she is profoundly recognisant.*'

I have received a notice this very day from a London bookseller to this effect:

'A. B. C. begs to announce the above important contributions by Dr. T. to Biblical Criticism as nearly ready, *and which* he will have for sale as soon as published.'

Mistakes in the arrangement of words and clauses are found in high quarters not less frequently than of old. In the *Times* of Saturday last, a paragraph is headed *The Late Queen's Huntsman,* when *The Queen's Late Huntsman* is intended. A correspondent sends the following from a letter describing the great hurricane at Calcutta in 1864: 'The great storm wave which passed up the lower Hooghly is said to have been of the height of a man at a distance of ten miles from the bed of the river.'

The ignorant use of one word for another continues to give rise to curious mistakes. A letter to a newspaper says, 'There is in the parish of Helmingham, Suffolk, an ancient graveyard of human skeletons, bearing much resemblance to, *if not identical with,* that mentioned in your impression on Thursday last as being recently discovered on the farm of Mr. Attrim at Stratford-on-Avon.'

In this sentence let me notice that *as being discovered* is also wrong. The writer meant, *as having been discovered.*

The secretary of a railway publishes in the *Times* of Oct. 17, this year, the following notice. I suppose he is an Irishman. 'The *present* service of trains between Three Bridges and East Grinstead, and the coach now running between Uckfield and Tunbridge Wells, *is now* discontinued.'

In the leading article of the *Times,* the same day, appeared this sentence: 'To our mind it was impossible to entertain any doubt on the subject, at least not since the intimation conveyed by the American minister.' You will observe that there is here a *not* too much. The writer meant, *at least since the intimation, &c.*

A correspondent sends me a very rich example of this confusion of ideas. It occurs in a leading article of the *Standard*: 'The progress of science can neither be arrested nor controlled. Still less, perhaps, in this hurrying nineteenth century, can we expect to persuade men that, after all, the most haste may finally prove the worst speed, and that as a rule it must be of less importance

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to arrive at your journey's end quickly than it is not to arrive at all.' Of course the writer meant, *than it is to make sure of arriving at all.*

In the *Times* of April 20, of this year, we read: 'The prisoners are allowed .. to receive food from their friends outside, an indulgence which has been in many instances abused by the *secretion* of tobacco and written communications in the food sent in.'

Had the writer consulted his dictionary, he would have found that *secretion* means 'that agency in the animal economy that consists in separating the various fluids of the body.' He meant *secreting*.

If our last example presented a physical curiosity, our next even surpasses it. The *Times* Law report of Feb. 13, last year, told us of a plaintiff or defendant, 'He, though a gentleman of property, was unhappily paralysed in his lower limbs.' What a delightful idea this writer had of the usual exemption of the rich from the ills of humanity!

Nor does the level of physical intelligence rise in our next example—an advertisement of Keating's Persian insect-destroying powder. It states that 'this powder is *quite harmless to animal life*, but is unrivalled in destroying fleas, bugs, flies, cock-roaches, beetles, mosquitoes, moths in furs, and every other species of insect.'

One more specimen:

'*Notice.*—An advertisement, headed Evans and Co., merchants, Shanghae, appears in the London *Daily Telegraph* of June, 4th, intimating I was about, or had left China. I beg to state, I never authorised H. Evans, baker and biscuit maker, to state I had, or intended leaving Shanghae.—John Deverill.'

Well, my friends, our evening is over, and if it has amused you, and given you any hints leading to the sensible use of your own language, our purpose is answered.

[*Sunday Magazine.*

THE METAPHORS OF ST. PAUL.*

II—Classical Architecture.

Three months ago this Magazine contained a paper on the military metaphors of St. Paul, with especial reference to the middle portion of the sixth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The present paper will deal with the architectural metaphors of the same Apostle, with prominent, but not by any means exclusive reference to a passage in the third chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians.

The thought which lies at the

* By J. S. Howson, one of the authors of "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul."

basis of such papers is this: that in order to understand an ancient writer it is not enough to study his words, but necessary also to know something of the fashion of his times,—not safe simply to work from the dictionary, without some regard to the records of monumental history,—without some effort to reproduce and realise manners and customs, and the outward expression of the old social life.—Even in order to understand the bare meaning of the words, we must know something of the life. Much more, when we desire to appreciate the nicer shades of meaning, and to enter into the full force of imagery. For this purpose we have need of archæology as much as of philology. The two cannot prudently be dissevered. And more than this. Unless our archæology is correct—our philology, being connected with anachronisms, will lead us into positive errors.

The observations, true of ancient writers in general, are quite as true of sacred as profane. Moses and Luke, Ezra and Paul, did not write independently of the circumstances with which they were surrounded, or of the tastes, pursuits and habits of their time. If they had done so, they would have been unintelligible when they wrote.—And they will only be approximately intelligible to us, unless we have the means of re-setting the words in their true association. When a man has once seen a really oriental city, and made himself familiar with the sights and smells of a bazaar, walked on the flat roofs, or stood among the camels, he has acquired a power of appreciating the Old Testament, such as no dead lexicon could ever give him. And how great a help for the New Testament is gained—when, in some good museum, a man has taken into his hand a silver Denarius, and looked at the fine features of Tiberius—worthy of a nobler character—and turned the coin round, and read the Latin inscription, and reflected on the possibility that this might have been the very piece of money that was shown to our Saviour, on the high probability that it was minted at the same time, and on the certainty that it was exactly like it, in size and material, in the "image and superscription!"

These are only superficial illustrations: but they are illustrations of a principle:—and the application of the principle becomes important, exactly in proportion as the writer in question, whoever he may be, has some favourite classes of imagery drawn from the circumstances of his time,—and in proportion as those circumstances, from which the imagery is drawn, are in themselves peculiar and removed from the sphere of our own customary thoughts.

Now thus much may be said, without any danger of dispute, concerning St. Paul's favourite images, that they are drawn, not from the operations and uniform phenomena of the natural world, but from the activities and outward exhibition of human society, from the life of soldiers, the life of slaves, from

the market, from athletic exercises, from agriculture, from architecture.

That there is a strong tendency to architectural metaphors in St. Paul's Epistles no one will dispute. But it is worth while to notice that this tendency to refer to buildings may be observed not only there, but in his speeches too. Let us call to mind two speeches, uttered in busy centres of population, and in the midst of those who had glorious architectural works every day before their eyes. At Athens how grandly does the Apostle point mentally, if not literally, to the Parthenon and Propylæa and their associated statues on the Acropolis, telling his hearers that God, "seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in *temples made with hands*," and that the Godhead is not "like unto gold, or silver, or *stone*, graven by art and man's device!" And at Miletus how significantly and strongly does he conclude his address to those who had come from Ephesus, where Diana's temple was the most magnificent and prominent object—"Now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is *able to build you up!*" How or why St. Paul's style had this tendency it is needless to determine. It might be a matter of temperament or of education. He might have a taste for architecture, natural or acquired. That he was a man of fine perceptions and strong social feelings cannot be doubted. And to such men it is natural to enter into the spirit of a great city and its outward expression as given in its buildings. Again we are told that Gamaliel, under whom the Apostle was instructed, was a man of enlarged mind and by no means destitute of sympathy with the culture of the Greeks. However this may be, St. Paul, writing under Divine inspiration, does use ideas drawn from buildings, as vehicles of instruction. Architectural phraseology is inwoven into the texture of his Epistles, and to a much larger extent than would at first sight be supposed.

Let us take, in the first place, in elucidation of this topic, a single word, the word "edify." This verb, or its substantive, "edification," occurs in some form or other twenty-two times in the New Testament; and in every instance, except one, it is used by St. Paul; and that exception is in the Acts of the Apostles, a book written almost certainly under St. Paul's superintendence. This fact is remarkable, and well adapted to arrest the attention. But it becomes still more marked, when we observe that on proceeding to look for the Greek word, of which "edify" is the English translation, (or rather the Latin translation, introduced from the Vulgate by Wiclif,) we find that other passages must be added to the list, and all in the same Apostle's writings. To quote the places where "edify" and "edification" occur in the English would be needless. They are all ready in our memories for use when occasion requires. But in order to transfer our associations

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to the Greek word, which is actually St. Paul's word, and to which they more properly belong, I may notice that the language is precisely the same, when he lays down the principle of non-interference with another Apostle's work—"I will not build (edify) on another man's foundation"—that the same favourite image occurs, when he expresses the utter inconsistency involved in a return from Christianity to Judaism: "If I proceed to build up the edifice which I took so much pains to put down, I make myself a trangressor,"—and that with regard to moral practice he uses "build up" in a bad sense as well as a good one, when he says, after laying down the truth that it is Christian love which "builds up," that if the strong brother approaches too near association with idolatry, the conscience of the weak brother may be "built up" so as to eat that which is sacrificed to idols, may become in fact a structure of sin. In this passage the Authorised Version has "edify" in the margin; and this is the word in Wiclif's version. His word is "build" in the other two passages which I have just quoted. It is evident that even then the words "*edify*" and "*edification*" were narrowing themselves to their theological sense, while "*edifice*" has still continued to have its widest sense. Not that the narrowing process was completed for some considerable time. Spenser uses "edify" in the sense of building: and I find it said of the Castle of Corfu in Hakluyt's travels (under the date 1555)—"It is not only of situation the strongest I have seen, but also of *edification*."

We might follow this disquisition on a single word into results of considerable interest.

The question has a bearing on *Christian evidence*. It is something that the same prevalent metaphor is used, and in the same kind of way, in several of the Epistles which bear the name of St. Paul. Unity of style tends to prove unity of authorship. If one man wrote all these Epistles, then all are authentic. So again it is always interesting to find a peculiarity which marks the Epistles marking also the speeches which are assigned to this Epistle in the Acts. It helps to prove that the Paul of the letters is the Paul of the narrative: and this too is something. Here it must in candour be added that this argument, if applied to the Epistle to the Hebrews, tends to separate it from the Epistles which were undoubtedly written by St. Paul. On many grounds I am strongly inclined to believe that he did write the Hebrews, but this argument, so far as it goes, has a tendency the other way. In those passages—"He who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house: for every house is builded by some one; but he that built all things is God,"—and "a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not of this building"—and again, "Abraham looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God"—and these passages it is remarkable that the original

words are quite different from those which are customary with St. Paul when he speaks of building or edifying.

But again, the topic before us has a bearing on Christian Doctrine. I have an impression that we have acquired the habit of using the word "edify" in a way slightly different from that of St. Paul, from whom we borrow it. We give it an individual application. We say that—a book read in private—a sentence from a sermon—a providential occurrence—is edifying to the individual Christian, without reference to his social position in the Church. But "edify" with St. Paul is always a social word,—having regard to the mutual improvement of members of the Church, and the growth of the whole body in faith and love. "The *Churches* in Judea and Galilee and Samaria," it is said, "had rest and were edified." Paul says to the Corinthian Church—"We do all things for your edifying." He says to the members of the Thessalonian Church, "edify one another." And he tells the Ephesian Church that various ministrations are given—"for the edifying of the body of Christ . . . from whom the whole maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." So too he says that Christians are collectively as well as individually the *temple* of God. There are two passages, one in the first and one in the second Epistle to the Corinthians, which may be instructively compared in reference to this point. Now all this, if we consider the matter closely, is almost implied in the word, and in the metaphor which it represents. A building is an aggregate thing. And believers are not buildings, but parts of a building. St. Peter calls them "living stones." I think we are sometimes too apt to forget this, and to treat Christianity (if I may use the expression) as if it were *monolithic*. We may lose in precision by not attending to the metaphors which are involved in Scripture words, and thus the proportions of our doctrine may be disturbed. It is not too much to say, that, with regard to the point before us, we might out of St. Paul's use of the word "edify" or "build," get a whole commentary on that article of the Creed—"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

However this may be, nearly all will agree that such passages as these have a very important bearing on *Christian Practice*. "All things may be lawful to me, but all things do not *edify*." "We ought not to please ourselves, but let every one try to please his neighbour for his good unto *edification*." "Let us follow after the things which make for peace and things wherewith one may *edify* another." The force of this last passage is much enhanced by the words which follow—"For the sake of meat do not run the risk of pulling to pieces the work—the building—of God." The word here translated "destroy" in the English Version is not that which is so rendered a few verses above ("For meat destroy not him for whom

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Christ died")—but it is the contrasted word opposed to "build," just as in that phrase quoted before from another Epistle (again an instance of the unity of St. Paul's style)—"If I build up again what once I pulled down or pulled to pieces." How vividly do we see this momentous duty of respecting scruples and prejudices, of forbearance in social intercourse, of controlling our vehemence and censoriousness—when we think of those around us as parts with ourselves of a building, which ought to be advancing in beauty and solidity! Those disorderly tempers disturb the proportion, that selfishness of ours mars the unity, those hasty words, those careless acts, are the pickaxes which loosen the mortar. And so with regard to public ministrations—"He that speaketh in a tongue, *buildeth up* himself: he that prophesieth *buildeth up* the church"—"forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the *building up* of the church,"—"Verily thou givest thanks well, but the other is not *built up.*" If we neglect the principle involved in such a context as this, if we are bent on display and power and self-advancement, well may the Church be *dilapidated* instead of *built.* So again of the contrast of knowledge and love: "Knowledge inflates"—it only produces a bubble that will burst; but love edifies—it constructs what is solid—its work is to be patiently building a noble and enduring palace.

But it is time that we advance from words to sentences. Let us examine a few passages where the architectural metaphor is more fully developed. We will follow a natural order, and take first the foundation, then the step, and then the furniture, of the house.

We have seen that St. Paul says he will not build on another man's foundation, when he means to say that he will not trespass on another man's Missionary province. But he uses the same image in a deeper sense in various emphatic passages. In two of them there is the same juxtaposition of what is agricultural and what is architectural, which we have in this third chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—"Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." Just so, on turning to Ephesians and Colossians (again an illustration of the unity of authorship,) we find in one—"That ye, having your root and your foundation in love—may be able to know what is the love of Christ"—and in the other—"As ye have received Christ, so walk in him, having your root struck down deep into him and raising up the building on him as your foundation." A glance at the Greek shows that the language is the same in both passages. The only difference is, that in the former the Ephesians are addressed as having been set on a safe foundation, the Colossians are reminded of the duty of raising up the structure so founded. Nor is this the only place in the Epistle to the Colossians where reference is made to the foundation.

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But let us turn to two other passages, where the imagery is presented to us in detail. Both are good illustrations of what Paley calls St. Paul's peculiarity of "going off at a word." In the nineteenth verse of the second chapter of Ephesians, after he has happened to use the word "household," it seems as if the whole house rose before him, from foundation to roof, and transformed itself into a temple. The chapter concludes thus: "Ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief-corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit." Now, all I will observe on this quotation is this: that I do not believe that the Apostles and Prophets are the foundation of which St. Paul speaks, but that Jesus Christ is foundation stone and corner-stone in one. I would render it thus, "Built on the apostolic and prophetic foundation-stone"—the stone which apostles and prophets laid, and on which they themselves rest—for "other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid," viz: Christ.—The other passage is in the Second Epistle to Timothy. Having spoken of the overthrowing of the faith of some, the Apostle adds: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." What two grand inscriptions! Two eternal principles, one expressing the immutability of God, to drive away despair, the other describing the character of God's people, to drive away presumption. Well may they be indelibly cut on the apostolic and prophetic foundation.

I said I would pass from the foundation to the step. The text to which I refer is again in one of the Pastoral Epistles: "They that have used the office of a deacon well purchase to themselves a good degree." This is an interesting passage, and I hardly think it is to be interpreted as it is commonly explained. The English word "*degree*" is correctly used in the sense of *a step for further progress*, as it is used in Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* of the climber up ambition's ladder—

> "But when he once attains the utmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend."

I do not say that the words just quoted from St. Paul are generally interpreted in the spirit of this speech of Brutus; but the popular interpretation involves some risk of taking this direction. I cannot but hesitate to believe that St. Paul urges deacons to a discharge of duty either by the prospect of promotion, or by the charm of a higher position in the esteem of men. I should rather suppose that he alludes to their making sure of a firm spiritual standing, as before God and in prospect of the great day. This is more in harmony with the context. The "good degree"

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is coupled with "great boldness in the faith." All this they secure "to themselves." Besides doing service to the Church, they advance more and more in the confidence of their own spiritual life. Here I think it is useful to compare what is said at the end of this Epistle, though there perhaps the metaphor is mixed, of the "laying up in store for ourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that we may lay hold on eternal life." And it is certainly a coincidence of some interest that all the passages which I have just been adducing in reference to the foundation and basement of buildings, are Epistles addressed to Ephesus—where that celebrated Temple was, on the substructions of which immense labour and expense had been lavished, that Temple which was full in sight when the mob cried out for two hours—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

But let us enter the house under the Apostle's guidance, and see what spiritual application he makes of the furniture which we find there. I follow the context of a chapter which has already been partially quoted. In the Second Epistle to Timcthy, in the second chapter, having described the foundation, he passes on to say:—"But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour and some to dishonour. If a man, therefore, purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." In the nineteenth verse he seems to set before us the Church in its essential character, as resting on an exclusive basis and marked by eternal principles: here, in what follows, he seems to set the Church before us in its mixed and outward character, lest erroneous conclusions should be drawn from the preceding. We have here a parable like the parable of the net: but we have something more than in the parable of the net. Not only are there two classes—vessels of rich material to honour, and vessels of mean material to dishonour, but there are gradations in each class, gold and silver in the one, wood and earth in the other, not all among the bad equally bad. A great house has a vast variety of furniture. In the twentieth verse we have the duty and the responsibility which arise from this solemn consideration.

Now, in drawing towards the conclusion of this paper, I wish to revert to a remark which I made at the outset, viz., that a careful notice of the significance of imagery is all the more incumbent on us, in proportion as the circumstances from which the imagery is drawn may be peculiar. We ought to keep in mind the distinctive character of classical architecture, and to remember that it was from *that* architecture that St. Paul drew his illustrations. We are apt to give too oriental a colouring to the New Testament, and this for an obvious reason. The classical world has passed away. We must reproduce

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it if we wish to see it as it was.—But to realise the outward circumstances of the Old Testament, we need only read the books of travellers and study the pictures of modern artists. We see Abraham in every sheik; Rebecca is at the well near every village; the climate and the seasons are in the main unaltered. But the colonial lictors at Philippi, the Prætorium at Rome, Pilate with his official chair on the piece of tesselated pavement—these must be reinstated in the scene, if we are to see them at all. The materials for reproducing the life exist in abundance in literature and museums. But the life itself does not exist; and the work of reproducing it requires the union of exact scholarship rightly applied, with a lively imagination under the control of judgment. Now the imagery which St. Paul draws from human habitations is not drawn from the wilderness—not from the transient dwellings of nomadic life, but from the solid cities of the Greeks and Romans. We might quote, in illustration of this, a passage where he uses that very contrast to heighten the emphasis which he wishes to give to a forcible passage: "I know that if this earthly dwelling, which is only a tent, is taken to pieces, I have a *building* of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Nor is it from any Eastern kind of architecture, but from classical architecture, that St. Paul has drawn his metaphors of this class.

Now are there any peculiarities of classical architecture, which we ought to take into account when we comment on any of the illustrations which for our instruction St. Paul was inspired to draw from that source? I think there are two. One is this: that all conspicuous Greek buildings, and most of the conspicuous Roman buildings, of his time, were characterised by vertical columns, supporting a horizontal entablature.

The significant application of this peculiarity is seen at once in that passage, where, in a time of controversy, he adduces the support of James and Cephas and John, who had the recognised reputation of being "pillars" in the Church. Here the Church is evidently treated as a building—a place, or temple, or the like; and these three men are spoken of, not simply as stones in the building, just as ordinary Christians might be, but as characteristic and essential parts, as both ornaments and supports.

The other architectural feature of ancient cities, to which I desire to invite attention, brings at once to the passage from that third chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, to which reference was made at the outset. I believe that in such cities as Ephesus, where the letter was written, or Corinth, to which it was addressed, there was a signal difference (far greater than in modern European cities) between the gorgeous splendour of the great public buildings, and the meanness and squalor of those streets where the poor and profligate resided. The former were constructed of marble and granite;

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the capitals of their columns and their roofs were richly decorated with silver and gold: the latter were mean structures, run up with boards for walls, with straw in the interstices, and thatch on the top. This is the contrast on which St. Paul seizes—slabs and pillars of marble and granite, and gold and silver on one hand—wood, hay, stubble, on the other—to set forth two very different results of the spiritual edification (I use the word in its neutral sense) which goes on in the Church. Sometimes the passage is treated as though the image presented were that of a dunghill of straw and sticks, with jewels, such as diamonds and emeralds, among the rubbish. But such an image would be utterly improbable in itself, and out of harmony with all the context. The whole allegory is strictly and consistently architectural.

In order to enter into the full significance of the allegory, we should look at the context. St. Paul is addressing those who were addicted to the spirit of party, and is speaking of the right estimate of Christian ministers. He first uses an agricultural metaphor, and then he passes to an architectural. Our approach to the architectural structure lies, as it were, through a garden or orchard. Here Paul has planted the precious trees. Apollos, and probably others with him, as subordinates and successors to Paul, are watering them. Suddenly the image changes to a new one, more capable of being turned to what the Apostle wishes to enforce. A building in progress rises before us. Paul has laid the foundation—laid it once for all, and laid it well.—He has no objection to say this, for it has been done by the grace of God. On this foundation Apollos and others are building. As to building on another foundation, this is set aside at once. The work is going on indefinitely in the future; but it will be tested. A day will come when the fire will burn up those wretched edifices of wood and straw, and leave unharmed in their glorious beauty those that were raised of marble and granite, and decorated with silver and gold. Those who raised such structures as these shall not only be safe, but rewarded; those who lost their time on the others shall just escape out of the conflagration because they built on the right foundation, but their escape shall be barely an escape.

It is a most serious admonition to the minister of the Gospel "to take heed how he buildeth," that is, with what materials—what kind of teaching, what kind of parochial arrangement, what kind of provision for the young, what kind of care for tender consciences or for desperate guilt. He should consider, too, what his materials have cost him. If they are cheap and worthless, the first that came to hand, what fate can he expect for his building in the day of trial? Is it not well worth his while to see that the quarry is worked for the stone, and the mine explored deep for the silver and gold, that all his materials may be precious, solid.

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and good, and may survive the fire, as the temples of Corinth itself survived the conflagration of Mummius, which burnt the hovels around.

It will be gathered that I think the building itself in this passage is not simply the development of doctrine and the promotion of sound practical truth. These I look on as the materials of building. The building itself I should regard, in analogy with all that has preceded, as the *persons*, or rather as the *characters*, which result from this good or bad edification.

But still the passage may be lawfully applied to remind us of the importance of regular and systematic instruction in religious truth. And hence a lesson may be drawn, which has reference to the responsibility of the recipients, not the givers, of instruction. And we may conclude with an extract from the first of the catechetical lectures of St. Cyril, which he delivered about the year 347 A.D. in the grand Basilica, erected by Constantine the Great: "Abide thou in the catechisings," he says. "Though our discourse be long, let not thy mind be wearied out. For thou art receiving thine armour against the antagonist power: against heresies, against Jews, and Samaritans, and Gentiles. Thou hast many enemies. Take to thee many darts." He uses here the military imagery, which was the subject of the first of these papers. Presently he uses the agricultural imagery, which will be the subject of the next of the series. "Study the things that are spoken, and keep them for ever. Considering this to be the planting season. Unless we dig, and that deeply, how shall that afterwards be planted rightly, which has once been planted ill?"

And then—quite in St. Paul's own manner—he passes to the imagery with the consideration of which we have been occupied in this paper:—"Or consider catechising to be a kind of building. Unless we dig deep, and lay the foundation,— unless by successive fastenings in the masonry we bind the framework of the house together, that no opening be detected, nor the work be left unsound, nought avails all our former labour. But stone must succeed stone in course, and corner must follow corner, and, inequalities being smoothed away, the masonry must rise regular. In like manner, we are bringing to thee stones, as it were, of knowledge. Thou must hear concerning the living God—concerning the Judgment — concerning Christ — concerning the Resurrection—and many things are made to follow one another, which, though now dropped, one by one, are at length presented in harmonious connection. But if thou wilt not connect them into one whole, and remember what is first, and what is second, the builder indeed buildeth, but the building will be unstable."

[*Chambers's Journal.*

THE STORM-LIGHT OF HAKLARSHOLM.

Among the sand-hills on the north-east coast of Jutland, there lies a long dale, called Haklarsholm, from a tradition that in remote ages, before the sand-hills were formed, or the sea had retired to its present level, the dale was an island, or holm, as they say in Denmark, ruled over by a powerful chief, called, from his exploits by land and sea, Haklar of the Heavy Hand. Landward, it expands to a pastoral valley, inhabited by herdsmen and shepherds; seaward, it slopes down to the narrow beach which lies between the sand-hills and the waters of the Baltic. At that end stands an old fishing hamlet. The cottages are built partly of brick and partly of timber, the latter said to have belonged to ships wrecked on the reef which stretches for many a mile along the shore, scarcely visible at low-water, and renders it one of the most dangerous spots on all the Jutland coast. Midway up the dale, on a bare rising ground, stands a castle, gray and grand, though uninhabited for nearly half a century, and going quietly to ruin. The history of Jutland records that it was a stronghold of the barons of Haklarsholm, while Wodin and Thor were yet worshipped in the land; and the same family continued in possession till about fifty years ago, when their line came to an end in a dark and strange fashion.

The last Baron Von Haklarsholm was one of the proudest men in Jutland, of true Danish descent, without an alloy of German blood. His pedigree stretched up to the times of the sages. One of his ancestors had been the companion of Harold Bluetooth; another had shared in Rollo's conquest of Normandy; a third had assisted Canute the Great to win the realm of England; and from his day, the family had been accustomed to bestow towns and counties in that island on their daughters, by way of dowry, though neither the damsels nor their happy husbands had the smallest chance of finding them real estates. The baron was proud of that, and a great deal more; but the baron could not be proud of his riches. The best part of Haklarsholm—the grassy lands on which herds and flocks were fed, and grazing-farmers grew substantial—had been alienated by a spendthrift father in the bad old times of Christian VII.; and the baron, besides succeeding to nothing but the ancient castle, the seaward end of the dale, the fishing-hamlet, and the adjacent beach, had lost his chance of a wealthy uncle's legacy, by marrying a lady with as good a pedigree as his own, and her face for a for-

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tune. A nobleman descended from the companion of Harold Bluetooth, could think of nothing to assist in the maintenance of his rank beneath a superior government office; but the baron had no friends at court, and was not qualified for making them. His lot had been cast in times when ancient blood and lineage counted for little, and peasants could reckon rights with the lord of the soil; so he and his spouse being of the same mind—a case not common with more lucky couples—lived in a state of grand poverty, occupying a few of the smallest rooms in their ancestral castle, with an establishment consisting of a deaf old man and his daughter, and brought up their only child, named Vextel, after one of his noble progenitors, and heir to the estate, such as it was.

The family was solitary as well as poor. Their relations on either side were few and distant, and kept but a cold and scanty correspondence with the impoverished House of Haklarsholm. To exchange hospitalities with the Jutland nobility or even to appear among them in town or country, with their means, was out of the question; and no earthly consideration would have induced either baron or baroness to associate with anybody a step below their rank. Nobody tempted them to overstep that magic bound. Clutching at fallen fragments of nobility, is not the fashion of the honest and independent Jutlanders, and the castle-people had ways of their own, which were by no means pleasing to their neighbors. The necessities of his family made the baron keep a keen eye on the remnant of lordly rights and revenues which time and fortune had left him. With the grazing farmers up the dale, he had an internecine war regarding the sea-weed which they took, or wanted, to manure their meadows. With the inhabitants of the fishing-hamlet he had never-ending disputes concerning rents and dues; and a wreck on the reef, or a whale driven on shore, was the subject of a downright battle between him and his entire tenantry. As a rule, the baroness took no part in those general engagements, but she was heard to lament for those ancient days of order and regulation when no fisherman might touch one of the herrings he had caught, till the lord of the coast had selected the fattest for his own consumption. The hard and narrow fortunes of the pair had told on their minds and lives, as hard fortunes generally do. They had lived in that fashion for nearly twenty years. The baron had been one of the handsomest and most robust young men in that part of Jutland. He retained his strength and muscle; but strict economy and fierce contending had made him gaunt and gray before the time.—The baroness had been a reigning belle at the balls of Copenhagen; but unsupported rank and household cares had reduced her to a thin and withered woman.

Yet one image of their better days had grown up before them through those poverty-stricken years. One

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hopeful branch remained to continue, and perhaps retrieve their ancient line. Their son, Vextel, inherited the lost beauty of his mother, with the vigour and spirit of his father's youth. The parents' hearts and minds were bound up in their boy; they pinched their narrow means still closer, to give him an education befitting his rank.—They believed him to be endowed with every talent and every attraction that could fall to the lot of man. The baron expected that he would create such a sensation at the university as would make the Danish government do something for them all; the baroness had dreams of some wealthy heiress presenting him with her heart and hand. But none of these things took place. Vextel came home from the university without creating a sensation, or marrying an heiress. He had a good disposition, as well as good looks; but, except in the eyes of his father and mother, there was nothing bright about him. Nevertheless, Vextel had seen the world—at least, the Copenhagen part of it—and was not content to live in a corner of the old castle, and contend with peasants and fishermen about drifted sea-weed, wrecked ships and stranded whales. After a good deal of controversy, such as generally occurs between the old and the young generation concerning the outset in life, he got permission to apply to one of his mother's distant relations, who happened to be in the Danish cabinet, for some office or appointment. The great man was propitious, and did not require much courting; but the only appointment he could or would find for his kinswoman's son was one in the East Indian colony of Tranquebar, neither important nor overwell paid.

The baroness thought the world must be coming to an end, when such a place was offered to the heir of Haklarsholm; but the young man would not be kept from pushing his fortune in the only way open to him; and the dread of his attempting something of trade or business at home, and thus disgracing his family for ever, made them at length consent to part with their only son, and let him sail for India.

Their servants' account of that parting was, that they thought the baron would go out of his mind, and the baroness would break her heart; but Vextel sailed from Copenhagen, arrived safe at Tranquebar, and sent home the best accounts of himself, his doings, and his prospects. The old pair lived on without either of the expected casualties; the baron waged the same wars with farmers and fishermen, the baroness poured forth the same lamentations for the good old times. Their housekeeping was rather more pinched than in former years, Vextel's outfit having to be paid for, with interest, to the trusting Jews of Copenhagen, and neither the sea-weed, the whales, nor the wrecks coming as readily as they could have wished at the castle.—But help came at the beginning of the second winter; their good son in India must have practiced some

of the economy he learned at home, for out of no great salary he contrived to save and send to his parents a present of a hundred rix-dollars.

It was believed that the baron never before had so much money in his pocket as the night he brought that present home, all in solid silver, from Fredericia, the nearest bank, on which his careful son had drawn the bill, being in that town. The baron went for his cash with great privacy; it was not to be known that the lord of Haklarsholm had to journey like a common farmer, without coach or attendants; he mounted his own gray horse, the only steed he possessed, before daybreak, rode up the dale, and took the southern highway. It was a day's travel; and he couldn't afford to stay in town for the night, so, under his faded cloak—which, together with its miniver trimmings, had been bought for his wedding day—the baron carried a lantern of Norwegian spar, of ancient make, and an heirloom in the family, to light him home over the sand-hills, which happened to be the shortest way.

It was late in October, the first and most tempestuous of the winter months in Jutland; and the night proved stormy; a strong east wind, driving showers of sleet before it, swept over the sand-hills straight from the Baltic, and in the baron's face all the way home; but he held on his course, thanks to the Norwegian lantern, which kept its light in spite of the storm, and saved him from taking the wrong by-paths leading away to distant valleys, or from slipping over the sandy steeps into the sea, which now foamed fathoms deep upon the narrow beach. He held on; and with his good horse and his hundred dollars reached the castle of Haklarsholm when its ancient clock was striking ten. Right glad was the baroness to see him; and well she might be, for after his arrival the storm increased every minute, till it blew a perfect hurricane: but mingled with the rush of the blast and the roar of the sea, came the sound of signal-guns from some ship upon the reef. The boldest fisherman would not venture out for some hours, and neither did the castle-people, though none of them slept that night, so terrible was the tempest; but when it abated, and the daybreak came, his hundred silver dollars grew small in the baron's eyes; the Baltic had sent a more valuable present to him and his, in the shape of a richly-laden merchantman, which lay upon the reef within the bounds of his lordship, a total wreck, and all her crew gone down into the sea.

The lord of Haklarsholm had the usual disputes with the men of his fishing-hamlet concerning bales and barrels washed ashore, or picked up by their boats; but as usual he got his full share of the Baltic gift; and from that day, the tide of good-fortune seemed to set in from the sea to the castle. A more stormy winter was not remembered by the eldest inhabitants of the Jutland coast; wrecks had never been more numerous or more

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rich; but the richest of them all, and by far the greater number, took place on the reef of Haklarsholm.

The baron's good-luck became the wonder of all the fishing-villages, and the envy of all the lords of the soil and the sand-banks. They did not give thanks for such events in the Jutland churches, at the time of our story, as they had done in the previous century, but the presents of the sea were eagerly looked for, and quickly accepted. The baron's share of them that year was something remarkable.—American ships, Dutch and English traders, Russian vessels, East and West Indiamen—all struck and went to pieces on his reef. Very few of their crews escaped; but the east winds, which prevailed all that winter, drove in most of the valuable cargoes, and the baron contrived to secure them. His activity in the business was a marvel to the Haklarsholm men, acquainted as they were with their lord's abilities: no ship went on the reef by night or day that he was not aware of before a signal-gun was heard or a flag of distress seen. The wrecks were making him comparatively rich; but the luck of the castle-people did not increase their liberality; the baron kept as keen an eye on the last remnant of the spoil, as he had kept through his many less fortunate years—enforced his claim to stray whales and heaps of seaweed with accustomed rigour, and did as little as he could for the shipwrecked mariners; while her servants vouched that the baroness kept house on as close a scale as she had ever done, or woman could do.

But as the winter wore away, a strange report began to spread among the dalesmen—it was said that as sure as a stormy night set in, a brilliant but uncertain light was seen on the highest summits of the sand-hills, moving along the line nearest to the sea, and never stationary for a minute. Whence it come, nobody could say, there was not a man in all the dale that would venture to follow it over the sand-hills in the long dark night of winter, when the blast from the Baltic swept their slippery sides; but when that light was seen from farmhouse or fisherman's cottage, the honest and pious Jutlanders said: "God help the ships that are off our coast this night!" and long ere midnight there would be signals of sore distress from the reef, and a wreck of more or less value lying there in the morning for the lord of Haklarsholm.

That he had some mysterious connection with the storm-light, as they called it, was the general belief of his tenants and neighbours. It had oozed out, chiefly through the castle's maid-of-all-work, that in every stormy night the baron mounted his horse, rode up the dale, and seldom returned before daybreak; and that the baroness sat up all the hours of his absence, often looking out on the storm, and sighing like one who had great fear or trouble on her mind. Nobody had traced the baron's course in those nightly journeys; but the

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dalesmen had a clear, or rather a dark account of it.

Inland, among the grazing-farms, there lived an old and solitary widow, who had come a stranger to Haklarsholm; she said from Norway, but most people thought the dame of Lapland origin; she had the dwarfish stature, the brown complexion, and the flattened features of that northern race. She had Lapland peculiarities of manner, and character too, in the eyes of her Danish neighbours. Widow Laxon was silent, stealthy and sly, had extraordinary skill in herbs and simples, and the consequent repute of dealing in the black art. To her lonely hut, in the midst of the wide pastures, deserted alike by sheep and shepherd, cattle and herdsman, in the rigorous winters of Jutland, it was manifest the baron went to assist in the powerful spells by which that unearthly light was made to move along the sandhills, and lure ships to their destruction on the reef, which thus proved the most profitable part of his domain.

The belief in witchcraft seems native to the north, and has not yet died among its peasant and fishermen. At the time of our story, Danish law-courts had got beyond taking cognizance of the crime; but it was still a subject of grave inquiry and stern rebuke with the clergy of country parishes, and the standing solution of everything strange or unaccountable, with the populace. The lord of Haklarsholm had luck not to be explained on any other accredited principle. They frightened each other with tales concerning him at fireside and fishing-ground; the stiffest stander-up for rights declined to quarrel with him now; the young kept well out of his way; and the old inhabitants of the dale sincerely regretted their fathers' days, when such a baron would have been a subject for the headsman of Copenhagen.

Widow Laxon was of course included in these regrets and fears. From her first settlement in the dale, she had been regarded as a white witch: the farmers consulted her in cases of sickly sheep, cattle, or children; the fishermen in matters touching shoals of herrings and contrary winds: they had all bought her simples, which went remarkably cheap, considering the cures believed to have been effected by them. But now the widow was discovered to be a black witch: she could destroy as well as save; and, to all appearance, succeeded best in the destructive department.—Yet it was little to her own profit; the baron was evidently as parsimonious to his confederate in midnight mischief as his tenants and neighbours found him. For all the rich wrecks cast upon his reef, Widow Laxon lived no better than she had ever done in her poor and lonely hut. She went about in the same coarse blue woolen gown with many patches, an old seal-skin hood half-hiding her Lapland visage, gathering her herbs and simples, it was said chiefly at new and full moons, and was willing to dispose of them, together with suitable advice, on the same moderate terms.

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But the very small profits for which dames of her order did their deadly work, is a remarkable feature in the witch-tales of all countries.—Widow Laxon made little by her business with the baron, but that did not shake the popular faith in her powers or performances; and that she regarded the lord of Haklarsholm as a committed man, was known to observant people, who marked the sidelong glance, half-scornful and half-cunning, which she was wont to cast after him from under her seal-skin hood.

Perhaps there was a compact between them that the widow should be paid for her signal and singular service when the baron had accomplished what at length became known to be the end of all his gathering and holding—namely, the redemption of his family estate. He would re-purchase the good and long-alienated lands of Haklarsholm with his gains from the sea, that his son Vextel might come home to inherit them, make a suitable match, and restore the ancient honours of his line. In a moment of uncommon confidence, he had said as much to the banker in Fredericia, from whom he had drawn the hundred dollars in that October day which proved the first of his good-fortune, and in whose safe and careful hands all the wealth he had since acquired by reef and wreck was lodged. If the banker made a secret of that revelation, it was a flying one, for Jans Morden, the postman who carried letters to and from that part of Jutland, and generally appeared in Haklarsholm once a fortnight, brought the news with him from the town, and it was duly discussed and circulated among the dales-people.

Jans Morden had a nearer interest in the news he brought than any of them. On the landward side of Haklarsholm, there lay a freehold farm, famous for sheep-grazing, and owned by his ancestors for nearly as many generations as the barons had owned the dale. That farm was lost to the Mordens about the same time and in the same manner that the lords of the soil lost the best part of their estate—dissipation and extravagance having the same effects on great and small—and Jans Morden was not less determined to redeem his patrimony than the baron was to regain the lands and honours of his line. The postman had been longer about the business, and not so remarkably lucky. The sea had given him nothing in all his journeys along its sandy Jutland coasts, but it had given his two keen-witted and hardy sons highways and by-ways of travel and trade. With the capital made up by their father's savings, they had engaged in a small but profitable coasting traffic, so favoured by the numerous towns and ports of the Baltic and its many arms.—Freights were cheap, and shipping plenty in those parts; the young Mordens had a gift of guessing at the markets; they bought discreetly, and sold to advantage; their father pinched and spared to increase their business; and after years of hard work and no spending, the price of the ancestral farm was gained, and

the old man intended to open negotiations for its purchase, as soon as his sons returned from their last commercial transaction in Stockholm.

Jans was of opinion, as indeed were all his friends in the dale—and the trusty postman had not a few, for he managed most of their townward affairs—that it would be well to conclude the business before the lord of Haklarsholm came into possession of his family's ancient domain and rights. He had written to warn his sons, and they were coming dutifully home with their hard-earned dollars. Their ship was bound for Copenhagen, and their father was on what he hoped would be the last of his postal journeys, with the dignity of a freehold farmer full in view, when a tempestuous night came down on Haklarsholm; the storm-light was seen moving along the sand-hills: the dales-people said: "The baron and the witch are at their work again," and before morning, a vessel struck and went to pieces on the reef. Not a boat could venture out to the rescue, and not a soul on board escaped the waves; but among the wreck and cargo which the early tide washed in, were the bodies of the two young Mordens, and a strong sea-chest, with their names painted on it, in the fashion of small Danish traders. Their father arrived just in time to attend their funeral in the churchyard of Haklarsholm; his friends had taken charge of that matter; but the baron had taken possession of the chest, and when Jans, like a true and straitforward Dane, demanded it as his dead sons' property, the lord of Haklarsholm informed him that all the sea washed in upon that beach was his, by ancient and undoubted right, and he could not set so bad an example, in that presumptuous time, as to give up any of it.

"It's a pity our ancient laws against witchcraft are not in force too," said Jans, "or you and the Lapland widow would pay the penalty for all the good ships you have brought to wreck, and all the honest men you have given to death, as well as my two sons; but for all your ill-gotten wealth, baron, you will not pass unpunished."

"Ill-taught knave!" said the baron, as he turned on his heel, and walked away.

All the dales-people took Morden's part; it helped to embitter the long-standing hostility between them and their lord; but what was their astonishment when it became public in the beginning of the Jutland summer, that the baron had set his face against Widow Laxon, and discoursed to the pastor and other influential characters on the propriety of expelling her from the dale as a reputed witch. Had the confederates quarrelled about the spoil? Did the baron wish to save his credit at the widow's expense; and would she confess all, to get revenge upon him? Such were the questions that arose and were debated by the evening fires; but to the surprise of all Haklarsholm, the Lapland woman said: "My Lord and the pastor need not trouble

themselves; I will go as soon as my herbs are dry, and Jans Morden comes back to the dale: I am keeping a simple for him."

Jans Morden came back on his usual round; the prospect of the freehold farm had faded from the poor postman, and left him instead but the graves of his two sons, which he always went to see when duty brought him to the dale. The old church, with its God's-acre round it, stood among the pasture-lands, not far from the hut occupied by the Widow Laxon. Her herbs must have been dry, and the simple ready, for as Jans stood by those green graves in the twilight of a summer evening, she stole into the churchyard equipped as usual, but with a bundle, containing all her worldly goods on her back; spoke with him for a few minutes, stole out again, and hastened up the dale. There was no living listener to what passed between them, and Jans never mentioned it to his most intimate friends; but Widow Laxon was seen no more in Haklarsholm; her deserted hut fell to ruins, and most people concluded that the dale was well quit of her. The baron took every occasion to concur in that opinion.

"He has paid her off, and thinks himself safe now," said the dales-people.

Their lord was indeed somewhat like a man who felt sure of making good his aims. Lawyers were said to be employed in Fredericia about the re-purchase of his ancestral lands. His son had been summoned and was coming home without delay by the long voyage that brought people from India in those days.—Workmen had been sent for, and repairs commenced in the castle.—The servants reported an extraordinary liberality of housekeeping; and both baron and baroness actually got new clothes.

It was hoped that things would be in a satisfactory state by the time of Vextel's arrival, which was expected in the following spring; but the short summer passed; winter and its tempests came as usual with the lengthening nights of October; and then it was manifest that Widow Laxon was not essential to the baron's business. The storm-light was once more seen upon the sand-hills, and luckless vessels wrecked upon the reef.—Belated shepherds saw the lord of Haklarsholm ride up the dale in the most threatening nights; and the baroness was known to keep that weary watch of hers till he came back. It was remarked, however, that the luck was not so good that winter; many ships got safe off the reef, and none of the wrecks were rich but one, which happened about the end of February. That month is commonly a severe one on all the northern coasts, and in the year of our story it was particularly so; the fishermen of Haklarsholm could get no weather to cast their nets; the shepherds and herdsmen had fears that the pastures would not be green till May; and the post from Fredericia, otherwise Jans Morden, was a fortnight overdue. The dales-people were satisfied that Jans would come as soon as the

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heavy snowfalls and frequent storms would allow him. He generally brought their entire correspondence safe in his best pocket; and none of them happened to expect a letter just then but the baron, who was waiting for one to let him know at what time and in what ship his son had embarked.

He had been anxious on that subject; but the lord of Haklarsholm found something else to concern him, when at the close of a dull and foggy day, the wind began to blow strong, and a large ship was seen beating about the coast, as if seeking for shelter or anchorage. The experienced men of the fishing-hamlet thought she looked like a well-laden merchantman from the East or West Indies, and must be bound for some port up the Baltic; but as the night darkened, and the gale increased, they shook their heads, and said: "God help her and her people;" for all along the seaward summits the storm-light began to flit and flash brighter than they had ever seen it before; and one of their boys, who had been late up the dale, reported that he had seen the baron riding hard and fast in his usual direction.

Those omens of evil helped to fulfil themselves, as accepted omens generally do. The fishermen feeling sure that the ship was doomed, and terrified by the storm, which seemed to them supernaturally fierce, made no attempt at assisting her, though all night long, signal-guns were heard, and rockets seen to rise from the most perilous part of the reef. The crew evidently struggled hard with wind and wave to save their vessel and their lives; but the signal-guns and the rockets ceased before morning; some of the hamlet-people thought they heard drowning cries as the gray light began to dapple the summits of the sand-hills, and the dreaded storm-light disappeared before it. The day brightened; the wind went down; the waves washed in fragments of the wreck; the fishermen sallied forth to look after it; but their watchful lord was on the spot, reminding them as usual that everything the sea brought there was his. From point to point of the beach he flew, claiming and clutching at all that the waves washed in, and commanding the unwilling fishermen to get out their boats, and bring his property off the reef. The wreck was a rich one; the ship's figurehead, which came ashore, shewed that she was the *Carlscrone*, an East-Indiaman, belonging to the port of Slitebam in Gothland.

"So much the better," said the baron; "since Providence ordained she should be wrecked on my reef, I am glad the ship is a stranger.—Make haste, you idle knaves, and get the goods in; if you have not your boats out in half-an-hour, I'll get other men, and not pay a penny to one of you."

"It is not safe for boats to venture yet, my lord," said an old fisherman; and as the baron was in the midst of an angry reply, he was stopped by the sudden appearance of Jans Morden, presenting a letter in his usual composed and quiet manner.

"I forgot to deliver it to your Lordship on my last round," said

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the postman; "and I have been stormstaid at the first house in the dale all night."

"Forgot to deliver it!" cried the baron; but something was rolling heavily in some way down the beach; the fisherman rushed to the spot, and so did he. Jans Morden did not follow, but stood there on the sand with his arms crossed, and his look cold and calm, till he heard a long, sharp cry, as if from a breaking heart, and saw the lord of Haklarsholm fall as if struck down by a sudden blow; for the something that rolled in was the corpse of his son Vextel; and the letter which Jans had forgotten to deliver a month before, apprised him that the young man would sail in the *Carlscrone,* and might be expected much earlier than the time reckoned on. When the postman had seen and heard that, he turned away, and walked slowly to the fishing-hamlet. There, when the confusion of the day had somewhat subsided, and the people came back to their cattages, he said to a group of his oldest intimates, seated round a fire made of wood from the new wreck:

"Good friends, this man has taken his own son's life, as he took the lives of my two boys, and many a life besides, not by witchcraft, but a craft of his own. By riding up the dale every stormy night, he could take a by-path to the sand-hills without anybody being the wiser. The light you saw there was not conjured up by Widow Laxon's spells, but came from his Norwegian lantern, carried on horseback with a wicked skill which many a good ship had cause to rue. The Lapland woman, by seeking for herbs and simples at all hours and in all weather, saw what none of you dreamed of, and made the matter clear to me before she left the dale."

"Why didn't you tell it, Jans, and let the law deal with him?" cried the fishermen.

"The law seldom deals right with those that have got rank and riches, and I have nothing more to say," replied Jans; "but I will never carry a letter to man or woman more."

Old Morden kept his word, though no further explanation could be coaxed or questioned out of him. Next morning, he left the dale, and never returned; a new postman came on his accustomed round, and could give no intelligence regarding Jans, but that he had resigned his office, and gone nobody knew where. The loss of their son extinguished the hopes and blighted the life of both baron and baroness; their reason and their energy seemed to slide away from them; the man sunk into childishness, the woman into melancholy madness; their next of kin ultimately took charge of them and their wealth, and they closed their days in a private asylum in Fredericia. Then the next of kin divided among themselves the riches so darkly gathered; the old castle was allowed to fall to ruins, for nobody would inhabit it; and if the dales-people did not all believe Jans Morden's tale, they were never again frightened, nor was any ship lured to destruction on that fatal reef, by the Storm-light of Haklarsholm.

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[*North British Review.*

EPIGRAMS.

Except in the single article of length, or rather of shortness, the Epigram presented to us in the Garland of Meleager is essentially different from the Epigram of Martial and of the modern school. The Greek model is chiefly marked by simplicity and unity, and its great beauties are elegance and tenderness. The other form of Epigram is, for the most part, distinguished by a duality or combination of objects or thoughts, and its excellence chiefly lies in the qualities of wit and pungency. The one kind sets forth a single incident or image, of which it details the particulars, in a natural and direct sequence. The other deals with a diversity of ideas, which it seeks to connect together by some unexpected bond of comparison or contrast. To minds familiar exclusively with the later style of Epigram, its more ancient namesake appears at first sight tame and insipid; but a better acquaintance with the beautiful epigrams of the Anthology reveals by degrees their true merit, and their high place in literature.

In what way these two different forms of composition came to pass under the same name, is not very easily understood; but perhaps the best explanation of it is that which has been suggested by Lessing.—The original epigram was merely an inscription, and presupposed some column, statue, or other visible monument on which it was inscribed. The object thus presented was necessarily such as to excite attention and interest, and the inscription was framed to answer the inquiry to which the object gave rise. The more recent epigram is not properly an inscription, and has no visible or external counterpart to which it corresponds. But it supplies this want by something within itself. It sets out with some proposition calculated to excite curiosity, and to call for an answer or solution, which, after a short suspense, the close of the epigram proceeds to supply. From the nature of the case, the tendency of such a composition must be, to seek out relations of thought which will produce surprise; and hence it will come to deal chiefly with those ingenious analogies which are the essence of wit: a paradox stated, and reconciled to common sense; a groundless reproach turned into a compliment, or a compliment into a banter; a foolish jest exposed and refuted by a clever repartee; any difficulty propounded and dexterously evaded—these, and similar developments of ideas, seem to constitute the true epigram of the more recent school.

This view of Lessing's has been

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the subject of controversy, and it must be owned, that many things pass for epigrams that scarcely comply with his definition or description. Many a mere *bon-mot* receives, when versified, a name that it does not deserve. So also may a short story, or anecdote or epitaph. But the model epigram of this class must, we think, consist of the two parts to which we have referred, and which may be termed the *preparation* and the *point*. Its best merits are exhibited in the startling or perplexing enunciation of the subject, in the unexpected and yet complete explication of the mystery or difficulty raised, in the dexterity with which the solution is for a time kept out of sight, and in the perfect propriety and felicity of the language employed throughout. The true epigram—whether serious or comic—whether sentimental or satirical—must always be short; for its object is to be quite portable, easily remembered, easily repeated, and easily understood, so as to pass freely from mouth to mouth, and fasten readily in every memory.

We do not intend here to enter on the consideration of Greek Anthology. That subject was, in our own time, and at our own door, so admirably and exhaustively illustrated by one whose genius as a poet was most conspicuous in his criticisms on poetry, that it would be unpardonable in us to re-open the theme without having some ideas to offer more new or more striking than we can hope to bring to the test. Neither shall we attempt to travel over the wide extent to which Epigram has been diffused through all modern literatures, whether clothed in classical or in vernacular language. That field, though hitherto but little explored, is too large and comprehensive, and the relations of its different parts are too complex and recondite to be embraced in any discussion of ordinary dimensions.—The object of this paper will be to show the general principles which regulate the Modern Epigram, and to bring out the beauties and structure of our English epigrams, with such reference to compositions of that kind in other languages as may suggest the influence under which our native epigrammatists have written, and the sources from which their manner or materials have been derived.

We have scarcely any eminent English poet that can be styled an epigrammatist. Ben Jonson has a book of 133 epigrams, but not many of them are quotable, or ever quoted, except some of a serious cast, which are not truly epigrammatic. Harrington's epigrams have merit; but they also, for the most part, are harsh and obsolete. By far our best writer of epigrams is Prior, though his epigrams are comparatively few in number, and some of them are of inferior merit. The great bulk of this commodity among us is supplied by authors unknown, or better known for other things; and by translations or paraphrases of favourite epigrams from Martial and from modern French writers.

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We subjoin here a few of the best English epigrams, not for their novelty, but as illustrating the rules as to this mode of composition which we before indicated, and showing the different ways in which curiosity and suspense, surprise and satisfaction, may be produced, as well as the occasional deviations that occur from the right standard.

We begin with two or three of Harrington's Epigrams, the first of which is one of the best in the language, and is often quoted, but very seldom referred to its author.

"OF TREASON.

"Treason doth never prosper, what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none doth call it Treason."

"OF SIXE SORTS OF FASTERS.

Abstinet, Sixe sorts of folks I find use fasting days,
But of these sixe, the sixt I only prayse.
Aeger, The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat.
Egens, The poore doth fast because he hath no meat.
Cupidus, The miser fasts, with mind to mend his store;
Gula, The glutton, with intent to eat the more;
Simia, The Hypocrite, thereby to seeme more holy.
Virtus. The Virtuous, to prevent or punish folly.
Now he that eateth, and and drinks as fast,
May match these fasters, any but the last."

"OF ENCLOSING A COMMON.

"A lord that purposed for his more avail,
To compass in a common with a rail,
Was reckoning with his friend about the cost
And charge of every rail, and every post;
But he (that wisht his greedy humour crost)
Said, Sir, provide your posts, and without failing,
Your neighbours round about, will find you railing."

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
'And seize the pleasure of the present.'
'Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to Thee."

Doddridge.

"None, without hope, e'er loved the brightest fair;
But love can hope where reason would despair."

Lord Lyttleton.

"On parents' knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

Sir W. Jones, from the Persian.

"I loved thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,

'Twere perjury to love thee now."
Lord Nugent.

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five reasons we should drink;
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why."
Dean Aldrich.

"Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend;
Poor Shifter! does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
Kind Fate and Fortune! blend them if you can;
And of two wretches make one happy man."
Walsh.

"Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
'Like Samson I my thousands slay.'
'I vow,' quoth Roger, 'so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon, too.'"
Anonymus.

"Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."
Rogers.

"To John I owe great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit."
Prior.

"Brutus unmoved heard how his Portia fell:
Should Jack's wife die,—he would behave as well."
Anonymus.

One writer there is, of English, or rather of Welsh birth, who wrote exclusively in Latin, and who is well entitled to the name of epigrammatist. John Owen, or Audoenus, a native of Caernarvonshire, an Oxford scholar, and ultimately a poor country schoolmaster, published four successive sets of epigrams, which were collected into one volume, about the year 1620, and were received with great approbation both in the country and on the Continent. He appears to have been patronized and pensioned to some extent by Henry Prince of Wales, to whom some of his books were dedicated. He died in 1622.

A regular epigrammatist must, we suspect, be a singular and rather unhappy sort of man, with some of the idiosyncrasies and sorrows of a comic actor, a paid writer in *Punch* or a professed punster. What is other men's amusement is his business. He is perpetually in pursuit of materials to make epigrams of. The various incidents and relations of life, whether serious or ludicrous, are regarded by him in only one point of view: as affording secret analogies or antitheses that may be put into an epigrammatic form. Owen seems to have been thoroughly imbued with this spirit. An epigram was to him everything. All the arts, all the sciences, all ranks, all professions in life, all things in heaven or on earth, human and divine, were epigrammatized by him. He seems, like Antony, to have been ready and willing to lose everything for the Cleopatra of his

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affections, and a remarkable instance is given of a sacrifice thus incurred by him. One of his epigrams, alluded to by all his biographers, is in these terms :—

"An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub judice lis est:
Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat."

"If Peter ever was at Rome,
By many has been mooted:
That Simon there was quite at home,
Has never been disputed."

This playful allusion to the double relation of the name Simon had a twofold effect on Owen's fate. It gained him a place in the Pope's *Index Expurgatorius*, and it lost him one in the will of a rich Catholic uncle. The same general idea we have seen elsewhere embodied in these lines—

"The Pope claims back to Apostolic sources;
But when I think of Papal crimes and courses,
It strikes me the resemblance is completer
To Simon Magus than to Simon Peter."

It has been observed by Lessing that it is impossible to read much of Owen at a time without a strong feeling of weariness, which he ascribes to the fact that the style of his epigrams is pedantic, and that he deals too much in abstract ideas without the life-like pictures that a man of the world would have presented. There may be something in this view, but it should be remembered that epigrams are not food, but condiment, and that any large dose of them is both repulsive and unwholesome. The continued tension in which the mind is kept, and the rapid and renewed exertion that is constantly occasioned by passing from one unconnected set of ideas to another, produce the same sense of fatigue that we feel in an exhibition of pictures, even when the individual works are of high excellence.

Owen's epigrams, which are many hundreds in number, are of various merit; but they display a large amount of ingenuity and fertility of thought and fancy, with much rectitude of feeling, great neatness and terseness of expression, and no inconsiderable degree of learning and acquaintance with affairs. It is not within our purpose to dwell long upon them here; but we venture to subjoin a few of the more remarkable as a specimen :—

"Vis bonus esse? velis tantum, fiesque volendo:
Is tibi posse dabit, qui tibi velle dedit."

"Would you be good? then *will* to be; you'll *be* so from that hour;
For He that gave you first the Will, will give you then the Power."

Or thus:

"Would you be good? the will is all you want:
By merely willing it, your wish is gained:
For He the needful Power will straightway grant,
From whom the rightful Will you first obtained."

"Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,

Dum ne sit Patients iste, nec ille Cliens."

"Physic brings wealth, and Law promotion,
To followers able, apt and pliant;
But very seldom, I've a notion,
Either to Patient or to Client."

"'This day which now you call To-day,
What yesterday you called it say:'
We called it then To-morrow.
'And what its name to-morrow, pray?'
Why then, the name of Yesterday
'Twill be compelled to borrow.

"To-morrow, too, which ne'er is here
But ever is advancing near,
A like fate will befall it:
It will to-morrow change its name,
And quite another title claim:
To-day we then must call it."

While on the subject of Latin Epigrams written by Englishmen, we may notice one of considerable merit, occasioned by the remarkable controversial incident said to have happened in the sixteenth century to the two Reynoldses, William and John: "Of which two brothers, by the way," so Peter Heylyn tells us in his *Cosmographie* (p. 303), "it is very observable, that William was at first a Protestant of the Church of England, and John trained up in Popery beyond the seas. William, out of an honest zeal to reduce his brother to this Church, made a journey to him; where, on a conference between them, so fell it out that John, being overcome by his brother's argument, returned into England, where he became one of the more strict or rigid sort of the English Protestants; and William, being convinced by his brother John, stayed beyond the seas, where he proved a very violent and virulent Papist: of which strange accident, Dr. Alabaster, *who had made trial of both religions*, and amongst many notable whimsies, had some fine abilities, made the following epigram, which, for the excellency thereof and the rareness of the argument, I shall here subjoin:"

"LIS ET VICTORIA MUTUA.

Bella inter geminos plusquam civilia fratres
Traxerat ambiguus Religionis apex:
Ille Reformatæ Fidei pro partibus instat,
Iste reformandam denegat esse fidem.
Propositis causæ rationibus, alterutrinque
Concurrere pares et cecidere pares.
Quod fuit in votis, fratrem capit alteruterque,
Quad fuit in fatis, perdit uterque fidem.
Captivi Gemini nullos habuere triumphos,
Sed victor victi transfuga castra petit.
Quod genus hoc pugnæ est? ubi victus gaudet uterque,
Et tamen alteruter se superasse dolet."

"Religious discord, when such feuds were rife,
Two Brothers roused to worse than civil strife.

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On Reformation's side the one was ranged;
The other wished the Ancient Faith unchanged.
In wordy war, th' opponents, nothing loath,
Rush'd on to battle, and were vanquish'd both.
Each, as he wish'd, the other's doctrine shook,
But each, as fate decreed, his own forsook:
No triumph from such victory could flow,
When both were found deserting to the foe.
Strange combat! where defeat with joy was hail'd,
And where the conquerors grieved they had prevail'd!"

Another of the same.

"Upon opposite sides of the Popery question
(The story's fact, though it's hard of digestion,)
Two Reynoldses argued, the one with the other,
Till each by his reason converted his brother.
With a contest like this did you e'er before meet,
Where the vanquish'd were victors, the winners were beat!"

We shall here add a single but very celebrated epigram by one who received from a brother poet the highest possible tribute of praise—

"Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven:"

Crashaw, to whom we allude, is not, we think, very happy in his English epigrams; but his Latin ones contain much beauty, and that which we have selected is among the best and most famous, though, strange to say, it is oftened misquoted.

"AQUÆ IN VINUM VERSÆ.

"Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?
Quæ roso mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen (convivæ) præsens agnoscite numen;
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

"Why shine these waters with a borrowed glow?
What roso has tinged the stream as forth it gushed?
Ye Guests, a present Deity thus know;
The modest Nymph beheld her God, and blushed."

There is, perhaps, a fault in this epigram, as introducing in the close, by the use of the word Nympha, a mythological idea into a sacred scene; and the line would perhaps be in better taste if we adopted the common but incorrect reading—

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit."

Of which there could be no better translation than the schoolboy's *impromptu*—

"Thc modest water, awed by power divine,
Beheld its God, and blushed itself to wine."

We throw in here one or two shorter ones to complete our specimens of Latinity:—

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"Has Matho mendicis fecit justissimus ædes;
Hos et mendicos fecerat ante Matho."

"Grimes justly built this Almshouse for the Poor,
Whom he had made so by his frauds before."

"Quid juvat obscuris involvere scripta latebris?
Ne pateant animi sensa, tacere potes."

"Why wrap your thoughts in phrases learn'd and long?
If you would hide your meaning—hold your tongue."

None of the modern languages is so well adapted for epigrammatic composition as the French; and the state of society in France, at least before the Revolution, was peculiarly fitted for the production and reception of a species of satire, by which absurdities of all kinds, and in all departments of life and affairs, could be so readily and effectively held up to ridicule.—The epigram, in fact, came almost seriously to be considered as a practical check upon an absolute monarchy. Some of the best French writers have written excellent epigrams, and there is no end to those of anonymous authorship which lie scattered about through the popular literature of the country. The field is too extensive for our attempting to traverse it here; but we select a few miscellaneous specimens.

The following epigram on the Sacraments is attributed to Marshal Saxe:

"Malgré Rome et ses adhérents,
Ne comptons que six sacrements;
Vouloir qu'il en soit davantage
N'est pas avoir le sens commun,
Car chacun sait que Mariage
Et Pénitence ne sont qu'un."

"Whatever Rome may strive to fix,
The Sacraments are only six.
This truth will palpably appear,
When o'er the catalogue you run:
For surely of the Seven 'tis clear—
Marriage and Penance are but *one*."

This couplet on a little figure of Cupid is well known:—

"Qui que tu sois, voilà ton maitre,
Qui l'est, le fut, ou le doit etre."

"Whoe'er thou art, thy master see,
That is, or was, or is to be."

Every one knows Piron's epitaph on himself in revenge for his exclusion from the Academy:—

"Ci git Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas meme Académicien."

"Here lies Piron, a man of no position,
Who was not even—an Academician."

We forget whether the following is original in the French, or is imitated:—

"Huissiers qu'on fasse silence,
Dit en tenant audience
Un président de Baugé.
C'est un bruit á tete fendre;
Nous avons dégà jugé
Dix causes sans les entendre."

"TERMINER *sans* OYER.

"'Call silence!' the Judge to the officer cries;
'This hubbub and talk, will it never be done?

Those people this morning have made such a noise,
We've decided ten causes without hearing one.' "

We shall now wind up our exhibition of specimens with a few English epigrams, which for the most part, we believe to be unprinted, though some of them may be known by oral circulation. We cannot venture to say that all are good; but we hope that a fair proportion of them are so, and that there are few which have not some epigrammatic interest :—

A Greek Idea expanded.

" Of Graces four, of Muses ten,
Of Venuses now two are seen;
Doris shines forth to dazzle men,
A Grace, a Muse, and Beauty's Queen,
But let me whisper one thing more :—
The *Furies* now are likewise four."

Meum and Tuum reconciled.

" The Law decides questions of *Meum* and *Tuum*,
By kindly arranging—to make the thing *Suum*."

The Division of Labour.

A parson, of too free a life,
Was yet renown'd for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
Between his living and his teaching.
His flock at last rebellious grew:
' My friends,' he said, ' the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can *both* things do;
But I can preach—and *you* can practice.' "

To a Mr. Wellwood who Exaggerated.

" You double each story you tell;
You double each sight that you see;
Your name's W, E, double L,
W, double O, D."

A Contrast.

" ' Tell me,' said Laura, ' what may be
The difference 'twixt a Clock and me.'
' Laura,' I cried, ' Love prompts my powers
To do the task you've set them:
A Clock reminds us of the hours:
You cause us to forget them.' "

Double Vision utilised.

" An incipient toper was checked t'other day
In his downward career in a rather strange way.
The effect of indulgence, he found to his trouble,
Was, that after two bottles, he came to see double;
When with staggering steps to his home he betook him,
He saw always *two wives*, sitting up to rebuke him.
One wife in her wrath makes a pretty strong case;
But *a couple* thus scolding, what courage could face ?"

" Gallus Cantat. "

" At Trent's famed Council, when, on Reason's side,
A Frenchman's voice assail'd the Pontiff's pride,
Some Romish priest, the Gallic name to mock,
Exclaim'd ' Tis but the crowing of a Cock !'

'So call it,' 'twas replied;' 'We're well content,'—
If, when the cock crows, Peter would repent."

We now bring to a close these rather desultory observations on a subject which, we think, is deserving of much more attention than it has lately received. Scholarship has not latterly been much in the ascendant among us. The literary past has been nearly swallowed up in the exciting interest of the present; and as far as style is concerned, condensation and simplicity have given away to a multiplication of words and an unnatural vehemence of manner. We think it not unreasonable to attempt reviving, in some degree, the interest which a former generation felt in a form of composition, where, in its different aspects, wit or elegance combines with cleverness and brevity, to produce its effect whether in touching the feeling or amusing the fancy.

We do not seek to raise the Lower Epigram to the level of the Higher: but the Lower has its own beauties and uses. In a serious view, it admits of some force and dignity, and it may sometimes serve as a vehicle of satire to unmask hypocrisy or punish vice. But its proper domain is that region of playful ridicule which, in a kindly and social spirit, points out and tends to rectify the harmless oddities and follies of human nature, and supplies one of the best relishes and relaxations of life, a source of joyous and innocent merriment, which many of our educationists of the present day, both of the romantic and of the utilitarian schools, seem very erroneously to leave out of view.

The subject that we have been considering has many and various bearings to which we have scarcely adverted in our remarks. In particular, we might suggest the literary interest which would attend a review of those circumstances in which individual epigrams of a special kind have been called forth, whether in connexion with personal, political, or social incidents. Such a history would introduce us to a great store of entertaining and even instructive anecdote; but it would require an extent of knowledge and industry which are now but seldom met with.

[*London Christian Observer.*

PROVERBIAL SANCHO PANZAS.

"You should not heap together in your conversation the multitude of proverbs you are wont to do," said the illustrious hero of La Mancha to his aspiring squire; "since, though they be all sentances good and true, you often bring them forward in so forced a

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way, that they have more the appearance of nonsense than sense. I do not say to you, Sancho, that to cite a proverb a-propos appears ill; but to load and to string them together at random, takes away from conversation all its force, and from irony all its point." To a Don of later date, full as sensible, but not half as virtuous as the above in his design of reforming his species, we are indebted for another admonition of the same nature. "A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than proverbial expressions and trite sayings: they are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man."

The evil which we desire to point out, and to remedy, is the mischievous tendency of certain maxims in current use; and the indiscriminate application of bad, and misapplication of good, sententious sayings, blindly handed down from the fathers to the children of a thousand generations, in guiding the conduct and heart, to the exclusion of sounder principles of thought and action.

Proverbs, to apply a very homely one of their own fraternity to themselves, like most other things, "are as they are used." They are truly, "the treasured wisdom of ages," the "physic" of the soul, and are associated with "the reputation" of many of the wisest of men. They are honoured by Bacon with the heraldic appellation of "mucrones verborum," pointed speeches, and by Cicero, as "salinæ," (attic) salt-pits. It may be allowed, that very wise men not only invented but edited them, and condescended to become their pages to usher them into good society. Warriors, as Cæsar, have fought for them; statesmen, as Bacon himself, to use his own expression, have "aired" them. With no detriment to their imperishable substance, commentators have dissected and philosophers have "cracked" them. And it remained only for the illustrious but low-born Panza, by cracking them off too frequently, to make them foppish, ridiculous and nauseous.

In a more serious mood we might have claimed for them a still more divine origin and more sacred use. We should by no means scorn a method of teaching which was adopted by the inspired wisdom of Solomon. And as a certain modern endeavoured to trace up the origin of the drama to the Psalms of David; so perhaps, with a greater shew of reason, we might trace up the origin of "the Proverb" to one greater even than David's son.—All the distinctive characteristics of that figure of speech are to be found in the first sentiment ever uttered by the Divine Being himself respecting the nature of man: "It is not good for man to be alone."

What then, to come to our exceptions, have we to object to the use of a form of speech so notably originated, sanctioned and adopted? We have, in the first place, to say, that like all other forms of speech as modes of instruction, it has a specific evil as well as a specific good when acting upon the corrupt nature of man: "physic," injudi-

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ciously used, is often poison. So in the soul, the mischief of a remedy frequently borders on its salutary effects. Awaken the imagination by poetical description, you run the risk of substituting feeling for principle. Brace the reasoning faculty with logical discussion, you stand a chance of drying up the sources of the affections. And just so in the use of proverbs. Put your lesson into a concentrated form at once, to help the memory and amuse the imagination, the probability is against you, but it will be taken as a substitute for thought and reflection. A man would sooner learn a single line than the Iliad. And as many a person would as soon and as easily have conducted a ten years' siege of Troy, as they would pursue one rational and continuous train of thought to its ultimate issue, they therefore too willingly take up in its room with what you may persuade them concentrates all the beauty and excellence of a volume, in a sentence. Hence proverbs, which in their legitimate use were intended for something far different, come to be a refuge to the indolent and unthinking. Saving a little trouble, they are made to save all trouble. Serving to recall lessons of instruction, they are used by those who have learnt none which they can recall. They make a man wise in his own eyes at a cheap rate: and putting into his hand a bow of exquisite workmanship, and a polished shaft, tempt him to forget that he has neither strength to bend the bow, nor skill to direct the weapon to its mark.

This evil, be it observed, in the next place, extends as much to the best proverbs as to the worst. For though we have every right to assist the thinking, and this brief and compendious learning has been properly invented for that purpose; yet it is as impossible to find out a sufficient or safe substitute for thinking, as to discover a royal road to geometry. The inconsiderate person must ever go wrong, even under the best guidance, except by chance. He will take his lantern along with him into bogs and quagmires; and no fault of the lantern either. If the sun had shone in broad day, he would still wander into the bog. Fuller tells us, that Aristotle has somewhere observed, "Moral sayings and proverbial speeches are to be understood to be usually and for the most part true, but there may be several exceptions made and instances given to the contrary; yet this does not infringe the general truth of them." Now if this is the general fact with regard to all proverbs, what is likely to be the use of them, even of the best, in the hand of those whose habit never was to make "exceptions" at anything, and never to give "instances" but of their own folly and thoughtlessness? And it is very observable that the greatest multitude of proverbs even amongst profane and mischief-making writers, are of a kind to be made a good as well as bad use of. Indeed, we should be greatly at a loss to make any large collection of in-

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trinsically bad proverbs; and we believe our readers would be so too, if they were to set about it. We have more than once, for our amusement, dipt into Fuller's 6,496 Proverbs; and though he owns them to have been casually picked up and inserted, with no subsequent opportunity for striking out objectionable ones, we should be unable at this moment to point out a directly mischievous saying in the collection. The real danger of proverbs, even of the best, is that, like most other instruments of ready use, they are convertible. You take your stand upon them for safety, as once a man pursued by a lion did upon a heap of stones; only, in this case, the brute at which you pelt them can pick them up again and break your own head with them; nay, it may be, like the monkeys we read of, whose missile weapons will sometimes be the most valuable of the two, and for our stones they will throw cocoa nuts. Take, for instance, some of the infallible maxims of Scripture itself: "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." Some ancient Winifred, more stiffened with her Pharisaism than with her brocade, will hope to "cover" with her sixpence thrown into the contribution plate, a heart swollen with every sin of the temper, which is enumerated by the eloquent Apostle to the Romans or Galatians. We know not how many monstrous Proteuses have wriggled themselves up the winding passages of the temple of Interest, under the saving pretext of "becoming all things to all men." And society will afford instances out of number, of the abuse of that merciful permissive adage of our Lord, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

Nor yet would we, in the third place, have it understood that we discommend the labour of those who render society the service of picking out the really bad proverbs from those in general use, and holding them up for general censure and exclusion. Considering the wonderful influence which, in spite of Chesterfield himself, this mode of conveying opinions has obtained and must always obtain in the world, it is wonderful that there are not more of this absolutely mischievous sort than we actually find. It is at least one proof of the good sense of mankind, or of the native influence of truth, that in spite of the efforts doubtless made by bad men, the general vote, which is essential to constitute a proverb, has always been against such persons; and they who could give currency to a volume, have often not been able to add wings to an immoral apophthegm. Let such however, as there are be carefully brought forward, and, in proportion to the mischief they are calculated to produce, be pilloried or executed in the most public manner. Among these we might enumerate: "Do at Rome as the Romans do;" "Seeing is believing;" "The nearer the church the farther from God;" "Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia;" (where prudence is no divinity is wanting,) "A warm enemy makes a warm friend;"

"He is nobody's enemy but his own." These little itinerant preachers of false doctrine we should deem proper exceptions to all laws of toleration; and in default of ears of their own, we should not unwillingly propose to pare the ears of those who listen to them. When we are to be told, for instance, that "a reformed rake's the best husband," we know no punishment adequate to the propagation of such a libel on virtuous principle, except that endured by the unfortunate woman who ventures her character and happiness on its credit. When we hear that "every man has his price," we can readily please ourselves at the indignant spurns which the bold adventurer, who had presumed upon it, would have received from a Henry Thornton, a Kenyon, a Sir Matthew Hale.—When within the range of a certain alley, of great resort in the metropolis, we see inscribed on some wrinkled surface, which *was* once the human face divine, "Money makes the man;" we readily believe money did make that man what we see him, and wish him no greater punisment than to stand with his motto on his forehead in the middle of his favourite alley where the greatest number of his fellow-worshippers might have a full view of the creative powers of their golden idol.

In short, to give our opinion in one word, upon summing up the whole matter, it is this—That proverbs of easy abuse, or of a strong worldly tendency, are, considering the mixed character of human nature, those which are most likely to be generally in vogue, and which it is the business of the Christian moralist most carefully to guard. Perhaps there are none more liable altogether to this objection than many to be found in the writings of the keen but worldly, and we fear unbelieving, Franklin. On the other hand, we are far from any serious wish to decry, generally speaking, "the treasured wisdom of ages," "the physic of the soul," "the salt-pits of wit," or by whatever other term these venerable productions have been in different ages of the world rewarded for their merit. But a distinctive line must be drawn sharply between the use of proverbs and their abuse. They were never intended as perfect guides of faith and practice; but, as subsidiary to the weightier injunctions of ethics, their use has never been and never can be disputed. An over-fondness for them betrays a vulgarity of mind, and an unwillingness to think and speak for ourselves. Fools, according to their usual practice on all occasions, will ape the use which wise men make of them; viz: as a sort of court of appeal, as a recorded verdict of the common sense of mankind. But the most dangerous abuse of them is that which makes over their just authority to some traitorous upstart, some piece of immorality in disguise; or when, like the admonitions of conscience, pure in its first suggestions, they are made, by frequent perversion, to sanction practices which they were first framed to discountenance.

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[*Macmillan's Magazine.*

ON A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Mr. Conington, whose refined and accurate scholarship makes his tenure of the Latin Professorship one of the strong points of Oxford, has earned for himself peculiar qualifications to translate Virgil by the elaborate edition of the original text which he lately completed. Our knowledge of the poet's language has been so greatly deepened and sharpened within this century, and so much has been done during the same period abroad and at home towards a truer and more delicate appreciation of the Latin literature by such words as those of Mr. Munroe, Mr. Sellar, and Mr. Conington himself (not to cross the sea,) that the modern translator is able to approach his difficult task from a position very superior to that which even the best translators of earlier times could occupy. It is sufficient to read one page of Mr. Conington's version to receive, as our first impression, how infinitely more close we are here to the individuality, to the actual words of his great original, than we are in the pages of his predecessors. To take an illustration from another fine art; the difference is like that between the reproduction of a Gothic church made thirty or forty years ago; and the reproduction which architects such as Mr. Bodley, Mr. Glutton, or Mr. Street now give us. It is true that, when we take certain details, or even, when we think over the whole impression produced, we may, in each case, find more or less of the primitive largeness and repose missing; the work has an indefinable something of the restlessness of the nineteenth century, together with its finer analysis its deeper self-consciousness; the appeal is to the antique, and yet we do not altogether find the sentiment of antiquity. But enough of a comparison which does not hold good very far, especially to those who, with the writer, are convinced that Gothic is the one and only style which unites beauty with utility in a form suited to modern civilized life; is, in the fullest and strictest sense of the word, our sole practicable architecture. Before entering into the details of my subject, I wish, in brief, to state the general result which it will be my business to illustrate. Let me, then, premise, what I hope the reader will keep in remembrance throughout, that Mr. Conington's is, and that by so many degrees as to make it altogether single, the most readable and delightful version of the Æneid in English.—The specimens of it given will, I hope, be in themselves sufficient support of my statement; and I

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shall afterwards attempt to show why this merit, supposing it to exist, deserves to be rated so high that, when combined with accuracy of scholarship, like Mr. Conington's, we may fairly consider the great and essential object of translation accomplished.

Mr. Conington's Preface, written in that temperate style which is the privilege of those who write out of the fulness of their knowledge, gives his reasons for undertaking the task and for the style and the metre which he has adopted. After doing honour to Dryden (upon whose famous work a few words may best find their place further on), he says, "The great works of antiquity require to be translated afresh from time to time, in order to preserve their interest as part of modern literary culture. Each age will naturally think that it understands an author whom it studies better than the ages which have gone before it. A translation" thus produced "may have as a piece of embodied criticism, a value which it would not possess in virtue of its intrinsic merit. Again: there is something in compelling the reader to regard what he has hitherto admired traditionally from a new point of view. It is well we should know how our ancestors of the Revolution period conceived of Virgil; it is well we should be obliged consciously to realise how we conceive of him ourselves.

Power to be faithful to the original is obviously the very first requisite in a translator of Virgil; and no one in England, unless it were Mr. Munro, is, probably, so well qualified as Mr. Conington to produce a version of sterling value as "a piece of embodied criticism." Yet every one will acknowledge that this prerequisite, important though it be, is not sufficient. He who deals thus with poetry should be a poet himself. Merit of the critical kind is, indeed, the peculiar characteristic of Mr. Conington's earlier essay in translation, the English version of the Odes of Horace, which he published two or three years since. This book, much less known than it deserves, is a singular feat of terse and accurate rendering, and reproduces the familiar turns and look of the original with a skill attesting great mastery over our language: but in the attempt misses (as it seems to me) that *curiosa felicitas* which makes so much of Horace's merit as a lyrical writer, and is so supreme in him that the world has never seen its like again. Béranger on this point was no more than simply truthful in his modesty when he said, in reply to the friend who complimented him as the French Horace, *qu'en dirait l'autre?* He is, in fact (if a foreigner may be allowed the criticism), hardly nearer the minute and exquisite felicity of the Odes than the English translators of Horace. Yet, although contending with difficulties so insuperable, Mr. Conington's version is—we will not pay him the poor compliment of saying, more poetical than those of his predecessors, who seem to have had no proper sense of poetry at all,—but is sufficiently

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good in this respect to give much pleasure as a commentary, if not pleasure as an independent work, to readers ignorant of the original. And it is precisely in this very important respect that the Horace falls below Mr. Conington's later work—the version of the Æneid before us.

The difference seems partly due to the translator's increased skill, partly to the poet himself. Virgil has a *felicitas* also of his own, which, if higher and deeper than that of Horace, is hardly more transferable to a modern language. But then he has what the Odes want—sustained narrative interest: his story, though not perhaps of the very highest order in merit as such, itself greatly assists the translator. Mr. Conington has been also not less assisted by his own more fortunate choice of metre. In the Horace, he employed a variety of stanzas, appropriately, and often happily, framed or selected, but which have the less favourable result that they remind the scholar of the unapproachable charm and vivacity of the old metres, whilst they hardly justify themselves to the reader who has been trained in English poetry alone. Such a reader naturally demands from lyrical verse the fluency and sweetness which our own great masters have given to it—and one may doubt whether Shelley himself could have reconciled this with the difficulties of "embodied criticism." But the Virgil is translated into "the metre which Scott has made popular,"—a form of verse very unjustly used if it be spoken of as that far more limited and monotonous form, the ballad-metre. To that choice we think the life and interest of the translation may be legitimately ascribed; this has made it so readable; but it is a choice which Mr. Conington is aware, forms the assailable point in his work, and, indeed, has carried with it one very serious (although, I think, partially avoidable) sacrifice. He has, therefore, stated his reasons for the decision; and as (if we have due scholarship and poetical power) the metre selected for a translation from the Latin or Greek is the point upon which the air and character of a version must principally turn, I hope the reader may be willing to follow me in a review of the subject, which must necessarily be somewhat minute if it is to be at all entertaining.

Mr. Conington's chief ground for adopting Scott's metre is, that it enables him to give "that rapidity of movement which is indispensably necessary to a long narrative poem." Any form of regular stanza (such as that employed by Mr. Worsley in his graceful paraphrases of Homer), he rejects as incompatible with the rendering of Virgil's "elaborately complicated paragraphs." The argument holds good for other varieties of metrical structure. Every system of regularly recurring rhyme must, in fact, more or less tend to break up the freely-chosen divisions of an unrhymed metre into artificial sections; and this may be judged a better reason for rejecting the ten-

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syllabled couplet than Mr. Conington's fear of exposing himself to a comparison with Dryden. It is true that the latter metre has been used with far greater freedom by Keats in "Endymion" and "Lamia," and by Shelley in "Julian and Maddalo," and the remarkable fragment named "Ginevra;" but the gain is accompanied by a compensating loss in movement; the rhythm, quitting its terse couplet arrangement, approximates to the comparatively solemn march of our blank verse.

And so she moved under the bridal veil,
Which made the paleness of her cheek more pale,
And deepen'd the faint crimson of her mouth,
And darken'd her dark locks, as moonlight doth,—
And of the gold and jewels glittering there,
She scarce felt conscious, but the weary glare
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light,
Vexing the sense with gorgeous undelight.
A moonbeam in the shadow of a cloud,
Was less heavenly fair—her face was bow'd,
And as she pass'd, the diamonds in her hair
Were mirror'd in the polish'd marble stair
Which led from the cathedral to the street;
And even as she went her light fair feet
Erased these images.

The "time" (in the musical sense) here, or in the "Lamia," does not move with greater rapidity than in "Paradise Lost;" and hence, though perhaps suitable to certain idyls of Theocritus and Virgil, or to passages of the ancient epics, the metre is unequal to the Æneid. Besides its own overwhelming difficulties, the same reason is conclusive against blank verse; which has yet never been proved capable of efficient service in rapid narrative; for the movement of it in some passages of Shakspeare, alluded to by Mr. Arnold in his "Lectures;" is so closely blended with the dramatic character of the poetry as to render the precedent inapplicable. It is possible Mr. Tennyson's recent poems in blank verse will be remembered here by some readers, and may be held sufficient to modify, or even to annul, my assertion. The "Idylls" and "Enoch Arden" are wonderful monuments of poetic skill; they also greatly enlarge the hitherto known powers of their noble metre; in regard to this, they seem to me to make the third step in a course, the previous steps of which were taken by Shakspeare and by Milton; like Terpander of old, Mr. Tennyson may be said, by what he has done for blank verse in these poems, to have added a new string to the lyre of the English muses. The metre, in his hands, has all the sweetness, sonority, weight, and variety required for the purpose to which he sets it; the style is a perfect embodiment of the thought; like a thorough-bred horse, it is ready almost at a thought to put forth all the paces which the rider calls for; but for rapidity, in the sense of Homer or Virgil, Scott or Byron, Mr. Tennyson has very rarely if ever called upon it. The following passage from "Guinevere" seems to me one of those where the time is meant to move most quickly—

Next morning, while he passed the dim-lit woods,
Himself beheld three spirits mad with joy,
Come dashing down on a tall wayside flower,
That shook beneath them, as the thistle shakes
When three gray linnets wrangle for the seed:
And still at evenings, on before his horse
The flickering fairy-circle, wheel'd and broke

Flying, and link'd again, and wheel'd and broke
Flying, for all the land was full of life:—

And all the verse also! Yet I think we do not find in it anything of the peculiar vital vivacity, like the waves when they roll quickly in under an inshore breeze, that marks the rapid passages which fill so much of Iliad and Odyssey, or of that longer though still energetically moving billow which is conspicuous in the Æneid.

After the rhymed stanza, and the ten-syllabled verse, rhymed or unrhymed, English metre, properly speaking, offers few resources; for forms like the unrhymed, irregular verse of "Thalaba," however advantageous for occasional use, when employed at length, soon fail to produce the effect of poetry to the ear. Prose apart, there remain, then, but two vehicles for a readable translation—some metre like Scott's, rhymed but irregular, or the real hexameter, which unquestionably, could we have it, would solve every difficulty at once, and leave the matter no longer open to discussion.

It is remarkable that of the hexameter Mr. Conington, however, takes no notice apparently because he considers that we cannot have it. His readers may wish that he had explicitly given his judgment on the subject; which, since the attractive and graceful advocacy of the metre by Mr. Arnold, and the appearance of a complete Iliad in it by Sir John Herschel, has certainly obtained claims to a respectful hearing, especially at a time so fruitful as this in translation. It is, however, not difficult to see at once the very simple objection which may have induced Mr. Conington to regard the metre as inadmissible and which to the mass of readers, by a true instinct, will probably appear valid against its introduction, however learnedly or ingeniously pleaded for. Nothing, certainly, can be so admirably suited for the lofticr styles of narrative; nothing so noble, so rapid, and so varied as the hexameter in the Greek; it is so decidedly the very thing we want, that we cannot wonder it should find advocates, or even believers; but, precisely because we must write in a language which is not Greek, we cannot have the hexameter. Several reasons might be shown why it could be transferred with difficulty to any modern and poorly-inflected tongue; but the one fatal reason lies in the fact that the hexameter cannot be, in any real sense, truly written—cannot, I will venture to say, give the impression of poetry for more than a few lines together—except in languages possessing (over and above accent) a strict and recognized *quantity* for their words.—This quality, and this alone, as the following examples prove with that amount of absoluteness which such a matter admits of, can save it from rapidly degenerating into formlessness or into monotony. The quantity will be found perpetually to cross the accent, or to fall-in-with and strengthen it; it is this subtle play of the two systems which, like the different vital forces in the corporeal organization, or better,

like the interchange between melody and harmony in instrumental music, gives life to the metre.—Take away one—as *accent*, when a schoolboy "scans" a line, or *quantity*, when a modern language is employed—and the hexameter dies. It may not, indeed, be impossible for English to acquire quantity in addition to accent. There appear to be some grounds to believe that the original Latin metres were constructed, like our own, on an accentual basis, and that the strictly quantitative systems of the Augustan age were one portion of that Greek cultivation which so widely, if not profoundly, modified the Roman mind as almost to conceal from us the radical inferiority of the raçe. And we need not go beyond the "experiments" of Mr. Tennyson for proof that, in certain hands, and for a brief space, a certain quantitative accuracy may be ŏbtained in our own language.—Nor, considering the limitations and conventionalities imposed by rhyme, with the great difficulty of finding an equivalent for it except by the Greek expedient, is it impossible that this may be the future direction of our poetry. But, whether so or not, all we have to notice, is, that even the first principles of English quantity have not been defined; the whole work has still to be done. Nor is it to be expected that so vast a change (especially when it has to struggle against the prepossessions created by the richest and the most varied body of verse belonging to any modern nation) can be established without very many years of effort; and it will be "far on in summers that we shall not see," if ever, that a genuine hexameter is ready for the translator who may give, in the language which will then be that of the majority among the civilized races, a Virgil in the English exactly reproducing the original.

This radical difficulty has assuredly not been met by Mr. Arnold; indeed, he has given so few words to the point when recommending the hexameter to the translator of Homer, and appears so perfectly satisfied with the metrical effect of the specimens which he quotes from Dr. Hawtrey, that (in case of so careful and delicate a critic) one is almost bound to suppose that he does not consider the difficulty radical. "I know all that is said against the use of hexameters in English poetry," he observes, "but it comes only to this, that, among us, they have not yet been used on any considerable scale with success." I am afraid, however, that it comes to a great deal more. Such a phrase as Mr. Arnold's might be justly employed by way of encouragement to pursue an ascertained track of human activity, or a career which had halted half-way; but it seems to me to part with its force should success be impossible until a very difficult and doubtful preliminary revolution has been accomplished. Where the wit of man has long been at work, the inducements to a new course many, and the old examples of that course in every one's hands

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and memories, it raises a presumption that the course is one "against nature," if even the first materials for pursuing it have not been collected. "*Solvitur ambulandor,*" Mr. Arnold gaily proceeds; this is an objection which can best "be met" (indeed, one hardly sees how it can possibly be met in any other way) "by *producing* good English hexameters. And there is no reason in the nature of the English language why it should not adapt itself to hexameters *as well as the German language does;* nay, the English language, from its greater rapidity, is in itself better suited than the German for them."

"*As well as the German does.*" What follows, in his charming lecture, is mainly devoted to showing the fitness of the hexameter metre for the rendering of Homer: a few scattered remarks such as "it is undeniable that in English hexameters we generally force the quantity far too much; we rely on justification by accent with a security that is excessive," being rather proofs that his view of quantity and that taken above are altogether opposed: that Mr. Arnold discovers only a difference in quality where I discover a difference in kind. I have therefore italicized the words above, because I do not think that Mr. Arnold would disagree with me in saying that in them lies the main force of his argument. But I am sure that he and the many who have the same honourable and elevating interest in English poetry will concur with me in regarding anything which so powerfully affects the course of it as a matter of real importance,—as worthy of a serious examination. The highest and most vital portion of that literature which, as I have said, will probably be within two centuries the literature of the majority among cultivated men, would be profoundly changed, enlarged and strengthened for its work, perhaps, but changed certainly, by the introduction of the Hellenic *quantitative* metres. Unless, however these metres can be introduced as they were written —that is, with similar or analogous observance of quantity—they will be hexameters or sapphics to the eye only; compared to the veritable ancient forms, they can only be what the Parthenon of the Calton Hill is to the Parthenon of the Acropolis; what the Venus of Gibson is to the Venus of Melos.— Like the illusory attempt to reproduce Athenian architecture in England, these pseudo-classical forms may tempt our poets to waste of time and material; but it is probable they will share the fate of all similar fantastic and affected attempts, and altogether fail to establish themselves in English poetry. If so thoughtful a judge as Mr. Arnold, whose refined insight is hardly ever at fault, except when he quits literature for politics, or is satirical upon his countrymen, had not advocated the English accentual hexameter,—which I call hexameter to the eye only—not merely as a legitimate metre, but as the single one truly fit for a translation of Homer, it would not have seemed needful to dwell upon this point or

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to illustrate it by examples. But, as he has appealed to the German practice as a conclusive instance, to the Germans let us go: and I will first quote a few lines from that poem of Goethe which Mr. Arnold has mentioned to me as the best specimen which Goethe left us of the modern accentual, non-quantitative, elegiacs-to-the-eye-only. It is that lovely lament (for lovely its wealth in poetic material must ever make us call it) on the death of a friend, named "Euphrosyne."

Sieh, die Scheidende zieht durch Wald und graues Gebirge,
Sucht den wandernden Mann, ach! in der Ferne noch auf;
Sucht den Lehrer, den Freund, den Vater, blicket noch einmal
Nach dem leichten Gerust irdischer Freuden zuruck.
Lass mich der Tage gedenken, da mich, das Kind, du dem Spiele
Jener tauschenden Kunst reizender Musen geweiht.
Lass mich der Stunde gedenken, und jenes kleinerne Umstands.
Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern Unwiederbringliches an!

I select the "Euphrosyne" as Goethe's most perfect specimen in this style; it is probable that the German language cannot do better than Goethe at his best; and the lines above have been chosen as the most beautiful passage in the poem; yet, even without appealing to our recollection of the Greek, what a number of cacophonous and clumsy transitions do these eight verses (only eight) present! What a hobble have we to make before we can get over (if we ever can) the wandernden Mann ach in der Ferne noch auf: blicket noch einmal: Freuden zurück: gedenken da mich das Kind, du dem Spiele: Musen geweiht: and then, just where exquisiteness of sound was most called for, the shocking Ach, wer ruft nicht so gern—

Rumble his bones over the stones.

No, this will not do; never will do! I had meant to give another specimen from the "Hermann and Dorothea;" but one example of the style may be sufficient. Let us dismiss the dissonances into which even Goethe could be led by a pseudo-classical theory, and interpose a little ease in the form of a few genuine elegiacs; such, for example, as Tibullus' picture of the girl's evening under her nurse's care—

Haec tibi fabellas referat positaque lucerna
deducat plena stamina longa colo;
at circa gravibus pensis adfixa puella
paullatim somno fessa remittat opus.
Tum venian subito, nec quisquam nuntiet ante,
sed videar caelo missus adesse tibi:
tunc mihi, qualis eris, longos turbata capillos,
obvia nudato, Delia, curre pede!

These lines are of course inferior to what I might have quoted from Theocritus, by the whole inferiority of the Latin as an instrument of expression to the Greek; yet even a reader who cannot follow their sense will feel the amazing difference in sweetness and fluency between Tibullus' rhythm and Goethe's; difference not of degree but of kind; the difference, in a word, between a language used according to its own inner laws and one used in opposition to them.—We can hardly lay too much stress on this point. Take Goethe in another elegy, when he writes *accentual* lines, with their natural complement of rhyme, and one will neither miss sufficient sweetness nor

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that Shakspearian quality which Mr. Tennyson once noticed to me as traceable in this noble hymn of passion. In the two stanzas quoted the presence and the absence of the beloved are contrasted—

So warst du denn im Paradies emptangen,
Als warst du werth des ewig schonen Lebens;
Dir blieb kein Wunsch, kein Hoffen, kein Verlangen,
Hier war das Ziel des innigsten Bestrebens;
Und in dem Anschaun dieses einzig Schonen
Versiegte gleich der Quell sehnsuchtiger Thranen.

Nun bin ich fern! Der jetzigem Minute
Was ziemt denn der? Ich wusst' es nicht zu sagen;
Sie bietet mir zum Schonen manches Gute,
Das lastet nur, ich muss mich ihm entschlagen:
Mich treibt umher ein unbezwinglich Sehnen;
Da bleibt kein Rath als granzenlose Thranen.

Compare this with the passages from "Euphrosyne" and from Tibullus: here we have the far greater poet working no longer against the laws of his art, but with them; and at once his general superiority asserts itself. The strain we hear is in a higher mood than the lovely playfulness of the "Delia:" harsh as the German language is in quality compared with the Greek, like puddingstone against Carrara marble (we will complete the contrast shortly), the perfect congruity between words and feeling, sense and sound, which Goethe's art or inspiration has effected in the "Elegy," satisfies the mind and saturates it with pleasure; it reminds us of Keats, with his "music groaning like a god in pain:" it is, in short, *the lawful instrument, touched by the great master* Is not this what poetry should be to us?

I have dwelt at some length upon this point, because, if the most strenuous advocate for the English (accentual) hexameter advances as his main sufficient reason that there is no cause why English should not adapt itself to that metre as well as the German does, it is desirable to show how far the German, in the best pieces of its best master, does really adapt itself. Goethe's success in it certainly appears to me not one atom better (as a metrical experiment) than Southey's or Longfellow's, Clough's or Swinburne's: the different degrees of natural ability in the men seem to count for nothing in the rhythmical result; and this is exactly what we must find, if one and all are working against the fundamental laws of their art. I have no doubt that had Titian modelled one of his pictures in coloured relief, the work would have been nothing better than an unpleasing curiosity: real artists rarely try such tricks; they find their art, when pursued in its most legitimate manner, quite sufficient to engross them; and the number of poems written in pseudo-classical forms by Goethe and his contemporaries is one of the points which give some colour to the criticism made upon the German literature of their time, that it "belongs to an Alexandrian epoch." But Mr. Arnold assures us that, well as the German adapts itself to hexameters, the English, "from its greater rapidity, is in itself better suited for them." Let me, therefore, take an English specimen or two; which, that Mr. Arnold's view may be presented in the most favourable light, shall be selected from his own picked ex-

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amples—nay, from those which he has himself, with courage worthy of a sounder cause, contributed in support of his argument:—

Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia;
Known to me well are the faces of all; their names I remember;
Two, two only remain, whom I see not among the commanders,
Castor fleet in the car; Polydeukes brave with the cestus—
Own dear brethren of mine—one parent loved us as infants.

Mr. Arnold remarks, on these lines, that "Dr. Hawtrey's version is suffused with a pensive grace which is, perhaps, rather more Virgilian than Homeric; still it is the one version of any part of the Iliad which in some degree reproduces for me the original effect of Homer: it is the best, and it is in hexameters."

I am presently going to be cruel enough to transcribe the "original effect" which Mr. Arnold finds here at least so far reproduced as to make him the advocate for the employment of this metre, that the reader may decide whether it is more truly there (rhythmically) than the effect of Tibullus' elegiacs is in Goethe's. But I quote first a specimen of the lecturer's own accentual hexameter—

So shone forth, in front of Troy, by the bed of Xanthus,
Between that and the ships, the Trojans' numerous fires.
In the plain there were kindled a thousand fires: by each one
There sate fifty men, in the ruddy light of the fire,
By their chariots stood the steeds, and champ'd the white barley
While their masters sate by the fire, and waited for Morning.

Now, in comparing these typical examples of hexameter-to-the-eye with those of hexameter-to-the-ear, it may be remarked that, whilst Goethe's lines offend one most by the mode in which the metre is made to convert harsh and heavy monosyllables, as long as long can be, into what we are to take for the easy gliding of the dactyl (as his *kind du dem Spiele*, and *ruft nicht so gern*,) Dr. Hawtrey's are equally vitiated by consisting of little except the dactylic cadence, which makes them in the long run, as tripping and trivial (in metrical effect) as Longfellow's "Evangeline"— "a false gallop of verse," as Touchstone said; not by any means the noble rapidity of Homer. Nor can this be avoided in a language like our own, which *accent* has ruled for five hundred years; we are hardly capable of dwelling on the second syllable of our words so as to produce a spondee; we do not grow the thing: it is only now and then that Dr. Hawtrey reaches a "dark-eyed" or a "Two, two" (which may pass in a way as real spondees,) and we feel at once that these have been reached by a great exercise of tasteful ingenuity; the non-classical reader who looks for nothing but accent, probably dances over them without notice, even if he has been so fortunate as to recognize that the lines have a definite metre at all.

Mr. Arnold is alive to this defect; he probably is also aware that a series of dactyls in English (owing to the general run of our accent,) is practically read into a metre of totally different effect, the anapæstic; and he hence tried

to force his own accentual spondees more largely into the verse. But through the impossibility of extemporizing a system of quantity out of materials that take their form and pressure from accent, his hexameter, though by a kind of optical illusion (if he will allow me the phrase,) more like the genuine hexameter, in reality reads even less like it (to my ear) than Dr. Hawtrey's, because it reads less like a definite metre at all. We are expected to pronounce, unless a spondaic termination be intended—and the fact that here and elsewhere Mr. Arnold's own scansion is subject to a doubt, in itself demonstrates the nullity of his metre—

Só shone | fórth, in | frónt of |
Troy, by· | thé bed of | Xanthus:

whilst not only to the non-classical reader, but to the reader who is in the secret of the metre intended, the line would more naturally run:

So shóne forth, | in front of Tróy,
| by the béd | of Xanthus:

where, except by the arrangement of the words, one would in fact hardly recognize that we were not, like M. Jourdain, speaking prose without knowing it. *Bétween* | *thát and the* | *ships* is similarly inverted in accentual quantity; we have to scan the line as we go to escape the *Betweén that* | *and the ships* which the "natural man" can hardly avoid, all the chairs of poetry in Europe notwithstanding. *Numerous firés*, where one must compel into a marked dissyllable a word which is barely more than monosyllabic, as we presently have to read *chariots* into a full dactyl: *In the plain, Thére sate,* accent again inverted that short words may be prosodized into long. Well! if writers so accomplished in verse and in Greek as Dr. Hawtrey and Mr. Arnold cannot give us a more genuine or readable metre than this, I fear the cause of the accentual hexameter must be considered as in difficulties. And if now we hear Rome speak—much more Greece—may we not regard that cause as definitely over?—

Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta ponti incipiunt agitata tumescere, et aridus altis montibus audiri fragor: aut resonantia longe littora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur.

Is

Clearly the rest I behold of the dark-eyed sons of Achaia,

more like this than like Homer?

Or, if Homer be so high that, like Shakspeare, he must be looked to rather as a star than as a beacon, take the metre, lastly, in late hands and an artificial literary period, and ask whether any of these accentual hexameters are one degree nearer the Theocritean rhythm than they are to the deep-sea music of the Iliad or the Georgics?

Alas! in these we hear quite another music from that which even Goethe has given us; we could almost worship the poet who can sing with so exquisite an instrument; we are ready to say with Endymion—

By thee will I sit
For ever: let our fate stop here!

and we feel it would be inhuman to set once more the performance of our English friends against that

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original for which—putting Mr. Arnold's argument at the lowest, the most modest, point of urgency —he would fain persuade us that he has produced a fair, a moderate, an endurable substitute.

I have briefly stated the aim which it seems to me the translator from the Greek or Latin poetry should in general keep before him. To produce a version which shall interest those who cannot read the original at all, or cannot read it with pleasure, and which shall at the same time possess the greatest degree of faithfulness maintainable under this condition, appears to me that aim. How far Mr. Conington has attained it, with a few words upon the importance of it when attained, is left for our further consideration.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Coloured Rain and Snow.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F. R. A. S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

Every student of natural phenomena is probably acquainted with some of the traditions recorded by ancient writers, concerning the preternatural rains of blood, stones, animals, and fishes, which are said to have occurred at different epochs of the world's history. In modern days, however, many of us are apt to smile at the credulity of our forefathers, whose superstitious minds turned these easily explained phenomena into judgments of Providence, or "signs and wonders" portending events of disaster and ruin to all around.

In these days of scientific investigation the origin of such a phenomenon would be a pleasant subject for the naturalists of the neighbourhood, whose practical researches would speedily eradicate any latent feeling of superstition still attaching to us.

It is not our purpose, however, in the preparation of this paper, to record in detail all those preternatural rains of various kinds of animals, etc., described in the works of many ancient writers, because it is difficult to know what is, and what is not, authentic. On the contrary, we shall confine our remarks principally to those mysterious rains of modern times observed to have been coloured, some red, others black, and a few gray. We shall at the same time endeavour to account briefly as to the origin of these colours, and to show that almost every recorded instance of these coloured rains and also of coloured snow, is the general result of some easily explained act of nature.

The first illustration which we shall quote is that memorable example of red rain known to have

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fallen at the Hague in the year 1670. It has been related by Swammerdam, that, early one morning in that year, the whole population was in an uproar. It was soon discovered that the commotion arose from a mysterious rain of blood, as it was considered by all. This rain must have fallen during the night hours, for the lakes and ditches were known to have been full of water on the preceding evening. People of all classes, high and low, were affected by this apparent miraculous act of Providence, foretelling scenes of approaching war and bloodshed. There happened, however, to be a certain physician in the town, whose scientific curiosity urged him to inquire into the cause of this wonderful phenomenon. He obtained some of the water from one of the canals, analysed it with a microscope, and found that it had not really changed colour, but that the blood-like red was produced by swarms of small red animals or insects, of perfect organization, and in full activity. This scientific physician immediately announced the result of his examination of the water; but though the Holanders were convinced of the accuracy of his discovery, they did not appear to be anxious to divest the occurrence of its prophetic character. On the contrary, they concluded that the sudden appearance of such an innumerable host of red insects was as great a miracle as the raining of actual blood would have been; and, in after years, there were many who believed this phenomenon to have been a prediction of the war and desolation which Louis XIV afterwards brought into that country.

It has been supposed that the insects alluded to above, and the cause of such a universal panic were a kind of water flea, with branched horns, called by Swammerdam *Pulices arborescentes.*—How they became so suddenly multiplied has never been explained, except by the rational supposition that they were brought from a distance by the wind, and then deposited with the rain.

Something analogous to this came under the eye of the writer a few years ago. During a very gloomy rain which fell at Greenwich, a universal deposit of small black flies was found to have taken place. The plants and shrubs in the writer's garden were covered by hundreds of thousands of these insects, in some instances completely hiding the plant from view. Before the rain began not one was noticed.—We have been lately informed that a similar deposit occurred at Cambridge about eleven years ago.

On the 14th of March, 1813, the inhabitants of Gerace, Calabria, perceived a terrific cloud advancing from the sea, the wind having blown from that direction during the two preceding days. At two o'clock in the afternoon this dense cloud, which gradually changed from a pale to a fiery red, totally intercepted the light of the sun.—Shortly after, the town was enveloped in a darkness sufficiently great to excite timid people, who rushed

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to the cathedral, thinking that the end of the world was approaching. The appearance of the heavens at this moment was unspeakably grand, the fiery red cloud increasing in intensity. Then, amid terrific peals of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of forked lightning, large drops of red rain fell, which were hastily assumed by the excited populace to be either drops of blood or fire. The rain, more or less coloured, continued to fall until the evening, when the clouds dispersed and the people were again restored to their ordinary tranquillity.

Some coloured rain, which fell under similar circumstances to the above, in another part of Italy, was subsequently analysed by M. Sementini, who found that the colouring matter consisted of light dust of a marked earthy taste. By the action of heat he discovered that this earthy deposit became brown, then black, and finally red. After being thus calcined, numerous small brilliant particles of yellow mica could be perceived by the naked eye. M. Sementini concluded from his analysis that the deposit was compounded principally of silica, alumina, lime, carbonic acid, and oxide of iron. A yellow resinous substance was also found to be a part of its composition. It is very probable that these, and similar specimens of coloured dust, were first emitted from an active volcano, and afterwards carried a considerable distance through the upper regions of the atmosphere, finally descending in the form of rain.

A coloured deposit resembling brick-powder, took place in the valley of Oneglia, Piedmont, during the night of the 27th October, 1814. This powder covered the leaves of trees, grass, etc. On the following day a very fine rain fell, which, on being evaporated, carried away the more soluble and less coloured particles. The remainder, accumulating in the cavities of the leaves, produced the startling appearance of blood-spots, and created the utmost consternation amongst the peasantry. The deposit was of a decided earthly flavour, and was supposed by M. Lavagna, a resident physician, to have been of volcanic origin, brought from the south by a high wind which had blown from that quarter during the night.—The celebrated French philosopher M. Arago, referring to this phenomenon, has remarked, "Is not this an example of those pretended rains of blood which were always considered by the ancients to be such fatal omens?"

In an analysis of some coloured rain of this description, which fell in the Netherlands in 1819, it was discovered by MM. Meyer and Stoop, chemists of Bruges, that the colouring matter was principally chloride of cobalt. On another occasion, in Tuscany, a quantity of the coloured matter deposited on the leaves and plants was collected in the Botanical Garden at Siena, and subjected to analysis by Professor Giuli. It was found to be composed of some vegetable organism, in addition to carbonate of iron, manganese, carbonate of lime,

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alumina, and silica. In a remarkable fall which occurred on the 19th February, 1841, in the district between Genoa and the Lago Maggiore, the earthy deposit consisted of talc, quartz, carbonate of lime, bituminous matter, and also some remains of the seeds of different plants.

There are several other records of *red* rain, with similar phenomena to what we have already described, but it is not necessary to enter into any detail, though it is very possible that their origin cannot always be traced to the same source. In most cases it can scarcely be doubted that the extremely light particles of which the powder is composed are carried into the upper currents of the atmosphere, either by volcanic action, as we have before suggested, or by a violent whirlwind. The separate particles are then drifted forward until the upper current of air, with which they are now amalgamated, comes into contact with other currents of lower temperature, when they fall to the earth with the condensed vapour, in the form of coloured rain. An illustration of this occurred on the 9th November, 1819, at Montreal, Canada. Suddenly the city was enveloped in darkness, when rain began to fall as black as ink. Some of the liquid was collected and forwarded to New York for analysis, when it was discovered that the foreign substance which gave the water this extraordinary colour consisted of soot. This was explained afterwards as follows:—Owing to the dryness of the season, an immense conflagration of some large forests, situated south of the river Ohio, had taken place, and then, owing to the wind having blown steadily towards the north for some time, these black sooty particles had been conveyed by an upper current of air into Lower Canada.

Another deposit of this sooty powder fell on the snow in the neighbourhood of Broughton, United States, on the 16th November, 1819. It is very probable that similar depositions took place at the time in many other parts of the country, though unrecorded.

It has been mentioned in the public journals that a phenomenon which appears to be something analogous to the preceding, took place at Birmingham so lately as the 3rd May, 1866. At eleven A.M., and also at four P.M. on that day, that town was enveloped in an unnatural gloom. It is recorded that the darkness was so great, at both times, that many accidents took place in the streets. Gas-lamps were lighted at some of the crossings, and in nearly all places of business. During the gloom a black rain fell, which deteriorated the water in open tanks, and blackened the clothes exposed on the greens, not only in Birmingham, but in the rural places around, some of which were windward of the town. In Scotland, these black rains have been frequently noticed. On two occasions of black showers in that country, pumice-stones are said to have fallen, some of which measured eight to ten inches in

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diameter, and weighed upwards of a pound avoirdupois. We believe that these foreign substances were brought from distant places; and it is not impossible that some may have had a volcanic origin, though no outburst has been known to have taken place. There are many such instances recorded by the ancients as miraculous rains, now considered to have been strictly volcanic; such as the shower of stones on Mount Albano, mentioned by Livy, and the stone which fell in Thrace, as described by the naturalist Pliny. Many other showers of a like nature have been proved to owe their origin to volcanic action.

A remarkable rain of this kind occurred on the 24th April, 1781, in the island of Sicily, which excited a considerable amount of interest amongst contemporary scientific men. On the morning of that day every exposed place within a certain district was found covered with a coloured crataceous gray water, which, on being evaporated, left a deposit of nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. The effects of this shower were exhibited at a distance of sixty or seventy miles from Mount Etna, passing nearly in a direct line from N. N. E. to S. S. W. From an analysis of some of the deposit taken from the leaves of plants by the Count de Gioeni, he concluded that it must have been emitted from Mount Etna, and that, in its descent to the earth, it must have mingled with the aqueous vapour contained in the clouds, which do not always rise to the summit of the mountain. Or the deposit might have had its origin in the thick smoke emitted, with other matter, from the volcano.—This smoke would evidently be carried by the wind over the tract of country where the deposit was found, when, after having become specifically heavier than the air, by being condensed by the colder atmosphere around it, it would descend in the form of coloured rain.

In the few examples we have given of rain accompanied by a coloured deposit, we have affirmed that the general cause has arisen, in almost every instance, by the transportation, through the upper currents of the atmosphere, of innumerable particles of dust, volcanic or otherwise, or of bodies of animal or vegetable origin. We happen to know, from experience, that floating bodies, both organic and inorganic, do at certain seasons of the year follow the course of the atmospheric currents, and that they are perceived to pass in inconceivable numbers across the field of view of an astronomical telescope.

Coloured snow doubtless owes its origin, in some measure, to the same cause as coloured rain, though by a slower and more permanent process. In consequence, however, of its locality being generally confined to unfrequented regions, it has seldom been looked upon as a result of miraculous agency; it has only, therefore, afforded an interesting theme for scientific inquiry. Two brief illustrations must suffice for our present purpose. In the middle of the last century M. de Saussure, so celebrated for his Alpine and

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meteorological researches, discovered a considerable quantity of red snow on some of the high mountains of the Alps. In 1778 he made an analysis of some collected on the Mount St. Bernard, and proved that the colouring matter was a vegetable substance, possibly the farina of some flower. M. de Saussure was not aware of such a plant being indigenous to Switzerland, at any rate in such abundance as to give materials for colouring so large a mass of snow. He, however, supposed it probable that the original colour of the deposit was not red, but that the action of the sun's light might have produced a chemical change. It is now known that the red colour is sometimes due to a minute species of lichen.

The Crimson Cliffs near Cape York, Baffin's Bay, discovered by Captain Ross during his first voyage to the Arctic Regions, in 1818, excited considerable attention on the return of the expedition to England. The colouring matter of the snow taken from these crimson cliffs, being placed by Captain Ross under a microscope, was found "to consist of particles like a very minute round seed, which were exactly of the same size, and of a deep red colour; on some of the particles a small dark speck was also seen. In the evening I caused some of the snow to be dissolved and bottled, when the water had the appearance of muddy port wine. In a few hours it deposited a sediment, some of which was bruised, and found to be composed wholly of red matter; when applied to paper, it produced a colour nearest to Indian red." On the return of Captain Ross to England, he placed some of the bottles in the hands or Dr. Wollaston and other botanists, for the purpose of being analysed. Dr. Wollaston has published a detailed account, from which we extract the following:—"The red matter, I am strongly inclined to regard as of vegetable origin, consisting of minute globules, one thousandth to three thousandths of an inch in diameter; I believe their coat to be colourless, and the redness belongs wholly to the contents, which seem to be of an oily nature, and not soluble in water. If they are from the sea, there seems no limit to the quantity that may be carried to land by a continued and violent wind: no limit to the period during which they may have accumulated, since they would remain from year to year, undiminished by the processes of thawing and evaporation, which remove the snow with which they are mixed." M. Thénard, M. de Candolle, Robert Brown, and others have also expressed their opinion as to the vegetable character of the deposit, but from what plant it is derived is not so satisfactorily settled.

[*Leisure Hour*.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATION.—The books and other documents which were written in ancient times were often elaborately ornamented, and were then said to be "illuminated." The decorative portions were commonly, but not always, in

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a different colour from the rest of the writing, and were often remarkable works of art. These illuminations were of every possible description, including initial and capital letters, the borders of pages, the beginnings and endings of books and sections, and entire pages. Not a few of them were really pictures, complicated in design, gorgeous in colouring, and minutely finished in execution.—But, whatever their plan, position, or merit, they were intended to add beauty and splendour to the documents which received them. No one at all acquainted with specimens which have been preserved will doubt that illuminating was an art, and that it afforded scope for genius and artistic skill.

In our day there has been going on for some years a steady revival of a taste for illuminations, especially in connection with ecclesiastical subjects; and we have all become familiar with beautiful imitations of ancient work. Not only artists by profession, but amateurs, ladies and others, have zealously studied and practised the art, and have found powerful coöperation in the printer and lithographer. Books have been multiplied with ornamental head-pieces, tail-pieces, capitals, and borders, equal in excellence to anything which the ancient designers could produce. Still more striking have been the results of lithography, whereby it is possible to print in gold and silver, and every shade of colour, the most intricate and gorgeous designs. The facilities which we thus possess enable us to multiply copies with greater rapidity, and at a far lower price than could be done in olden times. In the case of large cards with illuminated texts, it is not unusual for the ornamental parts to be printed in outline and afterwards filled in by hand, allowing room for the exercise of taste and skill, without requiring the powers of invention and design. Many of the mottoes and texts to which we refer are, however, wholly executed, in all their rich and gorgeous hues, by chromo-lithography, or colour-printing.

The ancients were less favoured. Very often the illuminator had to prepare his parchment, to make his ink, mix his colours, and generally to provide for himself the materials for his craft. The processes and ingredients which he had to employ are still known, because they were carefully described and recorded for the benefit of learners. At the present day the artist has very little to do besides make the best use of the materials and implements which he can purchase ready to his hand.

We cannot say when the illuminative art was first practised. It was probably of very ancient origin and gradual growth, perhaps in nations far asunder. The very oldest writings we possess have scarcely any decoration; but it is well known that inks of different colours were employed in classic times, and that for the same effect, the parchment itself was occasionally stained.—About the beginning of the third century, we read of a copy of

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Homer in letters of gold upon vellum stained purple, presented to the Emperor Maximin by his mother. Mr. M. D. Wyatt, who mentions this fact, says:

"Roman illuminated manuscripts would appear to have been mainly divisible into two classes; firstly, those in which the text, simply but elegantly written in perfectly formed or rustic (that is, inclined) capitals, mainly in black and sparingly in red ink, was illustrated by pictures, usually square, inserted in simple frames, generally of a red border only; and secondly, the richer kind, in which at first gold letters, on white and stained vellum grounds, and subsequently black and coloured ornaments on gold grounds, were introduced. The first of these appears to have been the most ancient style, and to have long remained popular in the Western Empire, while the second, which, as Sir Frederick Madden has observed, no doubt came originally to the Romans from the Greeks, acquired its greatest perfection under the early emperors of the East."

The East, from Constantinople to Japan, has very long been partial to ornamental writing. In Persia elegance of Penmanship, is still regarded as an acquisition to be coveted. Not only the Mohommedans, but the ancient Christian communities of Asia and Egypt, have delighted in the production and possession of richly-illuminated books, especially sacred and liturgical ones, or such as contained writings by greatly-prized authors. Illuminated works brought to this country from the East are very numerous, of every degree of artistic merit, and with dates ranging over fourteen centuries or thereabouts. The monks and recluses of the Greek, Syrian, and Coptic churches often devoted years to the writing and illuminating of single volumes; and it is an ascertained fact that, not uncommonly, a book was written by one man and decorated by another.

The history of illuminating in Europe was similar. Those who practised it borrowed a good deal from the Greeks. Priests and friars occupied themselves with copying and adorning the Holy Scripture, missals, prayer-books, the works of the fathers, classic authors, etc. This work formed a special department in connection with various cathedrals, abbeys, and monasteries. Nuns even whiled away the weary time in occupations of the same description. Other persons also were similarly employed, and wrote and illuminated books, and deeds, and documents of all sorts. In these ways manuscripts were slowly and laboriously, but constantly, multiplied, and some of them, which have been preserved, are among the most precious of our treasures.

We have examined many of these relics of ancient art, and have found in them much to admire. The devices are sometimes eccentric and grotesque, but often they are the most beautiful that can be imagined. The beginning or end of a book, its first letter, the initial letters of the several sections, the

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border or margin of the leaf, all supplied opportunities for the introduction of ornament upon which no expenditure of labour and ingenuity was spared. After many centuries the colours are often as vivid, and the lines as perfect, as they were the day they were laid on.—Nothing but an inspection of them can convey an adequate idea of the excellence of the work. The simple outline of a letter is frequently filled in and surrounded with gorgeous and most elaborate patterns in gold and colours.

After a continuance of at least a thousand years, the art of illuminating suddenly became almost superseded in Europe by the introduction of printing. Even printed books, however, continued to be illuminated to some extent by hand. Initial and capital letters in colours were filled in by hand, as well as other details. But the art rapidly declined, and the portions inserted degenerated from the taste and beauty of former times.

Very soon the illuminator was dispensed with, for the printer found that he could produce the same result more cheaply and effectively by printing in red ink the parts which had been supplied by hand. For this purposc ornamental type was prepared, and the sheets were passed a second time through the press. The next step was the printing of the decorative letters in black, which was cheaper still, as the whole could be printed at once. Gradually the use of ornamental letters became less frequent, and with them the art of illuminating died out, so far as books were concerned.

The few illuminated books which have been produced in Europe since printing was invented four hundred years ago, have mostly been due to peculiar circumstances. But important legal and official documents have always formed an apparent exception, and have been commonly decorated. These, however, need not detain us, and we may safely say that the fashion of illuminating books and writings which now prevails is a revival of the ancient art. This revival takes place under favourable circumstances. The taste to appreciate such things is more widely diffused; the facilities for executing them are far greater; and a tendency to sentiment in favour of mediæval forms and practices is more active than it has been for centuries.

The art of illuminating in Europe has always been chiefly allied with religion, and so it is now. Nor do we object to this, provided we do not mistake the love of beautifully-written texts and mottoes for the love of the truth. Art may be employed in the service of religion, but the love of art in such a connection is not religion. We may be enthusiasts in our admiration of lovely words emblazoned with all the skill and splendour possible, but our enthusiasm may really be only the expression of a formalism which looks not beyond the dead letter. Doubtless many who wrote or read the magnificently-illuminated volumes of the middle ages regarded them only as the earthen

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vessels which contained the heavenly treasure. And yet many others may have mistaken their admiration of a splendid book for admiration of God's truth. Therefore, be it ours to desire more earnestly to have that truth inscribed upon "the fleshy tables of the heart:" so shall we be illuminated and "living epistles known and read of all men."—*Leisure Hour.*

TESTIMONY OF ARCHÆOLOGY— Interesting scientific inductions are made from researches in ancient British burial-places on the downs of north-east Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The tendency of the discoveries thus made is to the establishment of the proposition, that a connection is established between all the pre-historic people of whose works we possess any traces. The flint implements found in the Yorkshire sepulchres are the lineal successors of the tools found, in the gravels in the Somme, the Thames Valley, the Ouse, the South of France, and elsewhere. The flint flakes, and cores of flint from which they are struck, found in the barrows, resemble those associated with the bones of extinct animals in the gravels, whilst some of the other objects lying with the flints in these barrows are similar to those which are associated with metallic tools in other and subsequent interments.

We therefore feel assured that we are dealing with the fabrications of the same race, and of one great epoch. There is no tremendous break in the chronology—no great revolution in the career of the earth to bridge over—no need for pre-Adamite races—no necessity to throw away our early time-tables, though, as they allow extension, they may be somewhat extended. Future discoveries will supply missing links in the chain of evidence. The use of flint for cutting-tools is recorded in Scripture as early as the days of Moses (Exodus iv. 25) and his successor (Joshua v. 2, 3,) as well as by several early classic writers. Stone tools preceded metal amongst nations who had lost in barbarism the arts of infant civilization, and they have continued to be used by the outlying savage tribes, and by the poor amidst civilization, down to the present day. Huge wild animals have disappeared before the wants of man—some very early in the human period. Let us wait for details. Archæology will in good time, like other sciences, bring its own special contribution of proof to the monumental history of the Bible, and thus lay its ripe fruits on the altar of Christian faith and love.

MERIDIAN AND MIDNIGHT.

"When it is noonday in England it is midnight in New Zealand. Is it the preceding or the succeeding midnight?" It is the succeeding midnight; and for the following reasons:—We must fix upon a starting point for the motion of the earth on its axis in relation to the sun, whose appearance is day, and absence night. Taking the Mosaic narrative, and assuming that the sun was created on the meridian (=at noon) in its full splendour,

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and in the vicinity of Babylon, the remainder of day number one, at Babylon, was *dies non* = 0 in New Zealand. At the moment of the sun's creation, assumed to be noon at Babylon, it was eight o'clock in the forenoon in England; the sun therefore did not rise on New Zealand till eight o'clock forenoon of day number two, by Babylonian reckoning, by which also the first day terminated at sunset, and the length of that day was therefore only six hours, or one-fourth part of a nycthemeron (= night + day). Had the creation taken place at midsummer instead of the autumnal equinox, which is the prevalent notion, the sun would have been setting at New Zealand at eight o'clock in the evening of day number one, when it was noon near Babylon. The ratio of degrees to hours is $360 \div 24 = 15$, so that for every fifteen degrees westward you deduct one hour from the clock, and for every fifteen degrees eastward you add one hour.

The astronomical answer is quite distinct from the civil or conventional view of the matter. The civilized world centres in Europe; and whether the observatory of Greenwich, Paris, or Dorpat, be taken as the starting-point, the result will be the same—if not astronomically, at least socially. But the question remains: where is the point on the earth at which the reckonings clash, and are one day different from each other? The answer is: That point where civilization has its "antipodes"—that point from whence connection with Europe proceeds on the one hand eastwardly, and on the other westwardly. And such a point is the extreme north-western verge of North America. Take Vancouver as the one point, from whence mind connects with mind eastwardly, through the United States to the world's centre—the meridian of London and Paris. Take again Sitka as the other, whence through Russia, America, Kamschatka and Siberia, the same connection proceeds westwardly to St. Petersburg. Tuesday at Vancouver is Wednesday at Sitka, and so on throughout the year—a simple fact, and matter of conventional arrangement.

MARINER'S COMPASS.—It is quite certain that the terms for the cardinal points were in use, both in France and over a large part of Europe, long before the mariner's compass was heard of. The compass is supposed commonly to have been invented by Flavio Gioja, about 1302; but it was certainly known in some parts of Europe before 1180. However this may be, the terms for the cardinal points are far older than this; and the explanation of their appearance in the French language is very easy.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is an interesting fact that, after the fall of the Confederacy, one of the very first efforts of the people in the Southern States, was to revive the Educational interests which had sadly declined during the four preceding years of tremendous conflict. Before fences were rebuilt, or agricultural implements resupplied, men began to inquire how they could secure the means of sending their sons to school and college.

It was something refreshing to see such an interest preferred to those of a material character, some of which demanded immediate and earnest attention.

The result of this early care and effort, is now seen in the prosperity of our institutions, literary and theological. The number of young men in attendance on them is large, and the uniform testimony of the Professors is, that they never before had charge of pupils so orderly, industrious, and eager to avail themselves of their opportunities. This is suggestive of some pleasant hopes and anticipations for the future.

In former years Southern gentlemen were nearly all politicians.—Qualification for legislative life was a common accomplishment and accompaniment of good birth and breeding. Men of talents, property and education, made the science of government their favourite study, and not a few of them felt that both they and the world would lose too much were they not to devote a few years, at least, to the service of the public, in the halls of their State or national Capitol.

This fondness for public life, on the part of men whose genius and attainments qualified them for the posts which so many of them illumined and adorned, while it may have added to the forensic renown of the country, brought but barren honors to the section they represented.

While Federal relations were the all-absorbing theme of thought and tongue, the material interests of the South were too much overlooked. But now the logic of certain events has changed all this.—The time has come for practically recognizing the fact, that the blue Heavens bend over no other territory of equal extent, so blest with natural advantages of soil, climate, manufacturing facilities and mineral resources.

Once the fond anticipation was cherished of developing all this in connection with an independent national life; but with the surrender of the Confederate armies that hope went down into the depths of the great sea which will never give up its dead.

The shock was rude but the awakening may be salutary. Cut off as the Southern people are from all participation in political affairs, a breathing time is afforded—a time for the calculation of new interests—for a new departure in another direction, and for a future progress, which will be richer and more remunerative, at least, in substantial benefits than any we have hitherto known.

At the foundation of these interests lies the proper training of the youth of this South-land. Learning is a power which commands and compels homage even in a material and mechanical age.—No State that rears a race of scholars can long be kept in the background. This is so, not only because the influence of splendid attainments is always and everywhere recognized and respected, but because the education which develops the powers of its possessor, also aids in the development of whatever adds to the material wealth and prosperity of a people. New systems of tillage; improvements in machinery; the mines which explore the hid treasures of the earth; the steamships that dart like shuttles through the seas; the telegraphic lines which expedite so much of the business of the world—all these are the exponents of thought—all these are the results of the application of abstract principles to the practical affairs of life.

It is deeply gratifying to observe the interest now manifested in the education of the youth of these impoverished States, as well as the zeal they exhibit for their own improvement. Men who have to build up their shattered fortunes, and who can scarcely command money to pay the wages of the freedmen they employ, still by means of self-denial and retrenchment of every kind, manage to support their sons at school. And those supported at such a cost appreciate their position, and by economy of time and diligence in study, strive to repay the sacrifices made at home for their advantage.

The elevated moral tone of the young men in our colleges and Universities is equally notable and gratifying. The dissipation which was the shame and bane of college life in former years, is now comparatively unknown. The writer of this note recently heard a college boy remark that during the whole of the present session he had not seen an instance of intoxication, or heard a single oath from one of his fellow-students. We trust that this is true of more than one of our institutions of learning.

Education and Morals are the two pillars which stand in imperial grace, one on either side of the beautiful gate of the temple.

To the intelligent and virtuous youth of our land do we look, not only as the best hope, but as the only hope of Church and State.—Their future assured success will reflect honour not only upon the section which excites our immediate solicitude, but upon the whole country.

We say the whole country, for

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while we love the South with the affection of a heart that almost broke at its defeat, we yearn for the reign of order, and right, and truth and peace over the entire land, and we pray that the Divine favor may overspread and irradiate it throughout its magnificent expanse, from North to South and East to West.

THE EDITORS of the *Richmond Eclectic* feel it due to themselves, and to their friends, gratefully to acknowledge the encouragement they have received from so many sources. Private letters and numberless notices of the press evince an appreciation of our enterprise which is very gratifying.

We desire to obtain and to deserve a large circulation for our magazine. We are not offended by criticism; on the contrary, some of the suggestions which have been made in reference to the conduct of the Eclectic, have proved very valuable.

The mechanical execution of the first numbers, was not as good as it should have been, but each issue has been an improvement on its predecessor, and if skill and attention will attain the end, there shall be no just complaint on this score hereafter.

We are aware that we must depend on the intrinsic merit of our periodical for the success we crave in its behalf. We rely on no adventitious aid. We appeal to no sectional prejudices and freely accord to other Eclectics the just claim to popularity which some of them possess.

In a country so vast and populous as ours, there is room enough for us all. The greater the number of high-toned, well edited, well sustained periodicals of the kind, the greater will be the diffusion of information and cultivated literary taste.

But for the extraordinary scarcity of money in the States where our Eclectic chiefly circulates, we would at once obtain a patronage that would more than satisfy us. A little time will suffice to bring this to pass. In the meanwhile, our most efficient friends will be those who read our Magazine with pleasure and then commend it to others. A good word spoken in season has brought us many new subscribers, and such good words will bring us many more.

It is our aim to satisfy as many as possible by the variety of our selections.

We remember that we have some readers who admire the knottiest kind of metaphysical disquisitions. We could name one who would have each number filled with Mr. John Stuart Mills on "The Conditioned," or with Prof. Thomas Fowler on "Connotation" and the "Theory of Predication," or with Mr. George Lewes on "Causeries." But we cannot gratify him, because in so doing we would disappoint a thousand other readers.

We could name another who, seeing how even Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine* and Dr. Macleod's *Good Words* have to be floated into popularity on the wings of serial novels, would have our *Ec-*

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lectic enlivened with the sensational romance of Mr. Wilkie Collins, or the clerical caricatures of Mr. Anthony Trollope, or the "horsy" men and "fast" young women of Miss Braddon—but we cannot gratify him at the cost of disappointing our own aim in publishing a Magazine such as ours.

Keeping in mind a certain order and proportion which we wish to preserve among articles of a metaphysical, biographic, historic, theological, scientific, er purely entertaining character, we do not select at random from foreign periodicals whatever happens to be most interesting, without regard to its subject, —but with extreme caution and with care we attempt to maintain some equilibrium among the selections in reference to the different departments just named. Thus in the present number we have four sketches of well known personages, —yet all very different in the style of handling—viz., a graceful tribute to the memory of Charles Lamb, a translation from *Le Figaro* of an interview with M. Drouyn De Lhuys, and a portraiture of the Lord Chief Justice, and of the Lord Chancellor of England. Then comes an ingenious dissertation on "The Queen's English" by the Dean of Canterbury, which some of our philological readers will not endorse in all particulars. Next we have the second of Mr. Howson's essays on "The Metaphors of St. Paul," the first having been published in the December number. "The Storm-Light of Haklarsholm," has something of the ring of Scott's descriptions of stormy headlands and surf-beaten shores. "Epigrams" will entertain all classes of readers, but the scholarly criticism of Prof. Palgrave on Mr. Conington's translation of the Æneid, will be appreciated only by the learned in Latin lore. Some interesting selections for the department of "Science and Art" close this varied and as we trust instructive number of the Eclectic.

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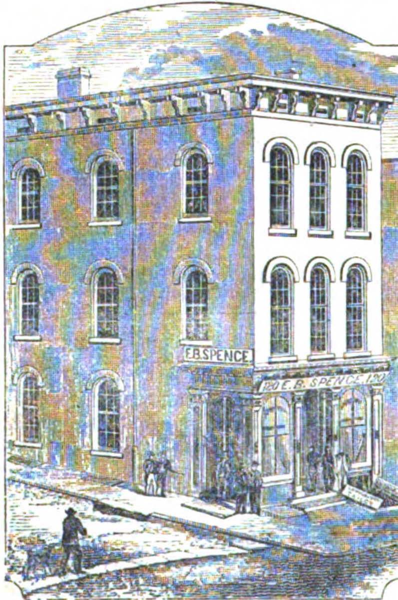

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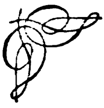

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE,

Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. **March, 1867.** **No. 5.**

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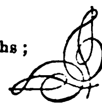

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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

Vol. I. March, 1867. No. 5.

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[*Fraser's Magazine.*

ATHENS AND PENTELICUS.

It was with no small sensation of relief that I, in company with two friends, left Constantinople for Athens in a steamer of the French Messageries. I had been told from my childhood that three of the most beautiful sights in the world were the Bay of Naples, the Harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and the Golden Horn of Constantinople. I have since seen them all; and though without doubt the palm ought to be given to the marvellous scenery of Rio, yet it is certain that the first view of the City of the Sultan is enchanting in a high degree. The varied elevation of the land, the huge mosques and palaces, the tall minarets shining among dark cypresses and gigantic planes, form a very beautiful scene; while the picturesque caiques skimming over the crowded waters, give a sufficient element of animation. Fair without and foul within. Walk about the streets for a week, get smothered in mud and abominations, or stifled with dust, according to the state of the weather; turn out, if you dare, after dark to be devoured by dogs, whom you disturb in their nightly vocation of fighting for the filth of the city; search in vain for any rational amusement or occupation, for a decent street, or for any symptom of science or art; and then say if this place is not a whited sepulchre. The stagnation of Islam is a stain upon Europe, and it is a grave misfortune that mutual jealousy has induced the most powerful and civilized States to support the barbarian on his throne. Few things can suggest sadder reflections than half an hour's perusal of the visitors' book at Mysseri's Hotel in 1854 and 1855, full of the names of gallant Englishmen who stayed there on their way to death in a war to maintain the integrity of Turkey. Yes, barbarism has been most effectually maintained. Any civilized power would have made such a place as Constantinople the delight of the earth; but it seems as if all the dirt of Europe, moral and material, has been swept into this last corner of the continent, waiting for some vigorous broom to drive it into the sea.

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The natural situation of the place is lovely in the extreme; the shining waters of the Bosporus and the varied outline of the hills delight the wanderer as he floats in his caique; the bazaars are curiously rich and quaint, teeming with objects which remind one at every step of something in the *Arabian Nights*; the mosque of St. Sophia is intrinsically grand, but has been utterly defaced with the huge and hideous green escutcheons of departed Sultans; and the dancing dervishes provoke the ridicule of gods and men. These things are worth seeing, but they are soon exhausted, and disgust ensues. It is most nauseous to see a piece of Europe subjected to the system of the Turks. Thus it was that, though glad to have seen Stamboul, we turned our backs upon it with a species of satisfaction.

We left at four in the afternoon, in a vessel fitted up with all the luxury and comfort for which French steamers are so justly celebrated; and early next morning we were aroused by stopping at the Dardanelles. Here we took in a few passengers, and a great many oysters, the latter of which were highly appreciated in the course of the day. We passed close to the shore of Tenedos and the plains of Troy; the sky was without a cloud, and a fresh breeze rippled the sea as we thought of Hector and Ajax and the "tale of Troy divine;" and the "many-fountained Ida" was looking down upon the scene, as when pale Œnone sought her faithless Paris. All that day and night we raced over the bright sea, threading the needle among the Isles of Greece, and early in the following morning the ship was anchored in the Piræus.

We had not been long at our moorings when the descendants of Themistocles came off to fetch us in their boats and fight for our luggage. Travellers are comparatively rare at Athens, and proportionably worth fighting for. In the midst of the confusion we surrendered ourselves to a stout and comfortable-looking individual who rejoiced in the name of Philosophopoulos. He offered himself as courier and *cicerone*, so we dubbed him at once as our guide, philosopher, and friend, and looked on with pleasure as he cleared the ring of competitors. We had about a mile to row, in which we passed some fine English and French men-of-war, wondering what Themistocles would have thought of them.

On landing, the Philosopher had to make his way among contending porters; his principle appeared to be the old one of "Divide et impera;" by a judicious use of bad language he set various rivals by the ears, and then consigned our goods to those of his own choosing. The custom-house people were particularly civil; and we were soon packed in a very respectable carriage, with the Philosopher on the coach-box.

The modern Piræus is but a half-grown and somewhat shabby place, consisting chiefly of stores and drinking shops; but in a few minutes old Athens begins to dawn upon the

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traveller, as he finds himself close to the remains of the Long Walls. The road to the city is about five miles in length, and at first gave us a very unfavourable impression.—The fruit season was over; and clouds of dust had covered the vines, olives, and fig trees with a monotonous gray mantle for a considerable part of the way. As we approached Athens, however, and saw the temple of Theseus and the Acropolis standing out clearly in the sun, with the long, graceful slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus behind them, our notions began to change rapidly: our spirits rose as we drew near to the dwellings of the Immortals.

We were well stared at by the Hellenes, in their gay costumes, as we passed through the dirty suburbs and drove into the best part of the modern city. Here everything was neat and clean; the streets were open and airy, and houses built in French style. At the Hotel d'Orient we were installed in as good quarters as any reasonable man could wish for; and for the moderate charge of ten francs a day we had the whole front of the first floor, consisting of a very large and well-furnished sitting room, with capital bed rooms opening out of it by folding doors. Nothing could exceed the civility and attention of the landlord and his servants during our whole stay; and our only regret at Athens was that of leaving it.

King George had just come into his kingdom; the remains of wreaths and decorations were still to be seen; the walls of the Acropolis were still crowned by hundreds of huge clay pots which had but a few nights before been filled with fire for a stupendous illumination; suspiciously new patches of mortar in the walls of the Bank and some of the principal hotels displayed a laudable wish to conceal the many bullet-holes which had been made during the troubles of the few preceding months. People looked busy and lively in the streets. The "good time coming" was supposed to have come at last, and we prepared to avail ourselves of it. Of course I had read that delightful little book, the *King of the Mountains*, in which Edmond About describes, in his very best style, the state of life of those whom it has pleased Fate to call into the unsought company of Greek brigands; and at Corfu and elsewhere we had been specially cautioned against venturing out of Athens, or even walking about the streets after dark. But it seemed absurd to think of such apprehensions now: Hadji Stavros was a creature of the past; King George was come to his own; and we would rejoice and be merry.

There could be no harm, however, in asking a few questions; so we sent for our civil friend, the landlord. Forced by the exigencies of an English University education—which, while familiarising us with the literature of Greece, compels us to pronounce the language in so absurd a manner that it is impossible to understand or be understood in the simplest attempt to converse with the natives—we

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were reduced to adopting French as our means of communication.—We suggested to him that we should like a good carriage and horses to enable us to spend the next day in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ceres at Eleusis, or the marble crags of Pentelicus. "Oh, nothing could be better," said the worthy man; "all should be arranged by the morrow."

"Mais l'on dit qu'il y a des brigands dans les environs," we hinted rather cautiously.

"Oh, non, monsieur," said he, with much energy, "il n'y en a pas; et s'il y en avait, ce ne serait pas votre affaire: cela ne vous touche pas; le brigandage, c'est une *affaire de politique.*"

Politics indeed! thought I; this is not very reassuring. Suppose some of these active politicians make a mistake, and pillage us before they find out that we have nothing to do with their political principles and are absolutely guiltless of intrigue? I very much doubt if we should recover our property. No, we would not order the horses just yet.

In the course of the same evening I had an opportunity of asking the English Minister what he thought of the matter. He informed me that he had in the morning received official intelligence of eight or nine bands of brigands in Attica; adding that, though we might perhaps not fall into the hands of any of them yet the country could hardly be considered safe under the circumstances. I heard at the same time a trustworthy account of one of the latest brigand adventures, rather startling in itself, and specially confirmatory of the "*politique*" theory of plunder.

Three British officers, accompanied by a somewhat celebrated and superior dragoman, "all proper," as the heralds say, were on their way back to Athens after a very pleasant expedition to Pentelicus, when they found themselves suddenly performing in the well known tableau of a party surprised by brigands, who present guns at every button of their waistcoats. Resistance was useless; and the British lion, thus caught in a net, submitted to have his claws cut. The country gentlemen took the rings, purses, and watches of the officers, and then politely allowed them to return to the city. There they made indignant complaints to the English Minister, who at once applied to the Greek Government.—Profuse were the apologies, and eager were the assurances of speedy restitution. A few days afterwards a distinguished member of the Greek Cabinet himself called at the British Legation to express his gratification at being enabled to announce the fact that the brigands had been discovered, and induced to disgorge their prey. It had been all a mistake, a sad mistake. Saying which, the amiable minister with his own hands produced the spoil. It was all right, with the exception of a single ring. This was a sad blot upon the general happiness. The brigands were perfectly grieved at having unfortunately lost that ring; but they

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were rich, and would gladly pay its value if his Excellency would only condescend to declare it!

I suppose the "politicians" had allowed themselves to commit an error in tactics, and were profoundly sorry for it. It was as if some youthful member of the House of Commons had introduced a ridiculous amendment which he had been compelled to withdraw with humiliation. That was all.

On this occasion they had "done their spiriting gently," and luckily no bones had been broken. But this is by no means always the case, and men whose names are "linked (not) with one virtue, but a thousand crimes," may every now and then be seen walking about the streets with impunity, when the spirit moves them to come into the city to see their friends and "do a little shopping." Upon one of these gentlemen being pointed out to me and described, I asked a foreign sojourner in Athens how it was that such a man could escape immediate hanging. "Hang a brigand!" said my friend, "you would have first to get rid of half the National Assembly! Besides, perhaps you might not think it, but this fellow was of immense use to the Government in the last revolution: he brought in his men like a trump, and helped to defend the Bank!" I had no more to say.—It was clear that politics and brigands were intimately connected.

But the sequel of the affair with the officers was to come. There was a *concierge* at the British Legation, an elderly Greek, of singularly handsome form and countenance. There he was, erect in his picturesque national costume, and it was really pleasant to see the native dignity with which he performed the duties of his office.—He looked as if he could on the shortest notice play the part of Ulysses or Agamemnon with equal ease and success. Unfortunately, though I believe his own conduct was in every way excellent, he had rather a *mauvais sujet* for a son. It was discovered that this son had been one of the party who robbed the officers on their way from Pentelicus; and the good old father, when informed of this by his master, replied in an agony of grief, "Oh! your Excellency, have I not always begged and entreated him to abstain from *politics?*"

Well then, the landlord was right after all. "C'est une affaire de politique." I looked into my Thucydides for a half-remembered passage in one of his earliest chapters, where I found that in the early days of Greece it was the most natural thing in the world to begin the conversation with a new comer by asking if he was a pirate. Apparently he would be no more surprised or outraged by the question than a modern Englishman might be if he was quietly asked for his opinion on Reform. History seems not unfrequently to repeat itself.

Meanwhile the practical question for us to decide was this. Considering the uncertainty of "politics," and the possibility of being robbed by some discontented ex-Prime Minister, who might be "appealing

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to the country" or "starring in the provinces," should we, or should we not, go to Pentelicus? Our uncertainty was increased by the fact that there was a lady in the party. However, our friend at court said that, if we determined to go, he would give notice of our intention to the proper authorities, who would in all probability take the hint and furnish us with an escort. This seemed to be the best plan. One evening at the palace a member of the corps diplomatique was giving an account of an agreeable day which he and his friends had been spending in an excursion to Pentelicus. The young king remarked, with a good-natured laugh, "You seem to be afraid of my subjects, monsieur, as you took an escort." "Pardon me, your majesty," was the reply, "it must be your majesty's ministers who are afraid of them, for they gave me the escort without any solicitation on my part."

This settled the matter; the weather was brilliant; Philosophopoulos was to make all arrangements; saddle-horses were to be sent forward to the monastery, and an open carriage was ordered to be ready at half-past eight in the morning.

I had just jumped out of bed and was rubbing my eyes when a loud tap at the door made me call out "Entrez." It was the waiter, apparently in great excitement. I suppose that my silent look of surprise conveyed an idea of my feelings, as he proceeded at once to ask in an eager and voluble way, "Monsieur, avez-vous commandé des soldats?" Of course I guessed in a moment what he must mean, but I amused myself with expressing blank astonishment at his question. "Ordered soldiers! a very improbable thing; I was prepared to order an omelette for breakfast, and cutlets if I could get them, but why should I order soldiers?" He led me hurriedly to the window, and begged me to look down into the street. "Les voilà, monsieur," he said, and there they were in reality. About a dozen troopers, well armed and not badly mounted, were waiting in front of the hotel, chattering with one another and apparently receiving the compliments of an admiring crowd.

Your modern Athenian is essentially a loafer; he smokes continually and drinks endless cups of coffee; he chats and lounges up and down the streets, always, however, preserving the high action and stately stride which seems still to mark the descendants of a noble race. It is easy to attract a crowd of them, and I was much amused by watching the people from my window. One arrival was very remarkable. Just on the other side of the street a carriage, very much like one of our old hackney coaches, stopped at the door of a liquor-shop. Two men decended from the box and proceeded to refresh themselves, but the inside passenger received no attention whatever. It was a fine calf, standing up between the seats, with its head projecting from one window, and its tail from the other.

We were not long at breakfast;

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and then stepped into our carriage with the best appearance of easy dignity that we could assume. The dragoons were all ready; three or four of them rode in front, one at each door of the carriage, and the remainder protected the rear. The faithful Philosophopoulos sat by the side of the coachman, and away we went through the staring lines of "well-gaitered Greeks." I could not help laughing as I thought of Edmond About and the King of the Mountains. If Captain Pericles commanded the troops we might yet be handed over to the latest edition of Hadji Stavros, while the dragoons and the brigands embraced one another over the division of the spoil.

In Italy it was always customary to say that to take an escort was to invite robbery; the presence of the soldiers at starting announced to all the world that the traveller was worth robbing, and the brigands robbed him accordingly, while the dragoons galloped away. They manage these things differently in Greece. It is true that, if a body of troops is ordered into the country to catch or kill the perpetrators of some atrocious outrage, the probability is that they will not greatly exert themselves to do their duty; sometimes they will make it the occasion of a pleasant holiday; and, after quartering themselves upon the unhappy villagers for as long as they please, return to Athens, declaring that after frightful toil, they have never been able to come up with the brigands: at other times they boldly fraternise with the miscreants; and either way nothing is gained. But on the other hand, we must not forget the "politique" theory of brigandage already alluded to. It may be good policy and sound tactics to rob one set of people, while it may be a deplorable error of judgment to rob another set. Those, therefore, who are at the head of affairs in such a state of things as this, are bound to show their capacity for office by the exercise of their discretion; and, if for political purposes they do not wish a particular person to be robbed, they have only to give him an escort, and it is accepted as a signal that he is not to be robbed by anybody. The traveller does his pleasure, the escort does its duty, and everybody is pleased except the brigands, who console themselves with the reflection that their turn will come another day.

I remember a good illustration of the tenacity with which a Greek escort can do its duty. The son of one of the foreign ministers, with a secretary of legation and a couple of friends, resolved to have some quiet quail shooting, and take their chance of brigands. They hired a boat and its crew, and sailed down the coast one fine evening. The night was darker than they expected; the boatman could not find the place they wanted to land at; and at last, weary with looking in vain, they determined to run the boat on shore at once, light a fire, and camp out till daylight. The sun rose in all his splendour over the shining Archipelago, and the party prepared for a good day's

sport. But a thundering noise was heard, and a galloping serjeant of dragoons entered upon the scene. He explained that the Government had been shocked to hear of such distinguished young gentlemen having made so rash an expedition by themselves, and he had been ordered with a party of his men to ride through the night till they found the milords, and keep close to them till their return to Athens. The other soldiers now came up and proceeded to obey their orders literally. The intending sportsmen could neither sit, nor stand, nor move without finding their faithful guardians in unpleasant proximity. They finished their breakfast, and hoped that at all events they might be allowed to take care of themselves when they had their guns in their hands. Not so, however. No sooner did they form into line and proceed to beat the country for quail than the inevitable dragoons formed on both sides of them to protect their flanks. Birds and beasts fled from such an alarming sight long before the guns could get within reach of them, and there was no remedy.—In vain they attempted to explain to the gallant fellows that they were a most detestable nuisance; the Greek mind was far too vain to see the matter in that light. It was useless to contend against their fate. They were compelled to break up the party and return to Athens at the end of the first day, having bagged one solitary brace of quail.

It was about nine in the morning when we followed our vanguard out of the streets of Athens. Though the place has been augmented since the Crimean war by several pretty suburban villas of the French type, it is not large enough to detain the swift coursers of our Athenian Jehu for many minutes between its walls; and in a very short time we were out in the open country. A bright and clear cool morning promised a fine day, and we looked over the Attic plain to the exquisite slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus, Parnes and Cithæron. The first feature which attracted my attention in looking at these renowned mountains was the singularly refined grace of their general outline. In this respect they differ from any of the mountains with which I am acquainted in other countries of the world. They are neither peaked with precipices nor rounded in undulations; the eye is led upwards by a line of continuous beauty to a gentle summit, whence it descends in the same calm fashion; and it is not difficult to imagine that the mind of the glorious artists of old Athens was powerfully influenced by the marvellous purity and perfection of form which the hand of nature has stamped upon the surrounding country.

Our road passes close by the side of Lycabettus, a hill which used to afford us one of the pleasantest strolls in the neighbourhood; half an hour from the hotel was enough to reach the summit, which commands an almost perfect view of Athens, and all that remains of her former splendour. On the other side we had for a near neigh-

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bour the Ilissus, a mere dried-up rivulet which, as About remarks, is "occasionally damp in winter." The open land on both sides of the road, is, for the most part, uncultivated, and something like a Scotch moor in appearance and colour.—The prevailing plant is a species of thyme, which provides the favourite food of the Hymettian bees, and which gives a powerful and delicious perfume when rubbed in the hand. Asphodels and lilac crocuses were in great abundance, but the appearance of everything denoted want of water. Attica is a dry and thirsty land. Further on our way, as the road began to rise above the level of the plain, a considerable variety of bushes and flowering shrubs, most conspicuously the oleander, refreshed and enlivened the scene.

The pace was decidedly good, and our driver kept the dragoons at a sharp trot for about an hour; we then pulled up at a small village, where the natives indulged in a good stare at us, while our people were refreshing their horses and themselves. In a quarter of an hour we were off again; the plain soon seemed more and more below us, as we found ourselves winding up the road over the lower slopes of Pentelicus. Our spirits rose with our bodies, as every minute added some new object of beauty or interest to the ever extending view. The trees became larger and the shrubs thicker; magnificent bay-trees mixed with the olive and the ilex; and clumps of purple cistus could still show a few lingering flowers among the arbutus-clad rocks. Presently there was a bend in the road among a group of noble trees, and in two hours and a half from Athens we found ourselves at the door of the monastery, to which our saddle-horses had been previously sent forward.

The soldiers threw themselves from their saddles, and stood in picturesque little groups among the trees which came almost close to the white walls of the monastery. Philosophopoulos advanced to the entrance, and presently returned with one of the monks. We had expected to see only the roughest and dirtiest of holy men in this secluded retreat among the mountains; for piety and isolation when combined are seldom accompanied by that cleanliness which is next to godliness. Great, therefore, was our surprise when a very pleasant-looking man of about five and thirty came forward to the door of the carriage, and with all the grace of a true gentleman welcomed us in good English to the hospitality of his monastery. The carriage was left to take care of itself, and the horses and soldiers were taken in for refreshment, while our new friend offered to show us over the establishment. The building is not large, but the situation is perfect.

Those of my readers who have been fortunate enough to scramble about the slopes leading from Baveno to the Monte Motterone, will not easily forget the charm of that half park, half mountain, region where the oaks and chestnuts rise

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magnificently from among green flowery slopes, diversified with grand rocks and clumps of ferns and underwood. An opening among scenery of this kind had been chosen by the founders. A terrace-walk within the walls commanded an enchanting view of the neighbouring mountain side, and the forests stretching from our feet to the plains below, beyond which shone Athens and the Bay of Salamis. In the middle of the courtyard there was the finest bay-tree that I have ever seen—a real tree, under which some scores of men might shelter themselves and read the pretty inscription which, in classical language, invites all men to enjoy the perfumed shade, and to abstain from injuring the friendly branches.

Surprised at the correctness with which our *cicerone* spoke English, and the ease and freedom with which he conversed on the general topics of the world, we could not help asking him a few questions about himself. It appeared he had been in England for about two years, employed in translating the Bible for one of the religious societies of London. He reminded me of the agreeable and intelligent man who was for a long time *clavendier* of the Grand St. Bernard, and who has so often turned a frightful night among the Alps into a pleasant remembrance for the traveller. His conversation was liberal and enlightened, but we were hardly prepared to find him openly heretical. He showed us the little chapel, which was well worth seeing for its quaint pictures and ornaments, and its walls covered with reliquaries and votive offerings subscribed by peasants and by brigands with equal liberality; but he boldly denounced the ignorance and credulity of the people who could attach any value to such things; and, as Paul on Mars' Hill eighteen hundred years ago declared, so did this modern priest declare that the Greeks are too "superstitious." To hear Mahomet cursed in the shrine of Mecca would scarcely have astonished me more than to hear such a complaint as this in the monastery of Pentelicus.

We saw very few brethren, but our Anglicised companion took an opportunity to introduce us to the venerable head of the establishment; he was a very dignified old man in appearance, combining the long white beard of Calchas with the portly form of a lord abbot.—We were informed that he made us a polite and complimentary speech, but unfortunately we could not understand him; and I amused myself by speculating as to what he would say or do if he knew what our introducer had been saying about superstition. He passed on his way; and a supply of coffee and honey was brought into a small room in which we were invited to rest after making our round. But we could not stop long in this agreeable idleness. The day was advancing, and Pentelicus had to be climbed.

The monk escorted us politely to the door, where we found the soldiers mounted and our horses in readiness, under the charge of Philosophopoulos. We mounted also

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and filed off in procession. The ascent began under the shadow of some very magnificent oaks of a sort which I have never seen elsewhere. The leaves were much the same as those of the English species, though larger; but the acorns were at least double the usual size, and many of the cups were fully two inches in diameter, covered outside with close hard curls like those of the crimped trees in children's toy zoological gardens. Turning to the left, we followed a rude apology for a road leading through the forest to the quarries above. The smooth and grassy slopes gave way to rougher ground as we gradually rose through woods of ilex, arbutus, bay, and other evergreens, till we found ourselves in a stony land at the entrance to the quarries themselves.

Here was a field for reflection upon the past! Hence came the Parthenon, the glory of the world; and the very lumps of marble among which our horses were twisting their feet might have been the chippings of blocks that were ordered by Phidias or Praxiteles.—What priceless treasures of art have been carved from the bosom of this Pentelicus, to be the delight of the educated world! What visions of past glory rise before the imagination of the spectator! Nor is there any necessity for him only to think of the past. Even now, though the greatest period of sculpture may have departed, yet the marble of Pentelicus is the same; and there is nothing required but labour and activity to make it a source of great profit to the Government, and of benefit to the world.

Turning again to the left, we ascended for a considerable time by a slightly hollowed ravine in the mountain, the road consisting entirely of pieces of marble of all shapes and sizes, over which the horses struggled with some difficulty. My saddle was by no means adapted to this process of going up an irregular staircase; nor were my stirrup-leathers any better, as they were far too short, and refused to be lengthened. It was difficult to avoid slipping over the horse's tail, so at last I made up my mind to dismount and ascend on my own feet. I was myself again, and happy. One of the most charming features of this part of the expedition was the vast quantity of arbutus trees now in the full splendour of their fruit. They were of two sorts, one being the species usually seen in English gardens, with its large berries of crimson and orange; the other having smaller berries, but much thicker bunches of them. They were all laden with fruit from top to bottom, and it would be very difficult to imagine a more exquisite effect of colour. In all directions they lined the banks, or hung from clefts and terraces among the rocks of white marble, in masses of orange and red, set in the dark green of their foliage, and all shining together under the glorious blue sky of Greece.

In due time we emerged from the region of trees and bushes; the view to the north was added to all

that we had seen in the south; and the bare open top of the mountain was before us. The last part of the ascent was the steepest, and the soldiers remained below with our horses, while we finished the climb with the attendance of our guide only. Turning a corner, we saw a wolf bolting away at our approach; as far as we knew he was the nearest approach to a brigand that we had seen. The upper part of the mountain consists of islands of short grass among a sea of rough stones, but in about twenty minutes after leaving our escort, we found ourselves on the top at two o'clock.

It had been my good fortune to stand on the tops of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa and the Finsteraarhorn, and to wander among some of the golden-hued mountains of Brazil. Truly, these are grand things to think of, but though Pentelicus is only about 3,500 feet above the sea, yet I never felt so intensely interested, I may say so profoundly affected, as when I looked upon old Greece from its summit. The sacred region of art, poetry, and philosophy, the land of heroes, the abodes of the Immortals, were all spread out in one enchanting view. Almost at our feet, on the north, lay the plains of Marathon, all corn-fields down to the edges of the fatal swamps; we could see the tumulus raised by the Athenians over the bodies of mighty dead; and near us must have passed Phidippides when he ran to Athens from the battle-field and died as soon as he could give utterance to the glorious tidings that the Persians had been driven into the sea. There lay the blue channel of the Euripus, and beyond it Eubœa. That long island which so puzzled us in our map-making youthful days with its odd points, and corners, and bays, was now glorified into a chain of exquisitely beautiful mountains, rejoicing in a sun which covered them with purple and gold. More to the west rose Cithæron and Parnes, towards which Aristophanes made his Clouds fly when disgusted with their reception in the city. Then came the shining plain of Athens, and the dark olive groves of the Academy where Plato walked and taught, the bright hills of Corinth, and far away the snowy summits of the Peloponnesus;—Athens itself, where Sophocles and Æschylus triumphed, where Demosthenes thundered against Philip, and Paul preached on Mars' Hill; beyond it the island of Egina and the blue bay of Salamis, once covered with the Persian wrecks.

Here at last was the realization of the student's fancy; the explanation of much through which we had blundered somewhat darkly in the days of Triposes and lectures. The eye that had seen could now understand something more of the land of Homer and Thucydides. Now, too, we could reflect in sadness on "the changes and chances of this mortal life," which have dragged Greece down from the goodly fellowship of heroes to the supremacy of Pallikars and rogues, leaving this fair country in the state "where all save the spirit of man is divine."

Among the most striking features in a panoramic view of Greece from

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the summit of a mountain, is the marvellous variety of outline presented by its sea-coasts. There are absolutely no dull, monotonous lines—bold and rugged headlands, warmed with tents of orange, and moulded in every variety of form, standing forth in a sea of exquisite blue, divide the coast into shining bays and picturesque recesses. In every part of the shores of Greece the traveller finds himself among a combination of beauties which would delight the heart of a landscape painter. A peculiarly exhilarating brilliance, moreover, pervades the Greek scenery, owing to that excessive purity of the atmosphere, which seems to have always infused buoyancy into the hearts of the people, and which must have inspired Euripides when he burst into that soul-stirring chorus of the *Medea*.

No such exact epithet as *lamprotatos* could be found to describe the sky under which we basked, gazing at the enchanted land beneath us and around. The fragrant breeze whispered to us of the great Pan. Ah! what would that dear old divinity have thought in the days of Homer could he have known that in these latter times the only outward and visible sign of his worship would be the pipes that are stuck under the chin of a crusty Punch and Judy player? Sorrowfully we descend from that glorious summit, down to where our dragoons awaited us, on a point which looked over the field of Marathon. Down among the slabs of marble—down through the shining arbutus woods—down under the mighty oaks, which might have spoken oracles, but the oracles are dumb. The monks received us again kindly, and provided more coffee, and more honey from Hymettus. We left a present for the monastery, in return for the hospitality which they had afforded to ourselves and our men; and we parted with sincere regret. The dragoons resumed their saddles, and we took our seats in the carriage. It was easy work going down hill, and with rattling wheels and clanging sabres we sped swiftly back to Athens, as the sun went down, with indescribable glory, over Salamis and the Isthmus of Corinth.

[*St. James's Magazine.*

THE CARBONARI.

The origin of the secret society of the Carbonari ("charcoal-burners") is involved in much doubt and uncertainty. Some authorities assert that it certainly existed during the middle ages in Germany, reaching from thence to France and the Low Countries, but never giving action to its peculiar views, or asserting its presence as a political

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power, till the early part of the present century; others, again, maintain that it only originated during the French occupation of Southern Italy during the time of Napoleon I. In earlier times the Carbonari might have no political secrets to conceal, and from this cause be but little known; but when it gradually merged into a society for the attainment of freedom from the thraldom of dominant power and tyranny, then it may first have come into that prominence which called forth the fear with which it has long been regarded by the government of those countries where it has established itself. Nothing is thus positively known of its early history, nor can much be ascertained of direct and positive certainty as to its resuscitation in the beginning of this century; but the Carbonari began to make themselves known and felt first when Napoleon assumed the Iron Crown of Italy. The class from whom the society took its name gave it also many of the peculiar terms and symbols which they used in their ordinary intercourse with one another, as well as in the process of initiation. They had a printed constitution, laws and rites. These were, as may be supposed, thoroughly liberal in their aims and ideas, and also asserted the right of every man to worship the Deity according to his own convictions. An absolute equality was observed among all the members in the lodges, and social distinctions were, for the time, completely set aside.

The degrees of initiation were two, the second being given after an interval of six months from the first, and were of such a nature as to call up in the mind of new members much of the supernatural and terrible. With eyes bandaged, the "apprentice"—as the new candidate was termed—was brought before the presiding officers of the lodge, and there questioned in regard to name, character, courage, &c. Still blindfolded, he was led forth to undergo certain significant ceremonials, and then brought before the tribunal again, to receive the oath of secrecy, which was administered by the presiding officer or grand-master. At the last words of the oath, "So help me God!" the officers of the lodge struck blocks of wood, which stood before them, with hatchets, which they carried as symbols of their authority, and the bandage being then removed from the eyes of the candidate, he beheld a circle of axes gleaming around his head, and was told that by these he would meet his death should he venture to betray any of the secrets of the fraternity. After being instructed in the secret signs of the order, so far as he was entitled to receive them, he had leisure to observe the appearance of the hall in which he stood. Seated at large blocks of wood, shaped like the trunks of trees, upon which lay their axes, were the officers of the society—these axes being used in the same manner as the chairman of a meeting uses his hammer, to enforce order and attention, as well as to make other signals. In the Roman lodges, however, daggers

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were used instead of hatchets. Over the heads of the officers were suspended the several symbols, as well as the initials of the passwords of the order; and round the sides of the rude and otherwise undecorated hall, were seated the members, according to their rank and degrees. When entering for the second and higher initiation, the candidate, or "apprentice," underwent another severe examination, and received another and still more solemn oath, after which he was invested with a scarf of black, blue and red, signifying charcoal, smoke and fire, other signs and passwords being also given him.

The laws and regulations were of the strictest kind, and took cognisance of the moral conduct of the members in their everyday life; the slightest punishment being suspension of membership, and frequently expulsion from the society; while, for any serious infringement of the rules of the order, the punishment was certain death, no matter what precautions the culprit took to secure himself from the vengeance of the order.

The Carbonari first sought to take direct action in political matters in Italy, when they urged Murat, after Napoleon had installed him as king of Naples, to declare against the emperor, and proclaim the independence of Italy; if in this they had been successful, no doubt Murat would have soon been set aside, and a republic proclaimed; since the society, hated both him and their former king, Ferdinand, with equal hatred. Various causes concurred in making this attempt a popular one among all classes; the nobles thought they would regain many of their ancient privileges, of which they had recently been deprived. The army was jealous of the French officers, now largely employed in their ranks. The lower classes, ever easily induced, were instigated and urged to join the society by the religious aspect of the order, and appeals to their personal interest in the ultimate success of the schemes of the Carbonari. The latter class of members were thoroughly republican, and wished to cast away their old institutions, dethrone their rulers, demolish their nobility, divide the lands of the Church and the aristocracy among themselves, and rise a free and regenerate people. Great numbers of the lower orders of the clergy were also initiated, so that the Court of Rome had no less reason at times to fear those to whom it naturally looked for the most willing support, than the spreading of liberal opinions among the community.

The Carbonari, however, failed to induce Murat to act in the manner they wished; and becoming jealous of their real intentions, Murat began to use measures to disperse and extirpate the society. Soon after, the Carbonari offered to assist King Ferdinand to regain his throne, conditionally upon his recognising the Carbonari as a legally authorised body, and the granting of a liberal constitution to the country. This offer was likewise refused, and shortly after the Con-

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gress of Vienna ousted Murat, and restored Ferdinand to the throne of Naples, when he immediately exerted all his power to put down the Carbonari; but he only scotched the snake—he could not kill it.—The congress having restored Italy to the domination of Austria and the Pope, produced an irreconcilable hatred between the rulers and their subjects, which, from 1815 to 1848, kept Italy in a state of chronic insurrection—a condition of things to which the Carbonari largely contributed. The society at this time began to propagate and spread their doctrines in Switzerland, France, and Germany; and similar societies, under various names, soon sprang up in those countries. Some of these were thoroughly military in their organisation, and met by night to practise the evolutions of a regular army. One of these new societies, however, bearing the name of the "Decided," was nothing more than an organised body of brigands, who surrounded themselves with emblems of terror, such as skulls and crossbones, their passwords being Death, Terror, Sadness, and Mourning. The Government, for long, were unable to put down this society, who plundered and murdered all who were hateful to them; but, by dint of severe and stern examples, they ultimately succeeded in dispersing its members.

Throughout the whole of the Italian States, the various secret societies and branches of the Carbonari held communion with each other; although they severally maintained their own rules and rites, yet all were disposed to unite for the furtherance of their primary object—the revolutionising of the whole country. A central body received from each branch, at stated times, regular statistics of their numbers and condition, and this superior body issued "passes," which enabled their emissaries to obtain food and lodging from members whose houses they might pass. Thus holding communion with one another, the societies easily planned an insurrection, about 1817, in the Roman States, to commence at Macerata, where they were to assemble, and seize the barracks, expecting that many of the soldiers stationed there would join with them. An accident betrayed the scheme to the authorities, and the police searching into the matter, the plot was ferretted out, and a number of the Carbonari arrested, and confined in prison, where they were put to the "question," to elicit the names and purposes of the chief conspirators. Some were sent to the scaffold, and others were consigned to prison for various terms of years. In spite of this and similar failures, the society still continued to increase in number, and extend the radii of their operations. In Spain, the Carbonari increased rapidly: so much so, that an *emeute* which they originated was instrumental in procuring a new constitution for the country. An effort was again made in Naples, soon after the attempt in the Roman States, and with better prospects of success, since they

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had among their members, officers and soldiers of every regiment in the Neapolitan service, and could also reckon upon a number of dragoons and artillery. It began in Naples, and the city was kept in a state of fearful anarchy and disorder, until the king consented to the granting of a liberal constitution, which was all that the more moderate members of the society wished, though many were anxious for a republican form of government.—The number of new members enrolled at this time amounted to upwards of 600,000, and there were about 300 "lodges" in Naples alone.

During the progress of this revolution, many sanguinary scenes took place, but a guard of the more moderate Carbonari was organized, and were greatly instrumental in maintaining order and quiet. Their success in Naples gave renewed hope and ardour to the patriots in the nothern part of the peninsula, and created great uneasiness among the ruling princes and dukes, who strove, by all means in their power. to extirpate the society. Still, in spite of confiscation and the penalties visited now and then upon their members, they organized another insurrection in Piedmont in 1821, and a number of the military joined with them here also.—The King of Sardinia was obliged to abdicate, and his successor granted a new constitution; an army was, however, ordered by the Emperor of Austria to invade Piedmont, and by its aid a counter-revolution was easily effected, and the new King, Charles Felix, gladly seized the opportunity of withdrawing the recently-granted constitution. Thus again, through the concentration against them of forces infinitely superior, their banner, which bore the legend of "God and the People," was once more withdrawn from the light of day. But the struggle was abandoned on the side of the confederated societies with honour, with full consciousness of their strength and with greater and more fervent hopes for the future.

The occupation of Paris by the allied armies in 1815 was the means of introducing Carbonarism into the ranks of the Russian army, and this fact remained quite unknown, in spite of the ubiquitous spy system of the Emperor Alexander. Russia at that time, however, was entirely unfitted for a liberal government, and, consequently, on the outbreak of the tumult at St. Petersburg on the accession of Nicholas in 1825, after an obstinate conflict and great loss of life, the conspirators were routed; a great number of officers were imprisoned, and many executed, while others were sent to the wilds of Siberia. This was the only attempt of the Carbonari to carry out the views of their society in that country.

In France, a great many lodges had been established, subject like those in the Roman States, to a grand central body, who were possessed of full statistics regarding the subject lodges, and the whole were systematized in a manner these societies had never been before,

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Great care was taken as to the persons whom they admitted into their body, in order that no spies might betray them and their designs to the government. A continual watch was kept for a favourable opportunity for an insurrection, and at every great public demonstration, large numbers of the Carbonari were certain to be present, ready to give effect to their designs, should circumstances prove propitious.—They were greatly aided by the army—numbers of whom were members of the society—in the outbreak which took place (in 1822) simultaneously in several cities; but this attempt eventually proved abortive, through the rashness and indiscretion of some of their leaders, and much blood was shed in the suppression of the *emeute* by the government. In 1830, the French Revolution again roused the energies of the Carbonari throughout the various countries where the society was established, although, in the different outbreaks which took place throughout the Continent, their influence could only be distinctly noted in Italy. There the Austrian army again effectually intervened between them and their objects, many dreadful atrocities being committed by the victors. After this, the Carbonari confined their endeavours more particularly to the spread of revolutionary and republican ideas.

How much may be laid to the charge of the secret societies for the disturbances which took place in 1848-49 it is impossible to say; but though the revolution in France at that time was more of a spontaneous popular outbreak than an organized revolution, yet there is no doubt the secret societies were in active work prior to it, preparing for that which many saw and felt was almost inevitable. There had been an outbreak in Sicily in January, 1848, and it may be said that the French Revolution was inaugurated there.

For many years the influence of the Carbonari was lost in the superior efforts of the society of Young Italy, under the leadership of Mazzini. An attempt, made by this society, also proved unavailing; its objects were much the same as the Carbonari,—the freedom of their country from foreign domination, the union of all the petty States into one grand whole, merging all names in the common designation of Italy, and under this forming a great European republic. Their conspiracy was discovered, and the confederacy broken up, many of the leaders arrested and executed while others made their escape into Switzerland, Britain, and France.

Owing to the recent amalgamation of most of the Italian States under Victor Emmanuel, and the objects of the Carbonari being so far attained, the society may no longer be thought necessary in many of the Italian provinces; and as a body of restless men, ever ready for strife and bloodshed, they are now never heard of, far less dreaded or feared. It has been said that Napoleon III, who was at one time a member of the society, entered on the Italian war from a desire to

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conciliate the Carbonari, who were then supposed to be in active operation, and who had repeatedly threatened him for departing from the principles which he had sworn to maintain. Another story, but not a very probable one, is that relating to Orsini, who, it has been asserted, was never executed, another criminal having taken his place on the scaffold; this substitution being effected in order to propitiate the Carbonari, the Emperor and Orsini both having been members of the same lodge.

Such is a brief outline of the career and purposes of this remarkable society, a brotherhood of ardent and enterprising spirits, associated for a purpose for which we, in our own country, have no need to unite ourselves. We can, however, from the standpoint of our own liberties and freedom, sympathize sincerely with those who have suffered so much and bled so profusely for the attainment of similar privileges; and while we cannot always approve of the means taken to attain the objects for which they associated, yet the end for which they laboured deserves our respect and approval.

[*The Family Treasury.*

LESSONS AND PICTURES, ESPECIALLY FOR YOUNG MEN, FROM THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

It may be difficult to give an absolutely perfect definition of a proverb; but it will generally be acknowledged that a saying or composition, in order to be entitled to this name, must possess the qualities of shortness, solidity, and pungency. It must be *short*, so as to admit of being easily called up by the memory, and, in general, of being uttered in a breath. It must be *solid*, coming home to men's business and bosoms, containing some important maxim that shall entitle it to universal currency and to frequent repetition. And it must be *pointed and pungent*, expressed in such happily chosen words as to attract the attention, to lay hold of the memory as by hooks or barbs, and to fasten itself there, and when it once finds a place in the mind, scarcely to admit of its being dislodged from it again. Solomon appears to have recognized more than one of these qualities as essential to a good proverb, when, referring at once to their material value, and to the felicity and elegance in which they ought to be clothed, he describes them as "apples of gold in baskets or network of silver;" and when alluding to their compacted form and point and pungency as fitting them the better for being driven home to the heart and conscience, and fixed in the memory, he speaks

of them as "goads and nails fastened by the Master of Assemblies."

It would not be easy to name a country that has risen many steps above barbarism, in which proverbs are not in extensive use; but those of China, Arabia, Persia, and Spain, are especially rich in the abundance and variety of these sententious maxims. The instances are even not few in which the same proverb is to be found in many different languages, like some winged seed that has been formed to sow itself in every land; especially when it is clothed in some remarkably attractive and striking imagery, or when it gives utterance to some deep thought or feeling of universal humanity.

It is easy to see how important a place the proverb must have occupied in countries without a literature, forming, as it must have done in such circumstances, a sort of common stock of wisdom and instruction from which all might draw; but, in truth, it is impossible for us to imagine a state of human society in which the mission of the proverb is past. For, when we consider how often men are placed in circumstances in which they are called to act rather than to deliberate, and in which even a slight delay would be fatal to well-timed action, it would be difficult to overestimate the advantage of having the mind richly stored with weighty maxims that can be brought to meet the passing exigency. It is but few of our race comparatively that have either time or mental taste and capacity for abstract speculations; the atmosphere is too rare and too cold for most minds; and without unduly depreciating the pursuits of the metaphysician, we are safe in saying that their practical results in past times have borne small proportion to the mental effort or the promise, and that they may be left alone by the multitude with little loss. But every man, in every day of his existence, finds himself in the midst of circumstances in which he needs the guiding-lights of other men's reflective wisdom and experience, and in which some well-remembered proverb, wherein that wisdom and experience have been happily reflected and concentrated, would stand him in good stead, disentangling his feet, making his way plain, or saving him from rash words and acts which, if once spoken or committed, would have given occasion to a long life-time of unavailing self-condemnation and regret.

We might safely take this universal prevalence of proverbial sayings as itself affording conclusive evidence of their utility and adaptation to human life. Undoubtedly, however, the grand testimony to the usefulness of the proverb is to be found in the circumstance that it has been so extensively adopted as the fit vehicle of divine instruction in the Book of God itself; lessons thrown into this form being scattered over almost every part of the field of Scripture, a whole book of the Old Testament, commonly styled "the Book of Proverbs," or "the Proverbs of Solomon," consisting mainly of such choice say-

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ings of compacted wisdom: and a greater far than Solomon, the Son of God, taking up some of the current proverbs of his own time and stamping them with the royal seal of his approval, elevating and transfiguring others by breathing into them nobler and diviner meanings, while he permanently incorporated them with his own lessons, and bringing others fresh from the stores of eternal wisdom—proverbs which, like the cut and polished diamond, are found to sparkle and shed their lustre in many directions, and which for eighteen centuries have been current on the lips of men, myriads of whom have little guessed by what blessed lips they were first spoken; or which, like some nourishing and quickening soil, have been ploughed down and intermingled with the common thought of universal humanity.

Confining our attention now more particularly to *the Book of Proverbs,* I proceed to specify various excellencies which place them immeasurably preëminent above all the other collections of proverbial sayings in the world. This might, indeed, be safely concluded beforehand from the simple fact of their inspiration; but it will be well that we specify these qualities of superiority a little more in detail. One of these is their unexceptionable *purity.* There are no sayings in this magnificent series which express low cunning under the name of prudence, or excuse deception by an assumed necessity, as is the case with so many of the proverbs of Italy; no proverbs which make the individual man his own selfish centre, as is the case with some few of our own country; none which reflect our common depravity rather than the universal conscience; no baseborn proverbs which have evidently come from the mint of hell, and bear upon them "the image and superscription" of the prince of darkness. Like the stars in our firmament, some shining apart, and some grouped in constellations, they all shed some of heaven's true light, even though they "differ from one another in glory."

Another excellence of this inspired collection of proverbs is *their universality of application.* They are not merely adapted to one condition of society, or to some particular stage of civilization.—They abound in broad views and in those "touches of nature which make the whole world kin." Spoken nearly three thousand years ago, and in the sunny East, they hold up a mirror to all ages and to the heart of all humanity. So that, as has been truly and happily said, "they may be studied with fully as much benefit and interest by men who are here in the nineteenth century in populous cities pent, amid the whirl of chariots, the clang of machinery, and the hiss of steam, as by the plain men who thirty centuries ago rode quietly about on asses, and sat in peace under their vines and fig-trees."

A third characteristic excellence of this collection of inspired proverbs consists in their astonishing *variety and minuteness.* They

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penetrate with their useful and homely light everywhere. From the keeping of the heart to our very looks and gestures, they glance upon us with their sage counsels and shrewd suggestions. They abound not only in solemn and earnest advices on good morals, but in judicious and delicate hints on good breeding, aiming to add the seemly to the solid in character, the whatsoever things are lovely and of good report to the whatsoever things are grave and pure.—The temper and the tongue are sought to be regulated by many a wholesome rule. The rich are warned amid the temptations of their abundance, the poor consoled amid the trials of their penury.—There are innumerable wise saws for the young, while the crown of glory is held up before the hoary head. There are counsels for the married and for the unmarried, for the maiden at her toilet, for the judge upon his tribunal, for the king upon his throne, for the mother in the training of her children, for the children in their reverence for parents, for friendship and love, and even for the stranger that may dwell at times within our gates. The husbandman is admonished against procrastination, the labouring man is cheered in his toils, the merchant is warned against false depreciation of his neighbour's goods or undue valuation of his own, and the tradesman against "the false balance, which is an abomination to the Lord."—So that it would be very difficult to conceive of a combination of circumstances so peculiar that this wonderful book would not present some hint or timely direction for our guidance, and from its faithful and genial page light would not arise in the midst of darkness.

And all this is sought to be accomplished by the most skillful variety in the outward shape and drapery of the parable; now by compacted and pointed statement, now by homely allusion, now by felicitous and elegant language, now by dazzling imagery, now by partial obscurity and enigma arousing curiosity, now by the musical cadence of the sentence, now by the play of some fine antithesis, and yet again by the sparkle of a kind of sacred wit; the whole justifying the remark that, "as there is no tragedy like Job, no pastoral like Ruth, no lyric melodies like the Psalms, so there are no proverbs like those of Solomon; all the forms of human composition finding their archetypes and their highest realization in Scripture," and giving sober truthfulness to the assertion, that "were the world in general only governed by this book, it would be a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the whole of the Book consists of a series of proverbs according to the rigid and technical sense in which we have hitherto used that expression. Indeed, the first nine chapters of the book can scarcely be said to come under this description at all; but they are not the less valuable or deserving to be searched and pon-

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dered on this account. For they consist of a succession of appeals to young men, in which, by every form of eloquence, vivid description, tender allusion, resistless argument, and earnest expostulation, the writer seeks to delineate before them the deformities and the horrors of vice, its seductive wiles and its terrible retributions, and to win them and fix them in the pleasant paths of piety and virtue. It is, in fact, a sublime poem on the pleasures of a pure and holy life. Religion, under the name of wisdom, is allegorically represented as a tree of life, yielding delicious shade and wholesome and mellow fruit to those who seek rest and shelter under her branches, throwing a covering of honor around their shoulders, and decorating their heads with a graceful chaplet more precious than rubies. And how does it indicate the importance attached by divine wisdom to the season of youth, and the value with which it regards young men, that nine chapters of an inspired book should thus be specially devoted to their warning and instruction! Young men, study those nine chapters, pray over them, turn them into a mirror by which you may examine your souls, into a lamp by which you may regulate your steps; let them become inwrought with all your moral thoughts and habitudes, "bind them about your necks and write them on the tablet of your hearts for ever."

The second part of the book begins with the tenth chapter and extends to the close of the twenty-fourth, and introduces us to the strictly proverbial portion of the composition. It is composed almost entirely of a series of short sententious moral maxims, such as we have already characterized, reminding one in their precious matter and elegant dress of language, of polished jewels in a chaste setting of gold. These proverbs were selected and arranged by Solomon himself during his life-time.

Of the remaining seven chapters of the book, five were written by Solomon, and appear to have been edited some centuries afterwards by the royal scribes in the reign of of Hezekiah. The thirtieth is occupied with Agur's prayer, and with prudent admonitions delivered by him to his pupils Ithiel and Ucal. The thirty-first, or closing chapter, contains the counsels addressed by the mother of Lemuel, or Solomon, to her son, and is mainly occupied with the description of a virtuous woman and a prudent wife, and for keen discrimination of character, completeness of detail, sagacity of suggestion, and beauty and geniality of colouring, stands unapproached in all literature. One deep and indelible stain rests on the character of this mother of Solomon; but if critics are right in ascribing this last chapter to her, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that, with the one dark exception, her life was high-toned and virtuous, and in that unrivalled picture, in which there is in all likelihood much unconscious self-portraiture, she

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proved herself to be the fit mother of the wisest of men.

It is natural that, after this general view of the character and contents of the book of Proverbs, we should now proceed to turn your thoughts for a little to some individual portions of it which we conceive it peculiary suitable to bring under the notice of young men. Before doing this, however, and indeed as preparatory to our doing it, we would advert to one partial mistake which we are anxious to remove. It has been very common to speak of these proverbs as if they were entirely detached sentences, unconnected except by the outward tie that binds them—"orient pearls at random strung." Now, this statement is not correct to the extent in which it is usually stated. For with an external form of distinctness appropriate to the character of such compositions, it will be found on closer examination that there are, in truth, certain great general principles that underlie and, as it were, mould and animate them all, and amid seeming distinctness and separation, give to the whole a real and hidden unity.

Thus one of the principles that may be said to be inwrought with the whole of this series of inspired proverbs, is the identity of religion with true wisdom, and of irreligion and vice with folly. This principle is, as it were, the very life's-blood of the whole book. The man who lives in ungodliness and immorality sacrifices all eternity for the gratifications of a moment, and is chargeable with the tremendous madness of making the omnipotent God his adversary. The good man is wise for both worlds. In like manner, the supreme importance of motive as giving character to conduct, and hence the paramount duty and high wisdom of "keeping the heart with all diligence"—the danger of a slight divergence from the line of duty as likely to lead to the grossest crimes and to the most shameful falls—the dependence of happiness upon disposition rather than upon possession, upon the state of the inward life far more than upon external abundance—the difficulty and the dignity of individual self-government, exceeding in importance all mere material conquests and crowns—the intention that religion should preside over us in the most common actions of our daily life as well as in the direct exercises of worship, giving law to the merchant at his desk as well as to the minister in his closet, regulating social intercourse as well as animating prayer; the overruling agency of a providence controlling the devices of the most far-seeing prudence and of the most profound policy, or as the sentiment has been expressed by Shakspeare transfusing into his words the thought of Solomon—

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

these principles form, as it were, the undertone of the entire book of Proverbs; and just as the stars, though seemingly detached and even confused, yet in truth obey a common law and move in mystic

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harmony, so do these principles bind these beautiful moral lights in the bonds of a close though secret unity.

1. Keeping these statements in mind, it will be well that we proceed to bring before your attention some selected passages and chosen maxims of peculiar value and appropriateness. In some portions of the book, as we have already remarked, the end of the inspired writer is sought to be gained by vivid and eloquent description rather than by compacted proverbial statement; and there is no instance in which this is accomplished with so much elaboration and expansion, as when young men are cautioned against a licentious life and the deceitful wiles of "the strange woman." We can only glance at the terribly truthful picture as it stands before us, as if with the colouring of yesterday, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters, traced and painted with a master's hand. The brazen countenance and the flatteries of the tempter—the efforts to prevent thought by occupying attention, lest one moment left for conscience to speak might break the fatal spell and set the victim free—the poor simple one yielding to the smooth falsehoods, and going straightway "as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a bird hasteth to the snare and knoweth not that it is for his life." And then the begun retribution following so speedily in this life upon the footsteps of the sin: the young man's substance wasted; his revealed shame; his servitude in cicumstances in which, had he kept in the paths of innocence, he might have been a master; his dishonour, as he begins to be shunned by former virtuous companions, and skulks along in the shadow of the streets a living wreck; his flesh and his body consumed; his bitter self-reproach without earnest reformation; his early death-bed ere he has lived out half his days: his mourning at the last, "How have I hated instruction and despised reproof;" his dark and cheerless passage to the judgment-seat—all these features are accumulated around each other with the most truthful and tragic picturing, and the whole description is wound up with the warning against the wiles of vicious seduction—"Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths: for she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death."

2. And the instructions of Solomon on this matter do not terminate with mere description, impressive though it be in its appalling contrasts between the promise of sin and its deadly fruits—"for her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword." He states certain important rules according to which temptation, and especially the particular forms of temptation to which we are now referring, are to be met and resisted. One of these is that *the temptation is to be avoided rather than braved.* We are never voluntarily to place ourselves in the path of a temptation,

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any more than we should do in the course of an inundation, or in the trail of a serpent. He who parleys with seductive circumstances, and tries experiments how far he can go and not fall, is attempting the most presumptuous and hazardous of all ordeals, and is sinning in his heart already. Keep far distant even from the border-land of sin, and from the haunts of the tempter. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief, and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence." And the other powerful antidote against temptation, by which its spell is broken and the avenues of its entrance into the soul closed, consists in having the thoughts occupied and the affections engrossed by holy themes. The unclean spirits returned to the empty house after it had been swept and garnished; but they could not find access to the heart that was filled with God. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee." "My son," says Solomon, "attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my sayings: let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh."

3. Another of the wise man's moral pictures is employed by him to warn the young against sloth and self-indulgence; and just as a greater than Solomon sends us to the birds of the air and the flowers of the field for lessons of contentment and trust in Providence, so Solomon sends us to the insect for lessons of a well-timed and well-applied industry. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."—The industry, the plan, the foresight, the seizing of favourable opportunities on the part of the little insects, and the provident arrangement, are thus depicted by a few rapid strokes. And then, in contrast with this, the self-indulgent sluggard, taking not only the measure of rest which is required by health, but that which is craved by appetite; waiting for windfalls and lucky chances, when proper energy would have gained for him the advantage and the position which every day's delay is placing further beyond his reach; and ever drawing upon a fair and flattering to-morrow, to make amends for the procrastination and the lassitude of to-day. "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." And then as the consequence of all this languid half-life and despised opportunity, poverty is described as coming nearer and nearer to the sluggard, with slow and steady pace, to seize him with irresistible violence in its cold embrace—"So

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shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Though the portrait of the indolent man is not repeated by Solomon, yet warnings against habits of indolence and delayed responsibilities abound in his proverbs, associated with their many fatal consequences. Nor when we consider how common is this tendency, and how palpably ruinous is its operations, need we wonder that in the proverbs of uninspired men the evil is sometimes very forcibly and quaintly declared, as in that very striking proverb, "The street of By-and-by leads to the house of Never." What a history of half-finished plans and abortive efforts have been the lives of thousands who have come under the spell of this languid and delusive procrastination! What a mocking and miserable disproportion between the promise of some and their performance! Take even a colossal intellect like that of Coleridge, and one of such rich stores as that of Sir James Macintosh, and has not the procrastination of both robbed the world of much that such men owed it? And then who can describe in language of too great severity the fret and hurry which are so surely born of delay—nothing done well because nothing done in its time—and the entire life a stranger to mental tranquillity, and passing constantly into one or the other of the extremes of mental fever or mental collapse. Yet all other procrastination is but a shadow to that which delays the care of the soul. If the one be folly, surely this is madness. The interests of the immortal spirit made to stand aside till every passing trifle is cared for; though even the most momentous worldly interest should scarcely possess in our estimate even the dimensions of a trifle, while this is unheeded.

4. We cannot refrain from bringing to your recollection another of those masterly word-portraits of the wise man, in the description which he has given of the drunkard and his drunkenness. It helps to confirm the resolutions of the virtuous when they are called to contemplate at times not only the wickedness, but the grossness and the loathsomeness of vice. Such, we think, must be the effect of Solomon's description, which has been somewhat happily characterized as "the drunkard's mirror"—"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I

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felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

No lectures on temperance ever equalled in completeness or conciseness this of Solomon. It might have been written for our own age and country, and not one word have needed either to be omitted or added. Mark with what vivid truth he describes the gloomy and spectral procession of curses that follow fast and sure in the footsteps of intemperance: the mad quarrelling about trifles; the wounds and bruises gotten in the drunken brawls; the foolish babblings, and perverse utterances, and injurious self-betrayals, in which the besotted man lays open his most hidden family secrets, and reveals all that is in his heart; the exaggeration of all the weak points and foibles in his character, until he becomes ridiculous as well as base; the awakening in his bosom of the full demon of sensuality; the bloated visage and inflamed eyes telling of the deep and repeated midnight potations; his giddiness of brain, as if he were laid sea-sick in the midst of a ship, or lay upon the top of a tottering mast; his insensibility at last to injury and insult, so that even when he is stricken he is scarcely conscious of the offence; his clouded brain, and deadened conscience, and extinguished self-respect preventing all penitent resolution, and leading him back again to his wallowing in the mire—oh, it is such a picture as makes us feel that drunkenness is not merely a sin against God, but an insult to human nature, and as if we saw in the intoxicating cup which the youth holds up joyfully to his lips, poison, and madness, and death. For "at the last it biteth like the serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Would that this picture of Solomon's were hung up in every cottage and alehouse in the land!

5. But, passing onwards from these pictures, it will be well that I now present you with a few inspired proverbs having especial reference to the duties and dangers of young men. Where the duty is of prime importance, or the danger imminent, we find it reverted to more than once by the inspired writer; so that the different sententious sayings, when brought together, form a cluster or constellation of passages. This is true in regard to filial piety, or reverence to parents, as a few citations may show. "A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish man despiseth his mother." "He that wasteth his father and chaseth away his mother, is a son that causeth shame, and bringeth reproach." "Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." It will not be expected that on citing these passages I should proceed to dilate on the duty of honouring our parents, or on the singular baseness and unnaturalness of neglecting them, or treating them unkindly—a crime which is marked in Scripture, when it has become in any

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measure common, as the sign of "perilous times," of divine judgment, and which sinks the wretch who is guilty of it not only below the level of Christianity, but of human nature. Perhaps no tears more bitter have ever been shed on earth than those which have fallen from the eyes of parents called to mourn over undutiful children; all the brightest dreams and hopes of a life-time blighted, and the very honey of existence converted into wormwood and gall. What a return for years of care and effort, and for the tender love of that mother's heart, which is spoken of in Scripture as a faint image of the heart of God!

But what I am more particularly anxious to notice in present circumstances, is the duty of our continuing to pay respect and deference to our parents even after we have passed away from the parental roof, and have ceased, in whole or in part, to be dependent on their support. I speak to many who are in this very position, and I believe the wise man speaks to them, when he warns them, in one of the proverbial sayings that we have quoted, against "despising a mother when she is old." When, in the natural order of things, the bonds of parental authority are loosening, the finer bonds of filial love should be strengthened. We should cherish their old age, and, while we are in abundance, scorn to see them straitened, or dependent on the bounty of others. If, in some instances, there are children whose parents bring them anything but honour, it is not theirs to lay bare their moral nakedness. I know of few nobler passages in modern biography than that in which John Kitto remonstrates—with all a Christian man's fidelity, yet with all a son's respect—with a drunken father. The rule of our conduct should be uniformly to treat our parents in such a manner as we shall wish to have done when we come at last to lay their hoary heads in the grave. Even the Chinese proverb declares, "All the virtues are in peril when filial piety gives way." For it is the root on which reverence to all other legitimate authority grows, and by which it is nourished; while it is even the type and shadow of piety to the unseen Father. On the other hand, irreverence and disobedience draw down the speedy and often visible curse of heaven; the messengers of divine justice, in the case of such sin, quickening their indignant pace, and refusing to wait the retributions of a future world.

6. Another subject on which the exhortations of the proverbs are peculiarly deep-toned and solemn, is companionships. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Our strong tendency to take the moral shape and fashion of the society with which we mingle, is here most emphatically declared. So much is this the case, that if you will take a youth of promising character and even hopeful Christian leanings,

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and make him the companion of fools, it will not be long ere you begin to mark his downward course. Even although at the first there be no violent outbreak of immorality, you will be surprised to find how soon the horror of sin and the sensitive recoil from it abates, and attempts are made to justify the half-conscious moral transition by an appeal to questionable principles. The young man is already on the inclined plane, at the bottom of which are shame, and ruin, and despair; for "the companion of fools shall be destroyed."

Dr. Arnold used often to mention it as the fruit of his experience at Rugby, that nothing so infallibly told him the changes for good or evil in a boy's character as the company he kept. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that a maxim so confirmed by universal experience should have found varied shape and expression even in uninspired proverbs. The following occurs, for example, among the Arabic proverbs: "Live with him who prays, and thou prayest; live with the singer, and thou singest."—This comes from the more distant East, and is plainly intended to show whither bad companionships will lead: "He that takes the raven for a guide, shall light upon carrion." While in the apologue of the Persian moralist, Saadi, the case is thus beautifully put: "A friend of mine put into my hands a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?' It answered, 'I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was sometime in the company of the rose; the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should only be a bit of clay, as I appear to be.'" Thus, in the light of the wisdom of all nations, as well as of inspired truth, would we counsel young men to choose their associates wisely.—The intercourse of business may throw you at times into the society of godless and unprincipled men, but let the pure, the truthful, the intelligent, the Christian man who is not ashamed to own that he fears God, be your selected associate.—Say to all who would lure you aside from the plain path of duty, "Depart from me ye evil-doers, for I will keep the commandments of my God." Say to the wise and pure companion, "As the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, I will not leave thee."

7. And if Solomon expressed himself thus strongly on the subject of companions, would he not have expressed himself with at least equal earnestness and force, had he lived in our times, on the subject of books? For what are our books but just our associates; the thoughts and feelings and passions of fellow-men coming to our minds through the medium of the eye rather than of the ear, and often commended to us by an amount of genius and power which is not commonly to be expected in our living companions? And surely we ought to apply the same principles substantially to bad books as to bad men.

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There is a sort of intellectual libertinism that claims a right to to meddle with all knowledge. But surely the widest range of legitimate liberty can never warrant a man in reading books whose obvious tendency is to corrupt the imagination, to inflame the passions, to clothe vice in seductive drapery, or to become its apologist by a sort of devil's sophistry, and to inoculate the soul as with a sort of moral plague. Books of this description ought neither to be touched, tasted, nor handled; and the bad logic that would defend such a practice would be equally successful in pleading for the innocence of a loose and vicious companionship. There is deep meaning in the fact which, like so many other things mentiened in the Old Testament, we are apt to overlook without thought, that the children of Israel were forbidden so much as to inquire how the nations which were before them in Canaan had served their gods, with what cruelties and abominable impurities; lest the mere description should pollute their imaginations, and the very familiarity with such forms of wickedness should diminish their horror of them, and act upon their minds with the power of a temptation. We must not allow any amount of genius in an author to blind us to the wickedness of his principles or to the turpitude of his aims.

There are writers who, because of the injury they have done by their cold sneers withering young virtue, by their demon-sophistry deadening conscience, or by their ribald jests surrounding the heart and destroying it as with a robe of poison, have deserved the execration of a world. It has been "the conjecture of a grand and stern thinker, that a departed spirit may retain a living spmpathy with the evil fame and influence of its earthly career, and receive startling intimations of the corrupting and enduring might of genius, in a succession of direful shocks—every quickening of the pulse and clouding of the faith by a voluptuous or sceptical book darting a pang of intolerable agony into the author's heart. Under this affecting view of the accountableness of literature, we may look upon each betrayal to vice and unbelief as a dismal episode of spiritual torment; upon each death-bed of crime first taught and cherished by the ministry of the pen as a sharper sting given to the worm; and upon fathers' and mothers' sighs over lost children as so many gusts to freshen the flame and the anguish of the middle state."

8. I can now do little more than touch on some remaining subjects on which, had not our rapidly leslessening space forbidden us, it would have been profitable to dilate. I should have liked, for example, to commend to you that love of truth of which Solomon speaks so frequently and so earnestly. As in those sentences:—"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is not for a moment."

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It seems declared by these proverbs that in all circumstances, lying is miserable policy, and that that man consults his true honour, advantage, and comfort, as well as his peace of conscience and his happiness in the eternal world, who, in all circumstances and at all hazards, adheres scrupulously and sternly to the truth of things.

"Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie.
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby."

What a base, miserable being is a liar! what anxieties and subterfuges to escape detection! what new lies to buttress and cover the first falsehood! And then what merited distrust and shame after detection, with Satan's broad arrow-mark upon him, in his own lies and dissimulations, telling that he belongs to "the father of lies." "It will be acknowledged," says one who greatly admired and deeply pondered the Proverbs of Solomon—Lord Bacon—"It will be acknowledged, even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men; for a liar faces God, and shrinks from men.'"

And the words have a wider meaning and reference than to the mere transactions of civil business and to the intercourse of social life. They appear as if spoken to encourage our confidence in the ultimate and glorious triumph of truth—of God's own truth in the world. He will take care of it—it is an emanation from himself; for, as the Spanish proverb has nobly expressed it, "TRUTH IS THE DAUGHTER OF GOD." It alone hath immortality. It may be mocked at for a time, and despised like the God of truth when he walked the earth; it may even seem to be crucified and buried; but, as has been justly and beautifully said, like him too, it will not remain in the grave or be holden by the bands of death; but, in spite of the seal, and great stone, and the Roman guard, will spring forth a conqueror, and ascend to a glorious and heavenly throne. It was such a noble confidence in the might and the immortality of truth as this that drew forth from Latimer at the stake that sublime encouragement to his fellow-martyr, in which there is something of prophetic vein, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as, by God's help, shall never go out." "The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

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9. I might, in like manner, have dilated on the many commendations scattered throughout the Proverbs, of the excellence of a forgiving spirit, anticipating our Lord's instructions in his sermon on the mount, and giving glimpses of the ethical glory of the fully developed evangelical economy, as in that fine proverb, "It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression." I might have noticed the numerous testimonies to the excellence and dignity of self-government, of the power of meekness—"A soft answer turneth away wrath;" "A soft tongue breaketh the bone"—to the riches of a contented spirit, and to the importance of a good name, remarking that it is best gained and kept by deserving it, and that a fair reputation usually follows a good character as the shadow follows the substance. I might even have noticed those warnings against the disturbers of domestic happiness and good neighbourhood, the gossip and the talebearer—"The words of a talebearer are as wounds;" "Where no wood is, the fire goeth out."

10. But I shall fitly close this series of lessons, by seeking to impress upon all who read them the peculiar importance that is attached throughout this inspired book to THE EARLY DEDICATION OF OUR LIVES TO GOD. This sentence forms, in fact, the key-note of many chapters: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." There is a sense in which these words are true of every individual day; for in the earliest part of the day our minds are most free and most fit for devotion, and, like the youthful Samuel, God visits us early in the morning. But their chief reference is to the great life-day of our whole earthly existence; and the assurance is that those who seek God early in this great life-day, shall be the most blessed and the most welcome. God loves the kindness of youth, and the warm glow of early devotedness. The sentiment has been strangely and memorably given in an Italian proverb: "When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil, and the bran to God." Do not set apart the strength of your existence and the vigour of your manhood to Satan and the world, reserving only the dregs for Him who has a right to all. Every day that you keep back from God you lose a world of happiness, you bind a chain of sin, you take another step to hell, you render your overcoming more difficult and more unlikely. Oh, you never live truly until you begin to live for God. Then existence is devoted to its proper ends, and living becomes a continual progress to heaven. "Now, therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the post of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all they that hate me love death."

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MARCH.

Poets may sing of the blossoming May,
  Faint with the odour of lily and thorn,
When greener the woods grow every day,
  And the soft skies smile on a spring new born;
Poets may sing of the golden June,
  With its passionate roses under the arch
Of a summer heaven in the sultry noon—
  But mine be a carol for windy March.

Windy March with its frolic gales,
  Filling the woods with a musical roar,
While over the sea scud wet white sails,
  And the foam breaks fast on the rough lee-shore.
Wild free wind, from the far South-west,
  Come, freshen the lands which the summer shall parch,
Gladden our hearts with thy swift unrest—
  Wake the world to the music of March.

[*The Quiver.*

THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A.

The Rev. W. Morley Punshon is nominally attached to the excellent body of Wesleyan Methodists, but, in fact and reality, may be claimed as a minister of the catholic Church of Christ of every denomination. His sympathies are too catholic to embrace only his own branch of the Church; his talents are too splendid for us to allow him, even were he inclined, "to give up to a party what was meant for mankind." He was born on the 29th of May, 1824, at Doncaster, of which borough his uncle, Sir Isaac Morley, is still a justice of the peace. He was only fourteen years of age when his mother died, and two years later he had to mourn the loss of his father also. In the year 1849 Mr. Punshon married Maria Anne, daughter of J. Vickers, Esq., of Gateshead. But his beloved wife died in 1858, leaving Mr. Punshon a widower with four children. In 1845 Mr. Punshon entered the ministry, and since that time he has been a successful and beloved labourer in some of the most important spheres of duty in England. His ministrations were equally appreciated by the sons of toil in Whitehaven, Sheffield, and Leeds, as by the refined and fashionable congregations

that crowded his churches at Islington and Bayswater, and at Clifton, near Bristol, where he now resides. Although Mr. Punshon has been indefatigably earnest in the discharge of his duties as a visitor and pastor of his flock, yet the eminent reputation which he has attained may fairly be considered to rest most especially upon his great gifts as a preacher and speaker. His oratory is of a style peculiarly his own. He has not too slavishly modelled it upon any specimens, either of ancient or modern eloquence; his impassioned utterances are the outspeakings of a generous, romantic, impulsive nature; his language is the product of refined and cultivated taste which has not been warped by any exclusive line of study; his addresses are filled with allusions to classical and modern history, which at once evidence the generally accomplished scholar. There is nothing whatever about him of the conventional theological orator. We have no hesitation in pronouncing his lectures on John Bunyan, Lord Macaulay, Wilberforce, and the Huguenots, which were listened to with breathless attention, and excited the enthusiasm of overflowing audiences, when they were delivered in Exeter Hall, to be amongst the most eloquent productions of the present day. Mr. Punshon's sermons are generally what is styled extempore—that is, delivered from notes, or sometimes even without such assistance; but his lectures, which are his greatest and most successful efforts, are elaborately prepared. Indeed, though he seems to make but little use of it, he almost invariably has his MS. of the lecture before him. Now, it is sometimes vulgarly imagined that real eloquence should not be the delivery of a regularly prepared essay, no matter how gorgeous its imagery or splendid its language, but the literally extemporaneous utterance of one gifted with a flow of language. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to point out how utterly and essentially false such an opinion is. We have stated already our high estimate of Mr. Punshon's eloquence; and as he is a master of that style of oratory which is too often depreciated now, we shall defend at the same time the style of the subject of our memoir and our own estimate of true eloquence.

Persons who think that the careful preparation of the language of a speech despoils it of its right to be considered really eloquent, either forget or have never known that the Grecian and Roman orators who have ever been considered the greatest models of eloquence, always wrote out their speeches and committed them to memory. Demosthenes and Cicero both did so.—Indeed, the most eloquent speech of the great Roman was written out ready, but was never delivered. In our own senatorial history we have a still more remarkable example of the parodox of the most eloquent speaker preparing carefully the points and illustrations with which his famous speeches were, apparently on the impulse of

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the moment, adorned. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was sarcastically taunted with being "the right honourable gentleman who is indebted to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his wit;" which simply meant that the pungent sarcasm which he seemed to throw off spontaneously in the heat and excitement of debate, had been generally thought over and modelled before, and kept in his memory ready for use when any good opportunity presented itself. This may have been carrying preparation a little too far. But the examples of ancient and modern orators of the greatest eminence all go to prove that the title of orator must not by any means be limited to those who depend for their language upon the impulse of the moment.

Mr. Punshon's great powers of eloquence have not been employed with any selfish desire of gaining notoriety, or even of affording a great intellectual treat to those who may be privileged to hear him.—His celebrated lecture on the Huguenots, which he delivered on several occasions, realised for him the sum of £1,000, which he generously devoted to meet the wants of one congregation. The reports of this and similar successes having reached the extremely enterprising Barnum, he proposed to pay Mr. Punshon £2,000, if he would undertake to devote himself to a year's lecturing. Mr. Punshon's answer to this proposal was curt, characteristic, and conclusive. He simply sent him a verse from the Acts: "O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?"—Ever anxious and zealous to devote his talents to the service of any good cause, Mr. Punshon never seems desirous of obtaining anything by them for himself. Having been asked to repeat a lecture at Manchester, and promised £100 for himself if he would do so, he simply replied that "he had not yet commenced to lecture for himself."

It only needs a glance at any of Mr. Punshon's lectures, to see that he has not attained his reputation and success without diligent toil and labour. He has himself, in speaking of Lord Macaulay, well expressed the great and important truth, that hard work is, after all, the only sure road to success. The passage will illustrate a great truth, and serve as a specimen of Mr. Punshon's style:—

"Work, hard work, the sweat of the brain, through many an exhausting hour, and through many a weary vigil, was the secret, after all, of his success. Many who slumber in nameless graves or wander through the tortures of a wasted life, have had memories as capacious, and faculties as fine as his; but they lacked the steadiness of purpose, and patient, thoughtful labour, which multiplied the "ten talents" into "ten other talents beside them." It is the old lesson, voiceful from every life that has a moral in it—from Bernard Palissy, selling his clothes and tearing up

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his floor to add fuel to the furnace, and wearying his wife and amusing his neighbours with dreams of his white enamel, through the unremunerative years; from Warren Hastings, lying at seven years old upon the rivulet's bank, and vowing inwardly that he would regain his patrimonial property, and dwell in his ancestral halls, and that there should be again a Hastings of Daylesford; from William Carey, panting after the moral conquest of India, whether he sat at the lapstone of his early craft, or wielded the ferule in the village school, or lectured the village elders when the Sabbath dawned. It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomplishment, a resoluteness that is undaunted by difficulties, and, in ordinary circumstances, success."

During the last two years ill-health has prevented Mr. Punshon from labouring so actively and incessantly as he could have wished; but we are rejoiced to hear of his partial recovery, and fervently hope that so eloquent an orator, so active a minister, and so earnest a Christian, may serve his Master here for many a year more; for truly the field is large and the harvest is plenteous, but such labourers are, alas! too few.

[*North British Review.*

SENSATION NOVELISTS: MISS BRADDON.

If the test of genius were success, we should rank Miss Braddon very high in the list of our great novelists. The fertility of her invention is as unprecedented as the extent of her popularity. Month after month she produces instalments of new novels which attract countless readers, and are praised by not a few competent critics. A few years ago her name was unknown to the reading public. Now it is nearly as familiar to every novel-reader as that of Bulwer Lytton or Charles Dickens.

Miss Braddon cannot reasonably complain that, in her case, striving merit has been suffered to fret and pine unheeded. Almost as soon as "Lady Audley's Secret" appeared, it was lauded by distinguished critics, and eagerly purchased and read by an enthusiastic section of the public. Daily newspapers which habitually neglected, or carped at works that fell short of a very high standard of excellence, became conspicuous for the exceptional compliments they paid to this authoress. As novel after novel issued from the press the laudatory epithets were, when possible, more copiously showered upon her. Her triumph has been nearly complete. By the unthinking crowd she is regarded as a woman of genius.—The magazine to which she contributes is almost certain to have a

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large circulation, and to enrich its fortunate proprietors. She has bewitched so many persons, that those who have the misfortune to be blind to her charms have had small chance of being listened to when pronouncing an adverse judgment.

Her position in the world of letters can be almost paralleled by that which one of her personages held in the world of art. In "Eleanor's Victory," Launcelot Darrell becomes an artist, after being baulked of a property which he had hoped to inherit. He paints a picture called "The Earl's Death." It is emphatically described as a "sensation" picture. Miss Braddon goes on to say that "although the picture was ugly, there was a strange, weird attraction to it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked it, and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season; one faction declaring that the lucifer-match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the earl the most lovely of womankind, till the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions; and thus everybody was satisfied." Now, there is a "faction" which does not think her "sensation novels" the most admirable product of this generation, and considers that, judged by a purely literary standard, they are unworthy of unqualified commendation. To that "faction" we belong. We shall purposely avoid applying a moral test to these productions; for those who apply it are generally prone to condemn that which they cannot praise, chiefly because others think it admirable. On this principle bear-baiting was denounced by the Puritans; smoking is called a vice by the members of the Anti-Tobacco Society; and drinking a glass of beer is considered scandalous by the supporters of the Permissive Bill. A novel which deserves censure from a literary point of view cannot merit high eulogy solely on account of its morality. That which is bad in taste is usually bad in morals; it is sufficient, then, as it is fair, to apply the test we propose to the works of Miss Braddon.

As yet they have never been criticised otherwise than singly. Thus the leading peculiarities which characterize all of them have not been pointed out. Unless we regard them collectively we shall be unable to form a comprehensive opinion regarding them. It is as unjust to determine the merits of the author of several works on the strength of one only, as it is to decide on the quality of a book after perusing a single page. Putting aside the earlier and more crude works of this authoress, and taking those only which have rendered her so notorious, we shall analyse each of them in turn. It may be that an account of the different plots will not be unwelcome to some readers, and may convey information to those who have neither time nor inclination to peruse all the shilling monthly magazines, or the novels reprinted from them.

The scene of "Lady Audley's Secret" is Audley Court, a "very

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old and very irregular and rambling mansion," situated in Essex. We are assured that "in such a house there were secret chambers." Equally natural is it that there should be a lime-tree walk, "a chosen place for secret meetings and for stolen interviews." Trees overshadowed this walk so as to form a "dark arcade," at the end of which stood the rusty wheel of an old well. Upon everything about the house peace is said to have laid her "soothing hand;" "ay, even upon the stagnant well, which, cool and sheltered as all else in the old place, hid itself away in a shrubbery behind the gardens, with an idle handle that was never turned, and a lazy rope so rotten that the pail had broken way from it, and had fallen into the water." The foregoing passage forms, as it were, the key-note to the work.—From the outset everything is mysterious.

Sir Michael Audley is the proprietor of the rambling mansion and dismal walk, the rusty wheel and lazy rope. Although a widower, the father of a charming daughter, aged eighteen, yet it was not till "the sober age of fifty-five" that he fell ill of "the terrible fever called love," having "never loved before." The lady who attracted him was Lucy Graham, governess in the family of a village doctor. She was supposed to be twenty years of age, and is said to have been "blessed with that magic power of fascination by which a woman can charm with a word, or intoxicate with a smile." Sir Michael "could no more resist the tender fascination of those soft and melting blue eyes, the graceful beauty of that slender throat and drooping head, with its wealth of showering flaxen curls, the low music of that gentle voice, the perfect harmony which pervaded every charm, and made all doubly charming in this woman, than he could resist his destiny. Destiny! why, she was his destiny!" It was not beauty which alone attracted Sir Michael; he loved without being able to help it. He but fulfilled his destiny. Miss Braddon teaches us to say, with the followers of the Prophet, "It is fate." She has to explain, however, wherefore, if it were Sir Michael's destiny to fall in love, it was necessary to depict Lucy Graham as having been so very fascinating. Does she consider destiny to wait upon good looks?

Before passing on we must notice the heroine's hair. All Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines are specially remarkable in this respect. Lucy Graham had "the most wonderful curls in the world, soft and feathery, always floating away from her face, and making a pale halo round her head when the sunlight shone through them."—"No one but a pre-Raphaelite would have painted, hair by hair, those feathery masses of ringlets, with every glimmer of gold, and every shadow of pale brown." "Her yellow curls glistening with the perfumed waters in which she had bathed." "My lady's yellow curls flashed hither and thither like wan-

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dering gleams of sunshine." This is quite in the style of the advertising female who professes to have the power of making any lady "beautiful for ever."

Robert Audley, the nephew of Sir Michael, is one of the prominent actors in this story, and he is in every way so unlike other men of his class, that we shall give an account of him. He is a barrister by profession, and briefless by choice. Having an income of four hundred pounds, he is able to live without toil or trouble. His favourite amusements are smoking German pipes and reading French novels. It was his custom, when the weather was very hot, and he was very tired, to stroll into the Temple Gardens, where, "lying in some shady spot, pale and cool, with his shirt-collar turned down, and a blue silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck, [he] would tell grave benchers that he had knocked himself up with over-work. The sly old benchers laughed at the pleasing fiction." That Robert Audley should have chambers in Fig-Tree Court, should live there on his income, and spend his time in smoking German pipes and reading Balzac's novels, is very likely; but that he should meet "sly old benchers" in the Temple Gardens, who took any interest in his welfare, is as incredible as that a private soldier strolling through Hyde Park on a summer's evening should be accosted in familiar terms by the Duke of Cambridge. One specimen of Robert Audley's conversation will conclusively prove that in everything he differs from ordinary male mortals. He is telling a friend about Lady Audley, and thus describes her: "She's the prettiest little creature you ever saw in your life, George, . . . such blue eyes, such ringlets, such a ravishing smile, such a fairy-like bonnet, all of a tremble with hearts-ease and dewy spangles, shining out of a cloud of gauze!"—This is nearly as amusing nonsense as the stories about the "sly old benchers."

Another person who figures in this novel is George Talboys. He deserted his wife, went to Australia, lived there for three years and a half, then returned to England with £20,000, and learned that his wife had died shortly before his return, leaving an infant son under the care of her father. George Talboys is the attached friend of Robert Audley. They go together to the village of Audley, where they spend some time, and visit Audley Court during the absence of Sir Michael and his wife. Alicia, who remains behind, receives her cousin and his friend. They express a desire to see a portrait of the lady of the house. It is in her bedroom, the door of which is locked. However, they succeed in their object, entering the room through a secret passage. The portrait must have been an extraordinary work of art; certainly, the language in which it is described, is an extraordinary specimen of writing. In the portrait, Lady Audley "had something of the aspect of a beautiful fiend. Her crimson dress ex-

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aggerated like all the rest in this strange picture, hung about her in folds that looked like flames; her fair head peeping out of the lurid mass of colour as out of a raging furnace. Indeed, the crimson dress, the sunshine on the face, the red gold gleaming in the yellow hair, the ripe scarlet of the pouting lips, the glowing colours of each accessory of the minutely-painted background, all combined to render the first effect of the painting by no means an agreeable one." We should think neither the first nor the last impression could be other than painful. It perplexes us to know what Lady Audley was really like when we read a passage like the foregoing, a few pages after having read one like the following: "The innocence and candour of an infant beamed in Lady Audley's fair face, and shone out of her large liquid blue eyes. The rosy lips, the delicate nose, the profusion of fair ringlets, all contributed to preserve to her beauty the character of extreme youth and freshness." As might be anticipated, the effect of the portrait on the two friends was very startling. George Talboys was struck dumb; Robert Audley spoke of it "with an air of terror perfectly sincere." They returned to their inn. A storm of thunder and lightning commenced and raged violently, the effect of which on George Talboys was to make him still more moody, whereas Robert Audley "calmly retired to rest, serenely indifferent to the thunder, which seemed to shake him in his bed, and the lightning playing fitfully round the razors in his open dressing-case." The latter clause merits special notice. We have heard of many curious freaks committed by lightning, but that it should play round razors without injuring, or even exciting a spectator, is a phenomenon of which we never heard before, and shall never read of again except in a "sensation" novel.

Next morning the pair went out to fish. Robert Audley fell asleep on the bank of the stream. When he awoke, his friend had disappeared. Unable to learn any tidings of him, he concluded that he had been murdered, and that Lady Audley was guilty of his death. He begins to collect proofs. Piece by piece he links together the chain which connects Lady Audley with the crime. So industrious, wary, and expert does he become, as to force the authoress to say that "though solemn benchers laughed at him, and rising barristers shrugged their shoulders under rustling silk gowns when people spoke of Robert Audley, I doubt if, had he ever taken the trouble to get a brief, he might not have rather surprised the magnates who underrated his abilities." Yet this energetic young man is depicted as little better than a fool. Four chapters after the passage about the solemn benchers and rising barristers, we read that, being on a visit to Audley Court during the winter,—"he had even gone so far as to put on, with great labour, a pair of skates, with a view to taking a turn on the frozen surface of the fish-pond, and

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had fallen ignominiously at the first attempt, lying placidly extended on the flat of his back until such time as the bystanders should think fit to pick him up." When not lying on the ice "placidly extended on the flat of his back," or doing something equally unnatural and ridiculous, he manifested his good breeding by smoking cigars in Lady Audley's boudoir. Truly, Miss Braddon has very strange notions about the manners and customs of young and inexperienced barristers.

The result of Robert Audley's researches was to confirm him in his belief, and also to change his nature. A more marvellous instance of conversion we never met with. It shows that Miss Braddon's views are decidedly original as to the effect which the unravelling of a mystery has on the mind of a young barrister who is addicted to reading Balzac's novels and smoking meerschaum pipes. These are her own words :—"The one purpose which had slowly grown up in his careless nature, until it had become powerful enough to work a change in that very nature, made him what he had never been before—a Christian."

After his conversion, Robert Audley succeeds in attaining his object. He winds a chain of damning facts round Lady Audley. She makes a desperate attempt to free herself, by procuring his death, setting fire to an alehouse in which he is passing the night. He escapes and accuses her of being a murderess.—Eventually she admits the truth of the charge, as well as the fact that in marrying Sir Michael she committed bigamy, seeing that her husband was alive. This was George Talboys, whom she had pushed down the old well. The matter is hushed up, and instead of being tried for murder she is sent to a private madhouse in Belgium where she languishes and dies. It afterwards appears that she was innocent of the crime of murder, for George Talboys got out of the well and went to America. He opportunely revisits England, to the great joy of his friend. It is not said that Robert Audley ever repented of having been the means of causing his aunt to end her days prematurely in a madhouse, charged with a crime of which she was innocent. On the contrary, there is the usual amount of marrying and giving in marriage. The authoress concludes by hoping that "no one will take any objection to my story because the end of it leaves the good people all happy and at peace."

For a reason very different from that anticipated by the authoress do we object to this story. The short extracts we have given serve to show that the personages are not like living beings. They prove also how thoroughly ignorant Miss Braddon is of the ways of the world and the motive springs of the heart. With the exception of Phœbe Marks, the lady's-maid, not a single personage has any resemblance to the people we meet with in the flesh.

Lady Audley is at once the heroine and the monstrosity of the novel. In drawing her, the author-

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ess may have intended to portray a female Mephistopheles; but, if so, she should have known that a woman cannot fill such a part. The nerves with which Lady Audley could meet unmoved the friend of the man she had murdered, are the nerves of a Lady Macbeth who is half unsexed, and not those of the timid, gentle, innocent creature Lady Audley is represented as being. Whenever she is meditating the commission of something inexpressibly horrible, she is described as being unusually charming. Her manner and her appearance are always in contrast with her conduct. All this is very exciting; but it is also very unnatural. The artistic faults of this novel are as grave as the ethical ones. Combined, they render it one of the most noxious books of modern times. And, in consequence of faults like these, we cannot admit the plea that the story is well told, that the plot is very cleverly planned, that the work is one which, once begun, cannot be relinquished before the close. This plea might be urged in favour of the vilest tales. It is not enough that any work should interest, it must be capable of being perused without the reflecting reader being induced to lament the time he has lost over its pages.—No discriminating reader ever laid down these volumes without regretting that he had taken them up, and that their authoress should have so misemployed her undoubted talents as to produce them.

The difference between it and "Aurora Floyd," Miss Braddon's next novel, is chiefly a difference in names and accessories. Archibald Floyd is another Sir Michael Audley. Like the latter, the former, when advanced in years, marries a beautiful but penniless woman. Mr. Floyd's wife "was a tall young woman, of about thirty, with a dark complexion, and great flashing black eyes that lit up a face which might otherwise have been unnoticeable, into the splendour of absolute beauty." This lady did no wrong beyond giving birth to a daughter who commits bigamy and is suspected of being a murderess. Almost at the outset, we are warned against disbelieving anything in this novel. The trick is a hackneyed one. What is notable in this case is the manner in which Miss Braddon introduces her statement. Having to tell us that the lady was not discontented, and loved her husband, she does it in this wise: "If this were a very romantic story, it would be perhaps only proper for Eliza Floyd to pine in her gilded bower, and misapply her energies in weeping for some abandoned lover, deserted in an evil hour of ambitious madness. But as my story is a true one, not only true in a general sense, but strictly true as to the leading facts which I am about to relate, and as I could point out, in a certain county far northward of the lovely Kentish woods, the very house in which the events I shall describe took place, I am bound also to be truthful here, and to set down as a fact that the love which Eliza Floyd bore for her husband

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was as pure and sincere an affection as ever man need hope to win from the generous heart of a good woman." In addition to considering this as a very round-about way of stating a very simple fact we regard it as one of those blunders which a true artist would never commit.

Before examining into the details of this novel, we shall indicate the nature of the plot. Aurora, the heroine and daughter of the wealthy banker Mr. Floyd, is first engaged to Talbot Bulstrode, then to John Mellish, whom she marries. Mr. Mellish has a groom, James Conyers, who had formerly been in the employment of Mr. Floyd. With him, Aurora, while still a girl, had fallen in love. He had enticed her away from a French boarding-shool, and induced her to marry him. This was her secret, and because she would not reveal it to Talbot Bulstrode, he had broken off the engagement. Before marrying for the second time, she learned on good authority, that her first husband was dead. When he reäppears as her second husband's servant, she tries to bribe him to leave the country. Terms are arranged between them. She has an interview, and pays him the required sum. A few minutes afterwards he is shot through the heart. Aurora is suspected of having committed murder as well as bigamy. Like Lady Audley, she has been guilty of one crime only. This being satisfactorily proved, she is re-married, and her trials are over.

The distinctive characteristics of Aurora are her eyes and hair. The former are "like the stars of heaven;" the latter is blue-black. We are told that "like most young ladies with black eyes and blue-black hair, Miss Floyd was a good hater." This is rather puzzling, seeing that Lady Audley was represented as an excellent hater, although her eyes were blue and her hair red.—There must have been something terrible in Aurora's eyes, for on one occasion she is represented as looking at a man "with her eyes flashing forked lightnings of womanly fury." Of course, the possession of such eyes and hair is made the theme of many impassioned paragraphs. The following is a specimen: "The thick plaits of her black hair made a great diadem upon her low forehead and crowned her as an Eastern empress; an empress with a doubtful nose, it is true, but an empress who reigned by right divine of her eyes and hair. For do not these wonderful black eyes, which perhaps shine upon us only once in a lifetime, in themselves constitute a royalty?" In another chapter she is depicted "with her coronet of plaits dyed black against the purple air," and again with "her long purple-black hair all tumbled and tossed about the pillows." Be it observed that her hair changes its colour according to circumstances. At one time it is simple black, at another blue-black, then dead-black, and lastly purple-black. The last change occurs in the tenth chapter of the first volume. In the second volume the epithets are repeated without much variation. There Aurora is spoken

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of as "that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen with the flashing eyes and sepentine coils of purple-black hair." She is also represented lying on a sofa, "wrapped in a loose white dressing-gown, her masses of ebon hair unveiled and falling about her shoulders in serpentine tresses, that looked like shining blue-black snakes released from poor Medusa's head to make their escape amid the folds of her garments. . . . One small hand lay under her head, twisted in the tangled masses of her glorious hair." In this same volume Miss Braddon observes, that "some women never outlive that school-girl infatuation for straight noses and dark hair." Remembering what she has written about Lady Audley's golden locks, we must admit that Miss Braddon is not given to admire any particular hue, and that she evidently loves hair for its own sake, provided that it be abundant.

From a lady novelist we naturally expect to have portraits of women which shall not be wholly untrue to nature. We have seen that Lady Audley is quite as fantastic a sketch as that of any of the male characters. The following example will prove that Aurora Floyd is equally wanting in the traits which constitute a true woman. A half-witted servant having kicked a lame dog of which she was very fond—

"Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steeve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared aghast at his assailant.—Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him, her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion.

"The man crouched beneath the grasp of the imperious creature.

"'Let me go!' he gasped, in his inward whisper, which had a hissing sound in his agitation; 'let me go, or you'll be sorry; let me go!'

"'How dared you!' cried Aurora, 'how dared you hurt him?—My poor dog! My poor, lame, feeble dog! How dared you do it?—You cowardly dastard! you—'

"She disengaged her right hand from his collar, and rained a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip; a mere toy, with emeralds set in its golden head, but stinging like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand.

"'How dared you!' she repeated again and again, her cheeks changing from white to scarlet in the effort to hold the man with one hand. Her tangled hair had fallen to her waist by this time, and the whip was broken in a half-a-dozen places."—(Vol. i. pp. 273, 274.)

When Aurora's husband suddenly found his wife thus employed, we are told that he "turned white with horror at beholding the beautiful fury." If he had been a

genuine man, and not the puppet of a female novelist, he would have turned away with loathing from the sight. An authoress who could make one of her sex play the chief part in such a scene, is evidently acquainted with a very low type of female character, or else incapable of depicting that which she knows to be true. We are certain that, except in this novel, no lady possessing the education and occupying the position of Aurora Floyd could have acted as she is represented to have done.

After having depicted the wicked Lady Audley and the tempestuous Aurora Floyd, Miss Braddon celebrated the victory of a heroine who is at once unnatural and namby-pamby. In one respect, "Eleanor's Victory" differs essentially from the other works of this prolific authoress. "Lady Audley" contains one secret only: this one contains three. Eleanor has a secret, so has Gilbert Monckton, a staid solicitor, and Launcelot Darrell, a contemptible scapegrace. Thus there is abundance of "sensation" in this novel also. Soon after beginning it, we are excited. Towards the commencement of the first volume, George Vane, a ruined and irreclaimable spendthrift, commits suicide. The loss, at play, of a sum of money he can ill spare, is the incentive to do this. His daughter Eleanor, aged fifteen, thereupon swears to be revenged upon the man who had won her father's money, and thus hastened his death. This takes place in Paris. She then returns to London, and after eighteen months have elapsed, becomes the companion of Laura Mason, who lives with a widow named Darrell, and is the ward of Gilbert Monckton. Some time afterwards the widow's son, Launcelot, returns from India. He falls in love with, and proposes, but without success, to Eleanor. Meantime she discovers that he had not gone to India: she suspects that he might have been in Paris at the date of her father's death, and that he is the person on whom she had sworn to wreak her vengeance.—Simply, in order to further her plan, she accepts the proffered hand of Gilbert Monckton. The guilty Launcelot is in expectation of succeeding to the property of Maurice de Crespigny. Shortly before the old gentleman's death, he learns that the property is bequeathed to another. Thereupon he gets a forged will prepared and substituted for the real one, according to which the property went to Eleanor. She, however, cares more about revenge than money. Suspecting foul play, she watches, and detects Launcelot in the act of substituting the forged will for the genuine one. For a time she fails in bringing this home to him, but does so ultimately, and then at the request of his mother, refrains from making his guilt public. Launcelot becomes an artist, and rises to fame. The moral of the story seems to be, that to cheat an old man at cards and to forge a will are no impediments to attaining distinction in the world, and, indeed, are rather venial offences.—

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Let the authoress speak for herself on this momentous point: "And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife." When this novel appeared, it was highly praised. The severest critics saw nothing to object to in it. From the outline we have given of the plot our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that if there be no glaring impropriety in this novel, then all novels may be absolved from censure on the ground of immorality.

Several of the personages are less objectionable than the story. If we except her conduct as an avenger, the heroine is an interesting person. When describing her appearance, Miss Braddon gives us her theory about a face. It will be seen that, much as she values hair, there are other things she admires more. After saying that Eleanor's eyes were "grey, large, and dark," she proceeds thus:—"I would rather not catalogue her features too minutely; for though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft golden brown, bright and rippling like a sun-lit river." Elsewhere it is said that her "glorious hair was suffered to fall from under the bonnet, and stream about her shoulders like golden rain." Again, she is depicted "with her white bonnet, and nimbus of glittering hair." The following remark is fresher, though by no means in better taste, being a capital example of "sensation" writing:—Eleanor stood with "her long auburn hair streaming over her shoulders with the low light of the setting sun shining upon the waving tresses until they glittered like molten gold." Before quitting the subject of hair for the present, we must note by far the most remarkable of the many variegated tints with which Miss Braddon colours the hair of her heroines and heroes. She makes one of her personages, called Laura Mason, "a little romantic girl with primrose-coloured ringlets."

The most curious incident a novelist ever imagined occurs in these volumes. Gilbert Monckton, Eleanor's husband, becomes jealous of her, without being able to verify his suspicions about her infidelity. He discovers, however, that although she may not love another, yet she does not love him. Thereupon he deserts her, and writes a letter, from a distant town, proposing a separation. She, in her turn, runs away from the house her husband has forsaken, changes her name, and engages herself as companion to a lady. Her husband soon repents him of his conduct. When he wishes to make amends he cannot find his wife. Through an accident, the couple, who had run away in opposite directions from the same house, meet again and become reconciled.

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"John Marchmont's Legacy" may be summarily characterized as a tale of destiny. "The awful hand of Destiny" menaces us in the first chapter, and in the sixth the authoress asks—"Has the solemn hand of Destiny set that shadowy brand upon the face of this child?" Indeed, Miss Braddon reiterates shallow phrases about "Fate" or "Destiny," as if she thought that, by so doing, her readers would he reconciled to the improbabilities with which she surfeits them.

There were three heroes in this novel, of whom John Marchmont is the least conspicuous, although his position is not the least enviable. When we first make his acquaintance, he is acting as a supernumerary for a shilling nightly at Drury Lane. Brighter days are in store for him. Owing to the unlooked-for deaths of several relations, he succeeds to the estate of Marchmont Towers, and to the enjoyment of an income of eleven thousand pounds. But his wealth profits him little, for he is in the last stage of consumption. He is a widower, and his daughter Mary, who is but a child, will eventually become mistress of Marchmont Towers. Should she die without issue, her cousin, Paul Marchmont, will succeed. A year before his death her father marries Olivia Arundel, a lady of strong religious views, and who entertains an unquenchable love for her cousin Edward. The marriage is a matter of convenience for both parties. John Marchmont thinks that Olivia will make a good guardian for his daughter after his decease, while Olivia is tempted by the dignity she will attain to. After her husband's death, Olivia acts the double part of exacting guardian and harsh stepmother to Mary. She is harassed by the knowledge that the latter is loved by Captain Edward Arundel. Mary, unable to bear her stepmother's treatment, flies from Marchmont Towers, and is married to her lover. Being obliged to leave her alone for a short time, he is laid up for some weeks on account of a railway accident. Paul Marchmont and Olivia plot together to make away with Mary. The former does this that he may succeed to the estate, the latter that she may punish him who was insensible to her charms. Captain Arundel recovers, but cannot learn where his wife is, or whether she is alive. He is told that she suddenly left Marchmont Towers one night, and is supposed to have drowned herself. Meantime she is kept prisoner in a boat-house, where she remains some years, and gives birth to a son. As years pass away Captain Arundel ceases to think that his wife is alive, and becomes engaged to another lady. On the wedding-day Olivia repents and tells him where his wife is concealed. Paul Marchmont commits suicide. Olivia becomes mad. The wife who has been restored to Captain Arundel soon dies. After a few years he finds final consolation in marrying her with whom the marriage had been so dramatically hindered. It will be seen that the plot is nearly

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as involved as the incidents are startling.

With Olivia, Miss Braddon has taken great pains. She is the daughter of the Rector of Swampington. Before marriage she did her duty, and disliked it. As a reward, the bishop used to compliment her on her devotion. Censorious old ladies unhesitatingly lauded her wondrous self-denial, and her assiduity in ministering to the wants of the poor and the ailing. All this gave her no relief; for, like Miss Braddon's heroines, she was oppressed by a sad secret—"She was weary of life." Less is said about her secret than is said about her hair, which, of course, is unlike that of any one else. "It had not that purple lustre, nor yet that wondering glimmer of red gold, which gives peculiar beauty to some raven tresses. Olivia's hair was long and luxuriant; but it was of that dead, inky blackness which is all shadow. It was dark, fathomless, inscrutable, like herself." What terrible hair!

As far as we can gather, the only reason why Olivia was so madly in love with her cousin, was that his locks were red, and hers black.—The first time he is referred to, it is said that he had "a nimbus of golden hair" shining about his forehead. In this respect he is not singular; for, as may be remembered, Eleanor Vane had a "nimbus of glittering hair." "That wandering glimmer of red gold" which was wanting in Olivia's hair was conspicuous in that of Captain Arundel; and we are assured that "the glitter of reddish gold in his hair, and the light in his fearless blue eyes" contributed to render him attractive. When married to the girl Olivia detests, he is said to have had "chestnut curls." Circumstances alter hair as well as cases. Even Captain Arundel is made to talk nonsense on this subject. This example is interesting as being an additional one of the kind of talk in which Miss Braddon thinks that gentlemen indulge. He is made to say that he liked certain "girls in blue, with the crinkly auburn hair,—there's a touch of red in it in the light,—and the dimples." So absorbing and important is the great hair question in the estimation of this authoress, that when questioning herself as to why she loves her cousin, she first asks—"Is it because he has light-blue eyes and chestnut hair with wandering gleams of light in it?"

The character of Olivia is as extraordinary as her appearance. What she really was is thus summed up: "Did she sacrifice much, this woman, whose spirit was a raging fire, who had the ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth?" How she acted is shown in one passage, which is notable as being among the passages of the genuine sensational style. She had witnessed love-making between Mary and Captain Arundel. So strange does she look that Mary asks her what is wrong. "Olivia Marchmont grasped the trembling hands uplifted entreatingly to her, and held them in her own,—held

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them as if in a vice. She stood thus, with her step-daughter pinioned in her grasp, and her eyes fixed upon the girl's face. Two streams of lurid light seemed to emanate from those dilated grey eyes; two spots of crimson blazed in the widow's hollow cheeks." The latter portion is inimitable. We doubt if, even at the Surry Theatre, anything like it was ever delivered. After reading that Olivia's hair "was dark, fathomless, inscrutable," and that, when excited, "two streams of lurid light emanated from her eyes," and "two spots of crimson blazed" in her hollow cheeks, we are inclined to think she is but a creature of Miss Braddon's imagination, and that such a personage is as unreal as a hobgoblin.

Paul Marchmont, the villain, is hardly so overpowering as his accomplice. Of course he is notable for his hair, which is said to have given "a peculiarity to a personal appearance that might otherwise have been in no way out of the common. This hair, fine, silky, and luxuriant, was white, although its owner could not have been more than thirty-seven years of age." He is but a sorry scoundrel. After being publicly horsewhipped he meekly forgives his chastiser. The loss of honour is as nothing compared with the possession of Marchmont Towers. Had he been drawn after the life, he would have been endowed with some redeeming qualities. When a man acts as a villain, he does not, as Miss Braddon seems to think, cease to be a man. Even had Paul Marchmont been what we are told he was, he would not have committed suicide; but have sneaked away with whatever property he could steal. This authoress adds another to the many proofs she furnishes us with of her entire ignorance of human nature and mental processes, by making Paul Marchmont commit suicide after the manner of Sardanapalus.

"Henry Dunbar" contains another tale of guilt and crime. The hero is a brutal murderer. With an ingenuity which we must acknowledge without admiring, Miss Braddon has here devised an entirely new sort of murder. The victim is the head of an East Indian banking firm. He had been obliged to leave the army and his country in early life, on account of its being discovered that he had forged a name to a bill, or rather that he had induced another to do the deed by which he was to benefit. Thirty-five years elapse, and he returns home to occupy the post of head partner in the London house. His former accomplice, Joseph Wilmot, who had been scurvily treated, as he thought, contrives to meet Mr. Dunbar at Southampton, there murders his old employer, assumes his name, and becomes possessed of his wealth.—The puzzle consists in Mr. Dunbar being suspected of having murdered his servant, the real murderer being regarded as the victim. In the end the truth is discovered; but the murderer escapes from justice, dying respected and penitent in an obscure village at the sea-coast.

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It would hardly have occurred to any other than a "sensation" novelist to make a story like this the subject of a work in three volumes. Few other novelists could have invented anything so diabolical as the murder, or have depicted with seeming complacency the after-life of the criminal. The impression made is, that the murderer was a clever man, and was very hardly used. In her preface, Miss Braddon tells us that "the story of Henry Dunbar pretends to be nothing more than a story, the revealment of which is calculated to weaken the interest of the general reader, for whose amusement the tale is written." The most astonishing thing about this is, that Miss Braddon should seriously consider a tale of crime as fitted for the "amusement" of anybody. Her notion of what "the general reader" is may be the correct one. We earnestly trust, however, that he does not possess the morbid tastes of Miss Braddon, and is a less contemptible personage than she considers him to be.

Here, again, we find nothing remarkable about the personages excepting their hair. If the following be true, then many disreputable-looking characters have it in their power to become gentlemen in appearance at a very small cost. After Joseph Wilmot had his beard shaven off, his moustache trimmed, and his hair cut, "he was no longer a vagabond. He was a respectable, handsome-looking gentleman, advanced in middle age; not altogether unaristocratic-looking. The very expression of his face was altered. The defiant sneer was changed into a haughty smile; the sullen scowl was now a thoughful frown." After this it sounds tame to hear it said about Laura Dunbar: "How beautiful she looked, with the folds of her dress trailing over the dewy grass, and a flickering halo of sunlight tremulous upon her diadem of golden hair." Miss Wilmot, the murderer's daughter, possesses, however, the most wonderful locks of any of the personages described by Miss Braddon.—For them she cannot find a colour. We suppose they must have resembled those of Tittlebat Titmouse after the application of the mixture which made his hair all the colours of the rainbow. Miss Wilmot's "was of a colour which a duchess might have envied, and an empress tried to imitate with subtle dyes compounded by court chemists." Is any particular colour of hair the right one for a duchess to have? If so, we suppose it must match with strawberry leaves.

Towards the end of "The Doctor's Wife," the authoress says: "This is not a sensation novel.—I write here what I know to be the truth." Something of the same thing was stated by her at the commencement of "Aurora Floyd," and indeed novelists are allowed to make such statements for the sake of effect, without its being expected that they should be literally correct. In the case of "The Doctor's Wife," Miss Braddon very nearly wrote what was literally true. Had the plot been very

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slightly altered, and certain passages omitted, this novel would not have contained any one burning for revenge, or thirsting for blood. There are fewer artistic faults in it than in any of the works we have discussed. It proves how very nearly Miss Braddon has missed being a novelist whom we might respect and praise without reserve. But it also proves how she is a slave, as it were, to the style which she created. "Sensation" is her Frankenstein.

Isabel Sleaford, who has read novels and poems till they become incorporated with all her thoughts, marries George Gilbert, a country surgeon, and a strict matter-of-fact man. It is one of those unions about which Sir Edward Lytton loves to write—the union of the Real with the Ideal. Such an union is quite certain to produce misery. In this novel the wife is the sufferer. She is vexed to find the hard realities of life so inferior to the life which is represented in fiction. When suffering from the painful effects of disenchantment, she makes the acquaintance of Roland Landsell, a gentleman who has a splendid property, and who writes poems in the style of Byron, when Byron was a cynic. Mrs. Gilbert makes of this rich but wretched gentleman the hero of her heart. She reads his poems with rapture. She listens to his opinions with respect, mingled with awe. In his house she finds the fruition of her dreams of luxury. The result may be foreseen. But the consequences are not what we should anticipate. No marriage vows are broken. Though overtures are made, yet no offence is committed. At the crisis of the story, Mrs. Gilbert's lover is murdered by her father, and her husband is carried off by fever.

A novelist who gives upwards of twenty volumes to the world may add others to the heap, but will hardly alter the opinion we shall form respecting their literary merits. The new ones may be very good, but cannot be as original as the old. "Only a Clod" is a proof of this. The stamp of the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" is visible in every page. Style, tone, and method of construction are all old; the names and a few of the epithets alone are different.

Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, is a private soldier, who comes unexpectedly into a property yielding him upwards of thirty thousand a year. He marries Maude Hillary, who had been engaged to Ensign Lowther, whose servant he had formerly been. Mr. Harcourt Lowther becomes the intimate associate of the rich man. He initiates him into the mysteries of Bohemian life, doing this with the view either of ruining his health, or at least of detaching him from his wife. The authoress exhibits great familiarity with the customs of the least reputable district of London. She tells us Francis Tredethlyn "found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in electro-plate." There, he was carried "to worship at numerous temples, whose distinguishing features were the flare of gas-lamps,

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and the popping of champagne corks, branded with the obscurest names in the catalogue of wine-growers, and paid for at the highest rate known in the London market." We are assured, however, that he entered those curious temples as a spectator only: that his "worst sin was the perpetual 'standing' of spurious sparkling wines, and the waste of a good deal of money lost at unlimited loo, or blind hookey, as the case might be." Many other particulars are given of what he saw and felt. To us it is a mystery far more perplexing than anything in these novels, how a lady should be able to describe with such minuteness what she designates as "remote and unapproachable regions, whose very names were only to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vougeot at a bachelor's!"

Harcourt Lowther is unexpectedly baffled in his project. Having discovered that Francis Tredethlyn was in the habit of visiting a lady at Petersham, he contrives that Mrs. Lowther shall witness an interview between the two. When next she meets her husband, she tells him that they are to remain strangers to each other, and that his presence inspires her "with disgust and abhorrence." The lady in question turns out to be Mr. Tredethlyn's cousin, whom he had long been in quest of, and who had been married to, and then deserted by, Mr. Lowther's elder brother. This, of course, is not explained at the proper time to Mrs. Tredethlyn. In place of giving a clear statement of the affair, her husband determines first to upbraid his pretended friend, and then to fly from his home. It is a peculiarity of Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines that they are always ready to abandon wife, children, and home, and proceed at a moment's notice either to Australia or America. He takes his revenge on Harcourt Lowther by exposing his conduct in the presence of a host of friends. Then occurs the following scene, which resembles that extracted from "Aurora Floyd," and also one which we did not extract from "John Marchmont's Legacy." It is remarkable as evincing what Miss Braddon considers to be the way in which gentlemen would act when in a state of passion. Mr. Tredethlyn having finished speaking, "there was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat; and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling each other in a fierce struggle. It was very long since that gentleman had been weak enough to get in a passion. . . Mr. Lowther lost his head all in a moment, and abandoned himself to a sudden access of rage, that reduced him to the level of a wounded tiger. . . It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredethlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately-built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully."

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"'We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my county,' Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster-shells."

This feat accomplished, Mr. Tredethlyn sets off with the intention of starting for South America.—No sooner has he departed than his wife longs for his return. Tidings arrive that the vessel in which he is supposed to have sailed has been destroyed by fire, and that all on board have perished. His widow is inconsolable for her loss. When in this state, Mr. Lowther has an interview, and proposes for her hand; which, we suppose, is the right thing for a "delicately-built Sybarite" to do under the circumstances. His overture is scornfully repulsed. He is ordered to leave the house. Before obeying, he stands for a few moments looking at Mrs. Tredethlyn:—"A strange compound of passionate admiration and vengeful fury flamed in his eyes." After taking his departure, he wanders "to some dismal waste-ground in the neighbourhood of Battersea. . . . There he laid himself down amongst the rubbish of a deserted brickfield, and cried like a child." For Harcourt Lowther a heavier punishment is in store than that of being hurled among broken bottles and lobster-shells, or ignominiously turned out of the house of which he was scheming to become master. While endeavouring to make a drunkard of Francis Tredethlyn, he acquired the habit of drinking to excess.—At last, he dies of delirium tremens at a German watering-place.

As may be easily divined, Francis Tredethlyn did not sail in the ship which was lost. He had taken his passage, but did not get on board in time. Everything is explained between him and his wife; and they are reünited, to live, as is the manner of such persons at the end of a novel, an unclouded life.

Having now passed in review the long roll of Miss Braddon's personages, what report can we make, what judgment must we pronounce? Have we discovered among them one who thoroughly amuses or interests us; one whom we might be tempted to take as a model, or compelled to admire as the impersonation of anything noble in demeanour and loveable in mind? Is there a single page in her writings from which we have derived any gratification or learned anything new? Have we found her to be a creator of new types, a copyist of living personages, or a creator of unnatural monstrosities?

Applying to her productions the test which we named at the outset, we find that she excels where to excel is no merit, failing utterly in those respects wherein to fail means mediocrity. Of pathos and humour, happy touches and telling sayings, words which depict while they explain, thoughts at once original and impressive, we can discover no

traces in her pages. What is conspicuous above all things is the skill with which she groups her materials, and the manner in which she deals with revolting topics, so as to hinder the startled reader from tossing her volume away in sheer disgust. She can tell a story so as to make us curious about the end. Does the power of doing this alone stamp her as a great novelist?

Sydney Smith would have replied, assuredly it does. When reviewing Mr. Lister's undeservedly forgotten novel, "Granby," he wrote these words: "The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please: and it must do that or it does nothing."

Now, the reviewers who have lauded Miss Braddon's novels, apply to them only the test employed by Sydney Smith. They tell us that the plots will hardly bear criticism, that the tone is unhealthy, that the views of life are false and mischievous; but they recommend them to us notwithstanding, merely on the ground that each can be read from the first to the last page without our attention ever flagging, or our interest being abated. They are recommended, moreover, as good stimulants in these days of toil and worry, and as well fitted for relieving overtaxed brains by diverting our thoughts from the absorbing occupations of daily life.

Others take different ground. According to them the "sensation tale" is no novelty. They boldly avow that all great novels are as sensational as those of Miss Braddon. If called upon they would cite as examples some of the best works of Scott, and a few of the works of Bulwer Lytton and George Eliot. "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Eugene Aram," "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," are unquestionably novels wherein there are incidents as highly coloured as in "Lady Audley's Secret" or "Henry Dunbar." The difference however, is far greater than the resemblance. These works are truthful taken as wholes, and even the startling occurrences are not at variance with experience and probability. According to Miss Braddon, crime is not an accident, but it is the business of life. She would lead us to conclude that the chief end of man is to commit a murder, and his highest merit to escape punishment; that women are born to attempt to commit murders, and to succeed in committing bigamy. If she teaches us anything new, it is that we should sympathize with murderers and reverence detectives. Her principles appear to us to resemble very strikingly those by which the Thugs used to regulate their lives.

The charge is a hard one; but of its justice we are firmly convinced. The extracts we have given suffice to prove that it is deserved. Let

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her personages cease to be potential or actual criminals, and they will stand forth as lay figures distinguishable for nothing except the shape of their noses and the colour of their eyes and hair. They excite our interest only so long as they are blameworthy. Her good people are insufferably stupid. Sir Michael Audley, John Mellish, George Gilbert, Francis Tredethlyn suffer for the sins of others, and seem to suffer deservedly. We can hardly sympathize with fools when their own folly is the cause of their misfortunes. Miss Braddon renders all those who are not wicked so utterly ridiculous, that we are tempted to infer she designed to show how mistaken a thing is probity or goodness.

Tested, then, by a purely literary standard, these works must be designated as the least valuable among works of fiction. They glitter on the surface, but the substance is base metal. Hence it is that the impartial critic is compelled, as it were, to unite with the moralist in regarding them as mischievous in their tendency, and as one of the abominations of the age. Into uncontaminated minds they will instil false views of human conduct. Such notions are more easily imposed on the unwary than eradicated from the minds which have cherished them. Miss Braddon makes one of her personages tell another that life is a very different thing in reality than in three-volume novels. She has manifested this in her own works. But the fact of this difference is a conclusive proof of their inferiority. A novel is a picture of life, and as such ought to be faithful. The fault of those novels is that they contain pictures of daily life, wherein there are scenes so grossly untrue to nature, that we can hardly pardon the authoress if she drew them in ignorance, and cannot condemn her too strongly if, knowing their falseness, she introduced them for the sake of effect. The Archbishop of York did not overstate the case when, speaking as a moralist, he said at the Huddersfield Church Institute, in November last, that "sensational stories were tales which aimed at this effect simply—of exciting in the mind some deep feeling of overwrought interest by the means of some terrible passion or crime. They want to persuade people that in almost every one of the well-ordered houses of their neighbours there was a skeleton shut up in some cupboard; that their comfortable and easy-looking neighbour had in his breast a secret story which he was always going about trying to conceal; that there was something about a real will registered in Doctor's Commons, and a false will that at some proper moment should tumble out of some broken bureau, and bring about the *dénoument* which the author wished to achieve." Though the foregoing remarks have a general application, yet they apply with crushing force to the present case. It need only be added, as advice to those who either possess or delight to buy such books, that the proper shelf on which to place them is

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that whereon stands "The Newgate Calendar."

We should act unfairly if we left on our readers' minds the impression that we do not regard Miss Braddon as an authoress of originality and merit. In her own branch of literature, we hold that she is without a living rival. The notoriety she has acquired is her due reward for having woven tales which are as fascinating to ill-regulated minds as police reports and divorce cases. Her achievements may not command our respect; but they are very notable, and almost unexampled. Others before her have written stories of blood and lust, of atrocious crimes and hardened criminals, and these have excited the interest of a very wide circle of readers. But the class that welcomed them was the lowest in the social scale, as well as in mental capacity.

To Miss Braddon belongs the credit of having penned similar stories in easy and correct English, and published them in three volumes in place of issuing them in penny numbers. She may boast, without fear of contradiction, of having temporarily succeeded in making the literature of the Kitchen the favourite reading of the Drawing-room.

[*London Society*.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

II.

LORD WESTBURY.

Lord Westbury's countenance indicates his real, original nature, and so, in a certain sense, his character, but does not give you an idea of his habitual nature and his acquired character. Probably there has never been known a man of greater eminence and more enemies. You would not think so, looking at his portrait, or gazing on his countenance; it all seems so placid, so benignant, and so benevolent, you would be willing to believe him when he assured you—as he is fond of saying—with his peculiar calm, soft, lisping utterance, that "benevolence is the distinguishing feature of his character."

You might perhaps associate with that calm countenance the idea of conscious intellect and superior power; you might imagine it united with a bland, half-compassionate bearing towards others; but you would not suppose that it covered, but scarce concealed, the most supercilious contempt of all, however elevated, except himself. You might fancy that those lips spoke calmly, perhaps softly, but you could not suppose that they lisped forth in such soft voice accents of

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almost genuine sweetness; and least of all would you realize that the words they lisped were almost always words of the most contemptuous or compassionate scorn.

Yet the features do not speak falsely, and the countenance, after all, does not falsify physiognomy. They portray the man's original nature, the rest is his acquired character. The key to the puzzle is that Sir R. Bethell affected a character very different from his real nature. He has always assumed a far greater degree of scorn than he felt, though that was great enough, no doubt. He assumed an air of calm disdain, and it became habitual to him; he affected a calm scornful utterance and manner, and it has become a second nature. And thus he acquired by degrees a sort of second character which is not natural, except so far as it no doubt is the growth of the pride of his nature. A single anecdote of him reveals this.

There was an old chancery barrister with whom he used to contend, and of whom he used to speak with thrilling contempt. "That fellow," he lisped out, "lost me a thousand a year with his infinite prolixity and incurable dullness." Yet no sooner was he Chancellor than he presented the son of his old professional rival with a good place. Now there is the man in his double nature, his acquired habits of affected contempt springing from his intellectual pride, and his acts of real goodness springing from his natural kindliness. And he is a man to stand by his friends; a fine feature in a man's character. Beyond all doubt, Lord Westbury has that to be said in his favour, that he is a staunch friend, and never shrank from doing his best for any one who had served him.—In this, perhaps, he is better than better men. But it illustrates his mixed character. There probably never was a man in whose character were mixed up such diverse elements natural and acquired. Hence the result—there never was a man more disliked or more beloved.—And paradoxical as it may appear, there really is some truth in his own idea of himself—the ex-chancellor is not a bad fellow. He will do kind things, but he never could resist the temptation of saying unkind things.

His second nature is scorn of other men, and his luxury is sarcasm. The secret of the dislike entertained for him is what perhaps an acute physiognomist might detect even in those bland, calm features—an overweening, egotistical confidence in his own superior intellect, and a profound scorn and contempt for other men. Coupled with the feeling arising from it is a great talent for sarcasm and an immense alacrity in its exercise, which of course is only another word for making enemies. Taking these elements of character into consideration, possibly our readers may imagine him as Lord Derby graphically described him, as "standing up and for upwards of an hour pouring upon the head of a political opponent a continuous stream of vitriolic acid." Nothing

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less forcible than that remarkable expression could describe the biting, scorching sarcasm of the ex-chancellor. So he was when Sir Richard Bethell; and it is believed that there never was a man in the profession of whom so many pungent, sarcastic witticisms were reported.

It is difficult to convey an idea of their effect as they were uttered in that calm, sweet, lisping voice, with such slowness of utterance and such blandness of countenance, with such an amusing contrast between the honied accents and the biting words. When the late Lord Chancellor (Lord Cranworth) was Vice Chancellor, Sir Richard spoke of him as "that respectable old woman;" and once, when the Vice-Chancellor said he would "turn the matter over in his mind," Sir Richard turned round to his junior, and with his usual bland, calm utterance said, "Take a note of that; his Honour says he will turn it over in what he is pleased to call his mind." So when some one said of an attorney-general for whom he had a contempt, that it was a shame to put any one over his head, Sir Richard said, in the same calm, lisping accents, "Head, did you say? Has he a head?"—The exquisite effect of these sarcasms was so much the result of utterance that they could only be fully appreciated by those who heard them; but by imagining a peculiarly soft, sweet, calm voice, uttering these stinging sayings, some idea may be formed of their effect on the delighted hearers.—Being asked how he was getting on in an appeal before an archbishop, and his assessor, a learned doctor, he said, "Getting on did you say? How is it possible to get on before *two silly old men* who understand nothing whatever of the matter?" Arguing a case in error before the judges, one of them, for whom he had a dislike, asked him a question which somewhat pinched him, upon which he blandly replied, in his sweetest, softest accents, "Before I answer the question, may I venture to entreat your lordship to reconsider it, for I am sure upon consideration you will perceive that it involves *a self-evident absurdity*." It may seem scarcely credible that such things have been said; but such was the sweetness, calmness, and softness of the tone in which they were said, that, somehow, they passed by before those to whom they were addressed had received the shock of surprise, especially as the sting was always at the end, and Sir Richard went on with his argument as calm and unruffled as if he had just paid a happy compliment. It was the sublime of insolence: it was insolence sublimated almost to grandeur.

For his professional opponents and rivals he had an unbounded contempt; for all but one, that was Mr. Rolt, who, indeed, was the only one who was a match for him. Yet even to him he would assume his habitual air of calm superiority.—"So much," he said once when replying to him—"so much for my learned friends's first argument,!—But, my lords, as the paths of error

are numerous, and devious, my learned friend has another argument, to which I will now advert." Imagine this, spoken slowly, loftily, sweetly, lispingly! It was impossible to help smiling; and even Mr. Rolt, who is good-humoured and sensible, enjoyed it; and the judges laughed. But Sir Richard went on, loftily and lispingly, with that unapproachable air of superiority, in which no man at the Bar or on the Bench, in living memory, ever resembled him. It was a peculiar feature of Sir Richard Bethell's character that his scorn was too lofty to have anything in it of a cunning or spite. It was lofty and overbearing, but there was nothing in it either of littleness or bitterness. Sir Richard's sarcasms were rather scornful than spiteful, and had often more of wit than bitterness. You saw that his object was rather to display his air of superiority and gratify his pride, than to give pain or wreak revenge. He was too proud for small resentments, and had too constant a sense of his own superiority to condescend to wrangle or to quarrel. He could not, for the world, have so compromised his dignity; and this dignity of tone and manner he never lost even while at the Bar.

This happy gift of dignity, with its alloy of sarcasm and scorn, he carried with him to the Woolsack and the House of Lords; and he quickly made every lord there of any mark or eminence, his foe—at least among the law lords, with whom, he came, of course, more constantly in contest. His animosity to Lord Chelmsford—his contempt for Lord Cranworth—his scorn for Lord Wensleydale—all were unbounded, and could only be conveyed by his wonderful power of sarcasm. And, above all, he loved to show his contempt for the Common Law Judges, upon appeals. Reading a sentence from one of their judgments, he said to counsel, who attended to support it—"Pray, Mr. So-and-So, upon which of these propositions do you intend to rely? for you must perceive that they are utterly inconsistent." His power of exciting enmity was unrivalled, and he revelled in it. He could throw into a few bland words, spoken in the calmest tone, a bitterness of sarcasm which would make a man his enemy for life. He was an embodiment of intellectual pride. He had the most unbounded confidence in his superiority to other men, even the very highest in his own profession, and loved to show his sense of it by the most intense and impassioned scorn for them. If you ever saw and heard him—only for a moment—there could be no mistake about it. The first words he uttered would suffice to give the impression, at once, of superior intellect and of unmeasurable pride. The spirit of scorn and sarcasm seems native to his breast, and to breathe in every tone of his voice, which even affects more scorn than he feels. How unlike Sir Alexander Cockburn—easy, natural, and genial: whose voice rings out in bright and lively tones of good-heartedness! There could not be a greater contrast than the characters

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of these two eminent men present; yet they were for many years associated together. They were law officers of the crown at the same time; they were Benchers of the same Inn; and Sir Alexander will tell a good story, how Sir Richard once said to him, in a tone of indescribable compassion, "My dear fellow, equity will swallow up your common law." "I don't know about that," said Sir Alexander, "but you'll find it rather hard of digestion!" The remark and the repartee very well convey the characteristics of the two men,—the one all supercilious pride and scorn, the other of a quick, lively, generous spirit.

OMAR AND THE PERSIAN.

The victor stood beside the spoil, and by the grinning dead.
"The land is ours, the foe is ours, now rest, my men," he said.
But while he spoke there came a band of foot-sore, panting men:
"The latest prisoner, my lord, we took him in the glen,
And left behind dead hostages that we would come again."

The victor spoke, "Thou, Persian dog! hast cost more lives than thine;
That was thy will, and thou shouldst die full thrice, if I had mine.
Dost know thy fate, thy just reward?" The Persian bent his head,
"I know both sides of victory, and only grieve," he said,
"Because there will be none to fight 'gainst thee when I am dead.

"No Persian faints at sight of Death, we know his face too well,
He waits for us on mountain side, in town, or shelter'd dell,
And yet I crave a cup of wine, thy first and latest boon,
For I have gone three days athirst, and fear lest I may swoon,
Or even wrong mine enemy, by dying now, too soon."

The cup was brought, but ere he drank, the Persian shudder'd white,
Omàr replied, "What fearest thou? The wine is clear and bright;
We are no poisoners, not we, nor traitors to a guest,
No dart behind, nor dart within, shall pierce thy gallant breast;
Till thou hast drain'd the draught, O foe, thou dost in safety rest."

The Persian smiled, with parched lips, upon the foemen round,
Then poured the precious liquid out, untasted, on the ground.
"Till that is drunk, I live," said he, "and while I live, I fight;
So, see you to your victory, for 'tis undone this night:
Omàr, the worthy, battle fair is but thy god-like right."

Upsprang a wrathful army then,—Omàr restrained them all,
Upon no battle-field had rung more clear his martial call,
The dead men's hair beside his feet as by a breeze was stirr'd,
The farthest henchman in the camp the noble mandate heard:
"Hold! if there be a sacred thing, it is the WARRIOR'S WORD."

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[*Leisure Hour.*

BOOK COLLECTORS.

The book collector is a being of an order altogether differing from the "bookworm." The latter is a student, an omnivorous reader, a devourer and lover of books who devotes himself to them for the sake of what they contain—the knowledge and the wisdom to be got out of them. The former is moved by other considerations as well; rarity with him is a far greater recommendation than any other quality you could name; he gloats over the musty odour that centuries only can impart, and is in raptures with a ragged, time-stained, worm-eaten specimen of a Caxton or a De Worde, and will trudge long miles through the muddy streets for a sight (or a smell) of some "tall copy," and will expend his last obolus in the purchase of it rather than let it slip. He buys books with all his disposable cash, and does not care a straw though his outer man goes shabby, so that his shelves are enriched. His leisure days are passed in "bookstalling," in those booky regions, the by-ways, courts, and back streets, where old books and the reliquiæ of old books are exposed to the weather and the errant customer. You know him at a glance, by his seedy coat, fluffy hat, slipshod feet, and a kind of hungry eager expression there is in his eye as it runs along the rows of leather backs, while now and then down goes his lean forefinger, like the beak of a foraging crow in the furrow, and lugs out a possible booty. If you watch his bargains, they may sometimes puzzle you; for you will see him carry off triumphantly mere rubbish and waste, fit for nothing, you would say, but to kindle the kitchen fire; but that very rubbish, perhaps, he has been looking for for years, and finds in it the means of completing some scarce tome to which it will supply a missing leaf. He is great at repairs and restorations; he can soften the old stiffened vellum, harden the crusted corners, and reinstate the ancient covers in a way that no modern bookbinder could achieve the task, or would care to attempt it; he will imbed an old torn title-page in a fresh leaf of the old ribbed paper, by softening the pulp of both, and so blending them together that you shall never discover the fact of repair at all. These works of love are the labours of his long evenings by his bachelor fireside, where he will spend hour after hour in dis-dog's-earing a volume of a thousand pages, every one of which has been dog's-eared for generations past. It delights him beyond measure thus to redeem from destruction the objects of his paternal care. In the course of years he picks up much curious information upon books and all

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relating to them; he gets to know old catalogues by heart, and his own head is a voluminous catalogue with additions and annotations constantly added to it; and thus among his congeners and fellow book-hunters he becomes, as he gets old and grizzled, a recognised authority, a sort of walking encyclopædia, to whom they can have recourse when they find themselves at fault.

The born book-hunter, when of rather superior class, is apt to find himself in the autumn of his days occupying the post of librarian to some public institution, or some kindred post, where he is the careful custodian of treasures which probably he alone is competent to estimate at their true value. It is a good thing for a library, especially if it contain many rare and valuable works, when such a man is the authorized guardian of it. For want of such carefulness as he would exercise, and would teach others to exercise, not a few public libraries—the free lending libraries of cities and towns in particular—are fast going to the dogs. We have ere now been horrified at the reckless usage which valuable books are absurdly permitted to undergo at the hands of borrowers who have no sense of their value or no reverence for books at all. We have seen presentation copies of choice works—works which the institutions to which they belong can never afford to replace—reduced fifty per cent. in value by a single borrower in a week, and have known them virtually destroyed, so far as they represented any money value, in a month. A librarian who had a right feeling for his business would reform that altogether. On the other hand, there are public libraries in such excellent order and good keeping that one cannot discover anywhere a reparable injury which has not been repaired at the hand or under the direction of their watchful custodians—not a few of them containing treasures which, but for such conscientious guardianship, had long ago mouldered and crumbled to decay. It should be borne in mind that, in this country, owing to the moist and variable atmosphere, and the prevalence of the maggot, books cannot be neglected for long years together with impunity; damp is their worst enemy; where they are not often used they should be displaced once a year at least (in the summer is the best time,) and should have the benefit of a fire in winter.

The most remarkable book-collector and librarian (for he figured in both capacities) we ever read of was a native of Perugia, the birthplace of the famous painter Pietro Vannucci, better known, we might almost say only known, as Pietro Perugino. Perugia abounds in books and collections of books; but that which is called the "Public Library" claims distinction above the rest, from the singular and essentially comic history of its founder, of whom, and of whose books, after the lapse of near three hundred years, the following amusing account is given in the "Fortnightly Review"—

In the year 1582, there lived at

Perugia one Prospero Podiani, who must have been one of the queerest of all the queer old fellows who have so often taken it into their heads to make collections of dusty tomes. Prospero had got together some seven thousand of these, and one fine morning announced that, at his death, he would bequeath them to the city, which was meanwhile to enjoy the free use of them. They were accordingly carted to the Palazzo Communale. But the patriotic old Podiani was not going to be robbed of his reward even in this life. He followed his books to the Palazzo, where, in consideration of his munificence, he was not only housed, but was granted by the Decemvirs an honourable place at their own table, and an annuity of one hundred and fifty ducats. In 1592, however, this annuity was taken from him by pontifical decree. Forthwith the indignant Podiani revoked his gift, and made the authorities carry all the books back again to his own house. He had lived rent-free for ten years; he had eaten, we may be sure, ten times three hundred and sixty-five good dinners at the public expense, and always sitting in "an honourable place at the table;" he had received fifteen hundred ducats. But the outraged Prospero took no heed of these. His books should go back; and back they went. One can readily understand how he would then become surrounded by a crowd of legacy-hunters, most of them monks and religious, eager to get all these seven thousand volumes for their respective communities. He made a succession of bequests. First, he gave them to the Dominicans, then to the Cassinesi, then to the Duke of Altemps, then to the Seminary, then to the Bishop, then to the Capuchins, then to the Vatican, then to one Æneas Baldeschi, and finally, to the Jesuits. These last having got a bequest made in their favour, there was a pause in the struggle, and in the bibliomaniac's will-making.—Probably, with their wonted skill, they locked the door and mounted guard, and let nobody else come near him. Jesuits are cunning, if you like; but women are more cunning still, and a woman got through the keyhole somehow, and tripped up even the followers of Loyola. If the old fellow in 1600 did not actually marry! He married and had two sons; and this was more than enough to invalidate and revoke each and every prior bequest.

She must have been a clever woman, for we hear of no more will-making in favour of monks, or cities, or Jesuits, till 1615, when Giacomo Coldeschi, some relation probably of Æneas, got round him and induced him to make a formal bequest to the city. Perhaps Mrs. Prospero Podiana had grown incautious from excessive confidence, or had begun to lose her first influence. Be this as it may, in 1615, I say, he again left his library in the city of Perugia. I cannot think but that the struggle would have commenced afresh, and that there would have been another series of codicils, had not Prospero, luckily for the city, suddenly died in the

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November of that year, and left books and children, and friars, and decemvirs to settle the affair amongst themselves as best they might; for, despite his last formal bequest, there was yet a good deal to settle. The authorities immediately carted his books back again once more to the Palazzo. Litigation forthwith began. The sons of the deceased put in their claim, and the Jesuits followed by asserting theirs.—Everybody else stood aside, content to watch the issue as tried between these great contending parties.—Not many monks, however—not many Dominicans, Augustinians, Cassinesi, or Cappucini, I guess—lived to see the result, which was not declared for two-and-fifty years. In 1667, not before, was the city of Perugia declared to be the rightful heir of the Prospero Podiani who had died in 1615. I confess that in the whole range of comedy I meet with no such comic figure as this old fellow, making and unmaking testaments.

Not in Plautus, not in Terence, not in Molière—and where else should I look?—do I meet with this whimsical book-collector's equal.—I never pass the Palazzo Communale but I fancy Prospero Podiani is within, sitting in an honourable place, and eating his dinner for nothing. I laughed at him first, and I laugh at him still. But I have a liking for him also; for see! he left his books to none of the above. He left them all to me. Morning after morning have I spent in that library, and nobody came to keep me company, only a door-keeper, who handed me down what books I could not reach, and sat near the doorway cobbling shoes in the interval.

But even in 1667 Perugia had not done with Prospero Podiani. Fifty years later his bequest had been succeeded by so many others that it was necessary to transfer all the volumes, thus become the property of the city, from the Palazzo to a more convenient locality.—This was accordingly done in 1717, and on the staircase of the library, as I daily mount, I read in print on a marble tablet, the Latin assurance that Prospero Podianus is deemed to be worthy of on no account yielding to the chief personages of our age in nobility and greatness of mind, as principally manifested in his foundation of this library. Bravo, Prospero Podiani! You bought your immortality more cheaply than anybody I ever heard of. You behaved very oddly about some seven thousand volumes, ate three thousand six hundred and fifty dinners at the expense of your fellow-citizens, and are solemnly pronounced by them one of the great men of the age. Who shall say after this that the world is ungrateful?

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[*Chambers's Journal.*

EMPTY LONDON.

The idea of an empty London is in itself strikingly impressive, opening wide the field of boundless speculation, and furnishing material for the wildest imagination. We, who are daily accustomed to the din and bustle, the gaieties and pleasures, the gains, losses, labours, and turmoil of metropolitan life, to an unceasing noise and a never-ending toil, find it extremely difficult to conceive the reverse of present affairs—to grasp with any distinctness the grand and solemn idea of an empty London, which is not, however, so absurd, so far-fetched, or so unlikely to come to pass, as one would judge it at first thoughts to be. Cities almost, if not quite, as populous and as opulent, have been so far influenced by natural or artificial circumstances, that even their very sites are now simply conjectured at; or perhaps the ruin-studded wilderness, or shepherds' village, alone mark the remains of the boast of other days. Towns and cities must as inevitably go through birth, youth, rise, and decay, as does man. Ancient Babylon is lost in oblivion; Nineveh is lost in all but her ruins; the glories of Rome, Athens and Carthage are departed never to return. Well may we ask: What has become of Tyre, the great prototype of modern London, as the Phœnicians are, in some respects, of modern Englishmen? Having, therefore, so many examples before her, it well behooves London to look into the causes of their downfall; but, more particularly, let her notice the influences which have made her the centre and capital of the commerce and wealth of the world. Any school-boy who reads his *Télémaque* must have learned the lessons which Mentor repeatedly endeavored to instil in the mind of his ward—that the wealth and happiness of a city or country are occasioned and promoted by good social and political government, by an admirable situation, and by the natural enterprise of the inhabitants. All commercial cities, either ancient or modern, and none more so than London, have enjoyed these boons before they have risen to any eminence, and the loss of one or all of them soon occasions their decay. The evil government of the Doges, coupled with the destruction of her advantageous situation by the discovery of the Cape route to the East Indies, transplanted the wealth of Venice and of the great inland sea to northern ports on the open ocean. Till navigation had opened the immense fertile districts of the Americas, and the islands of the South Seas, the Mediterranean ports possessed the commerce of the civilized world—the countries on its shores; but as civilization

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spread, and happier climes, soils, and fruits were discovered, Venice and Genoa no longer represented the commerce of the world, but that only of a rather large inland lake.

London, having a first-class situation at the mouth of a wide river, and being near to the coast of France, was an important trading city during the times of the Romans and Saxons. It increased, in fact, so much in wealth and population, that one of the early Saxon kings made it his capital, instead of Winchester. The king's court, with its attractions for the aristocracy and gentry, quickly added to the metropolitan importance, which afterwards was extensively heightened by the discoveries of the New World and the Cape route, and reached its present climax through the modern scientific researches which have developed the steam systems. The true cause of London's present greatness is science, which in its application has particularly favored our island, whose soil yields in abundance the food, or rather the fuel, necessary to its development. Without the coal and iron of the country, London might and would have been rich and prosperous, like Rotterdam, Rouen, Lisbon, and Cadiz; but she would not have reached, with a small population, and limited expanse of fertile country, the preeminence of the world's cities; nor could she hope, at the present moment, to compete with the maritime cities of America, which have the support of an immense district of rich fertile land. It is well for us to know that the secret of our success is neither the energy nor the enterprise of the people, but simply the mineral wealth, which has enabled us to manufacture, and since the working of steam-power, navigate cheaper and easier than our neighbours. Now, supposing that neither the advantageous position of London is damaged by the destruction of its port, by an earthquake, for instance, or any such natural cause, which has occurred to many cities before now, nor that the *liberty* of trade is suppressed by unwise laws and an evil government, still, if our coal fails, London must fall.

This is an influence, which may operate against her with a more terrible and quicker result than has ever before been experienced. So marvellous, indeed, have been the scientific discoveries of modern times, that one could scarcely be surprised if further investigation, and another advance toward scientific perfection, may not lead to the application of means and materials foreign to our soil and to our people. If, for instance, supposing the coal-supply to be inexhaustible (which is extremely doubtful,) another cheaper substance for fuel were discovered, and we had it not, or had it only in common with other nations, does any one for a moment think that the inhabitants of North America and of Hindustan, would send their raw materials here, when they could manufacture them cheaper at home? Disregarding, however, this scientific

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supposition, we should by no means treat our means of subsistence in the same off-hand manner; and pending the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the parliament of last session to investigate the extent of the coal-supply, we may, without their assistance, rest assured that it is not limitless, and therefore no time should be lost before giving every encouragement to all those who by their theories and experiments may demonstrate the best means to economise it, so that the prosperity of our country may be prolonged as far as possible. Mr. John Stuart Mills deserves all the praise one can bestow on him for his true patriotism in taking in hand the interests of our posterity, by mooting the question in the House last session; and Sir Robert Peel did equal service in the same cause, about the same time, by drawing attention to the desirability and utility of a measure being adopted to enforce the dwellers in the metropolis and in large manufacturing towns to occasion their fires to consume their own smoke—a measure which is already partially adopted in manufactories and metropolitan furnaces—and which would not only beautify and cleanse the neighbourhood, but would also occasion a material economy in the consumption of coal.

It is not so hard to believe, then, that the prosperity of London will not endure for ever. Perhaps the metropolis will continue to increase in wealth and size for several centuries more; perhaps her decline will commence sooner than we anticipate. One thing is certain, that, sooner or later, the event will happen. She has had, or is having, her day; but when that is over, she must give place to a modern usurper, even as in days long past she usurped. It would be a very interesting study to learn the causes, signs, and omens of the fall of a city, and to mark the daily results—the fruits of the gradual operation of decay. Of course no man can witness the beginning and the end, for the period extends long beyond a generation; but the history and imagination may in a great measure fill up the gap of partial experience. Let us suppose that London continues in prosperity for three or four centuries more, and that civilization, and science, and a population of seven or eight millions, have enriched and strengthened her mightily. With streets and terraces and superb public buildings stretching through the whole county of Middlesex, and over the hills of Surrey and Kent, with untold riches and unsurpassed strength, the inhabitants will be less likely than we to believe in her decline. But signs are on the horizon; a little cloud gathers in the clear sky, and the burst of a heavy storm is but the matter of time. The fact is, the city has reached its climax; it no longer increases; and as there is no such thing as standing still, it must go back. If there are no longer any new buildings required, what must become of the innumerable builders, the hosts of masons, carpenters, bricklayers, and painters? Again

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if the mechanic loses occupation, his shopkeeper does in a like degree custom. Some of the causes we have enumerated are operating on her decline. Commercial enterprise has developed itself to a greater degree in the New World; and thither flock the hungry and placeless for food and employment. The natural consequences of this exodus must be the increase of the value of labour and the decrease of the value of property. This alone is a sure sign of decay. In another generation, property is of much less value, and labour has gone down with it, for landowners and householders must do their own work for a living. An immense emigration has left numberless houses uninhabited, and these are of necessity allowed to fall to pieces, or are pulled down, to leave bare the more profitable ground they occupy. In some instances, with much labour, whole suburban streets may be metamorphosed into something approaching their pristine appearance of pasture or garden; but the majority must be allowed to decay unmolested, a tearing down of brick walls and a clearance of foundations and pavements leaving little fertile soil on a basement of gas-pipes, sewers, and railway tunnels.

Imagine the mountains of dust accumulated from the decay of the brick wildernesses of Shoreditch and Whitechapel, of Lambeth and Bermondsey! High winds carry clouds of this about in all directions, which block up and bury the substantial buildings in the City and the West End, and finally choke up or materially destroy the Thames harbour, for all commercial purposes now useless. Misfortunes seldom come singly, and it is probable that with the loss of coal, of commerce, and of wealth, a weak or bad government may strengthen the calamity by passing obnoxious laws, and finally complete it by deserting the afflicted city for some more fortunate spot; and if social discord be not followed by foreign intervention, the inhabitants may reckon themselves particularly fortunate. We can understand the sad feelings of the few remaining citizens, and their endeavours to save the grandest works with their utmost care. In the place of the busy continual murmur of life and bustle, everything is hushed and reposed. There are no factories and workshops to ring with human voices and operations; and the innumerable railways, once burdened daily with the weight of countless tons of human and mercantile traffic, are buried and forsaken. The deserted, the useless river, made picturesque by the ruins of a nation's boast, is, alas! the Thames, the silvery, peerless Thames of the poets, the busy, wealthy river of bygone days. The ruins of the mighty bridges, the river embankment, the few noble blocks of buildings on its banks, will lessen in the future archæologist's mind the gigantic remains of Rome and Athens, and give him some idea of the genius and enterprise of his fathers.

The great wonder of ancient days will sink into insignificance, when

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compared with the more modern one. Fancy the delight with which the oft-quoted New Zealander will sit on the still firm though damaged London Bridge, and mark with rapture the iron and stone riverways as far up the river as his eye will carry him, with the remains of cathedrals and churches, of terraces and public buildings, boldly rising up on either side. What a fine subject for moralising! or, if he be a "Layard," he may excavate, and search, and find new wonders to his heart's content, as long as he likes to persevere in his hobby. After a few years, it may become one of the favourite resorts of tourists and travellers, who will lionise the ruins, and talk wisely of the wealth and commerce of ancient Englishmen, of Alfred the Great, and Queens Elizabeth and Victoria; of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Wordsworth; of Watt, Stephenson, and Brunel; of Pitt and Gladstone; of Nelson and Wellington. Future archæologists will discover some remnants of old Drury Lane Theatre, which will occasion an interminable number of learned essays on the dramatic genius of the ancient moderns.—An excavation resulting in the discovery of a portion of the Library, or of the Geological Department of the British Museum, will be ample reward for years of toil and exertion, and will create as much sensation as that of Herculaneum and Pompeii in recent times. Then some enterprising genius may find his way to one of the many underground railways, or to a main sewer. Imagine the sensation produced by the discovery of a Milner's safe; the wranglings, disputes, and discussions concerning which part of the ruins of the Parliament Houses was appropriated by the Lords, and which by the Commons; the learned dissertations on the laws, government, manners, and customs of the people, as inferred from the remains of Somerset House, the law-courts, St. Paul's Cathedral and the public offices. Materials will be found in every direction to fire the imagination of numberless poets and historians. Many coming "Gibbons" will read immortality from their histories of the Decline and Fall of the City of London; students will vie with each other, at the world's many universities, to produce the best essays and poems on the same subject, for which prizes and praises will be liberally bestowed; scholars will sermonise, philosophers moralise. The grand old commercial city, the cradle as well as the nurse of science, will be a theme ever-fruitful and never-failing. The ancient naval glory of the nation, the deeds of Nelson and Wellington, the lonely river, once the safe harbour for a thousand ships, the noble metropolitan works and undertakings, will resound in song by numberless voices. Awe and admiration will forcibly strike the world's greatest thinkers and its bravest explorers.

With these sad reflections, we have the consolation to know that, though the city decays, the spirit of the place and of the nation will be ever fresh and living, and will be

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carried and disseminated by our children into all parts of the world. Even now, it is growing in America and Australia, in Hindustan and New Zealand. Our enterprise, even our language and literature, will be fondly preserved, when its authors and birth-place have fallen. The knowledge that our endeavours, though destined to come to nought after a season here, will reap a world's, after a city's harvest, should incite us to increase them with might and main; so that the world may have the benefit of our vigour and our opportunity, and that when London is but a name, it may at least be one to be used by posterity with pride, and with worthy affection.

[*The Saturday Review.*

THE DEARTH OF NEW POETS.

Among the many complaints of the sterility and barrenness of the age to which we are accustomed, none is more common, or at first sight more well-founded, than the assertion that the age does not seem to be productive of poetry. Plato proposed, as we know, to banish poets from his ideal commonwealth. The one thing which England has in common with Utopia, perhaps, is that the race of poets is dying out. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning still are left, but, if they were to disappear to-morrow, Her Majesty would find as much difficulty in selecting a Laureate for her yearly butt of sherry as the University of Oxford does in choosing a successor to Mr. Matthew Arnold's ornamental chair. We should have to put up with somebody who had written decent hymns, or at best with some accomplished manufacturer of *vers de société*. This seems a melancholy prospect for a country which in times past has given birth to really noble poetry, and which still turns out, from time to time, historians, philosophers, and critics of genuine power. Some people account for the want of budding poets upon the hypothesis that the times in which we live are neither sentimental nor stirring. The objection to this explanation is that it is totally untrue. There is plenty of loose sentimentality afloat, alike in politics, theology, and social life, only that it does not take a poetical form. There seldom has been a generation which read more poetry, or appreciated so profusely or indiscriminately everything of the kind that fell in its way. And the current events of contemporary history are the very reverse of uninteresting. The old and new worlds are passing through a stage of transition and excitement; nationalities are rising; thrones and dynasties falling; old principles waning; new and fruitful ideas daily starting up to take their place. If great events always sowed the seed

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of poetry broadcast, we might expect a plentiful and vigorous crop. Looking back to the past history of mankind, we see, or think we see, that great events used to have this result upon the imagination of men and women; but they seem no longer to possess the stimulating power which we have been taught to attribute to them. The French Revolution was to Europe as momentous a crisis as any through which ancient Greece passed. But the French Revolution has not done as much for poetical literature as the Persian war. France has had no poets since worthy of standing by the side of the greatest authors of antiquity or of modern ages. Bérenger is far inferior to Horace; Victor Hugo is not Lucretius; Alfred de Musset is no Euripides; and all the play-writers of the last half-century no more make up one Aristophanes than several hundred of Sir Edwin Landseer's lions would make a single sphinx. Great works of genius no doubt have been produced for which we ought not to be ungrateful. Without the French Revolution we should not perhaps have had Balzac. But the fact remains that poets of a massive order appear to have ceased altogether to exist. Even if we take the most celebrated of the nineteenth century, and those whose influence and fame is most likely to be permanent, and place them by the side of the finest classical models, they dwarf and dwindle in the comparison. Wordsworth, perhaps, for rare classical finish and genuine human sentiment, stands at the head of the modern school. It is one of the pleasures of life to be able to appreciate his simplicity and strength. Mr. Tennyson's romantic and gorgeous poetry, again, is an honour to the country which ranks him as her best living lyrical performer. But if we turn from these highly-cultivated specimens of art to a single drama of Aristophanes or Sophocles, we seem to be passing from a blooming English garden into scenery of a far grander and more colossal scale. The wealth of imagination in the *Birds*, or in either *Œdipus*, overpowers and astounds us. Contrasted with such infinite treasures of grandeur and sweetness combined, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Wordsworth themselves look like finished exercises, faultless here and there in composition, but never so faultless as when they succeed in catching the ring of old and timeworn passages. There ought to be some good reason for modern poverty as compared with ancient richness; but it is not easy, even after a careful study of history and of literature, to know exactly what the reason is.

One theory put forward occasionally by way of explanation is that we are living in a negative age, which is full of scepticism and uncertainty as to what it should believe or disbelieve. To a certain extent, and within certain limits, the accusation is correct. But the negativisms which weighs upon men's spirits, and is supposed to paralyse men's imagination, cannot be considered as purely a modern

growth. The Greek drama itself flourished in an age as negative in many respects as our own. Aristotle and Plato sprang from the loins of a school of negation; Euripides was, it is thought, a disbeliever; Sophocles was at most a pious sceptic; and Aristophanes is nothing better than a reäctionary Athenian Sadducee. If negativism did not kill imagination in those days, it does not seem self-evident why it should kill it in these. Weighed in the balance with the times of which we are speaking, the present age is by no means one of dreary despair. It is far easier to perceive now, than it was to perceive then, that there is an orderly and progressive movement in the world. Those were days of political and religious chaos; these, estimated at the worst, and after due allowance for the decay of political systems and of religious faith over which we often grumble, are not so hopeless that one cannot see order for the future evolving itself out of disorder. The generation in which our lot is cast is not purely negative. Destroy even the cherished heirlooms of the past, and the world, in spite of all, has a boundless expanse before it. As human beings multiply, the sum total of error and of crime increases as a matter of course, but, in proportion to the additional life of the world, no one can say that the race is growing more selfish or wicked than it used to be; on the contrary, signs are not wanting of a tendency, upon the whole, to improve and to develop. If poetry is declining, the causes of the declension cannot therefore be referred with safety to any general paralysis of faith. And even if the tendency of a negative age were to destroy imaginative power, it must be remembered that there always are plenty of individual minds which escape from, and are not subject to, the tendencies, as they are called, of their own times. Granting that it is a necessity of the present state of things that poets do not, as a rule, lurk under every tree, the absence of exceptional poetical genius has still to be accounted for. A great poet, one would imagine, might inspire himself by living in the past, supposing he found it dreary to live altogether in the dusty present. The truth is that the dearth of poetry does not spring from any of the causes ordinarily assigned to it; otherwise we should every other year, come across occasional examples of studious or self-contained spirits which set at defiance and soared above the conditions of their time.

We think that sensible observers will find a plainer and less romantic explanation sufficient to account for part, at all events, of the poetical declension which they deplore.—First of all, there are now far more channels for the productive power of the human mind to flow in than there were of old. The origin of poetry, very possibly, was due to a very humble and matter-of-fact cause. It is much easier to remember poetry than it is to recollect prose; and in times when printing and writing were rare or unknown,

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prose literature was impossible.—Barbarous nations have plenty of poetry, but no prose. As soon as the mechanical invention of writing comes into play, poetry ceases to be the one necessary vehicle of thought. Epic poems give place to history. Homer disappears and Herodotus takes his place. Composition becomes more fluent, and less compact and concentrated. It is no longer essential for the composer to mould every sentence in a shape in which it may impress itself on the memory, and to provide it with a rhythm or a rhyme by which it may be remembered. Henceforward he writes for the eye, and not only for the ear; his productions are not addressed to an audience of listeners, but to a public that can read and study at its leisure. The first great check given to poetry is not, then, from any inherent decay in the human imagination, but from the material and mechanical improvement without which civilization would have been impossible. And, as time goes on, a similar tendency is perceptible. We have less poetry in later ages because we can do without it better. An infinity of subjects open up to us, upon which genius and intellect can bestow its labour. For every votary of the Muses that mankind loses, it gains an historian, a novelist, a philosopher, a theologian, or a man of science. Instead of a single great river, we have a thousand fertilizing streams. And the cheaper and more universal literature becomes, the more difficult it is for poetry to retain its position of supremacy. Great minds do not devote themselves to it as they used to do. There are other things to be done besides chiselling sentences, or even moulding splendid fancies into rhythm. Instead of being, as he once was, the paragon and instructor of his age, the poet is only one of a multitude of teachers and of prophets. Parnassus, instead of being reserved exclusively for the cultivation of the bay tree, is given up to a number of active and energetic squatters, who turn the romantic wilderness into arable land, and produce a variety of useful and healthy crops, which take precedence of the old ornamental laurel. To take a single instance, it is astonishing what a difference has been made to the manufacture of poetry by the modern development of the novel.—Novel-writing is a field that draws off yearly a score of sentimental and imaginative persons, who, if novels did not exist, might perhaps devote their energies to studying verses, and each of whom, after many years, and at the close of a long life, might conceivably have produced some fifty or sixty stanzas which posterity would rather read than not. Mr. Browning is a poet, because he is not a novelist. There are, perhaps, a score of novelists in return, who, if they were not novelists, might have been poetasters, or even poets. The temptation to write prose works of fiction, from a worldly point of view, is greater. The chances of ultimate failure are smaller, the immediate pecuniary return is more certain,

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the necessity for long study and laborious concentration is less; and prose is not only more easily produced, and more richly paid, but it is far less severely criticized, and is both a less ambitious and a more marketable speculation. If humorous romances had never been invented it is conceivable that Mr. Thackeray might have been a comedian; just as Juvenal, if he had lived in the days of Addison, might have contributed to the *Spectator*. If Addison had been a contemporary of our own, he might have been a writer of hebdomadal satire in *Punch*, or in the numerous reviews. In proportion as literature requires less effort and toil, its productions become at once more plentiful, and less powerful and concentrated. We have done away with beacon fires, and have substituted gas-lamps down every street and thoroughfare.

The progress of music is possibly one of the causes that must be taken into account in speaking of the decline of poetry-making. When Music, heavenly maid, was young, Poetry was grown up. The pair have insensibly changed places. Music has developed into a popular and intellectual science; great artists have appeared, one after another, whose productions will live perhaps as long as the productions of Æschylus or Sophocles; and sentimentality and genius are no longer driven to find expression for their thoughts in words. Beethoven and Mendelssohn have taken the place of poets in the nineteenth century. It is not of course true in the very least that music is a modern invention; but, like all other arts, it has been benefited by mechanical progress, and has been increasing its hold upon the attention of the civilized world. It may also possibly be true that sentiment is more equable in these days, and finds more vent than it used to do upon simple objects of daily life. The world is always full of ups and downs, but, upon the other hand, comfort and luxury increase daily among the educated classes; ordinary life is not so full, as a rule, of picturesque situations, and the course of true love very frequently runs smooth. The result of this is that refinement and culture have a gentle and easy time of it. The fine and delicate feelings which used to be forced back on themselves are spent in making other people happy, in adding to the ease and elegance of life, and in smoothing down its rough edges. Even despairing lovers are going out of date, except in novels and upon the stage. Life is not in itself either a tragedy or a comedy any longer. It is a more or less rapid and comfortable railway journey, with pleasant companions, a constant change of scenery and newspapers and refreshments at every station. Mingling with our fellow-creatures in this busy and pleasant way does not increase our chance of being poets. Nobody seems to have any reason for restraining his sympathies, or converting himself into an hermetically-sealed reservoir of sentimental steam. Life, as Longfellow tells us, is earnest and active, and ac-

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cordingly the Psalm of Life itself is nothing but a very well-meaning, but badly rhyming, piece of prose.

On the other hand, we do not see why the world need make itself unhappy because it generates few new poets. The old ones are good enough for those who care about poetry, and if it were not, as Tristram Shandy says, for "the vanity of the thing," one might do without any additions to their number. Almost every feeling that the human breast is capable of entertaining has been expressed nearly to perfection. Every great passion has been portrayed, most characters are to be found in the poet's picture-gallery. Every man cannot have a Holbein or a Rembrandt on his wall, but every one of us can keep Hamlet and Romeo upon our library shelves. Certainly one does not like to think that our age is inferior; and if the charge of a dearth of new poets really was a reproach, it would be proper to resent it with dignity. We think it means nothing of the kind. If a new poet does appear we shall be glad to see him, and to watch his early performances with interest and enthusiasm; but English verses are likely every day to become more and more like Latin verses—useful, that is to say, as a means of self-culture or self-amusement, but comparatively an unimportant addition to the literary riches of the world.

[*The Saturday Review.*

FRANCE AND THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor appears himself to have felt the ridicule attaching to his crowning of the edifice, and to the pompous way in which very small concessions were spoken of in the grandest possible language. It is now announced that further changes are to be made, and these changes are important in themselves, and still more important as signifying the direction in which events are tending. Why does the Emperor make these changes, and allow himself to be driven onward by a Liberal movement? He must be perfectly well aware that the character of his Government will soon be changed, if little by little he steps out of the narrow limits of a military despotism. But he seems to feel that he cannot stop, and that the Empire in its present form cannot last. It is impossible not to see that the causes which have wrought this conviction in his mind do not operate in France only. France is being borne along by one of those great European tides of Liberal opinion which, in a mysterious manner, and with no perceptible source of strength, from time to time burst the bounds of prece-

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dent and sweep society with them. It is hard to say why, in England, there should now be an apparently passionate desire for Reform among classes which a year ago were indifferent. And it is equally hard to say how it happens that, whereas a year ago, when there was a large minority in the Chambers demanding increased liberty, and especially increased security for the press, the Emperor answered that no change could be made. It is true that a change would be inconsistent with the very nature of his Government, yet now he himself offers to give greater liberty, and to make the press more secure. And what may be said of Reform in England may be said of Reform in France, for the great countries of the civilized world move in a certain harmony and union with each other. Reform, if wisely and judiciously conceived, is a good thing here, and it is a good thing in France, but dangers that ought to be acknowledged accompany Reform in both countries.

In England we have no hesitation about Reform. Whatever may be its risks, we are willing to have it, on account of the positive good we hope to derive from it, because we see reason to think that it will benefit the nation, will inspire it with new confidence in its institutions, and give it that motive power in politics which now is so sadly wanting. In the same way, advances to a more liberal state of things in France are a great gain, for Frenchmen, if they are to prosper, must learn to govern themselves, and not trust blindly to the hope that a poor perishing mortal may live on and govern them forever. And both here and there it is obviously desirable that the reform which is needed should come, if possible, from the Government that exists. Whether it is to the interest of the Tory party here as a party, or to the interest of the Emperor as head of his dynasty, to set great changes on foot, is a question which we may leave those most interested to decide for themselves. But the two nations will certainly gain if these changes are proposed by Governments which can propose them quietly and effectually, and can spare us a violent crisis and a great shock of opinion.

It is proposed in France to restore the tribune, and thus to give the chief orators of the Assembly an opportunity of making those set speeches which are not to our taste, but which please Frenchmen, affect their judgments, and touch their feelings. It is also proposed to abolish the present law requiring that, before a new journal can be set up, it shall receive a preliminary authorization to appear, which it is wholly in the discretion of a Government official to accord or refuse. Lastly, it is proposed to allow meetings of electors to be held previously to an election taking place. Each of these changes is a considerable one, but each acquires new importance when it is taken in connection with the others, and still more when it is remembered that all these changes have been made because the Emperor

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found that to concede less was unavailing. All these changes are good, and are in themselves to be desired, just as a liberal, comprehensive, and well-considered measure of Reform is to be desired in England. But they must be on their guard in France, just as we must be on our guard in England. If it is satisfactory to see for the moment a wave of Liberal opinion, not only in England, but in Europe, it must be borne in mind how often these waves of Liberal opinion have been followed by violent and bitter reäction. The end of the revolution of 1848 in Paris was that Louis Napoleon had to save society, and to bind and to gag it in saving it. The end of the revolution in Vienna was that Baron Bach was allowed to set up for years a despotism of Jesuits and Croats.—It is to be feared that, if the Liberal party does not place some restraint on itself here and in France, there may be a reäction; the benefits of a Reform Bill may, for a time, at least be sacrificed, and the Emperor may find public opinion warranting him in returning to a pure despotism.

When we hear of the tribune being again placed in the French Chamber, we feel a thrill of interest and pleasure, for the tribune of the French Chamber has in old days often been ascended by great speakers and no mean statesmen. But we are also filled with fear lest the tribune should be hereafter, as formerly, occupied by men who, while possessing great qualities—patriotism, courage and originality—are violent, unpractical, and ignorant, and who will bring Parliamentary Government into disrepute. And we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in many respects, Mr. Bright closely resembles these terrible Parliamentary orators of France. Like them, he has the popular fibre—force of purpose, sympathy with those whom he regards as oppressed, and a sublime confidence in himself and his cause. But, like them, he is one-sided, dogmatic, the sport of his own vehemence, the prey of his own logic. Like them, he is ignorant enough not to suspect his ignorance. Like them, he thinks all criticism the outpouring of a deadly hatred and a petty personal malevolence, and cannot understand how people can at once admire and distrust him—how they can at once appreciate his great abilities and yet be afraid of him. No impartial observer, however sincerely he may desire Reform here, and however gladly he may welcome a modification and gradual relaxation of despotism in France, can deny that there is a real danger lest, if Reform here becomes a mere triumph of Mr. Bright, and if Reform in France leads to the repetition of wild and senseless declamation from the tribune or the press, both countries may easily get tired of Reform and sink back into that stagnation and that political helplessness from which both countries, although in very different degrees, seem now on the eve of escaping.

It is to be supposed that things will go on very fast in France.—

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The Chamber will still be in the main a company of Government nominees, the occasions on which speeches will be allowed will be unfrequent and uncertain, the journals will be punished legally, but they will still be punished very easily.

But the machinery of something like free government has begun to be created, and a few more changes, each apparently slight in itself, would make it more and more effective. And it is encouraging to notice what those who treat all these concessions as futile, and a mere sham and delusion, consider to be the true explanation of them. They think they are only a blind, intended to amuse Paris and the world, while the Emperor is maturing plans of a very different kind. He will some day, it is supposed, wreak his vengeance on Prussia, and he is now gathering his strength for the effort. Meanwhile, it keeps dissatisfied persons a little quiet, and distracts the general attention to give the Chamber a little harmless liberty, to let silly people ask a few silly questions, and to allow small groups of electors to meet together in order to talk big and grow animated about an election, the issue of which is practically decided long before a single voter has been near the ballot-box. All this is improbable. The Emperor has probably no wish to go to war with Prussia, and certainly he has no motive of very overpowering strength. If he cannot fight Prussia advantageously now, he has no reason to hope to fight her advantageously soon. In two or three years perhaps he will have a larger and better army than he has now, but so will Prussia. South Germany is as likely to draw towards Prussia, and to give Prussia new strength and new supplies, as France is to furnish the Emperor with a bigger and more efficient army.

Time is likely to tell as much against the Emperor as for him, and no one can deny that in two or three years' time he will, if he lives, be two or three years older. As years come upon him, he is visibly getting more indisposed to make great efforts and run unnecessary risks. And it is not at all certain that the effect of greater freedom of discussion will be to make the French more bent on a great war. The Chamber is not to be allowed to discuss the dealings of the Government with Prussia last year, but it is to hear something about Mexico. The tale of the Mexican expedition is not one that will tempt those who listen to it to embark recklessly in vast and costly enterprises. For four years the French peasant and artisan have had to support the undiminished burden of a most heavy taxation, in order that at last they may see their army kicked out of Mexico by the Yankees, and those who befriended their army in Mexico left unprotected to death, pillage, and every kind of insult. This is not very encouraging, nor very likely to induce the French to embark in a great war. The new changes now announced in the form

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of Government may not be worth very much, but they may be taken for what they are worth, and may safely be considered without reference to a remote and imaginary Prussian war.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Between Two Fires.

It has been found by observation that, as we descend in a deep mine, the temperature increases. It appears that below a certain point the heat of summer and the cold of winter do not penetrate, but one temperature prevails from year to year. Below this point, the temperature constantly rises as we descend as much as one degree of the thermometer in sixty feet; while at a depth of about ten thousand feet, it is calculated that the heat would be equal to that of boiling water. Hot springs and volcanoes prove in the same way that there is great heat in the interior of our globe; but the strongest proof arises from the quantity of matter therein. This can be, and has been, measured with the greatest accuracy by means of the pendulum and other contrivances. It is found that the amount of matter in the earth is about twice as much as would be in a solid globe of granite of the same size—of granite such as we find at the surface of the earth.

A piece of granite appears at first sight, to be amongst the hardest substances we meet with. If, however, we take a small sphere of granite, and strike it violently against a blackened anvil, we shall find that on the sphere of granite there will not merely be a black dot, marking the point where the sphere met the anvil, but a small black circular mark, shewing that the round granite ball had flattened itself against the anvil.

Thus we see that the force of the blow has compressed the granite; and if that force had been continued, the granite would have remained in smaller compass.—Now, when we consider the enormous pressure there will be on the interior parts of our globe, owing to the weight of the upper parts, it is easy to see that, even if of granite (and we have reason to believe that granite is the chief material), they will be pressed into much smaller space than they would occupy on the surface: so the amount of matter in a cubic foot at the centre of our globe will be many times as great as in a cubic foot at the surface.

Now, we know the size of our globe, and calculating how the weight of each part compresses that which is below it, we find that the amount of matter in our globe will be much more than twice that in a sphere of granite of the same size. There must, then, be something which prevents the inte-

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rior parts being condensed so much as they otherwise would be, by the pressure upon them. Now, the only power that we know which could effect this is heat; and a sufficient heat, by its tendency to expand, would sufficiently counteract the compression produced by the superincumbent weight. We are thus led to believe that the interior of our globe is at a very high temperature.

From what we have said, it is plain that at no very great depth the heat must be sufficient to melt the hardest rock. Here we are met with a difficulty. It has been shewn from researches on the precession of the equinoxes that the solid crust of the earth must be several hundred miles thick—not far short, possibly, of a thousand miles. The solution of the difficulty, however, is this. If we heat water in the open air, we find that we cannot raise it to a higher temperature than 212 degrees, as it then passes away in steam. If, however, we place it in a strong closed vessel, we may heat it to a much higher temperature, and it will still retain its fluid form.—Thus, at no great depth below the surface of the earth, the rocks are at such a temperature that they would be in a fluid state if the pressure were only that of the atmosphere, but the great pressure of the rocks above keeps them in a solid state. If, as in a volcano, any outlet be given to them, they immediately liquefy, and flow forth, just as the water heated in the closed vessel will explode into steam when the vessel is broken. Thus, by the pressure, the crust of the earth is kept solid to a great depth. We can easily see that it must be so, from the existence of such masses as the Himalaya and the Andes, which, were the solid crust of the earth of a comparatively trifling thickness, would sink through it, as one sinks through the moss that covers the mountain bog.

Now, heat is but slowly transmitted by some bodies. The outer crust of the earth, composed of various substances arranged very irregularly, allows the central heat to escape but very gradually.—Were the crust composed of iron, the escape of heat would be much more rapid. As it is, owing to the nature of the surface of our globe, the substitution of a mass of ice for the glowing interior would not sensibly lower the temperature on the surface. But it is not so with all bodies. The sun, that reservoir of enormous heat (enormous indeed, since we see that it so expands his vast bulk that its density is but a quarter that of the earth), by some internal constitution, and probably in part through his wonderful atmosphere, transmits his heat rapidly in all directions. Were the earth and the sun constituted alike, the smaller bulk of the earth would cool down long ere the sun had dissipated his heat. The central heat of the earth, however, is as important in its way for the existence of life upon it, as the sun's light and heat; so, by a wonderful arrangement of the surface, its es-

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cape is rendered as slow as possible. It is thus probable that the heat of the sun will not outlast the cooling down of our globe. Between these two fires, the solar and the terrestrial, man's life is, as it were, balanced. The sun as the source of labour we all regard, but the heat of the earth does not come so prominently into view. It will be our aim to treat of it now.

The sun's influence on the organised world is life-sustaining. In a sense, it may be called destructive to the inanimate world. "The waters wear the stones;" and it is the sun that furnishes arms for the contest. Every raindrop that falls wastes the wearied earth, and every wave that beats our coasts carries some trophies back with it to the abyss. Let any one go to some granite coast, and mark the wasted pinnacles and hollowed clefts, and doubt, if he can, who will be the victor. Nor is the power of the sea less shewn on some low-lying coast, where, as if in mockery, he presents mankind with some miles of sandy barrenness, even that gift to be reclaimed in his first angy mood. The action of the sea will wash away every spot where life can rest, such power does its sun-born currents possess. But here the use of the central heat is seen. By the successive expansion of different portions of the crust of the earth, successive portions of land are raised above the sea for life to rest upon. How this takes place, it is not easy to see.—We do not know much of the rate with which the heat of the earth travels through the various rocks; that, however, heat acting on large masses of rock previously at a low temperature, would expand them sufficiently to produce the high lands of the earth, seems probable. If we imagine a deep sea gradually filled up with the *débris* of surrounding lands, the strata thus produced will be compacted and at a low temperature. The water, being a good abstracter of heat, would have reduced the portion of the crust beneath it to a lower temperature than that of the surrounding parts. There would be, as it were, a depression in the heated crust filled in with cold material. By degrees, the heat would spread into this, expanding it, and gradually raising the surface above the sea. At the same time, the surfaces of other masses of land, previously above the water, have been washed away, and in consequence, their heated and expanded foundations lose their heat, and contract—the whole mass thus sinking deeper below the sea.

Such a process probably produces continents and large masses of land. Bays, gulfs, inland seas, and islands will often be due to minor depressions and elevations of a more local nature, though in most cases they are the results of the action of the sea and rain upon such continental masses.

The parts between these two masses of rock—the one expanding and the other contracting—will necessarily be fractured and contorted. Into the chasms and fissures thus formed, the waters of the sea de-

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scend, and in their windings battle with the fire. The volcano and the earthquake are but the side-blows of this terrible conflict. Vast caves, with walls glowing more brightly than the noonday sun—water white-hot, that it dulls not their dazzling purity, ever and anon flashing into vapour, and driving all before it with irresistible might—— But man cannot conceive of the conflict.

We do not know much of the constitution of the sun's surface. It is possible that, as by the fusee of a watch, an equable motion is maintained by a varying power, so, by some arrangement, the heat of the sun is given out equably, and will not vary sensibly in quantity as the amount of heat in the sun diminishes. It is, however, at least probable that the heat given out by the sun is constantly diminishing, though but very gradually, and imperceptibly in the ages that man has inhabited our world. Sirius was known to the ancients as a red star, while to us it is conspicuous for its clear, pure brightness. Other stars, too, have faded from their former splendour. We can, then, well conceive of the sun, as one of the stars, gradually decreasing in splendour through the course of ages. His influence on the earth was formerly greater than now, and in like manner the earth, formerly less cooled down than at present, had an energy of convulsion that now we see not. We have been shewn the forces still at work on our earth, and assured that none greater have ever acted there; but the inevitable course of nature teaches us otherwise. Every valcanic outburst dissipates some of the central heat, and we must add to what is now, what must have been spent in former ages, to obtain a correct idea of the forces of former ages. With a fiercer central heat, the actual manifestations of it arising from its disturbance, must have been greater: continents raised with more sudden upheaval than now, and again devoured more speedily by a more raging sea; fiercer storms of rain deluging the plains, and furrowing with deeper clefts vaster lava-streams than Hecla or Etna now pour forth; a hotter sun and more steamy air nurturing forests compared with which the woods of the Amazon appear but a slow and feeble growth. We cannot but think those in error who assure us that what is always has been, and that the phenomena of nature were never of a fiercer character than now. No; it is for us to admire the Eternal Wisdom guiding the course of His works, supplying to each age the life most suited to it, and at last, when the times were ready, placing man on no new unseasoned world.

Again, in this gradual process of heat collected in two centres, the sun and the earth, gradually dissipating itself through space, and in so doing, maintaining the organizations of life, it is easy to see that the greater violence of its earlier periods, and the langour of its latter ones, render but a certain portion of the duration of this process suitable for the existence

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of man. That this may be long, the whole duration must be immense. We thus see the meaning of the vast geological ages—they are but, as it were, the root, the stalk, the leaves. This age is the fruit, surpassed in magnitude by the others, but their crown and glory, without which they are nothing, and in which they have a great purpose and meaning.

But while we gaze backwards into bygone ages, we cannot but also turn an eye to that which is to come. Science gives but a dreary prospect: the sun waxing dull—the earth's rich plains no longer renewed by the central upheaving fire—the materials of life continually diminishing—everything sinking to an arctic night. But we have a brighter future revealed. The harvest of existence shall not be left in the fields where it grew, to rot and mildew away under November rains; but ere the bright sun of its summer has departed, it shall be reaped and gathered into the Eternal Storehouses.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Pulse-Marker.—The tendency towards the employment of machinery and mechanical instruments for manufactures, arts, and science, which grows more and more with the progress of the present century, has been very markedly shewn in the invention of instruments for the treatment of disease, or for use in pathological inquiry. The result, in a clearer knowledge of obscure diseases, and in methods of cure, is of high importance, and will be appreciated by all who sympathize with the mitigation of human suffering. Diseases of the throat, the chest, the eye, the ear, and brain have of late years been investigated and elucidated with an amount of success that would have been regarded as impossible twenty years ago, by means of instruments, which enable the skilful practitioner to examine the parts affected. Another addition to these instrumental appliances, intended for use in observation of the pulse, has recently been brought out, which will reveal to the eye much more accurately than to the sense of touch the movements of any artery or blood-vessel to which it may be applied. It is the invention of a medical man at Paris, and is named *sphygmograph*. In general terms, it may be described as a combination of a delicate spring and delicate lever. When the former rests upon the pulse, it communicates every movement to the lever, which being provided with a small pen, traces on a slip of paper a black line, which is an exact record of the pulsations that have taken place within a given time. The slip of paper is moved forward by watchwork, which forms part of the apparatus, and the line traced thereon shews clearly to the eye the frequency of the pulsations, whether they are uniform or not, and at what intervals the irregularities occur: and there is the further advantage that it can be preserved for reference and comparison. Certain practitioners in this country have taken the

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sphygmograph into use, and apply it for the detection of morbid conditions of the blood in the early stages, and in diagnosis of aneurisms and diseases of the heart.

MAGNESIUM LAMPS.—The use of magnesium for illuminating purposes is now pretty generally known, and advantage has been taken of it at times under very peculiar circumstances. Once during a prowl for antiquities on the wild heaths of Cornwall, we examined the interior of some ancient British dwellings by the light of magnesium wire, of which one of the party had a supply in his pocket. On another occasion we explored a rugged and difficult tidal cavern in the Scilly Isles by the aid of a magnesium lamp, which shewed us the grim fissured roof, the rough damp walls, and all the weird nooks and corners with a distinctness never before witnessed in that gloomy den. A serious objection, however, to the lamp is its intermittent action, the necessity for wheel-work, and the overmuch smoke which it throws off. This objection has been to a considerable extent obviated by the magnesium lamp invented by Mr. Larkin, recently brought before scientific observers for examination. In this lamp there is no clockwork; the magnesium, instead of being in the form of a ribbon or wire, is in powder, mixed with fine sand.—The mixture of magnesium powder and sand is made to flow from a reservoir, after the manner of sand in an hour-glass, and as it escapes it meets the flame of a small jet of gas, and produces the usual intense light. The sand falls into a receptacle, and the smoke is carried off by a small tube. Variation in the colour of the light can be produced by mixing other chemical substances with the powder; and as the supply of gas is entirely independent of the supply of powder, an opportunity is offered for obtaining at pleasure intermittent effects of light, which under some circumstances would be very useful.

METEOROLOGY. — The establishment of a system of meteorological observations in most countries of Europe is rapidly leading to a comprehension of the laws governing those phenomena on which the weather depends, and before long there will probably be but few problems of importance connected with this interesting subject left unsolved. In the meantime M. Marié-Davy, the chief of the Meteorological Observatory of Paris, has prepared an admirable *résumé* of the present state of our knowledge of meteorology. M. Marié-Davy briefly describes the general movement of the ocean and the atmosphere and discusses the causes to which these have been, with more or less probability ascribed, and then treats in more detail of storms and other variations of the weather, indicating especially the laws by which these phenomena appear to be governed, the recognition of which alone has enabled us to make so much progress in forecasting the weather. The whole of the author's descriptions are particularly clear

and easily intelligible, and the numerous illustrations, among which are many meteorological charts, are well executed.

PLANETARY REACTION.—A further portion of the *Researches on Solar Physics*, has been published by Mr. Warren de la Rue, jointly with Mr. Stewart of the Kew Observatory, in which they show that the position of Jupiter and of Venus has a good deal to do with what they call the "behaviour of sunspots." In other words, it appears that when either of these planets crosses the sun's equator, the solar equatorial region becomes most active, and is thickly sprinkled with spots; on the other hand, when the planets are farthest removed from the solar equator, then the spots crowd mostly to the polar regions of the sun. This is an interesting fact, inasmuch as it indicates that while the sun, as is well known, exerts an influence on the planets, the planets in their turn react on the sun. We notice with pleasure that the gentlemen above named intend to continue their researches, which, it must be admitted, are very important.

MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BRAZIL.—The well-known naturalist, Herr Tschudi, has availed himself of the opportunity offered him by his post as Minister of the Swiss Confederation at the court of the Emperor of Brazil, to collect the material for a description of the country. It is to be hoped that, from his accomplishments and neutral position, we may ultimately expect a book on which every one may rely in Brazilian questions, and not be forced, as hitherto, to make allowances in an uncertain manner for prejudices which have more or less given a partisan tone to most of the publications on that country. The first volume only has as yet appeared, and is mostly occupied by descriptions of tours made into the interior from Pernambuco. It is full of carefully-collected information, and we shall look with considerable desire for the forthcoming and concluding volumes.

FAILURE OF AN AFRICAN MISSION. The story of the unfortunate mission to the highlands of the River Shire, which flows from Lake Shirwa into the Zambesi, has been excellently told by the Rev. H. Rowley, one of the two survivors. The story is as melancholy as enthusiastic hopes disappointed, and overwhelming difficulties heroically withstood, can make it. The struggle for mere life reduced the missionary efforts of Bishop Mackenize and his companions to the narrowest limits, and proved fatal to him and the majority of his devoted followers. The time, however, spent in these African

hills has enabled Mr. Rowley to give a much more full account of the inhabitants, and of their customs and character, than could be expected from any passing explorer. At the mouth of the Zambesi the party met Dr. Livingston, who escorted them up the river to the Shire. While with them he liberated by force a party of natives, who were being conducted to the Portuguese settlement as slaves; and thus established a precedent which eventually sorely troubled the missionaries. They had not long been settled among a tribe called the Manganja before they were implored to assist in repelling the hostile incursions of their enemies, the Ajawa; and stories of a permanent camp, of burning villages, and of enslaved inhabitants, were too much for their feelings.—They consequently espoused, with arms in their hands, the cause of their neighbours, greatly troubled in mind to find themselves in such an equivocal position. The conflict, however, was not very bloody, and appears to have had good effects on the natives, though it exposed the missionaries to constant solicitations to adopt a character very little in accordance with their more immediate professions. They had, too, the disappointment of finding that better knowledge would have induced them to have taken the other side, that their protégés were sad liars and cowards. This unclerical escapade, however, had but little influence on the result of the mission. Cut off from European assistance, and such supplies as were sent them, suffering from casualties that could not possibly be anticipated, they had not only to support themselves, but to find food for the captives of their bow and spear.—This ultimately proved beyond their powers; and nothing remained but the abandonment of the mission.

Sir John Herschel.—We are so accustomed nowadays to see the most highly esteemed of scientific authorities condescending to exert themselves for the benefit of the mass of readers, that it is productive of little surprise when we find the name of Sir John Herschel on the title-page of a little volume of "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects." In fact, most of these essays have already appeared in print in the pages of "Good Words," but they are so admirably clear in their treatment of the subjects to which they are devoted, that we must give them a warm welcome on their appearance in a collected form. They treat of Volcanoes and Earthquakes, the Sun and Comets, and some other astronomical matters, on light and vision, and on the important questions of standard measures.

Voltaire.—A little volume entitled "Voltaire et ses Maitres," has made its appearance. One of its principal recommendations is that it gives some information respecting the school-days of the sceptic, whose father, a middle-class official person, placed his son with the Jesuits, induced by the prospect of advantage which the

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connection held out. It contains, in the second place, sketches of the characters of the reverend fathers who presided over his early education—Porée, Le Jayé, Tournemin, and Thoulier. A third characteristic of the essay is that it exposes the classical shortcomings and downright ignorance of the brilliant Frenchman with great cogency of illustration. Of Greek, Voltaire had scarcely the knowledge of a slovenly student; yet he seems to have been unconscious of his imperfection. Who would suppose that the famous critic inferred that the book of Deuteronomy was written after the captivity, from the use of the word Python in the *Septuagint* translation, or that he confounded the spirit of Python with the serpent Python, whom Apollo slew, affirming that the Jews of the captivity learned the fable from the Greeks. Truly, extremes meet. Ignorance mates with genius, and unbelief shakes hands with credulity.

SOMETHING VERY GERMAN.—The "Life and Poems of William Shakspeare" by Prof. Sievers, of Gotha, furnishes us with a rare illustration of the literary phantasies in which trancendentalists delight to revel. His theory is, that as every genuine poet represents in his writings his own internal life, his own mental difficulties, and their solution, Shakspeare is to be considered from the very first as a subjective author, and his works are to be examined as embodying the successive phases of philosophical or religious progress. According to our critic, the plays which afford a sort of crucial test of the truth of this theory are the "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet." They demonstate that Shakspeare, who in "Lucrece" appears almost as an Atheist, who in "Henry VI." expressly combats a *transcendent* faith in God, became the inspired confessor of the Protestant Christian faith. The "Merchant of Venice" is throughout a glorification of Christianity. "Hamlet" in particular is Shakspeare's own profession of belief; it asserts the principle of Divine Grace, faith in which is the indispensable condition of internal harmony and strength of character. Hamlet indicates, not merely an epoch in Shakspeare's inner life, but an epoch in the comprehension of his poetical calling. In it he proclaims his acceptance of the fundamental truth of Protestanism, and gives his art a religious consecration. Henceforth the spirit of Christianity becomes the standard of measurement applied by the great dramatist to human life. Could the force of hypothesis any further go?

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL IN THE CHARACTER OF A TRANSLATOR.—There is a story told that the editor of a certain popular magazine once wrote for contributions to a great poet and a great scientific man, and that the poet sent him back a paper on science, and the scientific man a translation of Homer. Whether this great scientific man was Sir John Herschel, we cannot undertake to say; but

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most certainly he has now given us a translation of the "Iliad." His translation, too, is rendered by hexameters. This we take to be a thorough mistake. It is giving us the letter instead of the spirit. The literary public has long ago decided against the English hexameter. It would be most unfair, however, not to give Sir John Herschel great credit for industry, care, and scholarship.

Female Suffrage.—We find another illustration of the Radicalism of the *Westminster Review* in an article in its last issue on the subject of "The Ladies' Petition" to Parliament, in which the writer argues that giving women the right to vote would enable them the better to protect their property, that it would extend their sphere and opportunities of usefulness, and that, while the public would thus be benefited, they themselves would suffer no deterioration in manners or character.

"Ecce Homo" is said to be very popular among the educated young skeptical Hindoos. It presents Christ in a light which pleases them, holding him up as a great Teacher and Reformer, but not as a Divine person.

The Demand for Missionaries. Our attention is again arrested by the marked and serious difficulty experienced by the various churches and societies in finding suitable agents for foreign work. Dr. Thomson of Edinburgh, in a recent address, states that while his congregation has been in search of a missionary to Jamaica for a year and a half, to succeed one who has been invalided, they have not had a single application. The ministers of the Established Church of Scotland in Bombay make appeal to their brethren at home, in which they say that their only Scotch missionary is on the eve of returning through ill health; that a Free Church layman, with whom they had agreed to superintend their institution for six months, has accepted another situation; and that the missionary school of 300 children, meeting in a noble building, would be chiefly taught by heathen masters. According to Dr. Thomson, the Free Church, the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the American Board of Missions, and the other missionary associations and churches, were all suffering from the same dearth. He could not avoid the conclusion that there was something alarmingly wrong in the religious condition of the churches, and that the main thing needed was a strong tide of living piety. The era of romance in missions had passed away, and the era of hard, dull, commonplace plodding had succeeded. This tended to chill the feelings that the other era had awakened. "Then I cannot help fearing that the inveterate propensity which has been shown—especially within the last few years—by literary men of an irreligious spirit, and not unfrequently by licentious men who had been car-

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ried by commerce or other causes to mission fields, and found the missionary to be an irritating restraint upon the indulgence of their vices—greatly to depreciate and under-estimate the actual results of foreign missions, which though hitherto to a large extent of a preparatory nature have yet been very great, has had a damping effect upon many Christians of a weak faith." Dr. Thomson earnestly called his brethren to more serious consideration of the subject, and proposed a variety of measures, with the view of stirring up the people of their congregations, and encouraging young men of suitable talents and temper for the work.

THE KEBLE CONTROVERSY.—To every gentle heart it must be a source of most profound grief that the devout and loving Keble should have been hardly gathered to his fathers when a bitter strife was raised over his grave. Throughout ninety-five editions of "The Christian Year" the poem on the Gunpowder Treason had contained the stanza—

> O come to our Communion Feast,
> There present in the heart,
> Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest
> Will his true self impart.

It was with great surprise that in an edition issued after Mr. Keble's death readers found the third line altered, the word "not" being replaced by "as." In vindication of the change it is alleged that before his death the author expressed himself in favour of the alteration, and had written that he meant to adopt it, if another edition of the book should be called for.

FATHER HYACINTHE.—If France shall not obtain in general repute a character for morality as low, as her renown for taste and skill in the decorative arts is high, it will not be through the fault of some of her prominent men, in proclaiming her corruptions. We have already referred to the sermons of Le Père Hyacinthe in Notre Dame. The subject of his "Conferences" this season has been domestic life. In his sermons he has taken occasion to expose the rotten condition of the social organization of society. Atheism, he says, abounds in France. War against God is the peril of the day. Contemporary atheism is aspiring to reörganize everything without God, or rather against God.

THE REFORMATION IN ITALY.—It is amazing to read of the changes that have already occurred in Venice since the Italian tricolor displaced the Austrian eagle. The British and Foreign Bible Society has already ten, and the Scottish Bible Society three, colporteurs in the *Veneto*. An Evangelical Italian service has been begun in Venice with an audience, consisting at first of seven brethren, but rapidly increasing from night to night. Dr. Phillip, a missionary from Leghorn, has been looking after the Jewish population. A Lutheran church, whose front door has been shut up since 1816, during the whole time of the Austrian rule,

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has had its main portal thrown open, and the pastor of the German congregation has been treated with much consideration by Victor Emanuel. There are now in Naples four Evangelical churches, while the schools connected with them number 430 children. Besides secular instruction, these children are receiving most careful religious training, and in several instances the anxiety that has been shown, and the determination evinced, in spite of difficulties, to enjoy the benefits of the schools, have been very remarkable. One appalling fact is stated in the account of the Christmas festivities: there are yet 17,000,000 people in Italy who can neither read nor write!

THE CRETAN.—M. Georges Perrot's work, like M. Simonin's is essentially a publication of the day. After following attentively in the daily papers the various incidents of the Cretan revolution, we naturally wish to know something of the island in which they have taken place, and we turn to the book of Mr. Georges Perrot. During the space of three months this gentleman has travelled through Crete from end to end; fond of nature, a scholar, an antiquarian, and a muscular Christian, he is up to all the duties of a tourist. He collects the legends and traditions of the country, leads us to the most picturesque sites, unfolds to us the character of the Cretans, and, we are sorry to say, is of opinion that they still deserve the bad reputation which they held in the days of the Apostle Paul. The geography of the island occupies the former part of the volume; the latter is devoted to its history.

NERO.—The contribution of M. Latour Saint-Ybars to historical literature is an attempt to rehabilitate the character of Nero. M. Latour Saint-Ybars represents him to us as a delightful man, naturally kind, considerate, endowed with superior intellectual qualities, and with an excellent heart! The crimes which disgraced the latter part of Nero's reign were, our author asserts, the results of the corrupting influence of the tyranny of the Cæsars; they belonged to his position, not to his nature. But we have said enough of a publication which throws no new light upon history, and is merely remarkable as a specimen of a class of paradoxes of which the world has had more than sufficient.

LITERARY ACTIVITY IN ENGLAND.—Some one has been at the pains of compiling a table of the number of new books, and new editions of old books, that have appeared in England during the year that has recently ended. To learn that four thousand two hundred and four new publications have been issued in twelve months is not to learn anything very distinct or significant. The aspect of the table which is best worth considering is the comparison which it furnishes of the various depart-

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ments of literature, and of the degrees in which the various kind of subjects engage the literary mind. Most people with any judgment would have conjectured beforehand to what branch of literature the great majority of new books belong. Religion, we might have been quite sure, would stand at the top of the list. And so it does, with an amount of preëminence about which there can be no debate. Of the four thousand two hundred and four new publications, religious books number eight hundred and forty-nine. Theology absorbs rather more than a fifth of last year's literature.

It demands no very surprising acuteness to guess what would come second to theology in the list. Theology, as we have seen, takes up just upon eight hundred and fifty, and Fiction comes next with three hundred and ninety, or close upon four hundred.

If three hundred and ninety novels appeared altogether in the course of last year, we are justified in assuming that certainly not more than seventy were new editions of old stories. This is probably above rather than below the mark, and in consequence we are brought face to face with the truly appalling fact that a new novel makes its appearance in this country every day of every week, excepting Sundays.—There must be an amount of mental labour bestowed upon the composition of these three hundred novels at least equal to that which in another field, gives us an Atlantic Cable, a Tubular Bridge, or a Thames Embankment. If we turn for a moment from the writers to the readers, we may pretty safely assert that there are few men of sound mind who would not exclaim—

Of the three hundred grant but three.

Fortunately for novelists, all the world is not of sound mind. There are people who would not at all object to read one new novel per diem, and it must be a great satisfaction to such persons to discover that there is no chance or prospect of any famine in the land of fiction. If we turn once more to the list, we find that the books of poetry and the drama of last year, number two hundred and thirty-two. Suppose that one hundred and fifty of these were reprints—there remains over eighty new and original books of poetry. From the accession of Elizabeth to the present day, have there been eighty verse-writers whom anybody of sense would now care to read? Decidedly not. The creative fertility of our own age is unrivalled. We can produce more poets in a year than a dozen generations of our stupid ancestors could produce. Happy the men and women who live in a time when they can have a new novel every morning, and a new poet about twice a week.

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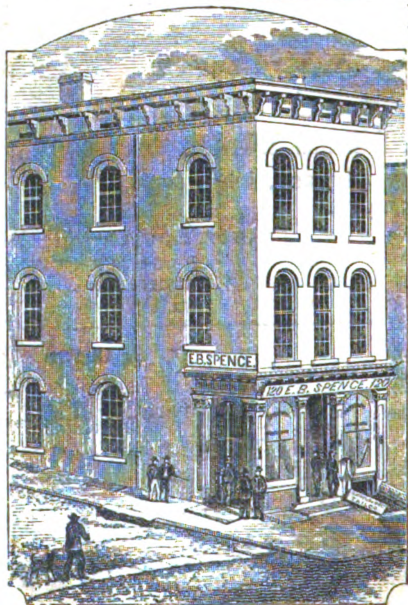

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Religious and Secular.

EDITED BY
Rev. MOSES D. HOGE,
Rev. WILLIAM BROWN.

Vol. I. **April, 1867.** **No. 6.**

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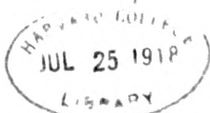

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The Richmond Eclectic Magazine.

Vol. I. April, 1867. No. 6.

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[*The Cornhill Magazine.*

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS.*

It is curious to take note of the ebb and flow of interest in Spain, and all that concerns it, which has of late influenced English opinion, and to contrast in some detail the ups and downs of its past and present hold on the public mind. Fifty years ago Spain was cast up, as it were, on our shores, as a subject of the keenest personal interest to every family in the kingdom by the resistless wave of war. After its subsidence, and the slow dropping off of individual lives, the silence of the very lowest ebb-tide seemed to have closed over her; for the interest we took in Spanish politics during the George the Fourth period was altogether abstract, impersonal, and lifeless. In the days of the Carlist wars and Evans' legion, we certainly came under another, but a far feebler wave, of personal, leading to ultimate political, interest in Spain; but this soon passed away. Then came Ford and his Handbook, by which the nature and character of our interest was completely changed, and since which, we may say, that we have been half-drowned in the new wave of touristic travel. Perhaps it is not altogether unpleasant; but still we are floating chin-deep in a regular sea of things about Spain: Spanish tours, Spanish books, Spanish photographs, Spanish everything—except Spanish cash payments—and perhaps Spanish wines, which the present generation, confidently presumptuous, and not knowing what is before it, seems to be abandoning for Greek. Half one's acquaintance are planning a tour in Spain, or have just returned from a few weeks in that newly-favoured country. The pity is that, after all, so few of these same tourists ever stay more than a few weeks, and a very few weeks too. One would think that some among the now daily increasing list might find lei-

* The "Fortnightly Review" contains a sharp critique of Lady Herbert's "Impressions of Spain," a few extracts from which we give at the end of this paper. We publish this article from "The Cornhill Magazine," and a portion of the Review in the "Fortnightly," because of the interesting information they contain with regard to a country comparatively little known among us,—EDS. ECLECTIC.

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sure for something better than the mere hasty "vacation tour." A quartette of Members of Parliament were in Spain within six months of each other; Peers, Scotch Baronets, Alpine Clubmen, and even solitary Peeresses have added the graces of their names within the last three or four years. Some studious burrowers in old MSS. and some high-stepping "own correspondents," fill up the goodly list. From these we have derived some half-dozen works, of various degrees of value, and we may reasonably expect two or three more in process of time.

The most recent of these, Lady Herbert of Lea's heavy octavo, perhaps claims precedence, from its having rather better illustrations than usual; though for ourselves we should have preferred to have fewer in number and better in kind. Her ladyship's work is more an itinerary of devout pilgrimage than anything else, and will, after a few weeks' run, be only interesting to her co-religionists, and those who wish to feed a certain Christianized Arabian Nights' view of Spain, derived from a jumble of Washington Irving's stories and the biographies of Spanish saints. Mr. O'Shea's laboriously produced volume will be of unquestionable value to the tourist, although very unlikely to supersede that crabbed, cross-grained, dogmatic, and most valuable old Ford. Of course, as an example of excellent things packed in small parcels, Mr. Grant Duff's "Study," in his recently-published volume, is the very best of all; but then he deals with the political history almost only. It is an essay of unsurpassed trustworthiness, and very interesting besides. In fact, it is not a little curious to observe the remarkable accuracy with which the Spanish character and the present condition of the country have been gathered together, without, we imagine, any very lengthened personal experience of Spain; but then it is not every "vacation tourist" that can do this. From our own point of view—a very different one from his, chiefly confined to one province, and from joining only in the society of one class, viz., the financial or middle-class—we confess to a certain surprise at Mr. Grant Duff's accuracy; and we even believe that we could impart to him a few facts which would make him feel that he had come nearer the truth than he knew at the time; or, at least, that some things on which he has touched but lightly might have been very seriously emphasized.—For instance, Mr. Grant Duff remarks that "Spain retains less of the real spirit of Christianity than any other country." Taking morality to be of the essence of Christianity, he might have said that the immorality of the Spaniard, more especially one particular form of immorality, among the upper and lower classes of society, and of the priests, is far beyond that of any other European country. As one slight testimony of this, we may bring the sorrowful but solemn acknowledgment of the archbishop of one of the largest provinces in Spain, that he only knew of two

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priests in his whole diocese, besides himself, who led decently chaste lives! While it is also worthy of note, that no country in Europe, we believe, can show so enormous a proportion of foundlings and foundling hospitals.

For ourselves, we should say that the very chief and foremost characteristic of the Spaniard, only slightly touched upon by Mr. Grant Duff, is the utter want of mutual *good faith* in the country. From the Queen and Cabinet downwards to the very lowest individual, there is the same perfect indifference to any engagement, however solemnly made (matrimony included). Whether among Ministerial promises of direct assistance in encouraging the improvements of the country—roads, bridges, canals, schools, colleges, hospitals, &c.—or the more indirect connivance at the slave-trade; whether as regards the promulgation of the new constitution, or the payment of national debts—promises are alike as pie-crust. Even in such smaller circumstances as the taking a place in a conveyance, hiring a servant, a house, even a bed in an inn (and in these matters of course we mean among themselves, for a foreigner is fair game all the world over)—in each and all the weakest goes to the wall. This, we venture to say, is the national characteristic. "El crédito Espanol" is one of the "cosas de Espana" promised on the eternal "manana"—the to-morrow which never arrives.

Another characteristic, overlooked naturally by a rapid, rushing tourist, is their remarkable inhospitality. In saying this, we do not allude to the stand-off coldness, such as an Englishman shows to the foreigner in Great Britain, but the mutual inhospitality among themselves. They meet but seldom in each other's houses, in comparison with other nations; never take their abominable *puchero* and *garbanzos* together; no friends, but only the near relations, who live in or about one house, ever surround the Spanish board. Invitations are given for *tertulias* or evening parties only, and at these the heaviest refreshment is *agua fresca* and a few lumps of sugar; if ices are added, the *soirée* may be fairly termed sumptuous. After an hour or two, the company go home to munch their lettuce and tomato salad before bed. We hope our readers will understand that we are not contrasting Spanish inhospitality with our deadly ceremony of London dinner-parties, which we fondly deem to be the type of hospitality, but rather with the boundlessly open and easy hospitality of the East, after its own fashion, or of the transitional countries of Eastern Europe, where everybody is always dropping in upon everybody else at the sunset dinner-time, and is always welcome. Of course there are exceptions. An old-fashioned country gentleman or farmer will occasionally open the gate of his golden orange-groves, and say, "Your grace must lighten my heart by choosing all the sweetest and best oranges to be found; and what he cannot eat must be carried home, to remind

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him of the humble friend and entertainer whose whole property is at his service." But such complaisance is rare, and is chiefly characteristic of Andalucia, where courtesy is the rule. This want of hospitality is important, because it tends to prevent a healthy exchange of ideas, and does much to diminish the good effect we may hope for from the railways. It is also, we submit, one indication of their want of good faith and confidence in each other.

With the Spanish peasant it is different. He is a sober, frugal, industrious, and intelligent man, working well when he does work, but not too careful for the wants of the morrow. For his furious temper, his passionate loves and hatreds, his degrading, brutal vices, the pages of Ford may be consulted as a not over-painted picture; but we must add our opinion that the same brutality of soul abounds in more than one of the classes above the peasant, partly concealed by a meanness and pettiness of spirit that is very unlike the popular English story-book portrait of the *Hidalgo.** When the wretched camarilla that now governs the country have passed away, and a Ministry can be formed of anything better than a succession of generals, we may hope that education may do something for the gentry of Spain. At present, while more than one Englishman bears testimony to the excellence of the peasant schools, the teaching afforded to the upper classes is simply deplorable; even the seminarists can scarcely understand their Latin breviary, and among the medical men there is, we believe, almost total ignorance of Latin—we might also add of medicine; while the tourist will very rarely meet with any official in the great libraries who has more than a faint idea of the books under his care. Our picture is dark, but it is true; and it is not to be made lighter by adducing single exceptions.

There is plenty of money in the country, but it is hoarded, as in

* We have used a very strong word, but we mean it. If ever there was a brutal nation it is the Spanish. They are by nature capable of every kind of refinement; but in the meanwhile there is an undercurrent of brutality in them that is far less well covered over than the Tartar beneath the Russian skin. However the taint may have been originally shed into the blood, it is unquestionably kept up and fostered by the beloved bull-fights, to which the aged or worn-out favourites of the gentry are consigned by their tender and affectionate masters, who make parties to go and see them tortured by the bull. We shall never forget the deep impression made upon ourselves at the only bull-fight we have witnessed, of how deeply an absolute love of cruelty is inbred in them. There were some three or four ladies in the box with us, and two boys, one of five, the other of six years old: they were gaily-dressed, bright little fellows, full of joy at attending the funcion. It happened after a time that one of the wretched horses was half-killed by the bull exactly beneath our box, and was left to lie there; whereupon these little petticoated boys nearly fell out of the box in the ecstatic clapping of their hands and screams of delight, as they minutely watched the still quivering bowels of the poor beast that lay spread on the ground; and actually encouraged by their mother and her friends, mimicked the convulsive shivers that passed through his mangled carcass! Some of the younger women and girls certainly did screen their eyes from the horrid sight; but all the men, high and low, roared with delight over the fallen and dying creatures.

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the East, not spent, for want of encouragement and of faith in each other. Besides, it is necessary for a prudent man always to keep a large stock in hand in case of a law-suit, however trifling, or an arrest, however temporary, when the judge's hands must be well lined if any "justice" is to be done. The laws are good, but what is the use of them if none but the purse-receiver is to decide the case? To be sure, even then money is of little use should a military man be in the way; and rash indeed would be the man who went into court to prove that black was black or white was white, when a colonel or a captain said the contrary. We ourselves once consulted a Spanish friend about a very simple affair which we proposed to have decided by the alcade. "Are you mad?" asked our friend. "Not at all; here is the simple proof." "Of course, I know that," he returned, with a shrug of impatient pity; "but don't you know that your antagonist is an officer?"

Every traveller that ever sets foot in the Spain of our day bears witness to the extreme rudeness of the public functionaries—the post-office men, the railway officials, the bankers' clerks, the small innkeepers, &c. The traveller in old days led a wilder and freer life, and came more into contact with the genuine people, when living on horseback or muleback, as in the East. There were few Jacks-in-office then, in comparison to these days of railroads and diligences.—Now, however, a man may pass through Spain, and see scarcely any of the people but these officials; and they are certainly much worse in Spain than anywhere else. Our own experience is perhaps the bitterest, since our chief travels date from the unhappy moment when England filled up the measure of the Spaniard's disgust by requesting him to pay his debts, then standing for ever so many years; whereat the noble Don rose in indignant wrath from the Pyrenees to the Mediterranean. The great "art of travel" in that year certainly consisted in keeping one's mouth closed; but alas! one was occasionally obliged to speak and betray one's British accent—a betrayal that was invariably and inevitably followed by intentional rudeness, more or less gross; or, if the bodily strength of the Briton appeared very patent, by muttered imprecations, allusions to "Gibraltar," accompained by much gnashing of teeth. In fact, if there was one point on which our mind became perfectly clear during our residence in Spain, it was that the subject of Gibraltar was a very sore spot in the Spanish heart. Even among the more educated and courteous of the Spaniards, the conversation, after any mention of England, invariably reached the rocky peninsula within a very few minutes, and when the speakers became animated it was not pleasant to have the word deliberately hissed in our faces with the very harshest gutturals possible. We always answered these scowls with affectionate smiles and invitations to come and take

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possession of the Isle of Wight (unfortunately, they never knew where that island was); but the only *safe* thing to do in Spain is, when you hear that ominous name, to turn the conversation as quickly as possible. An Englishman in travelling is always supposed to have come for one of two objects, viz. something to do with the *ferro-carril*, or with Gibraltar. And here we may as well mention that to travel *comfortably* in Spain you should look very athletic or very rich: one or the other will command the at least external respect of the Spaniard; while without either, the unhappy English traveller is simply *nowhere*. The idea of a stranger is not a pleasant one to the Spaniard. He is far too strong in his own conceit to wish for the good opinion of the foreigner, and there are not yet travellers enough for him to realize how much he would gain by them.* We venture, also, to whisper a word of advice to any of our female friends who may be wishing to wander in the "dear, dear abroad," to choose any other country than Spain for their rambles. Travelling for pleasure is not a thing understood by the Spanish mind in any case, and for ladies to leave home, except as appendages to husbands or fathers, is simply a thing not to be realized. We happen to have gathered a tolerably wide experience of what Spanish men think and say on this subject; and we beg to register our deliberate conviction that English ladies who have "*so* enjoyed" Spain have only tried it with their husbands or brothers, or in a large party. No one knows better than a Spaniard on whom and when it is *safe* to make an attack. Moreover, no one can possibly travel in Spain in any comfort unless he, she, or some one of the party speaks Spanish well, and is *au fait* with the proper compliments of well-bred society. They may be hyperbolic—absurd—what you will, but they are necessary for comfort, and *imperative* if you wish to be considered a gentleman; and people should not go to the country unless they can conform in some measure to its rules and requisitions. From one end of Spain to the other, and in all classes but the very best, a Spaniard will pity you with the most perfect simplicity if you do not speak his language, and inquire, in all good faith, how you can travel anywhere in the world without it, or enjoy civilized life in any country. To a suggestion that French was considered the language of the world, we have invariably received the same answer, "Oh, no; *you* may think so, but in reality it is Spanish."

Every one knows the difference of the conduct of the French and the English in the Peninsular war; how the French destroyed their buildings, ravaged their country,

* "This romantic, generous, and high-minded Hidalgo . . . has not emancipated himself from that signal mark of inferiority of culture, the violent prejudice against strangers, and he views a request for the payment of its debts as one of the grossest insults that can be offered to a high-minded and honourable nation."—"TIMES," July 27, 1865.

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and stole their pictures; while the English fought their battles, and got nothing for their blood. Yet of the two, the French traveller is in comparison, welcomed, and the English one abhorred. During 1861 it was our fortune to travel much, by diligence and railway, over several provinces of Spain, and to share many a dinner in *fondas*, and *posadas*, mingling with many classes of men; and we will venture to affirm that there seldom passed a day during that time that some one or more of our fellow-travellers did not emphatically inquire of us if we understood their conversation, and, having made sure of the fact, immediately remarked, in loud distinct notes, to his neighbour, "I do hate the English! such a mean, bullying nation," and so on, through all the abusive terms they could make the clearest. We remember one day in Seville rashly inquiring our way to some place from a well-dressed man: he told us, with much detail, which way to go; but it chanced that a few steps further on we met an American gentleman of our acquaintance, a resident in Seville, and shook hands with him: upon seeing which, our well-dressed friend rushed after us, and exclaimed, with the utmost politeness, "Excuse me, your grace. I took you for English, and you won't think so badly of me as to believe I should help *them*. I see now you are American, so I have run after you to say it is quite the other way you should go; it will be my pleasure to accompany you now, to make up for my little mistake." And so he did—for could we tell him after that we were English?

This sort of petty spite made one's daily life in travelling uncommonly disagreeable. For instance, one day arriving at the post-office at Madrid, on inquiring for letters, only a small number was presented to us. "Surely there are more addressed to the same name?" we said. The official showed another fat bundle, neatly tied up, but refused to give them to us. We showed our passport, but alas! our companion was designated therein as our "sister," and the Christian name on the letters was wanting in the passport. We grovelled before that old functionary: we praised the post-office, and everything else in Spain; we invited him to our house in England as our honoured guest for a year and a day; we assured him we believed his "dona" could not be as handsome as himself: but nothing would do; the opportunity of annoying an *Inglesa* was too tempting, and our unhappy "sister" left the post-office vanquished and letterless.

In fact, letters are rather a sore subject to English residents in Spain. We learned, after a few months, that a large seal was almost sure at least to delay them some days *en route*, if they ever reached at all; whether they were considered likely to be of more importance, or what, we could not learn, but letters so marked were invariably and freely cut open and re-sealed with lumps of green (the official coloured) wax, impressed

by the official thumb. Even without this temptation, we frequently found tokens of their having been read: either they had been hastily refolded in Spanish shape, or blots of ink had been thrown over their pages, or ends of cigarettes and their ashes were kindly enclosed; and we calculated, after our return to England, that only about two-thirds of our letters had ever reached ourselves or our correspondents in England.

However, without letters we could live; without money we could not; and variously disagreeable were our adventures in obtaining the latter. Once, when we had, for the second time, patiently and silently waited exactly two hours and a half in the room of one of the partners of the largest bank at Valencia, we remarked, with mild dignity, that such detentions were scarcely pleasant or business-like. "Qué gente son estas!"* from the amiable partner was the exclamation, commencing a loud tirade upon the impatience and general unpleasantness of the English, and double or treble, we need not say, was the "commission" mulcted in consequence from our circular note beyond that which any change of currency could possibly warrant.—We indulged ourselves in an innocent revenge; for one of the carnival masquerade balls happening only three or four days after, we took advantage of a tolerable numerous acquaintance in Valencia to victimize our enemy. The joke was taken up willingly, for the gentleman was a very unpopular person; and long before the evening was over his own exclamation had been so dinned into his ears by every person he came near, and made the subject of so many practical jokes, that he was fain to slink out of the room in self-defence.

But this want of amiability belongs chiefly to the middle-classes—the least agreeable in any country. The peasant or artisan is very different, and they themselves differ as much from each other in the different provinces of Spain. In the north he is rough; in the east he is brutal; in the south he is gracious. The Valenciano will swear at you as he passes on the road, and take care to splash you as he goes; the Andalucian will beg you to stop while he gathers a fresh flower from the hedge to replace the one he sees fading in your companion's hair. The Andalucian will offer you his *manta* in the diligence, which, if you are not fond of fleas, and worse, you will decline with a whole cascade of compliments and thanks; the Valenciano will insist on occupying the bedroom you have just engaged, and will take it by force if you are unwise enough to demur at the change.

To those who know Spain, there is nothing more amusing than the nonsense talked and written by the English and French about "going

* "What people these are!" literally; but, used in this way, gente may be more properly translated by "pigs."

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to Spain to see the East." Doubtless much of what is good in Spain and the Spaniard has been left there by the Moors of glorious memory; doubtless the industry, the sense of beauty, what honesty he has, and we had almost said what piety he has, have come to him chiefly from his Moorish father; but there the affinity ceases. It is by no means easy to point out characteristics common to both which are not equally found in the Italian, the Greek, or in any other dwellers in tolerably *al fresco* climates.— Chiefest of all is the difference of feeling with regard to women.— Woman is at quite as low a level in the Western country as in the Eastern, in proportion; but the only real difference is that the Mussulman preserves his respect for his woman by jealous safe-keeping, while the Spaniard has long ago flung all his to the winds, and has now altogether forgotten its meaning. It is not his chivalry, but his want of chivalry, towards women which is so remarkable.— If a foreigner and alone, his instinct is to bully her, not in the least as a predatory London gent might do, but from real disapprobation and aversion.

And yet in spite of all this and many other disagreeables, beyond the limits of this paper, we shall always turn away from Spain with the most hearty regret. Of the glorious beauties of the country, this is not the place to speak: nor of the delights of a climate in many respects, we believe, unrivalled in the universe; nor of the incalculable wealth yet wholly undeveloped in the country. For what the Spanish artisan *can* do, let the admirable roads (where there are any,) the beautiful public buildings and well-constructed private houses, the enamelled tiles, the brass and iron work, the ornamental furniture and stuffs, the *mantas*, the velvets, the boots and shoes and all leather-work, the blankets and flannels (certainly superior to ours at the same price,) the cigars, the *curillos*, the gloves, the confectionery — let all these testify. Who can tell what the lower classes would become, if the upper classes would set them an example of honesty and morality, after a generation or two of wholesome education? Who can say what place, with common honesty and good faith, Spain would have reached by this time on the list of nations? Where would the richness of her almost virgin soil, her mineral treasures, added to the intelligence and sobriety of her people, have placed her? Who can say emphatically enough, how absolutely hopeless any real improvement can be, while one cabinet tricks out another, and all are but the playthings of an ignorant, fanatical, superstitious, and profligate Queen?

Probably the more the Spaniards become by habit accustomed to the sight of the traveller, the better for the travellers themselves. Only, we must say one word of emphatic advice: *take Spain as you find it*, and if you must grumble, wait till you get home. Above all, keep a

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civil tongue in your head; compliments are cheap, and you may as well hope to stay in London hotels without money as to be comfortable in Spain without manners and compliments. Don't go, if you do not choose to speak in Spain as the Spaniards do. The discomforts of Spanish travel are quite sufficient in themselves without adding that of making enemies of all you come near. Even the discomforts you can by a little forethought very greatly mitigate; for one thing lay down as an invariable rule, that from one end of Spain to the other you must never count on finding food anywhere short of a great city. If you are going to travel for one day or for three days by rail, diligence, or anyhow, take all the food you will require for that time with you. On the great high-roads, where the diligences stop regularly, you may be pretty sure of good bread, and in the daytime you will usually find dishes of frizzled ham and lukewarm chocolate; in the night there is nothing to be had; and we can assure the reader that a few days of the above fare is very thirsty work. Off the high-roads you can never be *sure* of anything, not even of eatable bread or clean water. In the fruit season the traveller is better off; it is worth a journey from England to taste a Carcagente orange gathered on the spot. Figs are not first-rate in Spain, but very eatable; fig-cheese, however, is excellent, and one of the best portable foods for travelling. It is so cheap and good that it is a wonder it has not made its appearance here save as an expensive rarity. Dates may be eaten fresh by the curious in Murcia, but they are as much like African dates as acorns are like apples. Sometimes, however, with a little trouble, the traveller may get a really good meal even at a *posada*, and the hotels in the large cities are always good. Both *posadas* and hotels are clean; indeed it may be remarked that Spain, in comparison with other European countries, is essentially clean; the cottages are always cleanly whitewashed within and without, and the *posadas*, although empty of furniture, have nothing worse than fleas in them. Of course we need not say that to those who are accustomed to the well-bathed eastern, the Spaniard, himself and herself, is decidedly dirty. But we must decline to enter into further detail on this subject.

In no country is a temporary residence more easily managed. For example, at Valencia the newly-arrived traveller sees pieces of note-paper fluttering in the balconies: he learns that one bit in the centre of the balcony signifies unfurnished lodgings; a bit at each end announces them to be furnished. If he engages them unfurnished, he has but to go to certain warehouses, and say that he requires so many sitting-rooms and so many bedrooms furnished, in first, second, or third class. The first consists of furniture covered with velvet; the second in leather or moreen; the third is in plaited straw. He will make his bargain, and haggle as

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much as he likes for an extra straw carpet or two, or an additional *brasero;* but when the bargain is completed the whole of the furniture will be sent in in two or three hours. Good servants are rare birds anywhere, but they are to be had. We always found ours faithful and taking a sort of unsophisticated interest in those they served. Our cookery was by no means elegant or elaborate, but we can truly say it was excellent. Our very first step was to buy a monthly "indulgence" for ourselves and for all our servants to eat meat, butter, &c., on all days and at all seasons; without this our servants would have been miserable, but at the expense of three or four shillings each we made them more than happy. We had, summer and winter, good beef, and sometimes good mutton—poultry and fish in abundance, and vegetables to admiration. The common wines of Valencia at least, we found utterly detestable; but in Andalucia the inn wines were more drinkable.

But we must not stop to enter into many more details. We recommend travellers to inspect all they can see of the rural schools and the schools belonging to the convents: he will find them in many cases, above the average of other countries. The hospitals are mostly well managed, and in some places are perfect models. Foundling hospitals abound to a marvellous degree, but we cannot give them as much praise as most other institutions; they appeared to us to be managed with an ingenious cruelty that can only result in putting most of the unhappy little wretches out of their misery. The infants are put into cots in the hospital nurseries, and after being fed by the wet nurses, are locked in for four or five hours, when the nurses reënter to feed them again, and so on through the twenty-four hours. Meantime the babies scream on untended, and, as may be supposed, but a very few per cent. ever grow up beyond infancy.

Time fails us to speak of the lotteries—a great feature in city life; or of the theatres; or of the street singers, especially those of Passiontide; of the *serenos*, the watchmen of the night; of the *alamedas*, or fashionable promenades in each city; of provincial fairs and of gipsy gatherings; or even of the splendid church *funciones;* or of the noisy delights of carnivals and religious plays and miracles. Descriptions of picture-galleries and cathedrals we leave to other pens than ours. All we can hope for is to have tempted some few to wander in that beautiful land, which we can assure them they can do with safety and pleasure, by dint of good-temper, courage, and, above all, civility.

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[*Fortnightly Review.*

LADY HERBERT'S IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.*

Speaking of Spain in 1863, Mr. Buckle exclaims, "There she lies at the farthest extremity of the Continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the middle ages; and what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her condition." This was substantially true when he wrote it. Allowing for occasional rufflings of the surface, is it equally true now? Will it be true ten, twenty, or fifty years hence? In other words, are the causes which brought about such a state of things transitory or permanent? Recent signs of vitality might justify a supposition that important changes are at hand. Within four or five years the Spaniards have had a war with Morocco, a war with Chili, two or three military *pronunciamientos* or mutinies on a large scale, one downright rebellion, wholesale arrests and deportations, and more than one political crisis strongly resembling a *coup d' ètat*. They have protested against the regeneration of Italy, and proffered military aid or an asylum to the Pope. If they have seemed to retrograde or grow more reactionary at one period, they have made violent rushes in an onward direction at another; and the best informed observer would be puzzled to declare whether Moderados, Liberals, or Progressistas will eventually prevail,—whether Narvaez, O'Donnell, or Prim will win the day,—whether the Bourbon dynasty will hold out against the odium excited by royal bigotry and caprice, real or imputed—whether the people, the real people, will ever shake off their apathy and prepare for a future worthy of their past.

The political Spain of our generation has been a sort of Lower Empire, where the prætorian bands make and unmake governments; the question is never who commands a majority in the country, but who is most in favour with the army; and the military reform which weeded out the non-commissioned officers, did more for civil order and stability than the large measure of Parliamentary reform which immediately preceded it. Political contests are mere faction fights; there is no such thing as public opinion in the English acceptation of the word; and what would be a revolution in any other quarter of the world, is simply the successful motion of an opposition leader, the equivalent of a vote of want of confidence or an address to the crown to name another president of the council. When the army is equally divided or remains neu-

* IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN IN 1866. By LADY HERBERT. With Fifteen Illustrations. Bentley. 1867.

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tral, the Camarilla is master of the situation, and the fate of cabinets hangs on a court intrigue, initiated by a confessor or a nun. But it is right to add that Spaniards of unimpeachable honour, true to their characteristic loyalty, utterly discredit the current scandals about the queen.

The reactionary tendencies, the ingrained habits of thought and feeling, which have prostrated and enslaved the Spanish intellect for centuries, and strikingly, although (we suspect) unconsciously, placed in broad relief by Lady Herbert in her "Impressions of Spain;" a work which certainly was not composed with the view of tracing, or helping to trace, the social and industrial deficiencies of the people, to their ignorance or their dogged adherence to a creed. Indeed, considering the peculiar circumstances under which her tour was undertaken, the wonder is that she discovered any deficiencies: that she did not see everything and everybody, high or low, as through a Claude Lorraine glass, or tinted with rose colour. A clever and highly accomplished woman of winning manners and address, the widow of a popular statesman, the mother of a far-descended earl (who accompanied her,) the bearer of an historic name—she had yet an additional recommendation, which set off and indefinitely enhanced the rest. She was a brand just snatched from the burning, a lamb brought back to the fold, a heroine of the Faith who had nobly renounced her sin of heresy, and set an elevated example to her countrywomen.—Her arrival was heralded or anxiously anticipated, by bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and papal nuncios. A missive from the Sovereign Pontiff himself was her "open Sesame" to the hermetically sealed sanctuary or cell. A fresh odour of incense atmosphered her train; she moved with a glory round her head. It would be a tame and inadequate expression of the facts (as related by eyewitnesses,) to say that she was cordially welcomed by those whom she most wished to see, especially in Andalucia. The dignitaries of the Church, with the superiors of monastic and charitable institutions, gave her an almost royal reception. Masses usually reserved for the queen were sung before her, with the accompaniment of the finest music. Ceremonies were repeated out of season, that she might witness or take part in them; and relics, seldom exposed to the gaze of the pious of the most exalted rank, were paraded for her personal edification.

She thus saw much, and in the best manner, that ordinary tavellers could not have seen at all; and if she came away flattered and gratified, with her judgment warped on some subjects, she fortunately preserved her memory and powers of description unimpaired. It will be remembered that the influence of rank, wealth, and personal distinction in foreign lands was not new to her. She had travelled largely in Italy and the East, and was wont to accept gracefully and naturally a good deal of deferential

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attention as her due. The impressions she left behind her (as can be vouched from authority) were as favourable as those she brought away, and it would be unfair to distrust her impressions, because so far as a select class of objects is concerned, they are favourable.

"What is it," she begins, "that we seek for, we Englishmen and Englishwomen, who year by year are seen crowding the Folkestone and Dover steamboats? I think it may be comprised in one word—*sunshine*. . . . . So, in pursuit of this great boon, a widow lady and her children, with a doctor and two other friends, started off in the winter of 1865, in spite of ominous warnings of revolutions and grim stories of brigands, for that comparatively unvisited country called Spain." No sunshine worth seeking for is to be had north of Seville in November, and the travellers hurry southwards after a brief trial of the uncongenial climate of Madrid. But the commencement of the expedition is not altogether barren; and, sunshine apart, no district is devoid of interest for Lady Herbert so long as there is a convent, a hospital, or a charitable institution to inspect. Their journey was disagreeably diversified by a stoppage, an enormous rock having fallen across the railroad; and they were obliged to get out and walk. "A little experience of Spanish travelling taught them to expect such incidents half a dozen times in the course of their day's journey, but at first it seemed startling and strange." Did it teach them nothing more? Did it never lead them to inquire whether more serious stoppages might not arise from the same ingrained habits of negligence and irregularity which delayed and annoyed them on the road? Their powers of endurance were well-nigh exhausted on their way from Madrid. "Oh, the misery of these wayside stations in Spain!" is the beginning of a doleful paragraph. "Reader, did you ever go in a Spanish diligence?" is the pathetic introduction to a spirited sketch of that conveyance.

They arrived at Cordova at eight at night, "very tired indeed, horribly dusty and dirty, and without having had any church all day!" However, they spent the next morning in the cathedral; and, after luncheon, they started for the hermitage in the Sierra Morena, into which the ladies were admitted by special permission of the archbishop. In austerity, the hermits rival the monks of La Trappe. They never see one another but in the church, and speak but once a month. They profess to follow St. Paul, "the first hermit," but it is not stated whether they take the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul's Epistles, or tradition for their guide.* They are to pray seven hours a day, and take the discipline twice a week. Though the cold in winter is intense, they are not allowed fires beyond what is absolutely necessary for cooking their beans.

* They probably follow Paulus Eremitanus—not St. Paul.

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At Cadiz, diverging into a more mundane train of thought, Lady Herbert pronounces an opinion on Spanish beauty, which she praises warmly, but insists that dress has a great deal to do with it. "Dress your Oriental in one of Poole's best fitting coats and trousers, and give him a chimney-pot hat, and where would be his beauty?" Much where it was, if he were really a handsome, well-made man. "In the same way, if—which good taste forefend—the Spanish ladies come to imagine that a bonnet stuck on the back of the head, with every colour of the rainbow, is prettier than the flowing black robe and softly folded mantilla, shading modestly their bright dark eyes and hair, they will find to their cost that their charm has vanished for ever." Lady Herbert means, of course, if they dress like English or French women; but surely many Spanish beauties (the Empress Eugenie, for one) have held their own in Paris and London without the softly folded mantilla.

The Cathedral of Seville brings out Lady Herbert's best qualities as a writer of travels, her tact in the selection of particulars for her descriptive passages and her clear animated style, as well as what Protestant critics must pronounce her mistaken or one-sided estimates of things. After a richly-coloured account of the interior at sunset and the associated emotions, she asks—

"Was it by men and women like ourselves that cathedrals such as this were planned, and built, and furnished? The Chapter who undertook it are said to have deprived themselves even of the necessaries of life to erect a basilica worthy of the name; and in this spirit of voluntary poverty and self-abnegation was it begun and completed. Never was there a moment when money was so plenty in England as now, yet where will a cathedral be found built since the fifteenth century?"

St. Paul's was not begun, nor St Peter's completed, until far into the seventeenth century. What piety or religious enthusiasm can do, even in these degenerate days, is conclusively proved by the large sums subscribed in Scotland — a poor country—for the endowment of the Free Kirk with churches, manses, and stipends. Funds for the completion of the Cathedral of Cologne have been voted by Protestant Prussia; and calculators and economists as we are, we carefully preserve our old spires and minsters from decay. If we do not build new cathedrals, like those of Seville or Toledo, it is because we do not want them, or because, according to modern nations, cost should bear some proportion to utility.

At Seville, as in every other inland city in Spain, with the exception of Madrid, whilst thousands are wasted in robes, images, and candles, the streets, as regards paving and sewerage, are about upon a par with the exclusively Turkish quarters of Constantinople. Lady Herbert states that it is no easy matter to go on wheels in Seville.

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"There are but two or three streets in which a carriage can go at all, or attempt to turn; and to arrive at any given place it is generally necessary to make the circuit of half the town. In addition to this, the so-called pavement, angular-pointed and broken, shakes every bone in one's body."

Deeply moved as she was by the ceremonies of the Holy Week, she frankly owns that the processions were not suited to her English taste, especially in the glare of a Seville sun; and "unless (she adds) representations of the terrible and awful events connected with our Lord's Passion be depicted with the skill of a great artist, they become simply intensely painful."—It is just the difference between coarsely imitating and idealising, between a Murillo or a Raphael and one of Madame Tussaud's figures. I was once present at the representation of the *Juif Errant* at the Porte St. Martin, in which the Saviour bearing the cross is brought upon the stage. The effect was positively revolting, and more or less of the same feeling must be produced by any bodily image or material representation of such scenes. Yet, speaking of three—the Sacred Infancy, the Bearing of the Cross, and the Descent from the Cross—as they appeared by wax-light in the aisles, Lady Herbert praises the effect.

She relates an apposite anecdote *apropos* of a religious play which she saw in Segovia. She had accompanied a somewhat stiff puritanical old lady to the Opera at Paris. The ballet was taken from Genesis, and Noah and his sons appeared just coming out of the Ark. "If Noah either dances or sings," exclaimed her friend, "I'll leave the house." "The poor Segovians, trained in a different school, saw nothing incongruous in the representation of the shepherds, and the wise men, and the cave of Bethlehem; and only one comical incident occurred, when on a child in the pit setting up a squeal, there was a universal cry of '*Where's Herod ?*'"

During her visit to Toledo, one of a group of women asked the guide if the lady (Lady Herbert) was an Englishwoman, "as she walked so fast." On being answered in the affirmative, she exclaimed, "What a pity! I liked her face so much, and yet she is an infidel." The guide pointed to a little crucifix, which hung on a rosary by the lady's side, at which the speaker, springing from her seat, impulsively kissed both the cross and the lady. "This is only a specimen of the faith of these people, who cannot understand anything Christian that is not Catholic, and confound all Protestants with Jews or Moors." At all events, then, they have sustained no harm from godless schools yet. They may arrive in time at the notion of our faith entertained by a converted Jew who requested the protection of Sir Henry Rawlinson, at Bagdad, on the ground of being a Protestant, which he proved by stating, "I eat pork, I drink wine, and I don't believe in God."

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Mr. Graham Dunlop, whose masterly Reports to the Foreign Office display a consummate knowledge of Spanish commerce and finance, thinks that the population might be more than doubled with advantage. He also thinks that, if the Spaniard remains much longer as he is—ignorant, unenterprising, and *pococurante*—the commerce of the sea-board will slip more and more into the hands of foreigners, French, Italians, English, Germans, and Swedes. They are gradually gaining on him as the Christians are gaining on the Turk. The protective tariffs demanded for native industry are ruinously high; and the degraded position of Spain in the European money-market is a fatal bar to the development of her resources. It is for want of capital or credit (as Mr. Dunlop explains) that the railways are so bad and the means of transport generally so deficient. There are also whole districts where irrigation would return cent. per cent. Yet the public debt is of no appalling magnitude, and the excess of expenditure over revenue has been small; the deficit for the last financial year ending in June being little more than a million and a half.

A Spanish story runs that when Ferdinand III., after his death at Seville, which he had conquered from the infidels, was brought into communion with St. Jago, he proceeded to ask favours for Spain. "Fine climate," says the King. "Granted," says the Saint. "Fertile soil, corn, wine, oil, &c."—"Granted." "Brave sons and beautiful daughters." Granted." "Good government." "No, no, no! three times, nine times no! Give Spain good government, and every one of the angels would leave heaven to live in it." The Spaniards are not likely to lure angels down in that fashion. They will not stir a step, or raise a hand, to secure good government when it is within their reach—as it has been any time these thirty years. *Pour qu'un peuple soit libre il faut le vouloir.** They had simply to do what any other people that had advanced so far would have done. The constitutional machinery had long been ready, and none of them would lend a hand to set the wheels in motion. When they are urged and entreated to exercise the franchise, they "abstain." Anything for a quiet life. The only persons who care much about the extraordinary proceedings in the capital are the actors on the political stage. This explains Lady Herbert's reticence on politics. She heard little or nothing of them either north or south of Madrid. Spain is a geographical expression, even more so now than Italy. The Basque provinces have less in common with Andalucia or Catalonia than Naples with Turin or Milan. But in Castille, at Madrid, in the very thick of martial law, the same indifference prevails. A clever, highly-cultivated friend of mine, who begins by saying he is not a

* De Tocqueville.

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politician, writes: "No one who understands the Spanish character (mixture of Gothic nobleness and Arab apathy) can conceal from himself that we are not sufficiently civilized for liberty. The truth is, there is not that great discontent you may hear of; and out of the parties (the political agitators) what the general mass desire is rest and tranquillity: some (the few) to apply themselves to work, the others to enjoy the *dolce far niente*, the dream of every true Spaniard."

If the Spaniards were driven to vote and fairly polled, the numerical majority would follow the example of the Swedes who formally delivered back their liberal constitution to the Crown in 1772. They would also reverse or modify the Mendizabal policy (at no time national or popular) in relation to the religious orders and the Church. The Narvaez Cabinet struck a responsive chord when, in justifying the last dissolution of the Cortez, they said, "It is now time that Spaniards should be governed by the spirit of their history, and the tendency of the sentiments that constitute their general character."

The worst of it is, the Spaniards will not put themselves out of the way for one system more than another. They will let matters take their course. Nor will they consent to tax themselves for the restoration of credit, and neither ministry nor monarchy can hold out much longer without money.

Strong measures do not always imply strong government; and there is a spasmodic violence in those of Narvaez which is far from indicating conscious durability or power. *Incedit per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* The same influence that promoted, may supplant.—Why was he suddenly preferred to a rival only a shade less arbitrary?

The current theory is that O'Donnell, having lost favour with the Camarilla by the recognition of the kingdom of Italy, was summarily dismissed under an impression that the French would not leave Rome, that the Austrians would beat the Prussians, that the time had come for striking a decisive blow for absolutism. Queen Isabella's spiritual counsellors were mistaken, and she may have to retrace her steps.

The probabilities are that the Bourbon dynasty will last her time; neither of the great parties or factions having a direct interest in dethroning her; unless, indeed, which there is reason to doubt, she has been guilty of the imprudence of declaring that the Liberals shall only return to power over her dead body. Her fall would be the signal for civil war, which again would lead to arbitrary government in some shape. For who can speculate hopefully on any change of dynasty or ministry, men or measures, in a country where bigotry has lost nothing by the dismantling of its strongholds, and liberty has gained nothing by the full and frequent recognition of its rights?

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The Saturday Review.

MR. MILL'S ADDRESS AT ST. ANDREWS.

Few things have lately appeared more worth reading than the report, which has now been published as a volume, of Mr. Mill's inaugural address to the University of St. Andrews. The charm which a new subject wears, when Mr. Mill takes it up, is of two kinds. In the first place, there is a singular directness in the way in which he attacks the question. One feels that he is going, so to speak, right at it; that he will spend no strength in rhetoric, and lose no time in marking the finer shades, the limitations, the colouring, which the reader can so easily supply for himself. And then he has all the virtue which is expressed by the adjective "luminous." The object is clearly in the daylight; he shows the whole of it at once. His opponents sometimes urge that, in metaphysical questions, his treatment is disproportionate, and that he dogmatically insists on some points of view being considered as more important than others, on no authority but his own; but no one has ever yet accused him of shirking a difficulty, or looking at only one-half of a question because the other half was harder. When he speaks on education, the only way to place oneself on a level with him is to look at it as a whole, to think simply of what it ought to do, and what it does; not what a University or School Reform Bill had better suggest, but what the right culture is at which both university and school ought to aim. In the present address, it appears to us that Mr. Mill has made several mistakes in detail, and he would be the last person to wish any reader to adopt his conclusions without reserve; but thus much is certain, that at least he has gone the right way to work. The subject is one upon which opinion has a tendency to outstrip practice, and at the present time it has probably outstripped it very far. A plain discussion of the principles upon which education ought to be based is well presented by way of comparison with modern English teaching. The best way of suggesting faults is to show what is the perfect theory; and it is the opinion of Mr. Mill that the divergence between the perfect theory and the existing practice is wide, and even alarming. The Universities, he says, and the public schools, the latter especially, only profess to teach half of what ought to be taught; and even what they profess to do they sadly fail in performing. The charge is rather a serious one. Is it justified by the facts?

With sadness it must be confessed that it is. English educa-

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tion does not teach as much as it ought, or as well as it ought.—The topic may be discussed quite freely, for at present there is fortunately no question of an attack on this or that college or school; nor, though some places of education are very much better than others, are there any which have "left Egypt" long enough or completely enough to throw many stones at their neighbors. Indeed, the fault lies quite as much with the public as with the seminaries; if fathers are content with something short of the best possible education for their sons, there is little likelihood of its being prematurely forced upon them. It may be doubted whether the charge of laziness is fairly to be brought against the teaching; there is probably as much zeal spent in the profession of school-masters and college tutors as in any other. But there are few pursuits in which there is such a glorious opening for dull and unreasoning conservatism. A set of teachers constitute necessarily an exclusive and practically irresponsible club. They have for their guidance a certain set of traditions which are but slowly revised by public opinion, and an intelligence which often deliberately disregards it. From constant familiarity with one kind of work, they are disabled from judging broadly of its results; and from high excellence in a few special branches of study, they are driven into pedantry by the very truthfulness of their belief in the advantages which these have brought them. So far from not knowing their business, they know it only too well. They know it so well that they can go through the whole of it with their eyes shut.

It is a fact that the English public schools profess to teach Greek and Latin to all boys, irrespectively of the special bent of their minds, and with such eagerness that they can spare but a fraction of the day for any other intellectual pursuit. The fraction may be greater at one school than at another, but it is small in every one. It is another fact, that of the boys who are submitted to this training five-sixths never acquire any familiarity with the languages of Greece and Rome, and at least one-half leave off, unable to translate an easy passage into English. That there are persons who are content with the state of things which the comparison of these two facts implies, is a third fact which is no less significant than either. But the enthusiasm is pardonable which urges that a change might be made for the better. We are indeed of opinion, in common with Mr. Mill and many other people, that the study of classical literature is an excellent training for the mind. But if the public schools, with all the energy of some, and the classical atmosphere of others, cannot succeed in teaching the dead languages to more than one-sixth of their pupils, in heaven's name let them take to something else. It is true, the method of teaching at most English schools is one of the most wasteful kind. If there is

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among our national institutions one absurdity more flagrant than another, it is that, in virtue of which all boys from the age of twelve and upwards are taught to write Latin verses. It happens that some English scholars in past and present times have succeeded wonderfully in the art of imitating the Latin poets; and it is certain that the accomplishment is a graceful one, and constitutes indeed in some degree a test of elegant scholarship.—Twenty years hence it will hardly be credited that the study of this accomplishment was pursued, not indeed towards the close of a course of classical study, and upon a ground-work of some knowledge of the language, but from the very outset of a boy's education, in spite of his ignorance of the classical models, his lack of poetical taste, and even his hazy acquaintance with the common prose constructions. There is hardly a school in England at which every boy is not forced to spend several hours a week in elaborately hammering out sets of Latin verses which have no merit whatever as poetry, and the practice of which will not, except in rare cases, ever be crowned with success. A boy is taught deliberately that one of the objects of his education is to be able to imitate Ovid. Hour after hour he strains his faculties to this end, and one of his crowning glories, though one but seldom reached, is to have performed successfully this feat of intellectual gymnastics. It is interesting to speculate whether the teachers really suppose that the imitation of the style of any one man whatever is a worthy object of education. If they do, it is less remarkable that they should further consider the poetic faculty to be one universally dispensed among boys; and that the best possible writer to approach in point of poetic style is one of singular gracelessness of character and distinguished shallowness of thought.

Better times, however, are perhaps coming in respect of the Latin verses, if, as is generally expected, the Cambridge Syndicate, which has been lately appointed to consider a readjustment of the Classical Tripos Examination, reports in favour of diminishing the weight at present assigned to composition. But what better times are coming for the toilsome dreariness of grammar? The real dead weight which hangs round the neck of classical teaching is not so much the foolishness of verses as the pedantry of formulæ and rules. Here, too, the teachers will not be content with allowing their pupils to learn the language first and the science of language afterwards. They insist on looking upon laws of grammar as things which really govern sentences and inflexions, instead of being things which they have themselves deduced from them. There is no other study in the world in which the observation of facts does not precede the collection of them into rules. In grammar, some great scholar observes a curious usage; he immediately fixes its philosophy, coins a name for it, writes it down in polysyllabic Latin, and serves

it up for the digestion of a child who has just left the nursery. No wonder Greek and Latin cannot be taught with success. Unfortunately, too, the chance of amendment is now less than ever. It was but last year that the chief Head-masters formed themselves into a committee, chose a grammar by one of their own number, adopted it for permanent use, and forced it upon English education; and the particular text-book which was chosen is one more elaborate, more polysyllabic, and more repulsive to the youthful mind than even its predecessors were. After a retrograde step such as this, there is but little hope for improvement in the particular direction of grammar. There seems to be every chance that the rising generation will for some time continue to spend months and years in toiling painfully and half-successfully to master a body of learned generalizations which Quintilian never dreamt of and Milton expressly denounced.

Much, however, as the schools have to answer for in their worship of routine as regards actual teaching and method, it is a still graver charge against them that to the better furtherance of this confessedly unsuccessful instruction they sacrifice other things of high, and certainly of equal, value. The plea of want of time is one which will not hold for an instant. It ought not to take six or eight years to teach a couple of languages; and, if there is any case where that expenditure of time is necessary, the object itself ought to give way rather than be allowed to sanction a waste so serious. No one ought to pursue Greek and Latin in such a way as to be able to study nothing else. It is true that the teaching of science has not been methodized as the teaching of classics has, nor is it perhaps, whether fortunately or unfortunately, so capable of accurate method. It is true, again, that some steps are being taken here and there in the right direction; and those who are anxious to know what has actually been done, as well as what is proposed, may consult a report soon to be published by a committee of the British Association deputed to examine the question. Lastly, it is true that all reforms take time. But who will not sigh at the largeness of the reform that is needed when he reads the sketch of Mr. Mill? Here is his programme:—Classics, to begin with; not verses (except for those who are likely to write them well); not too much prose composition; not all authors, but only, or at least chiefly, the best. Mathematics, pure and applied, and some physical science. Logic, metaphysics, political economy, jurisprudence, international law; these last subjects, however, only in outline till after leaving college. This is what Mr. Mill thinks sufficient, and also possible; and to some extent we agree with him. He is probably wrong, however, in excluding modern languages, and he is beyond all question wrong in excluding history, which is more fitted for personal oral teaching than any other subject that can be

named, and the study of which is likely to gain more from such teaching in the direction of breadth and thoroughness than even a language or a science.

The introduction of all these studies into English education is a subject which is not to be discussed in a few sentences. But there lies one question at the outset to which it is important to call attention, and upon which every educational reformer will find it necessary to have his mind clearly made up. It is evidently impossible to pursue the studies which we will assume, for argument's sake, to be desirable, in such a way as to master them all. Even intellectual giants cannot quite do this, and average students must be content to fall very far short of it. Let it be granted, again, for the sake of argument, that it is possible for average boys and young men to learn one subject fairly well, and to have some general rough knowledge of the others. Are, then, the additional pains which can be bestowed with profit upon the cleverer pupils to be devoted to teaching them their one subject still better, or to raising their standard of knowledge in the subjects which otherwise they would know but roughly? In short, since it is the wants of the better intellects which must in the end fix the course of national education, is the training of boys to aim at "specialties" or not? Shall the good ones do one thing very well, and yet not leave the others undone, or shall they give their energies broadly to all that seems worth studying? It must be remembered that to some degree both clever and stupid must share the same general system, and that, nevertheless, the special subject which draws out the best powers of one may be of all subjects that which is most unfitted for another. We repeat that this dilemma is one which must be faced by every one who wishes to aid in reforming our higher education, and that all propositions for introducing new studies into the curriculum of school or college must be first looked at with reference to one of two alternatives which have been named. Mr. Mill adopts the first of the two, though he seems hardly to have perceived the full practical importance of the issue. For his views upon it, as well as on education in general, those who are interested in the matter will do well to refer to his address, which is interesting enough for all readers, but will bring a flood of new ideas to educators of the *ancient régime*.

[*The Saturday Review.*

MANUALS OF MYTHOLOGY.

There is a thick layer of books which seldom attract the attention of readers and reviewers, and which nevertheless exercise an influence for good or evil far beyond even the most successful and popular works

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of the day. They are the books used at the so-called middle-class schools, and in private institutions and academies. To judge from their title-pages, these manuals seem to have a very considerable sale, and yet the names of their authors are generally unknown to fame. Occasionally these books crop out, and establish themselves even in better schools, and find their way into the libraries of young fathers and mothers who wish to teach their children what they do not know themselves, and what they hope to find ready for use in these unpretending manuals. Of late the popular translations of Homer and Virgil have created a demand for manuals of mythology, and after making every inquiry, we found that the only books that could be safely recommended by conscientious booksellers to young mothers or governesses were Hort's *New Pantheon, or an Introduction to the Mythology of the Ancients, for the Use of Young Persons*; and *A Manual of Mythology, in the form of Question and Answer*, just published by the Rev. G. W. Cox. We have examined both manuals, and we shall try to give some idea of the character, beginning with that bearing Mr. Hort's name, which has passed through edition after edition during the last half-century, and been studied by the ingenuous youth of three generations. It is a little book of not quite 300 pages, with numerous engravings of gods and goddesses, all properly draped; and it professes to give, in the form of questions and answers, not only an account of Greek and Roman mythology, but likewise "brief accounts of the Buddhic, Indian, Persian, Egyptian, Scythian, Celtic, Arabian, and Canaanitish systems, diversified by quotations from various poets; to which is subjoined a slight sketch of the Mexican and Peruvian religious fables and ceremonies."

We were somewhat startled by the preface, in which we are informed that "Orpheus, Pythagoras, Thales, and other founders of Grecian philosophy and mythology, studied in Egypt; and having learned the doctrines of its priests, introduced them, modelled agreeably to their own ideas, into their own country." Who told Mr. Hort that Orpheus ever studied in Egypt? How did he come to know what he calls Orpheus's own ideas, and how did he discover the alterations which Orpheus on his own responsibility ventured to introduce into the doctrines of the Egyptian priests? We naturally looked in the index for Orpheus, the son of Apollo, the husband of Eurydice, in order to learn something of his studies in Egypt. But neither the name of Orpheus nor that of Eurydice is to be found there, and no further glimpse is vouchsafed us into the Orphic mysteries. As to Thales and Pythagoras, they are indeed in strange company, always supposing that Orpheus was one of the founders of the system of Greek mythology.—For, whatever else may have been ascribed to Thales and Pythagoras, no one, as far as we know, has ever

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accused them of having invented Jupiter or Juno, or stories like that of the Trojan war and the wanderings of Ulysses.

However, we read on, and our surprise was not diminished. We should have thought that by this time every schoolboy and every schoolmaster was aware that the principal deities of Italy and Greece grew up independently of each other, as much as the two languages, Greek and Latin; and though the compiler of a popular treatise fifty years ago may have been excusably ignorant of so elementary a fact, there can be no excuse for the perpetual reproduction of exploded errors. Greek and Roman mythology had no doubt, a common origin; but no one would suppose that the Romans borrowed their idea of Jupiter or Juno from the Greeks, or that Saturnus was originally the same god as the Greek Kronos. After the two systems of mythology had grown up, the Greek system, being introduced into Italy together with Greek literature, art, and philosophy, exercised, as we know, a very powerful influence on the Roman system.—Some of the Roman gods—such as Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Venus—were, in a certain sense rightly, identified with the Greek deities Zeus, Here, Athene, and Aphrodite, though even in these cases the differences in minor details were nearly as important as the general similarity in the original conceptions. Other Italian gods, however, were put in the places of Greek deities without any such excuse, and from a mere desire to fill every place in the system of Greek mythology by a corresponding Roman deity. Thus Saturnus was identified with Kronos, apparently for no better reason than that Saturnus, an Italian agricultural deity, had generally been represented as an old man.—When no Italian deity could be found to take the place of a Greek god or goddess, the Greek name was adopted in Latin, either unaltered, as in the case of Apollo, or slightly changed, so as to yield a certain sense in its Latin garb, as *Proserpina* for *Persephone*, *Pollux* for *Polydeuces*. In some cases the Greek name, being clear and intelligible, was simply translated, and thus a Latin god *Cœlus* was created as a necessary counterpart of *Uranus*, and a goddess *Terra* corresponding to the Greek *Gæa*. But what idea is a boy to connect with the following statements, which open the chapter of the Greek gods?

"Cœlus, or Heaven, whom the Greeks called Uranus, was the most ancient of the gods, as Vesta Prisca, or Terra, different names for the earth, was of the goddesses."

This is the answer to a question as to which, according to the Greeks, was the most ancient of the divinities. Neither Homer nor Hesiod would have known what was meant by Cœlus, whom they are accused of having called Uranus; and as to Vesta Prisca and Terra, neither Greek nor Roman would recognize in them th[illegible] most ancient of their divinit[illegible] [illegible]fter we are told

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that the Greeks gave the name Chronos to Saturnus, and that Saturnus when driven away by his son, Jupiter, took refuge in Italy with Janus, the king of that country. And here we are led to believe that we are on purely historical ground, for the author continues: "We learn, from *history*, that Janus was represented with two faces, because he governed two different people, and because he divided his kingdom with Saturn." Sure the more natural allegory would have been to represent Janus with half a face only, reserving the other half, as in a medallion, for the face of his co-regent, Saturnus. But no. Janus was evidently jealous of his rights, and—we quote from the manual—"he caused medals to be struck with two faces, to show that his dominions should be governed by the joint counsels of himself and Saturn." Now we have had to listen to a good deal of blundering about the so-called temple of Janus and its gates, but we never heard before that Janus had a mint of his own, and that he had coins struck to commemorate his alliance with Saturnus. In order to leave no doubt on the subject Mr. Hort returns to it again, and informs us that "Janus was a Prince, who came from Perhibea, a town in Italy, and that he was the first who coined copper money."

If, besides Janus, there is a deity of purely Italian growth, it is Vesta, the goddess of the fire of the hearth, also of the sacred fire, watched by the Vestal virgins, and on the continuous burning of which the safety of Rome was supposed to depend. But Vesta, too, is not spared by Mr. Hort. "It is certain," we are told, "that the worship of Vesta, or of fire, was brought by Æneas from Phrygia; but the Phrygians received it originally from the East. The Chaldeans held fire in great veneration.—Zoroaster taught the Persians to venerate the sun," and so on, from statement to statement, without a single proof, without a single thought and misgiving, till all is summed up with the only sentence that contains a grain of fact—namely, "that the worship of Vesta was peculiar to the Romans." All is well that ends well, but what becomes of all that we read before about fire-worshippers, Chaldeans, Phrygians, &c.?

With every page the darkness grows thicker. We may suppose that a boy, after reading something of Jupiter, has arrived at some vague idea of what the Greeks and Romans meant by a deity, when suddenly he is told that there were different Jupiters, that the first of them was the Jupiter Ammon of the Libyans, who, there is reason to suppose, was—"Ham, one of the sons of Noah." Fancy the boy's bewilderment! He has been brought up to believe that Ham was the brother of Shem and Japhet, the son of Noah, a real man, of bone and flesh like other mortals. And now he is suddenly informed that Ham was not a mortal at all, but a god—ay, the father of gods and men, Jupiter himself, or at least one of many Jupiters. Where he is try-

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ing to digest this hard fact that Jupiter was Ham, he is informed a page later that Ham was Jupiter. "Ham went to Africa; and there is great probability that he was the *person* afterwards known under the name of Jupiter Ammon."

What is a boy to think of all this, or, to adopt a favourite phrase, how is he to realize all this? Is he to suppose that Moses mistook Jupiter for Ham, or that Homer mistook Ham for Jupiter? In the former case, what is he to believe of the Old Testament? in the latter, how is he ever to get a true conception of the Greek gods? And if Jupiter Ammon thus loses his own identity, still stranger things are in store for his son Bacchus. We must quote the passage in full:—

"The best historians—Herodotus, Plutarch, and Diodorus Siculus—assert [and, of course, they ought to know] that Bacchus was born in Egypt, and educated at Nysa, a city in Arabia Felix, whither he had been sent by his father, Jupiter Ammon. From them it appears that the Bacchus of the Greek was no other than the famous Osiris conqueror of India. This Bacchus is supposed, by many learned men, to be Moses."

Moses has had to suffer many things of late at the hands of his various critics. He has been accused of many mistakes and inaccuracies, and he has been supposed to represent different authors—Jehovists, Elohists, Samuel, and all the rest. But it did not strike us before that, in thus being cut up into small slices, Moses was only sharing the fate of Osiris; nor need we be shocked any longer by the blunders in dates and figures in the works of one who was really Bacchus, the god of wine.

We must quote some more in order to give an idea of the stuff on which the minds of thousands of young persons have been fed, and are still fed, even at some of our better schools:—

"Both Bacchus and Moses are represented as born in Egypt, and exposed in their infancy in the Nile. [Bacchus is not.] Bacchus was educated at Nissa or Nysa, in Arabia, and in the same country Moses passed forty years. [Moses was not educated there.] Bacchus, when persecuted, retired to the borders of the Red Sea [who says so?]; and Moses fled with the Israelites, from the Egyptian bondage, beyond the same sea. The numerous army of Bacchus, composed of men and women, passed through Arabia in their journey to India. The army of the Jewish legislator, composed of men, women, and children, was obliged to wander in the desert, long before they arrived at Palestine, which, as well as India, is part of the continent of Asia [so is China]. The fable represents Bacchus with horns, which may be supposed to allude to the light that is said to have shone around the countenance of Moses, who, in old engravings [of the time of Bacchus, we suppose] is frequently represented with horns. Moses received the Jewish law on Mount Sinai. Bacchus was brought up on Mount Nysa. Bacchus, armed with his thyrsus, defeated the giants;

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the miraculous rod of Moses was the means of destroying the descendants of the giants. Jupiter was said to have sent Bacchus into India to exterminate a sinful nation; and it is recorded that Moses was commanded, by the true God, to do the same in Palestine. The god Pan gave Bacchus a dog to accompany him in his travels; Caleb, which, in Hebrew, signifies a dog, was the name of the faithful companion of Moses. Bacchus, by striking the earth with his thyrsus, produced rivers of wine; Moses, by striking the rock with his miraculous rod, caused water to gush out to satisfy the raging thirst of the Israelites."

If, after all this, a boy still knows which is Moses, which is Bacchus, and which Osiris, he must be cleverer than most of the boys who attend middle-class schools, or who cost their parents 200*l*. a year at Eton or Harrow.

Our constant puzzle in perusing Mr. Hort's questions and answers has been, Whence did he get such things? Who could have told him that Jupiter, the father and ruler of mortals and immortals, lived 120 years, neither more nor less, and ended his days in his favourite island Crete? Or, if he may possibly find an authority for that in some later mythographer, where did he find that "Jupiter was really called Jou—that is, young—from being the youngest of Saturn's sons, and from gaining great reputation in his youth, and that afterwards Pater, or father, was added to it; whence was formed Joupater and Jupiter"? What etymologist could have informed him "that the name of *Ceres* is derived from the *care* she was supposed to take in producing and preserving the fruits of the earth"? How does he make out that Phlegon, a name of one of the four horses of the Sun, means "loving the earth," "because this horse, at the time of sunset, appears to approach the earth"?

Mr. Hort's allegorical interpretations are as original as are his etymologies. That sorceresses in ancient times were supposed to be able to draw down the moon and the stars from heaven is well known to every reader of Horace. Circe, being a sorceress, "is said to have changed men into beasts, and to have drawn down the stars from heaven, by her powerful incantations." What was the meaning of this myth? Mr. Hort tells us that "Circe was the emblem of voluptuousness, which, by this allegory the poets taught, degraded those into brute beasts who became its slaves;" so far, so good, but now comes a new touch—"although their genius and talents might have been bright as the stars in the firmament."

We have many times been startled by the extraordinary answers which boys are said to have returned, particularly when examined in the history of the Old Testament. We could not understand how they came to combine in their minds such heterogenous subjects as sometimes appear in their papers. But we believe we are on the right track; and, after examining a few more of these Manuals and Stepping-stones, we hope to discover

the real source of those extraordinary jumbles. Suppose a boy had been taught mythology from Hort's Manual, and came to be examined by one of H. M.'s Inspectors, and one of the questions placed before him was, "State what you know about Moses?" If the boy was at all ambitious, and wanted to show off the new knowledge he had acquired about Moses, we can well imagine that his answer might be something like this:

"Moses, commonly believed to have been the son of a man of the house of Levi, and the lawgiver of the Jews, was really the son of Ham, a black man who used to wear horns, and was sometimes called Jupiter Ham-mon. His father sent Moses to the university of Nysa, where, after spending forty years, he took his degree, and received the nickname of Osiris.—He then retired to the borders of the Red Sea, and after collecting an army of men, women, and children, conquered the sinful people of India, a country on the continent of Asia. There were then giants in the land, but Moses, followed by his faithful dog Caleb, exterminated the descendants of the giants in Palestine. He then struck the earth with his thyrsus, and water gushed out, which he changed into wine, in order to quench the raging thirst of the Israelites. This was the beginning of miracles which Moses did in Egypt, and which are related to us by the best historians—Hercules, Pluto, and Dionysius.—When Jove saw what his son had done, he said, 'Well done, my son!' and hence Moses is sometimes called Euvyhe!" (See *Hort*, p. 47.) The poor boy would probably be plucked for his ignorance, and possibly be punished for his impertinence. And yet there is no statement in his paper for which he might not, with a little stretch of imagination, have produced chapter and verse from Hort's time-honoured *Manual of Mythology*.

SONNET.

Most of the recent English periodicals contain sketches of the life and writings of the late Alexander Smith. He contributed occasionally to "Macmillan," "Blackwood," "The North British Review," "The West of Scotland Magazine," "Good Words," "The Argosy," and "The Quiver." He wrote several biographies for the last edition of the "Encyclopœdia Britanica," and a large number of articles for "Chambers's Encyclopœdia." He was also a contributor to the "Caledonian Mercury" and to the "London Review." Of his Sonnets, the following is one of the most admired:

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air:
Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
As e'er the Iliad's music was out rolled;
The roses of the Spring are ever fair.
'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and pair,
And the deep sea still foams its music old.
So, if we are at all divinely souled,
This beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

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[*London Quarterly Review.*

BOOKS OF FICTION FOR CHILDREN.

1. *The Story without End.* Translated by Sarah Austen. 1858.
2. *Virtue and Vice Rewarded; and Robin Goodfellow.* 1815.
3. *Æsop's Fables.* By Thomas James, M.A. 1863.
4. *Æsop's Fables, with New Applications and Morals.* By Rev. G. F. Townsend. 1866.
5. *Uncle Jack, the Fault-Killer.* London, 1857.
6. *Parables from Nature.* By Mrs. Gatty. 1860.
7. *The Fairy Ring Stories from the German.* Translated by J. E. Taylor. 1846.
8. *Norse Tales.* Translated by G. Webbe Dasent. 1859.
9. *Andersen's Fairy Tales.* 1852.
10. *Fairy-land and Fairies, from Sketches by ESA, and other good Authorities.* London, 1867.

The mind of a child has been likened to so many dissimilar things, and subjected to such an infinite variety of treatment; it has been urged into so many royal roads to learning, and dosed into so many "infallible cures," as to leave us amazed that children are still as charming and as naughty as ever. Some famous doctors have treated it more or less as an empty cupboard, into which were to be crammed, with all possible expedition, squares and cubes of knowledge on every possible subject, until the shelves were all filled up with solid facts, and education was completed. Others have set to work on it as something inherently, radically, bad and vicious; to be dosed, restrained, corrected, and perpetually guided, scolded and preached at; to have food only of few and special kinds, all specially prepared, and manipulated,—

> "As if they thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
> No food was fit to eat till they had chewed it;" *

to be taken only in certain fixed ways, under laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. Both these systems, in spite of the inevitable success which crowns the labours of every quack, have miserably failed. They produced, indeed, a multitude of little, abortive, precocious beings, who aimed at being men and women before they were children; but in these, while they lacked none of the conceit and pharisaism of maturer age, the graces of childhood were utterly wanting. Freshness, vivacity, love of mischief, and curios-

* Hood's "Ode to Rae Wilson;"

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ity, were all but blotted out; and in their place came cunning, none the less crafty because it was demure, and hypocrisy none the less mischievous because the unhappy possessor was unaware or only half conscious of its presence. The patent, model, perfect child—if ever met with—was even more intensely disagreeable than he was rare; and the more perfect the cure, the more insufferable was the patient.

It is pleasant, therefore, to turn to a third process of dealing with a child's mind, though only in print, as something—not radically vicious or bad—but waiting to be drawn out into simple, healthy, happy life; to drink in air, sunshine, vigour, cold, or heat, each in their degree, from all around it; to meet good and evil as things that must be met, to be natural as God meant it to be, and to be dieted on wholesome food. Now, the food of a child's mind must be fiction as well as fact. "The mind of a child," says a wise thinker, "is like the acorn; its powers are folded up, they do not yet appear, but they are all there. The memory, the judgment, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong, are all in his mind, even of an infant just born. One by one they awake." His imagination—one of the earliest powers that awakens within him, even before he has passed through the mysteries of pap and found out that being naughty differs from being good—must be fed. And fed it will be; either on the make-believe talk of his sister Mary nursing her doll, the idle stories of Betsey the Nursemaid when he is naughty about "Bogey" and the "Black man," who carries off bad boys; or about the golden fairy who is to give him taffey and gingerbread—when he is good. By and bye, as he grows older, his sister Mary reads to him, and at last he learns to read for himself, the charming adventures of the "Fox and the Crow," "Billy-Goat Gruff," "Sinbad the Sailor," or "Diamonds and Pearls;" the delicious history of "Puss in Boots," the tragedy of "Blue Beard," or the heroic drama of "Jack the Giant-killer." But whichever of these, or a hundred other such delightful pages, it be, his faith is boundless. Happiest of mortals, for a time at least, he can believe all he reads; with the one happy proviso that if it is not true, it ought to be, ay, and is, because his sister says so. While he is absorbed in the misfortunes of the "Tin Soldier" or the "Ugly Duck," the breakfast bell is unheard, and dinner unheeded; he is feasting in Dreamland, on stirabout in the Giant's Castle, or on those famous cheese-cakes of Queen Scheherezade, whose vital charm was pepper. Not that he is forgetful of fact, even while in the full pursuit of fiction. Indeed, he is always burning for facts. He wishes to know what glass is, where Robinson Crusoe was buried, how much gold it takes to make the inside of a watch, why the sun sets later in June than December, what thunder is, if the end of a rainbow touches the ground, why firing off a cannon once made a man deaf,

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what sago is, and a thousand other things, which papa, not being a walking encyclopædia, is not always ready to tell him. And whatever answer he can obtain he is ready to believe implicitly, as long as he is dealt fairly with. Yet, though St. George and the Dragon, Ali Baba, and Robinson Crusoe, are in one sense as true to him as the History of England, there are shades and degrees of belief in his own mind both as regards the domains of fact and fiction, which he cannot perhaps define, and of which he is scarcely sensible, yet on which he unconsciously acts; setting each narrative or story, tale or fable, romance or chronicle, in its own due place, and giving to each his own royal favor and approval as good, bad, or indifferent. A child in good sound health is insatiably curious—his thirst for fiction of one shape or other is quenchless; and if he never asks questions, and cares nothing for "Jack and the Beanstalk," or "The Lad who went to the North Wind," there is a screw loose somewhere or other; he is in a morbid, unhealthy state of body or mind, probably of both; his natural growth and tastes, as a child, are becoming stunted and diseased; forced into some narrow, petty channel, where ignorance or bigotry will soon blot out the freshness, grace, and light, that are childhood's most precious possessions.

Our present aim is to glance over the wide domain of Children's books of Fiction, and endeavour, as far as our limits will allow, to show what classes and kinds are healthy, and likely to add to a child's true enjoyment and real good; and which are unhealthy, and sure to do him harm. But first we have to deal with the word "*fiction*," on the true meaning of which the force of much that we have to say must depend. On the very threshold of the inquiry we are met by Mr. Bounderby and his friends, who indignantly cry out, "Why fill the poor child's head with a pack of trashy falsehoods, instead of true facts from history?" going clearly on the plain supposition that fiction is all false, and history all true. But will either assertion stand? "*Fiction*" springs from "*fingere*," which, in its primary sense, means to frame or fashion. Fiction is, literally, that which is framed. Thus, a certain man, "*a Lysippo fingi volebat*,"* wished to have his statue carved by Lysippus; and so Cicero, telling of the cleverest of all craftsmen, says "*fingunt apes favos*;" † but neither the statue nor the dainty pentagon of wax was a fiction in the sense of falsehood; though "*fingere*" has for its second meaning to imagine, or feign. Fiction, as we shall see by and bye, is not all false; but is history all true? If so, whose history shall we take? That by Macaulay, Dr. Cumming, David Hume, or Dr. Lingard? Shall we look at matters through yellow, green, blue, blue and yellow, or plain white spectacles? Is any one of these all true,‡

* Ovid, 2 "Trist." v. 489.

† Cicero, "pro Mur.": c. 29.

‡ "All true?" says C. Lamb, "I have just been reading Burnet's Book, cram full of scandal as all true history is."

as prepared by Hume for Whigs and sceptics of the last century, or by Macaulay for ourselves; or, turning to the exact point before us, as it is prepared for the infant mind by Miss Corner, Mr. Neale, or Mr. Dickens? Are we with Mr. Dickens to tell children that "Henry VIII. was a most intolerable ruffian, a disgrace to human nature, and a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England?" * Or, of James I.—"These disputes, and his hunting and drinking, and his lying in bed, occupied his Sowship very well. The rest of his time he chiefly passed in hugging and slobbering his favourites?" † Is it wise or true to say—"Mary's Court was a model for that of a Christian Princess, her sister Elizabeth's a perfect den of wickedness; her goodness was her own, her faults were her advisers?"‡—Or to tell a boy that—"In this reign Milton wrote his Paradise Lost," a remarkable proof that it does not always please God to bestow the greatest gifts on good men?"§—thus leading the child to infer that Milton was a bad man. Nor is it justifiable to describe B. Franklin only as "a great instigator of rebellion." ‖ Nor is Miss Corner much more satisfactory when she thus sums up Queen Mary's reign into a single paragraph:—"The reign of Mary lasted five years, and there is little to tell about it except that she did all she could to restore the Roman Catholic religion, and reëstablish some of the monasteries!" *

* Dickens' "History of England for Children," p. 278.
† Dickens, p. 336.
‡ "History for Children," p. 71, by Rev. J. M. Neale.
§ Ibid. p. 242. ‖ Ibid. p. 277.

It will not do, therefore, to contrast fiction with history, as if the one were all true, and the other all false. Even as to matters of *fact* historians contradict each other. Each writer tells us what he thinks, or wishes, or believes to have happened; † relying mainly on somebody else's opinions, who said or wrote that such and such was the case according to his view of the matter; he relying on somebody else's words nearer still to the time; the whole picture thus coming to us at third or fourth hand, each authority having given to it a fresh varnish or coat of paint in exact accordance with the spectacles which he wore at the time. But as history is not all absolutely true, so neither is fiction all false.—Landseer's picture of a dog is not a dog; but it is so like one, and so near being one, that our Skye-terrier "Jack" will cock his ears and bark at it: and we endorse "Jack's" verdict by saying, "*That is a dog.*" So with a book of fiction, if the picture of a man or a dog, a boy or a frog, a fairy godmother or a tin soldier, be naturally, honestly, drawn out of fair materials, without exaggeration and without partiality, to him who reads, and as in the case of the picture believes, it is true.

And if, at times, it so happens that fact seems even more strange

* "History for Children," p. 105.
† "Guesses at Truth," p. 372-3.

than fiction, it is so simply because in life we see but a *part* of the hidden motives, the secret causes, from which events spring, and only a part of the effects which they produce; while in fiction we are often told all the seeming motives, the secret causes, the hidden seeds out of which events grow. Fiction seldom paints life as it truly is, though the stream of life is so chequered that no incident can be devised which has not some counterpart in reality. And yet fiction ought to be, and is, in some sense, a picture of life; and so far has power, and ought to teach true things. But, at this point, in steps Mr. Bounderby again, boldly asserting that fables and fairy stories, "Jack the Giant-killer," and "Cinderella," are *not* pictures of life, as it really is. Birds do *not* talk, nor oxen, nor frogs; nor do crows eat stolen cheese in oak-trees, while the fox watches below; tin soldiers never meet witches on the high-road; nor are there any such things as fairies, dwarfs, goblins, or giants. True, we reply, quite true. Grown-up people are far too clever, too wise, in this enlightened generation, to believe any such trumpery. They prove their superior intelligence and higher wisdom by believing in spirit-rapping, table-turning, and electro-biology; in Professor Humbugs who can't write, and in literary spirits who cannot spell. There are no such things as giants, fairies, talking crows, or tin soldiers; and no child, with an ounce of brains, ever in sober reality believes that the fox talked to the crane about the scarcity of provisions and invited her to supper on gravy-soup in shallow dishes, or that the crane returned the compliment by asking Master Reynard to eat minced-meat out of a long jar with a narrow neck. But he reads the story, and in his own way quietly draws the lesson; he sees that knavery met with its match, and that cunning was snared in a pit of his own digging. So with the charming old story of "Diamonds and Pearls." *Good Temper* goes to the well, and with a bright smiling face and kindly words gives drink to an old woman (the fairy), and thenceforth from her lips fall diamonds and pearls whenever she opens her mouth. *Ill Temper* goes to the well, meets the same old woman, and grudgingly with surly words gives a drink when asked for it, hoping to gain her sister's reward. But instantly there fell from *her* lips a shower of toads and snakes. Henry and Mary, as they read, quietly draw the lesson of the value and blessing of kindly, gentle words, and the curse of selfishness; without a sentence of moral or preaching, or even the mention of a pet text. And no less so with "Jack the Giant-killer," or any other such atrociously false book. Jack shows perseverance, pluck, skill, and justice. He cuts off the heads of those who ought to be headless; he breaks open the tyrant's castle, and sets the prisoners free; he takes up the cause of the oppressed; beautiful ladies regain their husbands, brave knights rejoin their king and country. After

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all, this seems to be the spirit in the men who, by God's blessing, fight nobly, toil faithfully, and die bravely for old England wherever the sun shines:—

"And what," says Tom Brown, "would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting rightly understood is the business—the real, highest, honestest business—of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies who must be beaten; evil thoughts or habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places; Russians or Border Ruffians, Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them."

What can be better, wiser, or fairer? A good fairy story takes up the cause of right against wrong, of good against evil. Step by step the difficulties increase, a web of danger and perplexity is woven round the hero; but he bravely and boldly perseveres, hunts out and defies the giants, out-manœuvres the dwarfs—and at last triumphs, just when his enemies fancy it is all up with him; or, at the very agony of the crisis, in steps the fairy, and with one touch of her wand sets all right in a trice. The boy who sits and reads this by the winter-fire rejoices when he comes to this righteous termination of affairs. In his eyes the giant who has murdered so many brave knights, or poor peasants, deserved to be hanged; so did the dwarf, being twenty times more malicious and full of craft than Blunderbore himself. In short,

"The child is father of the man,"

and, at eight years old, over "Jack the Giant-killer," feels the same sort of satisfaction as his father who reads "Ivanhoe," and rejoices when the great hulking tyrant Front de Bœuf is roasted in the flames of his own castle. Justice has been outraged, but is vindicated; and the rough dentistry practised on Isaac of York is fairly revenged. Neither boy nor man is the worse for believing the profound truth that good after all is stronger than evil, in spite of all the world may say, though one learn it from a romance, and the other from the exploits of a hero who never lived.

But, if wrong and injustice triumph in a story to the very end, children are wretched; not at the mere deaths, miseries, or murders, but at punishment falling on the wrong head. Their moral sense is injured. The conscience of a child, taught fairly to love what is pure, brave, and true, is tenderly alive to a sense of every injustice as a departure from his own high standard. By and bye, when he is older and wise enough to believe in spirit-rapping and to disbelieve in Moses, as the world begins to get hold of him, he will see more than enough of wrong triumphing over right, and falsehood over truth. Meanwhile, a tender conscience is his choicest inheritance; and as the world of fiction, as well as of Nature, opens to him her golden realms of delight by fairy wells and shining gardens, talking fishes and en-

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chanted castles, his imagination and fancy carry him away in a moment from all the little miseries of school-boy-life, and give to him a domain of his own in which he can wander, and which he can rule, at his own sweet will. There is, too, a divine principle of leisure. Life is not altogether a pursuit; there are golden hours in it, when we may feed the mind in a wise passiveness:

"The grass hath time to grow in meadow lands,
And leisurely the opal murmuring sea
Breaks on its yellow sands."

It is a poet, as well as a brave knight, who says, "The dealer in fiction cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such as have a pleasant taste; which, if one tell them the nature of the aloes and the rhubarbarum they should receive, they would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth."* Our general position, then, is that there is a fair, wise moral lying hidden in sound, healthy fiction, which all may read who will. It may not always lie on the surface; yet always near enough to be apparent in a good, natural story, allegory, or fable. "Facts should disclose their own virtues. He who is able to benefit by a lesson will, no doubt, discover it under any husk, before it is stripped and laid bare to the kernel. Too much teaching hardens the heart."† The youngest reader who has any brains and takes an interest in what he reads—as every child does who is kindly taught—gets hold of the moral for himself without having it preached into him, and without even a reflection tagged on as an antidote to the fiction. He takes in all together, the seed and the soil in which it grows; by and bye, in due season, the dainty seed will spring apace into leaf, blossom, and golden fruit.

To take an example, what can be better than such a fable as "The Wind and the Sun," told simply as Mr. James ‡ tells it, to teach a child that *Persuasion* is stronger than *Force*—

"A dispute once rose between the wind and the sun which was the stronger of the two, and it was agreed that whichever soonest made a traveller take off his cloak, should be accounted the more powerful.—The Wind began, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm. But the stronger he blew, the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak about him, and the tighter he held it.—Then broke out the Sun, with welcome beams driving away the vapour and the cold. The traveller felt the pleasant warmth, and as the sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground. Thus the sun gained the day.—

* Sir P. Sidney.

* "Life of C. Lamb," by Barry Cornwall, p. 231.

† "Æsop's Fables," by James, p. 41.

Sunshine is stronger than blustering force."

So, also, with the well-known fable "The Miller, his Son, and the Ass;" we see in a moment the folly of trying to please everybody, and having no will of our own. First the man, then the boy, then neither, then both riding; then the ass strung to a pole on the shoulders of those who should have ridden him, toppling headlong into the river. "Endeavouring to please everybody he pleased no one, and lost his ass into the bargain." So again, with "Jupiter and the Waggoner," who, driving his horses idly along a country lane, gets his wheels deep down into the mire, and there sticks fast. The boy reads it, and at once sees the curse of sloth, the blessing of work; if you want help from a higher power put your own shoulder to the wheel; and don't lie there in the mud howling to Jupiter.* God helps those who strive to help themselves; or as the Spanish proverb has it,

> "Pray to God devoutly,
> Hammer away stoutly."

Or, suppose we wish to teach that every one had better be content in his own place—*cuique suum*; what can tell it to a child more lightly and pleasantly than the verse detailing the quarrel between the mountain and the squirrel?

Even such an outrageous story as "Bluebeard" has its meaning and its use. A young lady is goose enough to marry an old man with a blue beard, who had already had a half a dozen wives, and got rid of them in a queer way. But she determines to marry him and become Mrs. Bluebeard. She duly promises to honour and obey him; but soon breaks her word, peeps into the forbidden chamber of horrors, and then tells a lie to hide her guilt. The end of it is that desperate scene on the tower with Sister Anne, from which she barely escapes with her life. Bluebeard is an old monster, no doubt, for chopping off the heads of his six wives, and well deserved being cut to pieces by Mrs. Bluebeard's infuriated brothers; but how could one better show the danger and folly of that meddling, itching curiosity which besets us all—or the peril of lying? Why not have let the fatal Blue Room alone?

If young people need be taught that it is best for every one to attend to his own business, especially if married, let them turn to one of Mr. Dasent's charming Norse Stories, "The Husband who was to mind the House," through which a sparkle of humour runs like a vein of silver, and which we will here condense into the smallest possible space. He was a surly, cross fellow, who thought his wife never did anything right in the house. So, one day they agreed to change places. His Goody took a scythe and went out with the mowers, while he was to mind the house and do the home-work. First of all he wanted to churn the butter, but when he had churned a little he got thirsty, and went down to the

* "I will never despair," says Feltham, "because I have a God; I will never presume, because I am but a man."

cellar to tap a barrel of ale; just as he knocked in the bung and was putting in the tap, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen. So off he rushed, tap in hand to look after the pig who, when he got up stairs, had upset the churn, and was grunting among the cream, which was running all over the floor. He ran at piggy in a great fury, and gave her such a kick that she lay for dead. Then all at once remembering the tap in his hand, he ran down the cellar and found every drop of beer had run out of the cask; so back he went to his churning. All at once he remembered that the cow, shut up in the byre, hadn't had a morsel of food, and as the house lay close up against a steep down, and a fine crop of grass was growing on the thatch of sods, he thought he would take her up to the house-top. But he could not leave the churn with baby who was crawling about on the floor, for she was sure to upset it, so he put the churn on his back and went out. But thinking that the cow wanted water before her dinner, he took a bucket to draw water; and as he stooped, all the cream ran over his shoulders down into the well. And now it was dinner time, so he filled the porridge-pot with water, and hung it over the fire.—Then, thinking that the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs, he tied one end of the rope round her neck, and slipping the other down the chimney, made it fast to his own thigh, and began to grind away at the oatmeal. All at once down fell the cow off the house-top, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck, while poor Colly hung swinging half way down the wall.

"And now the Goody had waited seven lengths for her husband to call them to dinner; but never a call they had. At last, home she went; and when she saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. Down went her husband in the chimney with a great crash, and when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot."—*Norse Stories*, p. 310.

Here, story, moral, and style are all excellent, and the boy who reads is not only amused but in Mr. Dasent's spirited translation has the infinite advantage of reading pure English in all its strength and beauty. But it is quite possible to make fables as ungrammatical and vulgar or coarse, as they are crabbed and dull; and thus set an intolerably bad example where choice language is specially needed. Thus Mr. Townsend in "The Birds, Beasts, and the Bat," indulges in such elegancies as "The bat taking advantage of *his ambiguous make* declared himself neutral" (p. 62). "The cock scratches with a *spurred claw*," &c. (p. 61). With singular good taste, in a book for children, he makes the ox cry out to the dog, "*A curse light* on thee for a malicious beast;" with a fine ear for grammatical elegance he makes the cat ask the cock (whom she had

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pounced upon), "what he could say for himself *why slaughter should not pass on him;*") kindly adding half a page of moral to this novel and excellent tune, "The cat in this fable is by no means an amiable character, &c.") ; while in the well-known fable of the "Old Man and his Sons," he has this equally choice passage, "The father ordered the bundle of sticks to be untied, and give a single stick to each, at the same time bidding him to try to break it; *which,* when each did, with all imaginable ease, the father addressed himself, &c. For if you would but keep '*yourselves*' united, &c., it would not be in the power of mortal to hurt you; but when once ties are broken, &c., you will fall a prey to enemies, and deprive '*yourself,*' " &c.

It is hard to say whether the former or latter clause of this paragraph is the more admirable of the two, the unique "*which*" with its attendant comma, or the happy blending of "*selves*" and "*self,*" as applied to the same person; but the sentence would have been a treasure to the late Mr. Lindley Murray. Nor is this Mr. Townsend's only excellence. At times, where the fable is unusually simple, he rises in explaining it to a height of pompous gravity which rivals Mr. Bumble himself; as in the case of "The Two Pots," on which he launches out into a whole page of pathos, beginning with "The interpreters of these fables deduce from this narrative a caution against incongruous and unequal friendships made between men widely separated from each other by wealth and station," &c. Few boys would ever read such wordy rhodomontade as this, and fewer still would relish or understand it. The one element of wearisomeness is fatal to its usefulness among young people. "Reading," says Steele, "should be to the mind what exercise is to the body, bringing *pleasure* with health and strength. The virtue we gather from a fable is like the health we get by hunting; the pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it." * We sadly fear that no one who travels into the land of Æsop with Mr. Townsend will ever be beguiled into forgetting the pains of the journey. Nor, indeed, will he fare much better under the learned guidance of Archdeacon Croxall himself, whose work appears to us to be in indifferent taste and little suited to the youthful reader. But Mr. James has left us nothing to desire in a child's Æsop's Fables, and his book will charm many a young reader, not less with the simple clearness of the text, than the beauty of its illustrations.

In spite of its cumbrous machinery, and heavy, old-fashioned style, it is infinitely better than the dull propriety of Master Good Boy, and his string of mawkish virtues. At least it may serve to take away a child from the constant inspection of himself, his own special goodness or evil, and carry him outside the narrow circle of his

* "Tatler," 147.

own errors, follies, and conceit. It is for no idle or mean purpose that in the mind of a healthy child the fancy and the imagination are among the first of the powers that wake up into active life; and it is a false and narrow spirit that sets to work to crush them, or to bar them from natural food. "The chivalrous spirit," says a deep thinker, "has now-a-days almost disappeared from our books of education." * He fears that even the popular novels are teaching nothing but lessons of worldliness, with, at most, huckstering virtues which conduce merely to getting on in the world; and for the first time in history the youth of both sexes among educated classes are growing up romantic. "Catechisms by Pinnock and Co. are," he thinks, "a poor substitute for old romances, whether of chivalry or fairy, which, if not a true picture of actual life, were not a false one; but, far better, since they filled the youthful imagination with pictures of heroic men and heroic women." †

If we had to teach a child to love and bless the name of God, as the greatest and best of all Beings, he should have such words of truth and simple beauty as these:

"Come, children, let us praise Him, for He is exceedingly great; let us bless Him, for He is very good. The birds sing praises to Him, as they warble in the green shade. The brooks and rivers praise Him, as they murmur among the smooth pebbles. The young animals of every kind are sporting about, they feel happy, they are glad to be alive, they thank Him that hath made them alive. But, we are better than they, and can praise him better. . . God is the sovereign of all. His crown is of rays of light, His throne among the stars. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords. His dominion is over all worlds, and the light of his countenance is upon all his works. He is our shepherd, therefore we will follow Him; our Father, we will love Him: our King, we will obey him.

"Can we raise our voices up to the high heaven? Can we make Him hear who is above the stars? We need not raise our voices to the stars; for he heareth us when we only whisper; when we breathe out words softly with a low voice. He that filleth the heavens is here also."—*Barbauld's Prose Hymns.*

If we would have him learn of the creation of the world, and of all in it, of the creatures that are to die, and of his own soul that is immortal,—in preference to the milk-and-watery dilution of "Line upon Line," he should have the grand, old, simple words of Genesis "*unimproved*"—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. He breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

If we must handle such abstract points as eternity—instead "of covering both sides of his slate with

* J. S. Mill.

† The question of how much time should be given to fiction is here left untouched, but it is obvious that books of FACT must hold their own due place, if those of FICTION are to bear anything but worthless fruit. The two must go hand in hand.

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figures, supposing one room to be full of such slates, and then every room of the house being so filled,"—being told that all these figures on all the slates will not represent eternity (*vide* "Line upon Line,") let him take the plain grand words, "*Who can number the grains of sand, or the drops of rain, or the days of eternity?*" If he would learn from a book the bitter curse and peril of envy, covetousness, theft, lying and hatred, let him take the story of Gehazi, of Ahab, or of Ananias; or—to turn from sacred literature—if he is ill-tempered and self-willed, let him read the history of "Prince Eigenwillig." * If speciallly selfish, let "The Dog in the Manger" speak to him; or, let "Simple Susan" † charm him into good humour and forgetfulness of himself; or let the wise bounty of "The King of the Golden River" ‡ steal into his heart, and make him shudder as he reads how the two miserly, cruel, old hunks of brothers fought against the sunshine and good will of the West Wind, ill-treated and beat their orphan nephew, and were at last turned into a couple of blocks of black stone among the snowy mountain peaks, as Mr. Doyle's graphic wood-cut testifies to this very day; "how the treasure valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love. And

* "Hope of the Katzekoff's," by Rev. F. Paget.

† One of Miss Edgeworth's most charming "Stories for Children."

‡ "The King of the Golden River," by J. Ruskin, M. A.

Gluck the orphan boy went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a river of gold." If we would have a child find trace of the Creator in the world about him, teach him that "every field is like an open book, every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves. Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind. These all speak of Him, and all say He is very good." * And nowhere will he find this book of nature more freshly and beautifully opened for him than in "The Story without an End," of its kind one of the best that was ever written.

> And Nature, the old nurse, took
>   The child upon her knee,
> Saying: "Here is a Story-Book
>   Thy Father has written for thee."
>
> "Come wander with me," she said,
>   "Into regions yet untrod;
> And read what is still unread
>   In the manuscripts of God."
>
> And he wandered away and away
>   With Nature, the dear old nurse,
> And she sang to him night and day
>   The songs of the Universe. †

Let him wake with the little "Child of the Story," very early with the sun, and go out into the green meadow; and read how he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the golden butter-cup, shaking dew-drops from the cow-slips into a hare-bell, spreading out a large lime leaf, setting his little breakfast on it, and feasting daintily.—

* Barbauld's "Hymns for Children."

† Longfellow, p. 486.

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Sometimes he invited the bee and the butterfly to his feast, but his favourite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured in a solemn tone about his riches, but the child thought if he were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him so happy as floating about on the fresh breezes of the spring, and humming gaily in the sunshine.—He chats with the butterfly and the dragon-fly, and hears all their life and adventures. The nightingale sings to him; he wanders among the mosses and green herbs which dwell quietly under the trees in peace and good will; he talks to the field-mouse and the lizard who come out to peep at him. But when he admires them, and would like to live with them, he finds that even there all is not so peaceful and contented as it looks. "Yes, yes," says the mouse, "all would be very well, if all the plants bore nuts and mast instead of silly flowers, and I were not obliged to grub under ground in the spring among the bitter roots." "Hold your tongue," says the lizard, "Do you think because you are grey that other people must throw away handsome clothes, and wear nothing but grey too? The flowers may dress themselves as they like for me; they pay for it out of their own pockets, and feed beetles and bees from their cups, but of what use are birds in the world? They do nothing; only snap up the flies and spiders out of the mouths of such as I. For my part, I should be satisfied if all the birds in the world were flies and beetles." At this—"The child changed colour, and his heart was saddened when he heard their evil tongues. He could not imagine how anybody could speak ill of the beautiful flowers, or scoff at his dear birds. He was waked out of a sweet dream, and the wood seemed lonely and desert, and he was ill at ease. He started up hastily, so that the mouse and lizard shrank back alarmed, and did not look out again, till they thought themselves safe out of the reach of the stranger with the large severe eyes."—*Story Without an End*, p. 57.

And thus the child wanders on by wood and valley, mead and stream, drinking in all the sights of wonder and beauty, light, wisdom, and grace with which the green earth abounds; everywhere full of happy, quiet joy, and everywhere finding trace of the mighty hand of wisdom and goodness; wandering through the dark, silent woods, and finding stars shining as he looks toward heaven; "learning the sad story of cunning and deceit from the Will o' the Wisp;" and reading page after page of the endless story, "the continuation of which lies in a wide and magnificent book, that contains more wonderful and glorious things than all our favourite tales put together." *

But it is not only from books of fiction of this kind, where the moral lies on the surface that wisdom as well as pleasure may be gathered by every reader, but where the main idea of story is obviously

* Preface to "Story Without End," p. vi., by Miss Austin.

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pure fiction. Take, for example, Chamisso's story of the "Shadowless Man," * *manifestly* untrue. It is the old story of a compromise between a human being and the prince of darkness. He makes a compact with the evil one, and asks for certain things which he covets. The tempter agrees, on condition that he should give up his shadow. And there, in the grim woodcut, Satan appears folding up the shadow as it falls along the waste, and making away with it. But, after this nothing succeeds with the shadowless man; and every calamity in some way or other, turns on his having no shadow. He lives in one eternal fidget, apprehension, and fear that he shall be found out. And found out he is. On the point of being engaged to a lovely maiden, a chance comes for declaring his passion; but at the very moment of moments, she looks behind and sees but one shadow, in the bright moonlight, her own; and the hapless lover, is ruined. What can be a truer lesson? Not one of God's gifts, not even the least, not even a shadow, can be bartered away. If useless, He would not have given it. Or, take a well-known story of a higher kind, from the Jewish Rabbis:—Abraham is sitting at his tent-door at eventide, when an aged traveller comes up, weary and worn out with his journey. He at once receives a hearty welcome. But at supper he ate and prayed not; he asked no blessing on his meat. Abraham inquires why, and the stranger answering that he worships fire only, is driven angrily out into the darkness and peril of the night. No sooner is he gone than God demands the reason. "I thrust him out," replies the patriarch, "because he worships not thee!" "Lo!" was the answer, "I have suffered him nigh these hundred years, and shalt thou not endure him for a night?"

Who hesitates or doubts for a moment to receive this grand truth, because Mr. Bounderby won't vouch for the facts,* or because the "Natal Commentary" omits the story as a myth? Apply the same reasoning to the charming story of Bedgellert; to the daring chivalry of William Tell; or the cruel hypocrisy of the Dying Wolf; and whatever becomes of the local dress or date in which it may be shrined, each story is true forever, to charm and to instruct future ages as it charmed the past. Mr. Dasent tells us that the tale of the bold archer, who saves his life by shooting an apple from the head of his own child, at the word of a tyrant,† is common to the whole Aryan race. Saxo Grammaticus tells it in the middle of the thirteenth century of one Palnatoki; Tell's date is 1307, and no mention is made of him in

* "The Shadowless Man," by Chamisso. London, 1863. Lumley.

* When the man of fact insists upon the falsehood of fiction, he merely repeats the fallacy of the African king, who, amid the heats of the equator, declared ice to be impossible; or of the Spitzbergen fisher, who screamed at the notion of days and nights that lasted only twelve hours.—(Dallas's "Gay Science," vol. vii. p. 240.

† Introduction to "Norse Stories," pp. xxxiv.-v.

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Switzerland till 1499. It is common to Turks and Mongolians, who never heard of Tell, or saw a book in their lives. As for the famous hound "Gellert," he is but a mythical dog, he never snuffed the forest breeze of Snowdon, nor saved his master's child from the ravening wolf. Tell is but a fable from the "Pancha-Tantra," from the Arabic of the "Seven Wise Masters," or the later Latin of the "Gesta Romanorum." But yet his story is true for ever in Switzerland, as in every land where true and brave hearts beat; it lives in the heart of every Swiss, high and low, young and old. Some trace of it is found in every market-place and in every house.* Many a boy has had love of country, and pluck to live and die for her, kindled in him by the thought of Tell's son; and many a father has been roused to heroism by the brave archer. So, also, in their degree, must it be with the stories that bring life and vigour, fancy and imagination to children in their quiet homes. Neither Reynard nor Megrim ever uttered an intelligible word; yet the fox, by a trick of dainty flattery to Madam Crow, managed to dine upon Stilton; and, when the wolf was on the point of death, whispered a swift message into his dying ear. Megrim had been a scoundrel, a robber, a devourer; but now complacently counts up his good deeds. "I have done much evil," he says, "no doubt; but still some good. On two occasions I abstained from evil easily within my reach. Once there came a dainty little lamb, so near I could have strangled it; but I never touched it. By and by, came a flock of bahing, well-fed sheep; there was no dog, but I let the whole pass." "Ah!" said Reynard, "I remember the time well, just when you lay choking with that horrid bone in your throat, which the crane afterwards pulled out." This, to the boy who reads it, is as true as William Tell or the Knights of the Round Table; and as the one teaches him to be brave, kindly, and true, so he learns from the other that knavery and hypocrisy are sure to be detected, even on the bed of death. He would be none the wiser, none the better, if a copy could be had of Tell's baptismal certificate, if he could fix the very day and hour of Giesler's death, find out who forged "Excalabar," from what mine the metal came, and who dug it up.* If we assume that the facts of "The Iliad" never took place, that the Atridæ, that Ajax and Ulysses, Diomede and Helen, were never born of woman, nor ever lived a life of flesh and blood; yet they assuredly lived a higher and more enduring and mightier life in the minds and hearts of their countrymen; and will yet live, wherever brave men and fair women are to be found. In this sense, they are immortal. So is it, and so it ever will be, with all sound, and healthy, generous fiction. Bruce watching the spider on the ceiling; Christian at the wicket-gate; Robinson Crusoe find-

* Hare's "Guesses at Truth," p. 176.

* "Guesses at Truth," p. 376.

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ing the foot-print in the sand; Dick Whittington * on Highgate Hill; Jack opening the castle prison; Blondel and his harp; the Little Match-Girl; True and Untrue; Tom Brown fighting for little Arthur; Good Temper at the well; or barefooted Birdie at her brother's grave:—are true forever to all healthy and happy children, and have lessons of beauty and of wisdom, of grace and courage to teach to generations yet unborn.

And a word may be said even for fiction which contains no positive, direct, moral. There are flowers in God's garden without perfume of any kind, yet are they no weeds, but have grace and beauty which He gave them, and which all readers may find and enjoy. So it is with the flowers of fiction. A sound, healthy, honest story, containing a fair picture of life, though it have no party odour, no special aim or views, may yet teach a wise and good lesson. The fool turns his back on all lessons whether from life or books; the bigot looks only for his own special creed, the fanatic sees evil alone; but the wise man reads it all as a whole, and gathers truth from some bough of every herb and tree. And if, besides this of common sense and reason, the fair and moderate use of fiction in its own proper place still need further defence, we must look to the greatest and wisest of all teachers who spake as never man spake. All those solemn and tender Parables, whose gracious wisdom and beauty are the priceless inheritance of every little child, are in one sense fiction, as in another they are divinest truth.—Whether to listening thousands on the sandy shores of Galilee, to little children in the market-place, to His chosen few on the mountain, or to the fishermen on the lake; whether He spoke of the lily of the field, or of the fowls of the air, of fields white to the harvest, or of the springing corn; of labourers amid the purple vineyards, or of reapers among the golden sheaves; of him who in his desolate misery fed swine upon the plain, of one who found the lost silver, of another who spent his days in honest toil, or hid his master's money in the earth;—all his choicest words of warning, grace, and instruction, were gathered from the sounds and sights of this world. By earthly figure and fable, by type and allegory, He unfolded to man the things unseen, divine, and eternal. The wheat and the tares, the fig-tree and the net, the prodigal son, the virgins at the marriage-feast, the faithless steward, and the beggar at the rich man's gate, all taught them mysteries that belonged to another world, of a heavenly garner into which was to be gathered the true wheat, of a Father whose love was boundless, of a bride whose beauty was immortal, of riches that could never die.

* Plain "Dick," not Mr. Whittington, or Miss Goody Two-Shoes, as they appear in "The Book of Nursery Tales," published by Messrs. Warne & Co.; a good book spoilt by a pompous wordiness and affectation of style which children hate; and by a host of "instructive facts" connected with "Whale-ships," unknown in the original story.

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In entire accordance with the spirit of the above words are two little volumes which reach us just when it is too late to do more than notice them in a final paragraph. Under the modest title of "Benedicite" * the author has given us a book marked by great beauty and simplicity of style, as well as scientific accuracy. It will satisfy the man of science in all points where exact knowledge is looked for, while it charms and instructs the more general reader by its eloquence and variety of illustration. Taking as the ground-work of his argument the chief verses of "Benedicite," and starting from the grand words—"O all ye powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever;" in a series of well-reasoned, thoughtful chapters, he proceeds to show how we are "hedged in on every side by these powers, which above, below, around, in the air, in the water, on the earth and under the earth, everywhere pervade creation." With singular clearness he unfolds the great laws of nature, and reading from that very Book which, as we have already seen, is open to the little child, explains to readers of maturer growth how cold and heat, wind and storm, clouds and vapours, sun and moon, summer and winter, all carry out and fulfil the Divine will, which is the law of nature, the unwritten Word of the Lord; how the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea,

"And all that live and move and being have,"

praise and bless the name of the living God as the Father in whose image man was made to be immortal, as the Creator whose work is worthy to be praised, and as the Ruler of the universe to be magnified for ever. And to those who fancy they see a snare in the exaltation of the material works of God, as if Natural Theology and Christian Theology could ever be really opposed, he says:

"In whatever direction we survey the universe, we see that nothing is isolated, and no one thing exists without being adjusted to others. All is in perfect harmony. Nothing that could be added or withdrawn would make Creation more perfect. In tracing the tender care lavished on all living things, conviction sinks deeply into our hearts that inexhaustible benevolence constitutes the design of God to all. It is written everywhere, and on everything. To him we look with trust, and the comfort of such thoughts is unspeakable."

Step by step, he argues, we are drawn nearer and yet nearer to Him, as we learn more truly to understand the laws of wisdom and goodness by which He rules the earth; and as we find trace of Him in the silent depths of the earth, in the billows of the stormy sea, in the immeasurable expanse of the wide air, under the golden glory of the sun, or among the starry watches

* Benedicite; or, Song of the Three Children. Being Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator. By G. Chaplin Child, M. D. London, 1866.

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of the night, so all, both young men and maidens, old men and children, kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges, are led to join more deeply in the mighty hymn of praise ever ascending from the earth, and all deeps; from beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, wherein the mountains and hills shout one to another that His name alone is excellent, and His glory above earth and heaven. In this glorious hymn "with speechless voice of light" even the stars join, proclaiming to us from the depths of space the existence of innumerable other worlds, which like our own share the Creator's care. Silently they tell of distances, magnitudes, and velocities which transcend man's power to conceive. With mute argument they prove that even in those far off regions, gravitation—the power that brings the apple to the ground—still reigns supreme; suggesting that, possibly, like our own bountiful sun, they bathe attendant worlds with rosy light, deck them with radiant beauty, and shower countless blessings on myriads of other beings. The author of "Benedicite" has spent time, thought, and care in showing in the full meaning and beauty of this universal pæan, how its separate parts blend in one great flood of harmony, how each secret law of nature throughout creation adds to the melody, for the good and happiness of man, and the glory of the Creator; and his glowing pages will attract and reward many readers. Such books raise and ennoble the mind of the reader by familiarising "it with the wonders of the earth and heavens, and imbuing his whole spirit with the glory of the architect, by whose Almighty word they were called into existence," stirring up responsive adoration in his heart, and symbolizing to him the infinite wisdom and power of God.

[*The Quiver*.

"WAGER OF BATTEL."

Law seems to be one of the most conservative of human institutions; and if law in general is not so, the law of England most decidedly is. With us, peculiar modes of trial and particular legal doctrines usually become completely obsolete long before they are formally removed from their place in the great system of law. Even when they have ceased to be applied in practice and are universally acknowledged to be but the ghosts of former realities, it is with reluctance and only after repeated agitations, that the law-makers of England are prevailed on to chase away the lingering shadows. Some of these practices, forgotten as well as obsolete, occasionally arise from

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the graves in which they have been slumbering for ages, and startle the forensic world by the unexpected assertion, and moreover proof, of their continued existence. When the nation recovers from the shock that its nerves have received from the sudden apparition, then at last it resolves to lay the ghost for ever, and an Act of Parliament abolishing the custom or abrogating the law, operates like a magical spell, and the doomed practice vanishes away like a guilty thing, into the misty regions of repealed and lifeless legal doctrines. Such is in few words the history of many an ancient legal custom, and amongst others of that "Wager of Battel" which forms the subject of the present paper, and which continued in theory to be part of our law down to the year 1819.

Wager of battle is but one and the last form of a kind of criminal procedure, which the early history of every nation in some degree, exhibits. A primitive people has no notion of what is now familiarly known to us all as *circumstantial* evidence, *i. e.*, evidence not drawn from the testimony of eye-witnessses, but founded on a variety of circumstances, which, taken together, tend to show that a certain mode of accounting for a particular occurrence is the true one; and the idea seems never to have suggested itself to our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. If a murderer were caught in the act, or a thief with the thing stolen in his hand, they dealt with him in a very summary manner indeed, and inflicted an immediate punishment. But if the guilt of the murderer or thief was not thus plainly apparent, they never dreamt of proving it by putting together, as we now do, a number of suspicious circumstances which, if unexplained by the accused, would remove from the minds of his judges all doubt on the subject. The way they proceeded was this— when a formal accusation was brought against a person, the burthen of proving his innocence was thrown on the accused party himself, and his chance of escape depended altogether on the character which he bore amongst his fellows. He was acquitted if he could bring a certain number of persons, called compurgators, to swear that they believed him innocent of the crime with which he was charged; but if he could not get the requisite number of persons to bear this testimony in his favour, he was condemned without any further evidence whatever; unless, indeed, he had elected to be tried by another primitive mode of trial, known as ordeals, or God's judgments, the immediate forerunners of wager of battle, by which they were completely supplanted under the Norman kings.

Without the connivance of his judges, in the ordeals by hot water and by fire, it was only by a miracle that any accused person could ever escape; and so far as respects the believers in their efficacy, the ordeals were simply presumptuous appeals to the Deity to suspend the ordinary laws by which his government of the universe is carried on,

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and to work a special miracle in order to attest the innocence of the person charged; and an expectation that He would do so seems, also, to have formed the basis, at least in Christian countries, of judicial combats, or wagers of battle, wherever they existed.

Wager of battle was not confined to cases in which a person was accused of having committed some *crime;* it was also allowed in cases of dispute as to the ownership of land. The only difference between the two cases seems tc have been, that in a dispute as to land, the battle was waged by champions chosen by each party, whereas, in criminal cases, the fight was maintained by the parties themselves. Let us take the case of an ordinary criminal *appeal,* as it was called, in which one party, called the appellant, *appealed* or accused of the murder of some of his relatives another party called the appellee, but whom, for the sake of simplicity, we shall call the accused. Both parties came into court armed, and when the accused pleaded not guilty to the charge, he threw down his glove and undertook to defend the same with his body; and the accuser took it up and accepted the challenge. Then the accused, holding in one hand the Bible, and in the other the hand of his accuser, addressed him thus, as an old writer informs us:—"Heere you this, you man whom I hold by the hand, which are called John by the name of baptism, that I, Thomas, such a yeere, such a day, in such a place, the aforesaid murder of thy father [or brother, or sister, as the case might be], neither did doe, nor go about, neither purposed nor assented to such a felonie, as you have alleged, so God mee helpe and his saints." To this the accuser, acting in a similar manner to the accused, replied, "You are perjured. For on such a day, such a yeere, in such a place, you did such murder, which I have alleged against you, or whereof I challenge you; so God mee helpe and his saints." Then, provided the case against the accused were not so strong as to preclude all possibility of doubt, a trial by battle was awarded by the Court, and both parties were compelled to find sureties that they would not fail to appear on the day appointed. A piece of ground for the fight was then marked out, and the weapons were got ready, and carefully measured: to wit, in ordinary cases, batons and staves an ell long, and a four-cornered leather target. Before commencing the fight, however, another important preliminary had to be observed; each combatant had to be observed; each combatant had to take an oath that he had that day "neither eat, drank, nor had upon him neither bones, stones, nor grass, nor any enchantment, sorcery, or witchcraft, whereby the law of God might be abused, or the law of the devil exalted." The fight began at sunrise of the day appointed, and it lasted till the stars appeared in the evening, provided the parties were able to maintain it so long. If the accused (on a capital charge) were vanquished,

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but not killed, he was hanged at once; but if he vanquished the accuser, or killed him, or if the accuser yielded and pronounced the word "craven," or if the fight could be maintained till the stars appeared, in all these cases the accused was acquitted of the charge, and could not afterwards be tried for the same offence in any other manner. If the fight were for life and death, we are told by another old writer (Verstegen, in his "Restitution of Decaied Intelligence in Antiquities") that a bier stood ready to carry away the body of him that was slain, a circumstance which must have added additional solemnity to what was throughout a very solemn proceeding. The beholders were strictly prohibited from crying out or making any sign whatever; and this writer mentions one occasion when the executioner stood beside the judges, ready with an axe to cut off the right hand and left foot of any one who offended in this particular. No woman or child under thirteen was permitted to be present.

The combat was but one step in a formal, legal trial, and some of the judges were always present to give final judgment in accordance with the issue of the fight. We read of one battle awarded in the thirteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, at which the judges of the Court of Common Pleas attended in their wigs and scarlet robes, along with the serjeants-at-law. The dispute had been about the ownership of land, and so the parties were allowed to fight by chosen champions. The champion of the demandant, or challenger, was first led in by a worthy knight, carrying a baton tipped with horn, whilst a yeoman carried his target made of double leather. They came in at the north side of the lists, and having advanced to the middle of it, then proceeded to the bar before the judges, where they made three "solemn congies." Having done this they retired to the southside of the list, where the champion took his stand. The other champion was then brought in from the south side, and, having gone through the same ceremonies, took up a position on the north side facing his antagonist. A curious feature in the affair is, that two learned serjeants-at-law stood in the midst between them as counsel for each party, to argue, we may suppose, the legality or illegality of everything that admitted of argumentation, such as the length of the weapons, the size of the targets, and the other preliminary requisites. The presence of the learned serjeants will help us to understand how these combats might sometimes last from sunrise till the stars appeared on a summer's evening. Everything being ready for the fight, the demandant in the action was solemnly called, but he did not appear, and without his presence there could be no combat. Then the serjeant for the other party prayed the Court (for the judges sat there as a court) that judgment might be given in favour of his client, which was accordingly done, in due form, by

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the Lord Chief Justice; and the 4,000 persons present dispersed, amidst shouts of "God save the Queene!"

The most famous case of which we have any account occurred in the seventh year of Charles I., A.D. 1631. It was an appeal of treason by Donald Lord Rea, a Scottish nobleman, against David Ramsay, a Scotch courtier. Rea accused Ramsay of having spoken treasonable words against the king beyond sea. Such offences, when committed beyond sea, were, in those times, only punishable in a court which has long since ceased to exist—the Court of Chivalry—presided over by the Lord High Constable of England, along with the Earl Marshal. The trial took place in the Painted Chamber at Westminster, before the two functionaries mentioned, and several other lords-assistant. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th November, ushered in with heralds and serjeants-at-arms, came the Earl Marshal, holding his marshal's truncheon of gold, tipped with black, making way for the Lord High Constable, who followed. The commission to hold the court, stating the names of the parties and the nature of the offence charged, was handed to the High Constable and read. There was also delivered to him by the King of Heralds his silver verge, or staff, half a yard in length, headed with a crown of gold; after which, the accuser and accused were ushered in by heralds, each accompanied by his sureties. Lord Rea handed in the written charge against the accused, adding that if he denied it, he was "a villain and a traitor." Ramsay denied the charge, and having replied in the language usual on such occasions, that Rea was "a liar, and a barbarous villain," he threw down his glove, protesting that if he had Rea in a fit place for the purpose, he would "gar him dy" for it, a phrase as to which it will be enough to say that it did not indicate the most benevolent intentions towards the party referred to. Rea seems to have received the polite rejoinder of Ramsay with great good humour, saying only, "We must not contend here." Ramsay then put in a written answer to the charge against him, and the counsel for both parties indulged in a preliminary combat, but only one of words, in behalf of their respective clients. Then the Lord Constable, taking the written charge in his hands, and folding it up, put it into the glove thrown down by Lord Rea, and held the charge and glove in the right hand, and in his left hand the glove and the answer of Ramsay. Then joining the charge, the answer, and the gloves, and folding them together, he, along with the Earl Marshal, adjudged a combat to take place on the 12th of April following, "in the fielde called Tuttle Fields, near Westminster, in the presence of our lord the king." The weapons were then appointed; in this case a spear, a long sword, a short sword, and a dagger; and the exact length of each was determined. Notwithstanding, however, all the solemn

preliminaries in the Court of Chivalry, notwithstanding all the preparations subsequently made for the battle, and the interest which its approach created, no fight took place. The king first postponed the day of battle, and ultimately took the matter into his own hands. Roth Rea and Ramsay were committed to the Tower till they found sureties for their peaceable behaviour towards each other, and we hear nothing futher of the quarrel between them.

From the circumstances attending the trial of Ramsay, we gather that even then the scandal of determining the right between two parties by force of arms, or by an appeal to the Deity for his direct intervention in behalf of the innocent, was fully perceived; yet the law was allowed for ages to continue the same; though we do, indeed, hear of a bill to amend it in the year 1623; but the bill dropped and matters continued as they were. We find the Court awarding another wager of battle in the year 1638, in the case of a dispute between one Claxton and the father of the celebrated Republican John Lilburne. After it was awarded, many efforts were made to prevent its coming off; and, when all other means failed, resort was had to a mistake in the record of the Court, supposed to have been wilfully made, which the judges held to be an informality of a fatal nature; and so an expectant public were again disappointed.—One would have thought that after this, a procedure which was considered too scandalous to be carried out in practice, would no longer be allowed to remain part of our statute law. But we hear of no attempt to do away with the scandal for about a century and a half after, and the attempt was not successful for upwards of two centuries after, when, to the astonishment of the nation, the right of battle was again claimed, and the Court of King's Bench was compelled to allow it as part of the existing law of the land. This took place in the year 1818, with respect to the case of Abraham Thornton, a labourer, who was accused by another labouring man, named Ashford, of having murdered his sister. Thornton pleaded "Not guilty," and declared himself ready to defend the same with his body. He then took off his glove—an article of wearing apparel which he probably found it necessary to purchase for the occasion—and threw it down upon the floor of the court. On this an adjournment took place, and the legal arguments on the subject were next entered on. It was always necessary, where wager of battle was permitted, that there should be some doubt as to the guilt of the accused; for if the case against him were too manifest to admit of doubt, he was not allowed the privilege of judicial combat. In the present case, the presumptions against the accused, from many suspicious circumstances, were very strong, but the Court held that, as the presumptions were not so strong as to leave no possible doubt of his guilt in their minds, the accused should be

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allowed the wager of battle, to which he was entitled by the law of the land. The accuser having determined not to proceed further, Thornton was discharged from the *appeal*, which, it must be remembered, was a personal accusation of one man by another, and not a prosecution by the Crown. After his discharge, Thornton was handed over to the Crown side of the Court, and was arraigned at the suit of the king. He pleaded his previous acquittal on the appeal, which the Attorney-General, being present, confessed to be true, and so Thornton was again discharged; and, instead of leaving court a condemned felon, he walked out of it a free man, thanks to the tenacity with which the English cling to their laws, and their reluctance to do away with formally that which they dare not put in practice. But this event was too much for the public. An Act of Parliament of the next year abolished wager of battle for ever; and no one by it shall either perish or be saved in England again.

[*London Society.*

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BENCH AND BAR.

III.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF BARON.

Sir Frederick Pollock, it was well said some ten years ago, is a "wonderful and venerable man;" and, of course, he is now even still more wonderful and venerable. There is no one living who, at his great age, and after a life of such unceasing exertion, retains such wonderful vivacity and vigour. His countenance, which reminds one of that of an old lion, bears the impress of intellect, energy, and thought. It is the countenance of one gifted with a great intellect, which has been highly educated and nobly exercised. It is the head of a man who was a senior wrangler some half century ago, and who, after some thirty years of forensic struggles and forensic triumphs, and twenty years of judicial labours, finds his recreation in the most abstruse mathematics, and at the same time is playful and pleasant as a child. There is the great secret of the Lord Chief Baron's vivacity and vigour. He has always been in heart and spirit a boy. When a boy, he must have been of a noble and manly character, and when he is an old man, his heart retains the freshness of a boy's. He is one of those of whom our great poet so beautifully speaks, who in their youth were temperate and abstinent—

> "Therefore his age is a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly."

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There is no one upon the Bench—we lament that he is there no longer—who better deserves a place in these pages than the late Lord Chief Baron, both because of his amazing vigour of mind, and his marked and remarkable character, and also on account of the interest he takes in matters of literature, science, and art. We believe there is not a single judge whose mind takes such a wide range, and at the same time penetrates so deeply into science. He takes a deep interest in every branch of science or of art; is President of the Photographic Institution, and not long since presided at one of their assemblies; and are they not proud of the venerable old man?

The prevailing characteristic of the Lord Chief Baron's countenance is one of solemn dignity—one might almost say, majesty. There is no judge on the Bench—nor has there ever been within living memory—one who equalled or even resembled him in this. Any one who looks at his photograph or portrait must be struck with it. There is something in it wonderfully expressive of intellect, energy, and dignity. There is a combination of these attributes to be observed reflected in it, to be looked for in vain in any other judicial personage. In repose, the expression is one of mild, calm, intellectual dignity, with an immensity of latent energy; and when that energy is raised, the aspect of the countenance is majestic.

While at the bar, his oratory was remarkable for dignity; and there was no advocate who assumed so lofty a tone, and gave one so much the idea of Roman dignity. This tone and manner, of course, were well suited to the Bench, and while Sir Frederick sat in the Exchequer he carried himself with as lofty a dignity as any one in living memory. He was good-natured and genial withal; but his countenance and manner were always remarkable for a certain solemnity and dignity, which were his chief characteristics, and in which no judge on the Bench equalled him. Having so enlarged and cultivated a mind, he had great variety of ideas, and clothed them with a happy felicity of language; and all this, united with his dignity of delivery, made him a most effective and emphatic speaker. His annual addresses to the Lord Mayor in the Court of Exchequer were masterpieces of that species of eloquence in which very few men excel. Probably there is not a man on the Bench who could have delivered them. There was, however, about the Lord Chief Baron, at times, an overbearing vehemence of tone and energy of language perfectly astounding in so old a man; and if it were not that he was so very old and venerated, it would not be tolerated. He was, however, regarded with veneration, not merely as an old man, but as a very wonderful old man, as he still is. His style of speaking upon the Bench was sometimes, perhaps, too discursive: he was fond of philosophic generalities; he digressed, as the wags of the Bar would say, "into all manner of disquisitions

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upon abstract moral questions;" but still his ideas were fine, and his style was grand; although, as his manner was always very solemn and emphatic and Johnsonian, the exaggeration of it in those moods of his was somewhat amusing. The fine old fellow had a nap pretty regularly, about the middle of the day. His waking, however, was often exceedingly comical. He would start up, seize his pen, and with imperturbable gravity say to the counsel who was arguing, "What page did you cite?" as though he had been following him closely through all his citations. For the most part he left the ordinary work of his court to his *puisnes*, who were very fond of their chief, and were very glad to do his work for him as far as they could; and if the bar were dissatisfied, they bore it, from admiration and veneration for him, and a melancholy feeling that, with all his faults and failings, he would leave a sad gap in Westminster Hall, and it would not be easy to replace his vast power, his majestic dignity, and the matured wisdom of his long experience.

This, indeed, was what the old man said himself, when they pressed him to resign. "Find me," he proudly said, "a man whom Westminster Hall will deem my equal, old as I am, and I'll resign to-morrow." There the old man was right. Who could sit in his place without provoking painful comparison?

They tell a capital story of the Chief Baron: that one who wished him to resign, waited on him, and hinted at it, and suggested it, for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast, as the Lord Chief Baron, who prides himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youthlike vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him, and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, and half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously suggesting retirement.

Even then, when there was a case which has great interest, as the case of the "Alexandra," or the case of Muller, he "warmed to his work, and did it, if not well, at all events with a wonderful vigour and an energy which at his age was really marvellous." Memory, however, began to play him tricks; he was, like all old men, fond of relying on it, and that was a dangerous habit for an old judge, for it may fail him, and lead him into sad mistakes.

But there could be no doubt of the vivacity and vigour of the old man's mind; and, though his voice was feeble with age, still it retained its measured, emphatic utterance, its dignity of delivery, its impressive manner, and its solemn tone.

When his mind was fairly engaged in argument, no one can have an idea of his vehemence and vigour; and he was a match, in these moods, for the whole Bar put together. He was like an old lion at bay; and woe to any one who came near him. He would lay in the dust all who dared to oppose him, and then fold his arms, lean back on his seat, and look calmly and proudly down upon them, appearing at such moments what he undoubtedly was—a wonderful and venerable man.

The Lord Chief Baron was prone to the expression of strong general views, which he conveyed in a manner eminently characteristic, with an idiomatic vigour and originality almost amusing. "If," said he, on one occasion—"if every man were to take advantage of every occasion to have 'the *law*' of his neighbour, life would not be *long enough* for the litigation which would result. *All flesh and blood would be turned into plaintiffs and defendants!*" The reader must imagine this uttered in a slow, distinct, deliberate, solemn voice, with considerable energy, and a raising of the tone at the words in italics. This may serve as a specimen of the Lord Chief Baron's style. It is full of the emphatic utterances of general principles, or broad moral sentiments, which he sometimes makes the basis of his legal views; whence it is that they were often uncommonly loose and unsatisfactory; and, though sometimes the utterances of the old man had a breadth of view, and elevation of idea which, united with great dignity and energy of expression, made them eloquent, they often broke away from the bounds of law, and have even afforded ample food for waggery.

The Lord Chief Baron was so apt to take broad bold views, and to act upon them boldly and abruptly, by directing a nonsuit, or verdict for the defendant, that "Pollock's nonsuits," passed into a byword; and a distinguished advocate now on the Bench has been heard to say, "Oh, it was one of the Chief Baron's nonsuits!" Not long ago in a case of some magnitude, in which a host of eminent men were engaged on either side he took upon himself suddenly to direct a nonsuit, absolutely astounding every one on both sides; there being evidence both ways, and a strong case for the jury. The nonsuit was, of course, set aside, though it was in his own court; he himself could scarcely attempt to uphold it.—There is not a single judge but himself who would have ventured upon that nonsuit; nor has there been one within living memory who would have dared to do it.—The old Chief Baron had been always characterized by a high tone of lofty audacity; and he had not yet lost that trait. Age, with him, had certainly not brought timidity; on the contrary, it seemed to have brought greater boldness; the audacity had augmented with his years. Such a nonsuit as that, at an age of nearly eighty, was probably without parallel in legal memory.

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Sir Frederick has a fondness, not only for science and literature, but for art; and several arts he practises himself—photography, for instance. He possesses also a wonderful skill in caligraphy, which he is fond of turning to purposes of amusement. He practises all sorts of innocent deceptions upon his friends, being able to imitate any handwriting perfectly. He once wrote a most absurd opinion, in the name of a learned friend of his at the Bar, and sent it to him, perplexing him most painfully by its apparent genuineness and its monstrous absurdity. There was the signature—or what seemed to be so—and the handwriting; apparently beyond all doubt; but the *matter*—it was downright, stark nonsense. The poor barrister could not make it out, until, all of a sudden, he remembered the Chief Baron's skill in caligraphy, and was consoled, and at the same time amazed and amused beyond measure at his illustrious friend's success. On another occasion, it is said, the Chief Baron forged the signature of a friend of his—an eminent dramatic author—to an "order" for admission to a theatre—having already got a genuine one, and desirous of seeing whether he could counterfeit it. He did so, and substituted the forged one for the genuine one; and it was so perfect a counterfeit that it was passed as readily as the genuine one would have been, which the Chief Baron retained, to show to his literary friend, and triumph over him and his caligraphical skill. His friend said, "Why, my Lord Chief Baron, you would have made a *first-rate forger!*" "Shouldn't I?" said the Chief Baron; "I should have beaten Fauntleroy out and out, and even surpassed the illustrious Patch."*

The Lord Chief Baron was proud, as well he might be, of his age,—or rather, of his perfect possession of his mental powers, and his fitness for judicial duties at such an age. "I am" (he is fond of saying) "the oldest judge who has ever been known to sit on the English Bench. I am eighty-two. Lord Mansfield never, I believe, sat after he was eighty." There are stronger instances on the Irish Bench, we believe; but then the work of an Irish Chief is nothing to that of an English Chief; and no one ever dreamt that the Lord Chief Baron was not perfectly able to discharge his judicial duties with efficiency, so far as mental power went.

The Lord Chief Baron was proud, as well he might be, of his family, and his descendants. Being lately asked if he had yet attained the dignity of a great-grandfather, he answered, proudly, "Yes, indeed; I have five great-grandchildren." He added, "The total number of my descendants is sixty-five." What a patriarchal dignity and happiness the old judge had attained unto! He had indeed, in the language of Scripture, lived to see his children's children, unto the third and fourth generation. At the last as-

* The man who in the last century kept up for a series of years the most astounding system of forgery on the Bank, as narrated in "All the Year Round."

sizes at Kingston—the last at which he ever sat—one or two of his grand-children, some fine young girls, the daughters of one of his sons, were sitting beside him on the Bench: and it was pleasant to see how benignly the old man looked upon them from time to time, and how their fair young cheeks flushed with happy pride as he smiled, and said a few playful words to them; and how delighted, and with what affectionate veneration his son—their father—looked upon them. Altogether, it was a fine family picture; and one could not fail to see that all that domestic happiness can bring a man in his old age had fallen to the lot of the Lord Chief Baron, and that he was loved and honoured by his children and his children's children.

Sir Frederick is just the sort of old man that young people are so fond of. Grave, yet playful; with a quiet, gentle gravity, as of a great intellect taking its last calm look on life, and looking at all around it with a loving spirit, blended with natural playfulness, ever breaking out in many a graceful pleasantry; a calm and cheerful temperament, as of a man who has made the most of life, and spent it wisely, and feels it now drawing towards a close, desires to be at peace with all, and with thankfulness and cheerfulness to yield it up when called upon.

Sir Frederick is a man whose juvenile energy, vitality, and vivacity are perfectly inexhaustible. There was a story current not long ago, that he had actually, at his venerable age, taken a fancy to *learn German!*—and in order that he might *read German works!* Any one who has the most distant idea of the difficulty of learning the German language—especially at such an advanced age—and of the depth and extent of German literature, will be at once amazed and amused at the idea of a judge, at the age of eighty-two, proposing to learn that language, with the object of reading that literature. What a thorough confidence in his own vitality; what a consciousness of his own unwaning energies and unwavering powers this shows! We do not know how far the fact is literally true; but we heard it as currently reported among the Bar, and we have reason to believe it to be true; and even if it be not literally correct, we are sure that there was some foundation for it; and the very currency of such a story shows the sense universally entertained of the Chief Baron's exhaustless energies.

It is a remarkable fact, that of the three "chiefs," Sir Frederick Pollock was by many years the oldest, and that he was decidedly—on the whole—the youngest, in the elasticity of his energies, and the buoyancy—we might say the boyishness—of his spirits. There was just ten years difference in their respective ages: Sir A. Cockburn, 62; Sir W. Erle, 72; and Sir F. Pollock, 82; and though, no doubt, Sir W. Erle was more robust, and could stand a longer and harder task of judicial labour, at a time, than either of the others, yet in point

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of elasticity and buoyancy and unwavering freshness of vigour and vivacity, the Lord Chief Baron surpassed the two other, and far younger Chiefs, albeit he was full ten years older than one, and twenty years older than the other.

At length, however, the decline of physical strength warned the fine old man that it would be wiser and better to retire, while his mental powers remained unimpaired, and fully able to enjoy the repose of retirement. Long may he live to enjoy it!

THE LORD CHIEF BARON SIR FITZROY KELLY.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly was, when elevated to the Bench, the father of the English Bar; at all events, there was no one at the Bar of an eminence equal to his in age and standing in the profession. He was contemporary with Erle and Pollock, and had retired from ordinary practice about twenty years, about the period they had been on the Bench. His features thoroughly express the chief trait of his forensic character—deep, earnest, concentrated energy. There was a wonderful compressed energy in his tone and manner of delivery, every word weighted with deep emphasis—in this respect resembling Erle, only with more perfect elocution.

In the expression of his countenance there is no intellect, no genius, no engaging air of frankness; it is the look of a man of a determined, iron energy, and a man by nature and character, keen, watchful, and wary.

Sir Fitzroy had great forensic power. His only fault was monotony; and that had grown upon him with years. When a younger man, he had so much warmth and energy as to hide it; but of late years it was observable, and there was a tautology and a tediousness which gave a dullness to his delivery; but still under all this dullness you could see the remains of a firstrate forensic speaker and a formidable advocate; and even to the last, when warmed by a great cause, there would break forth some flashes of his former eloquence, showing that "even in his ashes burn the wonted fires."

Sir Fitzroy, however, had so long retired from ordinary practice—twenty years at least—that he had become half-forgotten in Westminster Hall; and few who saw and heard him on the rare occasion of his appearance there could remember his forensic achievements thirty years ago, when Follett, and Pollock, and Erle were at the Bar, and Lyndhurst sat where he sits now.—During that long interval he had been more of a politician than an advocate, and he had achieved a parliamentary position and reputation. He had, however, acquired enormous experience at the Common Law Bar before he left it; he went a good deal into Chancery, and the House of Lords, and the Queen's Bench, in great cases; his mind, of course, was much enlarged by his parliamentary career. He has great gravity, and some dignity of manner; he preserves the proper demeanour of a judge; is calm, patient, pains-taking and conside-

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rate; and keeps his Court well in order; and as his mental powers are still in their full vigour, he makes an admirable and invaluable Lord Chief Baron.

THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE.

Lord Chief Justice Erle, though some few years younger than the late Lord Chief Baron, and not so wonderful a man, bids fair to be as venerable. He is a man of less vivacity and less demonstrative energy. His energy is more concentrated, so to speak; his mind is less enlarged and elastic; his manner is more quiet and constrained; his countenance, though not so majestic, has more settled gravity in its expression; his features are not so fine, but his face is more grave. Then his voice, also, is more subdued and restrained; his utterance is slow, grave, and sustained; with no variety of inflection, no alteration of tone—monotonous, though earnest, with a kind of unchanging emphasis, very different from the demonstrative and impressive earnestness, the altered tones and heightened accents of the late Lord Chief Baron. Sir William Erle was never known to raise his voice to a declamatory tone during all the twenty years he had been upon the Bench. And even when he was at the Bar, he was strikingly argumentative — never declamatory. His style of speaking was plain and homely. He has a fine fresh florid countenance, with a mixture of good-nature and shrewdness. His eyes are keen, yet kindly, and his whole air and aspect are thoroughly gentlemanly. Yet there is a smack of homeliness about him, and in his voice a trace of provincialism or rusticity.—There is a compressed energy in his delivery, shown more in earnest emphasis than in raised tones of voice; indeed, the *tone* is nearly always the same, and this makes it somewhat monotonous; but its honesty, its very homeliness, its earnestness, its good sense, always win the utmost attention, and gives great influence to what he says. He summed up in a plain, earnest, sensible way, and never lost a certain gravity of demeanour which approached to dignity. His whole manner and demeanour were exceedingly judicial; and as he was hard-working, sensible, and full of quiet, business-like energy, he was thought one of the best of our judges. As he grew older and older, he reminded one of the venerable Tindal. He had a sense of quiet humour; and rather liked it; and, not long ago, he said to a counsel, who apologized for a sally of wit which set the court laughing, "The court is very much obliged to any learned gentleman who beguiles the tedium of a legal argument with a little honest hilarity." But he himself had no wit or humour in him, nor any spice of that solemn waggery in which the old Chief Baron so delighted; altogether he was a graver character. He resembled greatly in his occasional satirical style of observation—though not in the musical voice and classic delivery—Lord Lyndhurst. There was often something in his

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tone which seemed to recall Lyndhurst, before whom he practised a great deal, for whom he had a great admiration, and who made him judge. He resembled him in the calmness of his manner, and the apparent coldness of his tone; arising not from any deficiency of feeling—for his feelings are strong—but from their stern compression under habitual self-restraint. It is no secret that, naturally, his feelings are strong, but that he had for a long course of years, so kept them under stern restraint, that no one remembers any outbreak. He belonged to an old school, of which he and the late Lord Chief Baron and Sir Fitzroy Kelly are the last living representatives. They all had this common characteristic: a certain measured emphasis of utterance—which belonged to a time when speaking was more oratorical than it is now. It was least so in Sir William Erle, whose nature is simple and whose style is quiet; still it was apparent in his delivery, which was most monotonous, and least relieved by variety of inflection or change of tone. Sir William Erle is naturally of an amiable character. His tastes and pursuits are more rural than studious; he is attached to animals, especially horses and dogs; he is fond of open air exercise; he spends most of his leisure riding about. He is not a sportsman, for he hates the idea of killing any living thing (except vermin), and they say he won't have the birds shot on his land, and that it is a paradise for the feathered tribe. He may often be seen, when in the country, with dogs fondling him, and they say the very cart horses on his farm know him. He is a thoroughly English gentleman, with a fine honest nature and fine manly tastes and pursuits. All this you could see on his countenance; and if engravings had but colour, and could give the ruddy freshness of his cheek, or the clear blue of his eye, you would see it in his likeness; as it is, you can catch the keen yet kindly expression of the face, with his pleasant aspect—so shrewd, so sensible, so genial.

Few men were more beloved and admired than Sir William Erle.—His heart was even better than his head; and his good and genial qualities amply excused any infirmities of his mind.

A skilful physiognomist would probably say, looking at the countenance of Sir William Erle, that his is not a mind as broad as it is powerful: not so comprehensive as it is strong in its grasp, and not so quick in its glance as it is tenacious in its hold. And these impressions of his mental character would be tolerably correct. His mind was not so much by any means so marked by breadth as it was by depth. He got at the bottom of a subject, so far as he went into it, but then he was apt to take up one part of it, rather than to embrace and comprehend the whole. He has a powerful mind, but a mind rather powerful in its grasp of what it once lays hold of, than in getting hold of the whole of what *is* to be got hold of. The complaint of

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Erle was, that he was not unlikely to be so firm and immovable, on his first impression of a case, as never to alter it; in which respect he resembled a good deal Baron Martin. When Erle, they said, had formed his impression, as to getting him to alter it, you might as well try to move one of the Pyramids.—This trait in his character was often, nay, constantly displayed.—It is the key to his whole character. He himself, in his grave, good-humoured way, often avowed, and displayed, this trait of character. Thus one day, at judge's chambers, after having been pressed very strongly for some time against his own views by counsel (a capital fellow, one Tom Clark,) the Chief Justice said, with quaint good humour, "Mr. Clark, *I'm one of the most obstinate men in the world.*" "God forbid," said Tom, "that I should be so rude as to contradict your Lordship." He laughed with the most thorough enjoyment.—Thus, one day, after hearing Mr. Bovill, as he thought, long enough, against a new trial, he rose up, stuck his thumbs in his girdle, and, with a comic look of humorous determination, and a sly twinkle in his eye, as if he quite saw the fun of it, and enjoyed it, said, "Here we stand, Mr. Bovill, we four men; and we have all *firmly* made up our minds" (with an immense emphasis on "firmly") "that there must be a new trial. If you think it worth while going on after that" (playfully,) "why, of course, we'll hear you, Mr. Bovill." It need hardly be said that even Mr. Bovill — who himself is tenacious enough, and utterly inexhaustible in words—could not stand up any longer, but sat down laughing.—On another occasion, the Lord Chief Justice said—"Mr. So-and-so, there is a time in every man's mind, at which he *lets down the floodgates* of his *understanding*, and allows not one drop more to enter; and *that time, in my mind,* has *fully arrived!*" It was, of course, hopeless to say more; the *intense* emphasis with which it was spoken made it so expressive of relentless determination and fixed, immovable resolve. Now, Cockburn would no more have said either of these things than he would have stood on his head in open court.—And no one who knows the judges would hesitate for a single instant, if he were told the story without the name, as to who *did* say them. It is curious how an anecdote may illustrate a character. There is often an idiosyncracy in a single expression which reveals its author, and portrays his character.

In many traits of his mental and judicial character Lord Chief Justice Erle resembles the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, with whom he sat so long on the Queen's Bench—the same energy; the same iron will; the same grave, solid—almost stolid—gravity and silence; the same slow manner, and quiet, earnest dogged demeanour. It is curious to see how eminent men borrow of each other some prevailing traits of manner, resulting, no doubt, partly from some resemblance in character. There was the same

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obstinacy in Campbell as in Erle. To move his mind, once made up, was like trying to remove from its base one of the granite mountains of his native land. And it was scarcely less hard in the case of Erle.

Some years ago a writer in a quarterly described Erle, "Bating a little English obstinacy, the best of our judges on the Bench of Common Law." The obstinacy was the one flaw in Erle's judicial character, and though he was always invested with the strongest sense of justice, it often tended to counteract it. It was a defect which arose from his mental character. There was no sufficient power in Erle's mind of balancing opposite views. As if conscious of that, his great object was to get one view firmly into his mind, and what that shall be was determined, sometimes, perhaps, a little, by preconceived impression. There was not a particle of philosophy in Erle's mind. He was what he calls "practical," and he never delivered a judgment or a charge in which he did not allude to "practical experience," and the views he took were always rather practical than philosophical. And he had had, no doubt, a vast deal of the practical experience he so prized, and he had immense energy, and sound judgment, and great power of work, and, on the whole, the Bar deemed him a "strong" judge.

Sir William Erle, with all his faults, left a void which will not easily be filled. Occurring so soon after the retirement of Sir Frederick Pollock, it was the more felt. His retirement, as it took place in full term, was a most impressive scene, which none who witnessed it will ever forget. The whole Bar felt that they had sustained a grievous loss, and never was a judge more missed from his accustomed seat.

MR. JUSTICE BYLES.

Mr. Justice Byles, though he was on the Bench before Sir Fitzroy, is a younger man than he is; and it was only just as Sir Fitzroy had reached the climax of his forensic career, some twenty years ago, that Byles became frequently his rival. The memorable case of Tawell, in which Mr. Serjeant Byles conducted the case for the prosecution, and Sir F. Kelly for the defence, was the most striking occasion in which they were brought in contact, Byles being then ready for his elevation to the Bench, and Sir Fitzroy for his retirement from regular forensic practice.

Mr. Justice Byles deserves portraiture in the same class as Pollock, and Erle, and Kelly, because he belongs emphatically to the "old school"—the school, for example, of Campbell, who for thirty years was the constant antagonist of Pollock; the school of Tindal, and Kelly, and Erle; a grave, slow, sturdy, methodic, decorous, dignified school, bringing more to mind what the old lawyers of past ages might have been, and what, from their portraits, we should fancy that they were.

His manner, even at the Bar, was rather judicial than forensic, and

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was quite the manner of the old lawyers. He had more the air of a judge than an advocate; and he seemed marked out by nature for his present position. In this respect he resembled the late Lord Campbell, whose great *forte* was gravity, and it is wonderful what a force there is in it. Upon his model Byles formed his style. He has the very gesture of Campbell, the only one he ever allowed himself,—standing still and immovable as a statue,—and holding up his right hand. It is simple gesture, but when done slowly, solemnly, calmly, with a grave air, and an earnest utterance, it has an impressive effect. At all events, it was all the action Campbell or Byles ever had, and it went a great way with them. Byles recalls old Campbell more than any other judge on the Bench. There was no man at the Bar so cautious—some said crafty—as Byles. There is a story of one of the Guildhall jurors being overheard to say, when Byles entered the court, "Here comes old Crafty!" He was indeed a most formidable antagonist; always astute and observant; ever watchful, and ever wary; calm, cool, and collected; never off his guard for an instant. He was really such a man as you might imagine Coke to have been, or Cecil,—grave, cold, astute, taciturn, keen, observant, cautious, suspicious, undemonstrative, unimpassioned, full of deep, quiet energy, though without warmth, without eloquence; that is, eloquence, as a thing of genius and warmth and imagination. There was plenty of force and power—very weighty were those words of his, falling so gravely, and with such compressed energy from his lips; and even now, upon the Bench, in summing up an important case, there is not a single judge upon the Bench (since Pollock) whose tone and manner have such an impressive effect, such an air of solemn dignity, as Mr. Justice Byles. This, and a certain vein of quaint, grave, dry humour, and a fondness for old-fashioned "saws" and sayings, make him quite one of the "old school," and carry us back ages in our "minds eye" to the days of the old Elizabethan lawyers. If any one wishes to have an idea how they looked, and spoke, and expressed themselves, the best way is to look at Mr. Justice Byles. Also, if one wishes to have a notion of the difference between the old school and the new school, let him, after looking at Byles, look at Bramwell. If he wants to go further back than Elizabethan times, and have an idea of the rude, rough, blunt vigour of older days, let him look at Martin—or, rather, look at and listen to him—and he will have an idea of what judges were in ages before they were formal and conventional, as they had become in Elizabethan days, and as exemplified in Mr. Justice Byles. But, indeed, there would be no need to go out of his own court to seek at once a resemblance and a contrast; for by his side sits Mr. Justice Willes, quite Elizabethan in his aspect—

"With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;"

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and the Chief of his Court is Sir William Bovill, keen, quick, sharp, fluent, off-hand in his tone and manner, quite of the modern school, and as great a contrast to Byles as it is possible to conceive. But that Mr. Justice Byles belongs so emphatically to the old school of which he and Sir Fitzroy are now the last upon the Bench, it would have been unfit to give him precedence to the Chief Justice, and, on the other hand, the Chief Justice must not be brought in at the end of a chapter, and he will, therefore, as the head of the new school of judges, commence the next group of sketches.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

O calm sweet morn! Myriads of rosy buds
Flush in thy dawning loveliness to-day;
Among the lingering shades of wintry grey,
They lend a crimson colour to the woods.

Thy light is to my heart so full of rest;
Thy breeze wafts balmy freshness to my brow;
Healing and peace thou bringest, where but now
Were ice-bound fields, and sky with storms oppress'd.

Thy silent teaching is of Love to-day:
Thus would our Father weary ones restore;
His were the storms, but they have all pass'd o'er,
His the sweet sunshine on our onward way.

With gentleness He would refresh the land,
By folded leaves and opening buds would speak;
That none, by doubts distress'd, should vainly seek
For gracious tokens of a helping hand.

Eyes, just emerging from the winter's gloom,
The summer's golden glory could not bear;
So tender, changeful lights He doth prepare,
Pale primrose buds before the roses bloom.

He mingles cloud with sunshine, while with shower
Of drops, still icy, are the violets wet,
Lest, in our smiling quiet, we forget
The One we cling to in the tempest's hour.

Fresh comfort of the Spring-time, how it steals!
Daily our frozen hearts their fetters break.
Sweet be each blossom's perfume for His sake,
Whose own pure Light this rising life reveals.

Then may this life obey the Life Divine,
May every fruitful bough find freer scope,
From every leafless twig spring buds of hope,
In every passing cloud Faith's rainbow shine.

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[*Leisure Hour*.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A CHURCH PLATE.

The public, no doubt, gain much from the books which are written about the lives and experiences of eminent people; and, in my opinion, much might be gained from the lives and experiences of humble people too and not only of humble people but even of things—things great and things small.—Every person, and every thing, has something to tell, if only they would tell it, and not be too long about it.

Now I am only a "thing;" still I have had my experiences, and I don't see why I should not tell them; it will be a great relief to myself, and perhaps may do good to other people; at any rate, I can't tell whether it won't be so, unless I try.

I shall make no secret of what I am. I shall not write under a feigned name. I am a church plate; and all my experiences are such as usually fall to the lot of those in my line of life.

After I was purchased from the silversmith, in the box in which I was put for safe keeping, I found several other plates, all done up like myself in green baize bags; some of them were old and well worn and full of scratches, while others appeared to be of later date: one thing, however, was plain with reference to them all—they were plates of considerable experience, and, as such, were entitled to every respect which I, as a new-comer, could show.

I found my new companions very friendly; so much so, that I made myself at home at once, and became one of the family without more ado.

The great friendliness of my neighbours, and, indeed, I might say my new relatives, emboldened me to talk more freely than I should otherwise have done. I soon, therefore, questioned them as to what my duties would be, and told them confidentially what I expected. I was looking for honours and respect; and as to anything that was base, or shabby and mean, "surely," said I, "now that I have left the world and entered upon this sacred service, I have found a refuge from that for ever."

"You make a great mistake," said this venerable plate, "if you expect to find in your new position much of the honour and admiration which you have seen bestowed on rings and pins and brooches, and on articles of silver plate. Men used to stop and look at you, as you shone upon your shelf; but you will find that now they will try to avoid you; indeed, even though you were thrust under their very noses, you will find that they

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will pretend not to see you. Not all, however. There are some honourable exceptions; but you will discover that, like all exceptions, they only prove the rule.

"But, no doubt, you will soon have the same means of information that we have. We never stir out of these green bags, except to make collections at the church doors; still, we know everything about the people who contribute; we not only know *what* they give, but *what they ought* to give; and very often *why* they give. As soon as you emerge from your bag on Sunday, and are taken into the church, you will see what at first appears a sunbeam here and there in the building; but, on looking more closely, you will discover that each beam takes the appearance of an angel. You will perceive that each figure has a scroll in his hand and a pen, and a golden inkhorn at his girdle. Further, you will observe that one seems attached to each of certain seats; those are the seats in which we plates are put, with the persons who use us for collecting; and, when the collecting begins you will see a bright figure walk side by side with each collector, and stand by him at the door. You also will have an angel attached to you; and, as each person passes out, you will observe the figure at your side make an entry on the scroll; and you will feel a curious kind of pulsation pass all round you; and with it you will feel that you know all about the person that has just given. Only one word of warning," added my grave friend, "keep still; do not let your indignation prove too strong for you; keep yourself well in hand, or you will spill the little you collect; remember that fourpennies and threepennies are very light, and soon tumble about, and roll, no one knows where; and be comforted that you at least have done your best; rest in peace, and keep yourself as bright as you can, until you are brought forth to your work."

Much, very much thought did this speech occasion me. I could not doubt words spoken with such gravity, and by a plate of evidently great experience; still I was loth to begin my career down-hearted and depressed.

There was nothing for it, however, except to wait patiently, and this I made up my mind to do.

Sunday morning quickly came, and I was all alive to enter on my new career. I was of a benevolent disposition, and I longed to be the means of conveying ten-pound notes, sovereigns, and half-sovereigns, crown pieces, and half-crowns, to the treasurer of the object for which the collection was to be made. Yes! in the fulness of my benevolence (and let me add also of my simplicity) I said, "Ay, and sixpences, and fourpennies, pence, halfpence, and farthings from the poor." My heart swelled with delight at the idea of every person offering according to their means, and I longed to meet the cheerful givers with their ready hands and smiling lips. If there was not a good collection, I was determined

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that, at any rate, it should not be my fault.

We were all taken out of our bags in the vestry; some of us were put at once into certain pews, as it was well known that persons sitting in them would help in making the collection; but others of us were taken wandering about the church to find some one to hold us, Now I began to suspect that what I had heard from the old plate was true, for, instead of being eager to get me, and trying even to catch the sexton's eye as he roamed along with me from pew to pew, I found that wherever I was deposited people were likely to think me an unwelcome guest. Some pretended to be reading their prayer-books, some smiled and shook their heads, some scowled and did the same.—One old gentleman, as soon as I came near him, immediately took a pinch of snuff, then, as quick as lightning, he put his handkerchief, up to his nose, or rather to his face, so that I never got a sight of him at all; but I formed my own opinion of him nevertheless, though what it was I need not enter on here.

At last the churchwarden, who had managed to secure another collector for his own plate, came and fetched me back with him, so that, after all, I had the consolation of commencing life in thoroughly experienced hands, and that reassured me not a little.

The sermon, when it came, was, I need scarcely say, a matter of exceeding interest to me.

You may be sure I listened attentively for my own sake, as well as for that of the poor children on whose behalf the appeal was made; for I had been told the amount of the collection was frequently much affected by the eloquence of the preacher. I knew that this ought not to be; but what good was that? so it was, and I could not alter the fact.

Well do I remember that sermon. The schools were, alas! heavily in debt; and now, on the opening of this new transept, a great effort was to be made to set them square; and any one who looked at the minister's face, and heard his voice, could see that he was very earnest about the matter. The sermon was upon "the worth of an immortal soul;" and much the preacher told them of the price set upon it above, seeing at what a huge cost it was redeemed. The love surpassing all other loves was unfolded before their eyes; they were shown it in the cradle and the childhood of their Lord—in his hungerings and thirstings, and weariness—in the dust that stained his way-worn feet, and the furrows that were ploughed deep in his agonized brow. They were told of the love of the one who had once been a child for children—how he blessed them when on earth, and sought to bless them again through their instrumentality that day.—Then the minister told them of the perils which surrounded these children's souls; of the fearful enemies lying in wait for them at every corner; and of the speed with which evil habits griped and strangled

the soul's life, so that many a one began the career of manhood and womanhood well-nigh destroyed in body and soul. I could see the sweat stand thick and strong upon that earnest man's heart (for there is such a thing as "*heart*-sweat," which can be seen, if only one is able to look deep enough under the skin,) as he pleaded hard to get but £50 that day. I say *but* £50; for, although £50 is in itself a good deal of money, it was a mere mite, compared with what that congregation could have given, had they pleased. I thought it strange that the good minister should have to plead so earnestly for 50*l.*, when there were so many rich people in the church. I should have said, "That good minister need not be in such distress; he need not plead so hard; that rich old gentleman will be sure to send him a cheque for double what he wants. Surely he'll make as much of the two hundred children for whom the minister is pleading—every one of them with an immortal soul—as he does of his statue of Apollo, without a soul at all, for which he gave £200.

Our collection was to be made at the door; and, as soon as ever the sermon was ended, the churchwarden caught me up, and moved thither with all speed. That churchwarden was quite a man of business; and I soon saw that he had good reason for making such haste, for already half a dozen people had managed to slip off without contributing anything to the good cause.

On reaching the door I found, according to the old plate's words, that what had looked so like a sunbeam was in reality a figure; and that it now stood beside me. The pen was dipped in the golden inkhorn, the scroll was unrolled, and the recording angel prepared to write.

They were principally poor people near the door, so at first I received very little. Some rushed out rudely; a few gave pence and halfpence; and one old man gave a threepenny piece. Far the greatest number appeared to think that they had no concern with the collection whatsoever, although many of them were the parents of the children on whose behalf the sermon was just preached. "Well!" I thought to myself, "here is a strange thing—the minister troubling himself a great deal more about these people's children than they trouble about them themselves. Just to think how that good man has been working for these young ones, and their own parents don't put a farthing on the plate;" and I looked at one side to see whether the scribe that was attached to me had taken any notice of the matter. Indeed he had! the names of all who passed were written down; and there was something put opposite the parents' names that evidently meant something particular. It was just such a crooked kind of mark as one would make if one had to describe an ungrateful person by a mark. I can't tell what it was like in words; but it looked an ugly suspicious kind of thing.

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Do not think, however, that all was dark. No, no; there was a penny that was saved during the week, by blowing out the candle, and rocking the baby by the light of the few embers on the hearth; and there was another that came from overtime at work; and another that had been specially earned for this occasion by making an extra cabbage-net. And that threepenny piece! I saw the figure by my side look hard at the threadbare man that put it in, and the pen flew rapidly over the scroll, and I could see that the writing was more as if it had been written with a sunbeam than anything else. Well it might; for that threadbare man had pinched himself hard to make up that little coin, and had offered it before the throne in heaven, ere he cast it into the plate on earth. The old man's granddaughter was at the school; and, now that he was losing his sight, she read to him out of the Bible—out of the Bible that she was taught at school; and as she read with the voice of her dead mother—the old man's only child—he thought the sweet words were whispered to him from another world; and then he saw, far, far away beyond stars, and clouds, and all that meets the mortal eye—far, far away into the golden city where friends separate no more—and how could he receive all this blessing through the school and not give all he could to show his gratitude in deeds?

But the poor people were soon gone. I ought to have had at least sixty coins, for sixty of them passed me by; but, when the last went out, I had only collected one shilling and threepence: and the threepenny piece was a fifth of the sum.

But now with the departure of the last of these poor parishioners I said to myself, "Better times are coming; I shall soon have what I have been looking forward to with so much pleasure."

I was next approached by a gentleman who looked comfortable, and who was comfortable, as far, at least, as his body was concerned. I expected a sovereign from him. If the churchwarden had not held me so tightly in his hand, I almost felt as though I should have gone half way to meet him. He was a man right well to do; he had no family to support he had more than he knew what to do with. He approached me, he put out his hand, and dropped a shilling into my lap. That shilling fell upon me like a piece of ice, and would have given me cold, had I been subject to human maladies. And why?—not from the mere fact of a shilling being a small sum in itself; I have often felt one as good as a cordial coming from those whom it was a substantial gift. No!

I shuddered, because I heard the churchwarden mutter in the very inmost recesses of his heart, "Selfish man! and you'll go home and drink a seven-and-sixpenny bottle of port at your dinner; 'one shilling' only to help to bring up all these poor children and 'seven and sixpence' on your own throat." I saw the white figure calmly make

its note upon the scroll and the selfish man passed out.

Is it possible," said I to myself, "that a man can be found to spend seven times as much upon his own throat at one meal as he gives after such an appeal to the cause of God?" But it was possible! That shilling had been given because it was less annoying to give than to be remarked for not giving; had it taken away one glass from the bottle of port, it would never have been given at all; even here "self" was the ruling thought. "When," thought I, "will people know that they do not hold their possessions only for themselves?—when will they learn that selfishness is a curse? Surely," said I to myself, "every time he swallows a glass of that seven-and-sixpenny port to-night, he'll be mocking the One into whose sanctuary he has cast that miserable shilling to-day."

I should probably have pondered long upon this case, but there was no time, for on came, almost treading on this man's heels, another gentleman. This man I also scanned closely as he approached me, and from the brief survey which I was able to take of him, I put him down for a sovereign, or a half sovereign at the least. But I was disappointed; he also put down a shilling, and passed on. My thoughts crowded in upon me so fast, that I felt, and indeed said to myself, a great deal in a very short space of time. "What," said I to myself, "another shilling? Am I never to rise above shillings? Is this a holy cause?—and are all holy causes worth no more to any man than a shilling? Why has this man only given a shilling?"

I had scarcely asked myself the question, before I received an answer. The figure by my side made a mark on the scroll, and simply uttered the words, "The thoughtless man;" and I knew all about the matter. The man who had just passed me never thought a bit about the sermon, or about the wants of other people, or whether they had any wants at all. Perhaps he might have given more, if he had thought, for he was not a stingy man; but what good was that? He did not do his duty now; the charity suffered; and I am sure by the mark I saw the angel putting down, that he must have suffered himself. Several of this class passed on with a shilling, and some even with more; but their money, so far as true charity goes, was no more than so much dust; they neither *meant* to do good, nor *cared* to do good; and it was quite plain that their thoughts had a good deal to do with the marks which were set down opposite their names.

The next comer at first greatly revived my spirits. On he came, and dropped a sovereign into my lap. "This," thought I, "is as it should be; now, at length, I am really going to work." I was inclined to look at the donor with pleasure, if not with admiration; and I was about to say to myself, "Surely the blessing of all these children, and this good cause, will light on him," when, to my surprise, I perceived that he had the same

vacant look as the thoughtless man who had given only a shilling; and, moreover, I saw the angel put the very same mark opposite his name.

I ventured, not exactly to remonstrate, but to say in an inquiring and puzzled tone of voice, "Has not this man just given a piece of gold—the only piece I have as yet?" But he answered, "We never err: mark his face—you will see he meant nothing when he gave gold—no more than the other did when he gave silver. Sovereigns and shillings sometimes only say the same thing."

Then I remembered what the minister had said about a man's giving "according to his ability," and it was plain that this one had not done so; he thought no more about £1 than the other did about one shilling; and, in fact, looking at matters deep down in their realities, he might be said to have given nothing at all. Had these two men really thought, he who gave a shilling would have given £1, and he who give the £1 would have put in a note for £10; for they could well afford these respective sums; and neither of them was peculiarly selfish or mean. They were thoughtless—that was all; but this thoughtlessness was alike bad for the charity and themselves.

Bad as these cases undoubtedly were, they were not, however, so bad as some which now came under my notice. These persons were the "Artful Dodgers" of the congregation. I am sorry to say, I have met with them in every collection I have made, since this memorable day of which I am now speaking, when I commenced my career as a collecting plate; but as you may judge, I was greatly surprised and very indignant when I first met them. Being so large and common a class, no wonder that I came into contact with them the first time I appeared in public. I could not make out at first what they were at.

One man, whom I saw looking about him in all directions during service, now came by me looking straight before him, with his eyes as fixed as if they were made of glass. I saw him fix them just three steps away from me; and after he had passed me only two steps, I saw his head turn about just as well as ever; and in one of the turns, I saw that his eyes were all right again.

At first I thought the poor man might have been struck by a sudden draught from the open doors, and got a crick in his neck, and, though I lost his contribution, I pitied his misfortune; but I saw my companion mark him with one of those fatal marks, and this set me thinking. "Why," said I to myself, "is this?" Then the thought rushed all round me, "Nothing is the matter with him at all. There are none so blind as those who won't see; it was just a trick to get out free; and I was thankful to think that the fact of his fixing his head that way, and not venturing to look me straight in the face, was a sign that he had some measure at least of shame, and I hoped that, some

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day, even that might prevail to make him do what was right. Ever since that day, I know these men by the name "Blinkers," for they seemed to me to be very like horses with blinkers to each eye, to make them look straight before them.

But I soon found out that in this, as in all other classes, there existed a considerable variety.—These Blinkers did not all go out looking straight before them. Some kept so close to the people in front of them that they slipped by almost unobserved; and one cunning fellow pretended to drop and catch at his umbrella, and he was off and past me in the very act. But it would be wearisome were I to catalogue the arts, devices, and dodges of this class. They used their handkerchiefs, just as if they had violent colds, at the critical moment of passing me; they were so busy buttoning up their coats, or tucking up their dresses, that they were quite preöccupied—just as if it were to this, and not to unwillingness to give, must be attributed their passing me by. I should often be amused at these petty, mean arts, if I were not sad, and did I not see those ill-savoured marks continually recorded after their names. I have heard of small cheating going on in the world, but here, surely, was small cheating going on in the church: and I shall not pursue the subject any further.

I shall only put on record the fact that there are some Blinkers who form a variety of the class, and are called "Bowers" or "Bobbers." These people show no manner of shame, and herein they differ from the others, who, by their cunning little arts, wish it to be thought that it isn't altogether because they won't give, that they don't give.

There are people who have the assurance cooly to bow or curtsy to the plate, and then pass out. I remember well one old lady of this kind, who was the pink and perfection of good manners. As she passed me by, she did not content herself with a mere familiar nod of the head; she held out her dress at each side, and gave me a grand salute; and, when her hands were thus employed, how could they be giving anything in the plate?

But to return to my first collection: before I make mention of any more of my sad experiences on that memorable day, I have something pleasant to record. I think it my bounden duty to say that I met with these sad people of whom I have just now spoken, and I am sorry to say I have not done with them yet; but I had gleams of sunshine, too—yes! and more than gleams—I had bright beams, which seemed to come straight down upon me and make me feel warm and bright, which I am sure is the way that a church plate ought always to feel.

A whole shower of these Bobbers were passing me, when I saw a few paces off a rather tall man, with plenty of dark whiskers; and on his arm was leaning a little woman, I will not say altogether fat, but comfortable-looking, with a fur boa

round her neck, and stuffed into her mouth, for she was very wheezy in the winter; and with them was little Jack, their only son.

This good lady would not have been at church this day, for she was still wheezy from the bronchitis, but that it was a collection day; and this, which was the reason that many stayed at home, or slipped off to neighboring churches, was the very one why she came out. She was prepared, not only to stuff that boa into her mouth, but even down her throat, if necessary, rather than not be in her place on a collection Sunday, if possible at all. True, she could have sent her contribution by her husband or little Jack; but that would not do for her. "Every empty seat," said she, "is a discouragement to the minister, and every one in his place helps to hearten him up, so I'll go to-day; I managed to go out to dinner without any harm yesterday, and why should I not go to church to-day?

Although you could not see any more of her than her eyes, the boa having apparently eaten up all the rest of her face, still those eyes were quite enough for me. People talk of beautiful eyes, and this colour and that; but give me the eyes that are beautiful with love and goodness, and that talk good things in every glance. What did it matter that the boa coiled itself around this good woman's mouth? The eyes were able to do all the talking, and they said to me, "Now you're going to get something; and you shall have it with all our hearts." Don't think, my friends, that these worthy people were rich, for they were not: they were just comfortably off; there were plenty of people in the congregation who could have bought and sold them over and over again.

As the gentleman came up to me, I saw him extend his hand, and immediately I felt something fall as gently as a snow-flake into my lap. But, unlike a snow-flake, it was warm and balmy, and as soon as it touched me, a delicious warm thrill passed all round me, the like of which I had never felt before. Then the stout little woman with the beaming eyes dropped in two sovereigns, and the only son put in a shilling.

I saw my companion marking his scroll with what I knew to be happy signs; and the reason was plain enough. This £10 cheque was the fruit of thought, and the fruit of self-discipline; for the donor would not by mere nature have given so much: it was the fruit of a warm heart to what was good, and therefore it was of price. And the bright-eyed little woman! She had thought of how discouraged the minister often was at being left to find where he best could, the means for carrying on his good works, and she felt it was a great thing, as she said, "to hearten him," and she did her best to bring about this desirable result; for she encouraged her husband to give, and she gave herself, and she taught Jack to give; and to tell the truth, the contribution of this one little family made up full one-third of the collection.

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I was next approached by a woman who had been nodding her head with approbation all the time the minister was preaching, but especially during that part of the sermon in which he was pleading so earnestly for the children. No one could have seen her without expecting a substantial donation at the door. She was also one of the loudest singers of the hymn.

An indescribable thrill, however, which passed through me, gave me immediately to understand that I must make up my mind to be disappointed, and a glance at my companion's face confirmed me in my apprehension. Judging from appearances, this lady, could have very well afforded to give; but she passed out without putting a fraction on the plate. Not even a sixpence for decency's sake did she bestow. It was not the churchwarden's fault, however. This gentleman was a very experienced collector, and occasionally shook me a little, so that I made all the little fourpennies and sixpences jump, by way of reminding such as were forgetful that there was such a thing as a plate at the door. I was never so shaken, however, as when this lady approached me. The fact is, the churchwarden knew her well. It was only about two months before, when a sermon for the Missionary Society had been preached, and a hymn was being sung, while the plate went round from pew to pew (which was sometimes the case in our church,) that it reached this very individual, just as she was singing out with all her might—

"Fly abroad, thou glorious gospel."

The churchwarden was determined not to let her off, so he kept poking the plate in front of her, while she on her part kept singing out, "Fly abroad"—"fly abroad!" but, ah! she gave nothing to help it to fly. And now she served me the same way.

My next visitor, however, made me feel more comfortable; for as I have already said, gleams of sunshine do fall on collecting plates, even though they be comparatively few and far between.

The individual who now approached me was a tradesman in the neighbourhood—a tradesman he was, and a tradesman he wished to be thought. When this man entered upon business, he made up his mind always to lay by the tenths of his profits for doing good; and he found a blessing in doing so.

I liked the look of the mark that was put opposite his name, and I fancied that the figure with the scroll looked at him as though he knew all about him; and that there was no doubt how *he* would act.—"It is a fine thing," said I to myself, "to act on principle—that's what does the work in the long run."

One lady passed me, and said "she was very sorry, she forgot it was a charity sermon, and would give in the evening." When the evening came, "she was very sorry, again; but she had forgotten her purse!"

Another passed me who had "really nothing to give." That was a fact—but why? Because she

had spent all upon herself. She carried the education of fifty poor children on her back, to say nothing of what was on her head.

One daring fellow, who added daring to his meanness, put on a bad coin, which he did not know how to get rid of in any other way. That coin truly bore the image and superscription of the evil one, and I should not have been surprised if the churchwarden had taken a hammer and nailed it on his back.

I was passed by one grumbler, who complained that there were "so many calls," though there were only twelve charity sermons in the year, which, at a shilling a time (supposing he had given even that), would have only been twelve shillings a year. And yet this very man was always making calls himself, praying for his child to be made well, and his ships to be preserved at sea, and thieves to be kept from his warehouse, and all sorts of things. Poor creature! he would take all and give none.

But I must come to an end. I have plenty more to tell, but this is enough for one time. Rich Mr. Oilstone and his party came on in due time. He gave a sovereign, for the churchwarden knew him, and was afraid he would talk if he put on only a shilling; and a sweet, pale-faced girl dropped in a new bank-note for £5—being one half of her birthday present, which she had received the day before; and the footman in the red plush looked knowingly at me, as much as to say, "Well, my friend, how are you getting on?" I wish he had given something; but I found that servants generally think they need not give, and he seemed to think that carrying the prayer-books in a blue bag after his master and mistress was religion enough for him.

My after life was more or less a repetition of this day. I have had sunshine and gloom, smiles and frowns. I shall go on at my work until the day comes for all accounts to be made up.

[Blackwood's Magazine.

EAVESDROPPING AT BIARRITZ.

ANNO 1865.

I do not like to be an eavesdropper; but what is one to do under the following circumstances? During a morning stroll on the sands at beautiful Biarritz, a shower had thoroughly wetted my outer clothing. I might certainly have hastened home and changed, but the southern sun had shone out gloriously, and I thought of another expedient. I knew of a warm nook in some rocks at a little distance, and I thought to myself, I will have a bathe, and spread out my clothes

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meanwhile on the hot slabs, and they will be dry in a few seconds: so in I went. The water was pleasant, and there was no gendarme near to prevent my enjoying my salting in the majestic simplicity of a naked Briton, so I swam for some minutes, and then retreated to my nook to dress. As my clothes were not quite dry, I contented myself with putting on the only garment which had not got wet, and sat down on a commodious ledge to enjoy the luxury of the sunshine, and a pipe. In a few seconds, somewhat to my consternation, I saw an august personage approach, and stop within a few yards of my lair, with nothing but a breast-high screen of rock between me and him. He led in his hand an august little boy. They luckily stopt, without observing me, before they came round the corner, to examine some "common object" of the shore. When I ducked my head they were out of sight, but within ear-shot.

Emperor.—Run away, my dear, a couple of hundred yards out on the sands, and amuse yourself with looking after specimens for your aquarium. I see a gentleman coming who will no doubt wish to talk with me alone.

Prince.—*Au revoir,* papa; don't be late for breakfast, or mamma will—[I lost the last word.]

Emperor.—Good morning, Bismark!

Bismark.—Good morning, sire; beautiful weather!

Emperor.—It is generally so here; that is one reason why I am so fond of this place, close to our southern frontier. Having passed the middle of life, I prefer heat to cold, light to darkness.

Bismark.—Is it so in all matters, sire? People say that keeping matters dark is the secret of your Majesty's position, power, and policy.

Emperor.—Oddly enough, people say the same thing of your Excellency, and call you the Northern Machiavelli; but, with regard to myself, I wish you to disabuse yourself as soon as possible of an erroneous idea. I could never get through the business I have to do, and do, if I played a deep game and calculated all my moves beforehand like a chess-player. It would take too long, and we would be overtaken by circumstances while trying to create them. Circumstances are dealt out like a hand at whist by Fortune or Providence, and then I use my common sense in playing out my hand so as usually to secure the odd trick. Politics on a large scale far more closely resembles whist than chess, and the same may be said of strategy, though the movements of armies naturally suggest the comparison of the chess-board. I will give you in a moment a practical illustration of my policy. Though the sun is warm, the wind is keen, and I want to know in what quarter it is that I may get out of it. So here I put up my handkerchief at the end of my cane and try. From the north-west—good! So now, if you please, we will take a seat in this recess, which has the benefit of

the morning sun and is sheltered from the north-west wind, and if you have anything particular to say to me, take one of my private cigars and say it between the puffs.

Bismark.—Thank your Majesty: a cigar bought by the "fiscus" or Imperial privy purse is doubtless very good; those which are made to contribute to the "ærarium," or treasury of the Empire, are not very bad. A man complained to me one day that when, in France, he wanted a better cigar than he could buy for one sou at the usual "debits," by giving more money he only got a bigger one. As he declined to increase the quantity, he was fain to content himself with the quality smoked by the multitude.

Emperor.—This is an example in a small matter of how I am obliged to steer my course in deference to the wishes or whims of my subjects. Universal Suffrage, and not I, is master of the French. They hate quality, and like equality, so I supply them all with an indifferently good cigar—excellent, I may say, for the price, just as at our first Exhibition the price of admission for all persons on all days was fixed at one franc. I would willingly have obliged the English by making them pay more, and having a five-franc day for them, as they care nothing for amusements for which they pay little, and which are shared by the multitude, but I was afraid of offending my own subjects. The French are never fools enough to give five francs one day for what they may get the next day for one; and as for being select, their vanity rather tends to make them wish to shine before as many eyes as possible.

Just as I put up my handkerchief a minute ago to try what way the wind really blew, so I am in the habit of putting out a feeler every now and then to see what the French people really want; and I have to do so very often, I can assure you, for they are always wanting something new. When I have found out their want, I endeavour as far as I can to satisfy it; and hitherto I have been moderately successful.

Bismark.—I fear that the Mexican expedition will prove an exception to your Majesty's successes.

Emperor.—One cannot always succeed, and it is very hard work to satisfy so impatient a people as the French. Their temper is very much that of the mob at a balloon ascent, who, in case of delay, have been known to tear the balloon to pieces. However this Mexican business turns out, we have gained victories which have given their names to streets in Paris; and it is rather hard if, after they have had all this glory, my people should grumble at having to pay the bill for it.—We sneer at the commercial nature of the English, and yet they never object to pay any amount for military glory, and at the end of their wars, in which somehow or other they generally manage to conquer, they are always worse off than the conquered. Who could have believed that the Northern States of America would have prevailed over

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the Southern? I did not, nor did the English "Times," nor did the Yankees themselves. There is nothing like it in history except the wonderful triumph of the Roman Republic after it had been brought to death's door by Hannibal. To tell you the truth, I think, as things are going, I shall have to throw over Maxmilian, and withdraw the troops. I am tolerably firm in the saddle, or I should feel nervous about it with so unreasonable a people as the French, especially as in a short time I shall be obliged by the Convention with Italy to withdraw the troops from Rome also. Were I to act as my uncle would have done, whose fate has always been a warning to me, I should push forward till heat and yellow fever played the same part that cold and hunger did in the Russian catastrophe. I wonder if France would be better satisfied in such a case? If my people can bear their first disappointment, they will soon come to see that I did all for the best. The fact is, I have spoiled them by succeeding too often. But to return to the principles of my policy: I have another, which I gained by observation of the acutest men of business in England. I know when to speak and when to hold my tongue, which is a gift thoroughly appreciated by my talkative people. Being once in the society of some Cambridge men in London I heard an anecdote of some man, who, contrary to the strange laws of the University, had managed to hold his Fellowship after he had been for some years privately married. "How could you hold it?" asked a friend.—The culprit answered, "A man who holds his tongue can hold anything." You know that I am not absolutely taciturn, only relatively so. Even now I am talking too much about myself, unless my experience can be of any use to you, and perhaps you are inwardly smiling at my thinking that possible. At all events, I have been delaying your communication, which from your face I should judge to be of importance. In what can I serve you, Count?

Bismark.—Your Majesty can assist me most materially in a course of policy I am recommending to my master, William I., by grace of God, as he says himself, King of Prussia. With all respect to him, he is not a man of the world like some others.

Emperor.—No flattery—at least in private! Please to come to the point.

Bismark.—Your Majesty once gave out to all the world, that "the Empire is Peace." I do not want anything done, I only want you to promise to act on your motto towards Prussia, under certain contingencies.

Emperor.—What are they?

Bismark.—Before I state them, I must premise that the friendship of Prussia, under certain circumstances not unlikely to arise, would be of the last importance to France.

Emperor.—Well, that depends. You must take into consideration that France has still an unclosed account with Prussia. I have reck-

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oned with the three other Powers, whose joint efforts overthrew my uncle; with Russia at Sebastopol, with Austria at Solferino, with England by the moral victory of my accession, and also by snatching from her the choicest laurels in the Crimea, and then concluding peace just as she was warming to her work. The French people consider, on the whole, that these three nations have given them the satisfaction they required; as yet Prussia has not. And it is not for me to be satisfied, but the French people.

Bismark.—The French people are too magnanimous to be vindictive. Surely the field of Leipzig, gained by superior numbers and the defection of the Saxons, did not obliterate our repeated defeats.

Emperor.—But your army behaved like monsters when they invaded France in 1814.

Bismark.—It was the Cossacks, sire. And then your men were not quite angels when they occupied Berlin.

Emperor.—Very well, let bygones be bygones. You did us some service in the Italian campaign by refusing to join in the German outcry for helping Austria. But what future contingent events could make your friendship desirable to us?

Bismark.—As your Majesty was pleased to observe just now, the Southern States of America have had to succumb to the Northern. From the temptation to engage in a foreign war as a safety-valve to domestic passions, America is likely to become a most dangerous and quarrelsome power. England has offended her in the matter of the Alabama; France in the matter of the Monroe doctrine. England will find it cheaper to pay for the Alabama's frolics than to go to war. You, whether Maximilian succeeds or not, will have sown the seeds of Imperialism in Mexico. America is hand-and-glove with Russia, and Russia, if so cold a country can burn, is burning to establish her lost supremacy in the East; America and Russia together would be quite a match for France and England, more than a match for France alone. But you know better than any man what the alliance of England is worth, with her present government of babblers. I had taken the measure of England when I ventured on attacking Denmark. It was, I allow, a close shave. Old Palmerston would have gone to war, but I had faith in his colleagues and the Manchester people, and you know what happened. The lion growled, gave his tail a swing, then lay over on the other side, and went to sleep again. If you had supported England then, we must have stopped on the German side of the Eider.

Emperor.—I knew better. England had left me in the lurch before, and made a fool of me in the eyes of my own people in the matter of Poland. I was not to be caught a second time with Johnny Russell's chaff. If he made a mistake he risked nothing but loss of office; I cannot tell what I risk in such a case.

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Bismark.—Well, then, as you agree with me that you cannot depend on England, would it not be a comfort to have an ally on whom you can depend?

Emperor.—Decidedly. But it seems to me, by nature as well as by name, that Prussia belongs to Russia—is, in fact, a sort of Russian satellite.

Bismark.—That is just it. We are most impatient of our Cossack thraldom. The dirty work we have done for Russia in hunting down refugee Poles, and handing them over to the hangman, has turned our stomachs. If we must serve a master, we should prefer a civilized one. This is indeed one strong reason why we want your alliance; I have said why you want ours.

Emperor.—Excuse me if I remind you, before you go into the matter further, that I have to satisfy France and not myself. What do you say to a trifling rectification of frontier? The coal-fields on the Saar, for instance, would be most useful to us, and, as a territorial cession, would be a trifle.

Bismark.—Allow me to suggest to your Majesty that Belgium possesses richer coal-fields than those on the Saar, or that Luxemburg is an important fortress, which we would place in your hands.

Emperor.—Excellent Count Bismark! You would pay me by putting your hands in your neighbour's pockets. Luxemburg belongs to Holland, which we have sufficiently mulcted already; and as for Belgium, England will stand a great deal, but not our getting Antwerp, which my uncle said, in France's possession, would be a pistol pointed at her throat. Her old lion, though drowsy, will be apt to wake if we tread on his corns with hob-nailed shooting-boots. We must return to the coal-fields.

Bismark.—Let me first explain what I want your Majesty to do for us, or rather, not to do against us. Under changed circumstances, I may have to satisfy Prussia alone; at present I have to satisfy the whole of Germany, gone stark mad on the subject of unity. You shall have the coal if you will engage to befriend us, and act as an impartial umpire, while Prussia, apparently the champion of nationality, is absorbing Germany, including Austria and her dependencies.

Emperor—(whistling long and loudly).—Well done, most patriotic Bismark! Let me see. We are some thirty-eight, or round numbers, forty millions. Germany, with Austria and her dependencies, the Germany of the Gross-Deutschen or Big German party, would number seventy-five millions of human and more or less rational beings. You almost insult my understanding by supposing for a moment that France could allow anything of the sort, and for the paltry bribe of a few black diamonds. We are near the green sea, Bismark; did you see any reflection from its water in my eye? No, not even the Rhine Provinces would tempt us in such a case. It is only wasting words to discuss it. The amiable Prince-Consort of England made some pro-

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ject of the kind out of his own head, and Count Schmerling plagiarised it when he got Francis-Joseph to assemble the princes at Frankfort. But I kept quiet, for I knew from private sources that the bubble would burst from the jealousy of your Government, as it did.

Bismark.—Ah! poor Francis-Joseph meant well for Germany. But he could never have carried it out. He is afflicted with chronic conscientiousness. He believes in vested interests and rights, and he would have only placed himself in the old position of his house at the head of the confederation, leaving each of its members a perfect internal independence. But you must grant, Emperor, that we did you a service then by putting a spoke in Austria's wheel.

Emperor.—I am quite willing to allow that; but that is no reason why I should let you succeed where Austria failed. Besides, what a scandal it will be if Europe allows you to annex neighbouring States without any real provocation!

Bismark.—Europe let Cavour do it in Italy.

Emperor.—The circumstances were peculiar. The princes that Cavour dispossessed were notorious for misgovernment, and the Pope was amongst them, which instantly disarmed England, thinking as she does, nothing too bad for the Pope. As for me, to tell you the truth, Cavour stole a march on me; and having said that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, I could not eat my own words because she had taken the law into her own hands. But be the case as it may, France cannot allow Germany to become the first State in Europe, perhaps in the world, without a fight for it. In plain French, it is impossible.

Bismark.—When your Majesty has said so, I know it must be. But suppose, as the result of a successful war, we oust Austria from Germany, throw her back on her non-German dependencies, and then unite the rest of the German name, including the German provinces of Switzerland, under the supremacy of Prussia?

Emperor.—I know well what your "supremacy of Prussia" means. Prussia is not afflicted with the chronic conscientiousness of our friend Francis Joseph. You have shown the cloven foot in the Elbe Duchies already. Forgive me if I am rude, dear Bismark, but you put me out of patience. What can you think of me when you propose to annex the German cantons of Switzerland, implying, I suppose, as a bribe, that we may annex the French ones? You forget that I must feel gratitude to that dear little commonwealth which shielded me in misery and exile.—You may smile, Count Bismark, never having been schooled in adversity, but I am still alive to such claims. And I do not mind telling you, moreover, that though men call me a despot, I love liberty in my heart, and I love Switzerland as the cradle of European liberty; and if the French people loved liberty as well as I do, they should

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have it to-morrow with all my heart. The fact is, they love its name, and not its essence, or I should never be where I am. But as I am there, I am determined to remain there, while it pleases God, for their good. It is, I know, hard upon the educated classes that I am obliged to restrict the press; but they are but a small minority, and an oppressed minority, as in America. Their oppressor is universal suffrage, not I. If I were to abdicate to-morrow, the priests would get hold of the peasants, and political mountebanks of the people of the towns, and the chaos of 1848 would come again. By the way, as you have mentioned Switzerland, I cannot see why an arrangement of Germany should not be for the advantage of that Federal republic quite as much as for yours. Supposing that you were to be aggrandised to the north, I should like to see Switzerland strengthened to the south, and united, at least in an offensive and defensive alliance, with the German States south of the Maine. Princes have been members of her confederation before, and there is no reason why they should not be again. And, on thinking the matter over, I have come to the conclusion that, in case you succeed in ousting Austria from the German federation, no consideration of Prussian friendship shall induce me to allow you, without war with France, to tamper with the States south of the Maine. If Prussia were to unite, whether by fair means or foul, all the States north of the Maine, we should still be stronger than Germany; and, as far as we are concerned, no great harm would be done. But I must beg you to consider the Maine as the German Rubicon.

Bismark.—But all Germany is clamouring for unity; and what your Majesty suggests is not unity, but dualty, or rather trinity. I cannot afford to do without the unity cry. The Prussians themselves will not fight. As it is, war is far from popular.

Emperor.—There is no necessity for you to show your hand at the outset; but should you really carry out my suggestion, and effectually stop the mouths of the German national party for ever, you will certainly earn the gratitude of France.

Bismark.—Well, to tell your Majesty the truth, neither I nor King William care one straw for German unity; but we do care very much for the strengthening and aggrandizing of the Prussian monarchy. I must use the unity cry to beat Austria, and hold forth the hope of fulfilling it until such time as the bayonets we are able to command will enable us to laugh all such cries to scorn.

Emperor.—Well, Bismark, I must say that your morality is peculiar, but I suppose it suits the age in which we live. I shall trust you, I tell you plainly, as far as I can see you. By the way, there is a strange rumour afloat that while you are endeavouring to have our neutrality, you are scheming to obtain the active assistance of the Italians: is that true?

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Bismark.—A mere newspaper *canard*, sire. Is it likely that we should think of entering into an alliance with Garibaldi, Mazzini, and the Revolution?

Emperor.—But you might with Victor Emmanuel and Ricasoli; and then supposing Italy successful against Austria by your means, what is to become of the Holy Father, whose interests I am bound to protect?

Bismark.—We are equally anxious with your Majesty that not a hair should be touched of that venerable head. He will lose his temporal power, be frightened at first, and then be surprised to find that he gets on all the better for the want of it. Head of Christendom he will always remain, while there are so many other heads in Christendom with their present allowance of brains.

Emperor.—Fie! Fie! But I infer from all this that you have some understanding with the Italians.

Bismark.—Well, sire, to tell you the truth, we have; and it was partly to inform you of this that I sought the presence of your Majesty to-day.

Emperor.—I understood you just now to deny the fact; but I suppose there was a difference in the words. Well, Bismark, I cannot say the course you are pursuing is morally justifiable. But what are we to do? France cannot undertake alone to enforce international equity, and there is no one as yet to take the place of England, resigned. I have told you the utmost that you will be able to accomplish in Germany without a war with France; and should you succeed in permanently dividing Germany, you will lay France under an obligation, and I will say no more about the coal-fields. As to the means you use to accomplish your ends, that is your own business. I can enter into no distinct pledges; but you must make the best of what I have said, remembering that it is my first duty to be guided by the honour and interests of the French nation. And now I am sure that the Empress will be happy to see you at breakfast. I must beg, in your conversation with her Majesty, that you will speak with all respect of the Holy Father, as she is rather sensitive on that point.

Having been a compulsory listener to this conversation, I continued to sit in a kind of ruminating state till the tide crept up and wetted my bare foot, and the cold sensation gave me a start. The scene suddenly changed, and I found myself in bed in my own home, with one foot portruding into the wintry air from the eider-down coverlet. Since I have been taking morphine for a neuralgic attack, I have had some dreams of surpassing vividness and continuity; and on the late occasion, during a visit, I was attracted by a view of Biarritz, and thought how delicious it must be to bathe on that sunny shore.

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SCIENCE AND ART.

Greenwich Time.—If we examine the time-books of our trunk railways, we shall find in some of them a distinct statement that Greenwich time is kept "on this railway and all its branches;" in others, in which no similar notice occurs, the same rule is by universal consent followed: indeed, if uniform time were not thus kept, it would be an extremely difficult task to regulate safely the great number of trains which daily travel with varying speed over many of our principal lines, some of which must wait at definite points, whilst others, which run quicker, pass.—With uniform time, indeed, the safe working of our crowded lines is a problem sufficiently difficult, and we can hardly conceive how much these difficulties would be increased were we to revert to the system of our forefathers, in which each place kept its own local time. Bradshaw is already confusion to many, but Bradshaw with local time would be inexplicable to all.

But the reader may ask, what is "Greenwich time?" and what "local time?" and why does Greenwich time possess such peculiar value over that of any other place as to cause it to be, so to say, at a premium? And what is "mean time?" These matters we will endeavour simply to explain.

The sun, as everybody knows, determines what we call day and night, on account of the alternate light and darkness; the daily return of the sun is therefore used as our ordinary measure of time.—Two kinds of solar time are of necessity employed—*true solar time* and *mean solar time*. But why two kinds of solar time? Because true solar time cannot be conveniently used in practice, as we will explain. We must premise that true solar time at any place is such as is furnished by a sun-dial; or more accurately, at noon, by noting when the shadow of a perpendicular line or rod falls due south (the true north and south line being supposed to be known,) that instant being noon—true solar time. Now, let a clock at any place be set with the sun on, say April 15. Suppose the clock to go uniformly and accurately for a year, then about the same day of the year following, the clock and sun will again be together. But will they have been together throughout the intervening year? Only on three occasions—about June 14, August 31, and December 24. At all other times, the sun will have been either somewhat before or somewhat behind the clock, the greatest deviations being fourteen and a half minutes in February, and a little more than sixteen minutes in November; the sun being after the clock at the former time, and before it at the latter time. The difference is caused

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by inequality in the motion of the sun.* That old Sol is unsteady in his course, may be new to some persons; but so it is; and as it would be extremely inconvenient to make our clocks keep with the sun throughout the year, and as the inequalities are comparatively small, we, in practice, neglect them altogether; and thus comes *mean solar time*, or *mean time*, that used in the daily business of life, as distinguished from true *solar time*, which agrees with *mean* or *clock time* only on four days of the year, at the times previously mentioned. The difference between the two for each day is generally given in all almanacs of repute, in a column usually headed "Clock before the Sun," or "Clock after the Sun," as the case may be. Ingenious men have in ages past constructed clocks styled "equation clocks," to keep time with the sun; but they can be considered as little more than curiosities, and not likely ever to come into general use, could they be made ever so perfect.

We have now to consider the distinction between *Greenwich time* and *local time*. The sun, as any one can see, travels through the sky from east to west. Evidently, therefore, to all places situated on a supposed north and south line, it it will be noon, or one o'clock, or two o'clock, &c. at the same instant. Thus, when it is noon at Greenwich, it is also noon at all places directly north or directly south of Greenwich and similarly for other hours; or, in other words, the local time at all such places will be the same as Greenwich time. And manifestly, as the sun comes from the east, it will be noon at all places east of our imaginary north and south line, before it is noon at Greenwich; correspondingly, at all places to the west of the same line it will be noon after it is noon at Greenwich; that is to say, local time precedes Greenwich time for all places to the east, and follows Greenwich time for all places to the west. The greater the distance of the place from Greenwich, east or west, the greater will be the interval by which the local time will precede or follow that of Greenwich.

Places due north or south of each other have the same local time; thus, Liverpool local time is the same as Newport (Mon.) local time, both following Greenwich by twelve minutes. The distinction between local time and Greenwich time enables us to explain also the term *longitude*. The difference of longitude between any two places is merely the difference of their local times, and the longitude of any place is thus its difference in time from some point fixed on as standard. The selection of a place of reference is altogether arbitrary,

* Strictly speaking, we should say motion of the earth, but it is convenient to speak of it as motion of the sun, just in the same way as when travelling on a railway, we say (erroneously,) how quickly this or that object flies past, when it is ourself that is in motion. We may take the advantage of a note further to explain that the inequality spoken of is due to two causes: one is the varying motion of the earth in its orbit round the sun; the other, the inclination of the axis on which the earth turns to the same orbit.

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and in each country the capital city is usually adopted. The English count from Greenwich, the French use Paris, and similarly in other countries. Thus, we see that Greenwich having long been the point from which longitudes were counted by the English, Greenwich time naturally came to be that universally adopted when the necessity for uniform time arose.

Before the introduction of railways, every town and village in the kingdom kept its own local time.—Any person travelling in those days eastward or westward through the country, and carrying a good watch, would find it gradually vary more and more from the time shewn by the clocks in the districts through which he passed; and this geographical difference, combined with the real errors of the clocks, which were often extravagant, caused a state of things such as we could not tolerate now. On the establishment of railways, any attempt to work them by local time could only lead to useless complication, for in running from London to Bristol there would be a difference of ten minutes. Greenwich time was therefore employed, and gradually towns in the vicinity of railways also adopted Greenwich time, although at some places the "innovation" was opposed for a considerable period.

At last, however, the use of Greenwich time came to be universal. In Ireland, Dublin time is employed. This makes a discordance between English and Irish time (English being earlier than Irish by twenty-five minutes). Travellers coming *from* Ireland should bear this in mind: in going *to* Ireland the difference is of less consequence, as the only inconvenience would be, that in carrying English time we should be always too soon. In the same way in crossing the Channel, French time (that is, Paris time) is nine minutes later than English time. The boundary of a country, and especially of an island, forms a convenient margin at which to take a new standard, as uniform time could not be used with advantage over a very large tract of country, at least not if the country extended a considerable distance eastward and westward, because in distant parts the relation between hour by the clock and hour by the day would be partially destroyed. A small inequality does really exist in England on account of using Greenwich time, but it is trifling, and no practical inconvenience ensues.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE OCEAN OVERHEAD.—That there is an ocean above us as well as beneath us, is philosophically as well as metaphorically true—for as the waters of the sea cover a vast depth of rocks, and fill up immense intervening spaces, so the atmosphere in the opposite direction covers the sea and the land, spreads itself between and above mountains and hills, and fills up a vast space with air as completely as the sea does with water. There are, moreover, points of likeness in condition, for the air has its nume-

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rous currents as well as the ocean; its waves likewise, although they do not appear to the eye; and its tides, which may be traced to the influence of the sun and the moon. But there are few points of similarity in constitution. In this respect we can only notice contrasts; for while water can be changed by heat from its liquid state into vapour, as we see every hour, air cannot be correspondingly converted into a liquid by any amount of cold or pressure as yet known. Furthermore, while water can be compressed into any shape without resistance, air is a highly and permanently elastic gas, which although compressed and confined in any vessel, yet when it is again liberated, has a tendency to expand at the least diminution of pressure, and expands itself on all sides, and becomes lighter, bulk for bulk, in proportion to its expansion.

Both oceans are limited in depth, as is easily conceivable of the sea, which we know must have a bottom—and this if we take the average depth of great oceans, has been calculated at about five miles. But it is not so natural to assume that the atmosphere has a very limited height. Hence, some have thought that it extends upwards indefinitely; an opinion, however, which is quite untenable; for it is highly probable that the aërial ocean has a height as defined as the depth of the aqueous one; a height which is not, indeed, materially bounded, but is a limit above which there is no air, no moisture, no clouds, and where any amount of air elevated from below would not expand indefinitely and continually, but would finally (however dilated for a time,) fall down upon the upper surface of the atmosphere, and then mingle with the inferior mass, as water lifted up from the surface of the sea finally falls down again upon it.

What may be the actual height of the aërial ocean it is impossible to say. Some have supposed it to be fifty miles, and others twenty miles, but mountain travellers and aëronauts have ascertained that the air in which man can breathe does not reach to ten miles, and probably not to eight, from the level of the sea. In accordance with recent experience of Mr. Glaisher and his companion, who in their balloon ascent of September 5, 1862, may have attained to seven miles, that height appears to be nearly the limit of human vitality, and probably death would be the consequence of greatly exceeding it.—Certainly there can be no such air as a man could breathe at about ten miles high—although a very light gas may float there. But without aëronautic experience, simple reasoning would conduct us to a similar conclusion; for the barometer supplies a direct measure of the rate of diminution in the quantity of air as we ascend from a given level, and thereby becomes a useful instrument for measuring the heights of mountains. When we ascend one thousand feet in height, we leave beneath us about a thirtieth of the whole mass of the atmosphere. Upon attaining

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ten thousand six hundred feet (rather less than the height of Mount Ætna, which is 10,872 feet,) we leave about one third of the mass beneath; and at the height of eighteen thousand feet (nearly that of Cotopaxi,) we should have passed through about one-half of the ponderable body of air weighing upon the surface of our earth. At the lesser and more familiar height of the summit of Mont Blanc, which is 15,784 feet, the sensations of mountaineers are very painful, owing to the levity of the air—the head is oppressed as though with a heavy weight, and respiration becomes difficult, while the faces of many become livid; and the danger of being frost-bitten is not slight—owing to the decrease of temperature in proportion to elevation.—*Good Words.*

INGENIOUS APPLICATION OF GALVANISM.—Some years ago, when galvanism first began to be of practical use to mankind, ingenious mechanicians invented systems for working clocks by use of this power alone, doing away with the customary weight or spring. Such clocks required only a simple train of wheels; they did not want winding up, and would go as long as the galvanic battery endured. It began to be supposed that a great advance had been made. In course of time, however, it was by universal consent allowed, that to depend entirely upon galvanic power was an unnecessary refinement at the best, if not indeed a mistake; the disadvantages (which need not be entered into here) outweighed the advantages, and galvanic clocks came into bad repute. The most valuable horological use of the power had not then been discovered—that of using it as an *auxiliary* only. But plans for its employment in this way began to be proposed, the most notably successful being one patented by Mr. R. L. Jones, about ten years ago. It consists as follows: Taking an ordinary wind-up clock, with seconds pendulum, the bob of the pendulum is removed, and a galvanic coil substituted. The coil is similar to a bobin or reel of cotton, supposing the cotton to represent copper-wire, insulated, so that the successive turns of the wire shall not touch each other: the coil is fixed with the hollow horizontal. Now, if we set the clock going, it will still accumulate error as before. But let it be placed in telegraphic connection with some distant clock from which a *galvanic current* is received at each second of time, so that the current received shall circulate through the wire of the coil. Whilst the current is passing, and no longer, the coil possesses magnetic properties, and such action is produced between it and a permanent steel magnet fixed to the clock-case, and on to which the hollow of the coil swings at each vibration; that, whether the clock be inclined to lose or gain on the standard clock, it will, by the magnetic action, be either accelerated or retarded as necessary, and maintained in perfect harmony with the standard clock, which has, so to

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say, merely to *guide* it, just as a man may steer, though he does not propel, a large ship. The first public application of the plan was made in the year 1857 to the clock of the town-hall, Liverpool, which was adapted for control, and connected with a clock in the Liverpool Observatory. It had previously caused great inconvenience by its irregular performance; but since the commencement of the new system, the Liverpool merchants have had the satisfaction of possessing a clock, the first blow of the hammer of which, at each hour, is true to a second of time. The system has been extended in Liverpool, and since adopted both in Edinburgh and Glasgow. At the latter place it has been taken up in a remarkable manner. Not only are three large public clocks (including the clock of St. George's Church) controlled from a standard clock in the Glasgow Observatory, but also numerous smaller clocks, showing time to seconds, and situated in different parts of the city; and the system is to be extended, or perhaps now is extended, to the Clyde, for the benefit of shipping. At Edinburgh the plan is used for a novel purpose. Some years ago the citizens of Edinburgh determined to establish a gun which should be fired every day at the instant of one o'clock, Greenwich time. Now, close to the gun (which is at the Castle) there is placed a clock, which discharges the gun by releasing, at the proper instant, a weight, which acts upon the friction-fuse of the gun. This clock must evidently be kept right, and this is done by the plan of which we have spoken. The clock is controlled by another placed within the Edinburgh Observatory, and the daily firing takes place with the greatest certainty and accuracy. The citizens of Edinburgh may congratulate themselves on having led the way in the establishment of so useful a public monitor, for as connected with the subject, we may further mention that time-guns have since been set up at Newcastle and Shields. These guns are fired by galvanic current from the Observatory at Greenwich: the fuse here employed is a chemical fuse; that is to say, it is one *ignited* by the galvanic current, and it acts rapidly and well. The reports of the time-guns may be heard a considerable distance. To take time from them with accuracy, however, it is necessary to allow four and a half seconds for each mile the observer is distant from the gun, on account of the time taken by sound to travel the intervening space. And similarly for any *sound* signal. If the *flash* of the gun can be *seen*, no allowance is necessary, as light travels through any such distance in an infinitesimally small fraction of a second.

Comets and Meteors. — An Italian astronomer, M. Schiaparelli, has recently published a most extraordinary result, which he has found from some calculations made in reference to the movement of the meteors in space. Until very recent times these wandering items,

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more popularly known as shooting-stars, were considered merely as belonging to our own atmosphere, or, at most, attendants of our globe. This idea is, however, now given up, and they are supposed to revolve around the sun in the same uniform manner as the larger planets. From M. Schiaparelli's researches, it appears that the rough elements of the orbit of the August ring of meteors actually agree with those of a moderately large comet which was visible in 1862. From this we may naturally infer that either the coincidence is accidental, or that comets and meteors are more closely allied than we have hitherto supposed them to be. M. Schiaparelli plainly asserts that the comet of 1862 is really one of the largest of the August ring of meteors. It is not likely, however, that astronomers will immediately receive this assertion without question until further investigations are made. In the meantime we cannot help considering that this coincidence is one of the most remarkable which we have had in astronomy for a considerable period.

Solar Spots.—Some very interesting speculations, with regard to the origin of solar spots, have been published by Messrs. De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, in a recent work entitled "Researches in Solar Physics." It had been previously suggested by Mr. Carrington that the planet Jupiter had probably an influence on the frequency of solar spots, depending upon the position of the planet in its orbit. Messrs. De La Rue have not only confirmed this, but their investigations would seem to show that a connection has also been discovered between the behaviour of sun-spots and the position of Venus in the heavens with respect to the sun. It has been concluded that, at those periods when the solar latitude of Venus and Jupiter is small, the equatorial region of the solar disc becomes more active, and there is a tendency of the spotted area to approach the equator; but, on the contrary, when the solar latitude of these planets is greatest, the tendency of the spots is to spread out from the solar equator. This may be popularly understood by comparing the phenomenon with that of the influence of the sun and moon on the tides, when there is a continual ebb and flow of the water, produced solely by the attractive power of these bodies. We do not wish for a moment to throw any doubt on the above speculations; but still we cannot help thinking that, if the solar spots exist only by the varying influences of the planets, how is it that Mercury has been found to have little or no effect? True, the mass of this planet is but small in comparison with the other members of the solar system; but, on the other hand, this is amply compensated for by its close proximity to the sun. We therefore consider that Mercury must naturally exercise an influence on the solar surface, which ought to be detected if the above hypothesis be true?

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MISCELLANIES FROM FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

WHAT IS PROGRESS, AND ARE WE PROGRESSING?—This is the title of an article in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which contains many suggestive statistics and statements of facts. The writer says there are 50,0C0 English families with incomes above £1000 a year; 100,000 with incomes above £500; 1,000,000 with incomes of between £200 and £500 a year.

There are more than a million of children in the schools; and the men who can write, who in 1842 formed only two-thirds of the population, now form more than three-fourths. Of the 4,204 books published in 1866, there were 849 on religious subjects, but among the 4,204 there was not one of splendid original creative *genius*.

Great progress has been made in "the National Art of Horticulture," in the adornment of parks, gardens, balconies and windows, with flowers which Italy in all her glory has never brought to such perfection. Soon all London will blossom with roses, geraniums, mignionette, and calceolarias, from one end to the other.

The writer gives thanks because he says: "We live under a system of righteous jurisprudence. We have incorruptible judges, and great as are the imperfections our laws retain, we all know they come from no intentional injustice or despotism. The chances of an innocent Englishman being punished are so small as not to enter into the contingencies of life. What an incalculable gain to public happiness is such security; what wealth or glory would compensate for its loss."

After commenting on the progress of the nation in Science, and in Philanthropy, the writer presents the other side of the picture, and asserts that the increase of *dishonesty* in all classes is appalling.

This is true not only in the great banking system, and in the railway companies, but among tradesmen and shop-keepers, with whom cheating is beginning to be the rule and honesty the exception. "The crime of England may be a scar on its surface, but its commercial corruption is the rottenness of the bones. The fact that the offenders are not of the criminal class, not outcast wretches, born of races of thieves, but wealthy speculators living in splendor, rich tradesmen, keeping up all the outward show of respectability, subscribing to charities and attending chuches, *this* fact is what makes the matter so terrible. Whoever has been accustomed from time to time to visit foreign countries, cannot fail to remark how the confidence in English probity (once well-nigh unlimited) has dwindled. Neither as a nation ready to draw

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the sword in the cause of justice, nor yet as individuals, whose promise is a bond, do we hold the position we did a few years ago."

Ecce Deus.—An unknown author has given in "Ecce Deus" an answer, and yet not directly an answer, to "Ecce Homo." He tells us in his preface that his work proceeds on four convictions:—1. "That it is not merely difficult, but absolutely impossible, rightly to survey the life and work of Jesus Christ, without distinctly acknowledging the unprecedented conditions under which He became incarnate. 2. That these conditions can alone account for, and are essential to a true interpretation of the entire doctrine and phenomena associated with the name of Jesus Christ. 3. That these conditions, and the whole course which they inaugurated (the miraculous conception, the doctrine, the miracles, the death, and the resurrection), constitute a *unity* which *necessitates* the conclusion that Jesus Christ was God Incarnate. And 4. That the author of 'Ecce Homo' having overlooked or ignored these conditions, has worked from a wrong centre, and reached several sophistical and untenable conclusions."

Japanese Progress.—The Japanese have a large fleet of steamships, purchased from Europeans at a liberal rate. The great Daimoi-Princes are all more or less alive to the advantages to be derived from the adoption of European methods of warfare and commerce. They patronize our manufactures, even to boots and shoes; they purchase our books, and maps, and musical instruments. A curious fact is mentioned by a gentleman, resident in Yokohama, that he saw a Japanese enter a shop and purchase a dozen copies of Webster's English Dictionary, and carry them away with him.

J. S. Mill.—The *Sunday Magazine* says: Mr. John Stuart Mill's elaborate address, on occasion of his installation as Rector of the University of St. Andrew's, has fully sustained his reputation as a man of extraordinary intellect, and verified the fears of those who apprehended that he would unsettle the moral and religious principles of the young men. On the great subject of education, what it is and how it should be carried on, his views were full of wisdom and practical earnestness. But when he came to speak of moral systems, and, after enumerating the Aristotelian, the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Judaic, and the Christian, declared that they all had their good sides, his teachings became decidedly latitudinarian. Of the same production the *Fortnightly Review* says: Mr. Mill's Address at St. Andrew's, which may rank with the most lucid, persuasive, and catholic of all his essays, is a contribution that is likely to be of eminent service in this process.—First, it comes with authority from a man whom even those who dislike most vehemently his conclusions in metaphysics, in social philosophy,

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in practical politics, still admit to possess one of the most thoroughly educated intellects that have ever existed. Second, Mr. Mill shows *in detail* how poor and thin is the ordinary view of what constitutes education, and how this all-important process might be improved and its range vastly widened by an easily gained saving of time and greater strenuousness of purpose. Thirdly, he has put an end to that fruitless and senseless antagonism between the conflicting pretensions of science and ancient literature to be the best educational instrument, by showing, with unanswerable cogency, that each study furnishes valuable elements to the modern intellect which could not be derived from the other, and which it would be an irreparable misfortune either to lose or to weaken. This slight volume may be said, without any exaggeration, to contain the most comprehensive conspectus of the elements of education in the language. Nothing is omitted; and, what is more, everything that is admitted bears the passport of a reason.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF MR. BUCKLE.—The most finished portion of the material left by Mr. Buckle for his History of Civilization in England, is a fragment consisting of five chapters, the first three of which are published in full in *Fraser's Magazine*, with all the notes and references of the author. Some extracts from these chapters will give the reader an idea of the manner in which Mr. Buckle handles certain controverted topics:

The Reformation.—During the latter years of Henry, and under the extremely feeble government of Edward, everything went to ruin. The throne of the sickly and bigoted boy was surrounded by advisers who were too much occupied with caring for the souls of men to trouble themselves much about their bodies. It could hardly be expected that statesmen who were busied in the exalted functions of drawing up canons for a church and forms for a sacrament should stoop so low as to provide for the national prosperity: still less was it likely that they should be anxious for the national honour. Indeed, whatever may have been the other merits of the English Reformation, it is remarkable that during the early period of its progress it did not produce a single man of genius. There were some expert reasoners, there were many able scholars, but there was not one original thinker; there was not even one competent statesman.

Toleration.—While Elizabeth was thus actively employed in developing the neglected resources of the country, her conduct in matters of religion was still more admirable. It is the peculiar trait of this great Queen that she was the first sovereign in Europe who publicly tolerated the exercise of a religion contrary to that of the State. Indeed, for many years she showed a disposition not only to tolerate, but even to conciliate. In an age when the smallest offences were

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habitually corrected by the severest punishments, and when the slightest whisper of toleration had never been heard to penetrate the walls of a palace, this great Queen publicly put forward opinions which in our own days have become obvious truisms, but which in the sixteenth century were considered damnable paradoxes. . . . . Such were the sentiments put on record by Elizabeth in a public proclamation after she had been eleven years on the throne: and it may be confidently asserted that there was not any sovereign then living in Europe from whose mouth such language had been heard. And without accumulating instances of the general spirit in which such principles had been carried out by her Government, it is sufficient to state that her bitterest enemies have never been able to point out a single instance of persecution for religion, during the eleven years which elapsed between her accesscession to the throne and the date of the proclamation which I have just quoted.

Execution of Queen Mary.—She was sentenced to die. Elizabeth hesitated, but Parliament and the country clamoured for her head. The Queen signed the fatal warrant; recalled it; signed it again, and again recalled it. Whether these were compunctions of conscience, or whether they were mere tricks of State, is uncertain, and until the publication of further evidence than is yet in our hands, will remain unknown. At all events, mistaken views of policy, aided, no doubt, by feelings of personal jealousy, at length induced her to bring Mary to the block. All Europe thrilled with horror; and Philip, whose resentment against Elizabeth had been accumulating for thirty years, determined to avail himself of the general feeling by striking against her a great and decisive blow.

The Spanish Armada.—While the Queen was thus employed, there were assembling in the Spanish ports the materials for an armament, the like of which had never been seen in Europe since the day of Xerxes. When the expedition was almost ready to sail, Philip consecrated it by a form of solemn prayer; but Elizabeth, heedless of such precautions, only laboured to infuse into her people a portion of her own intrepid spirit. Having done this, and having, by her rejection of the intolerant advice of the bishops, attempted to unite all England into a bulwark for her throne, she calmly waited for the dreadful crisis. It was indeed not only a time of agonizing suspense, but it was a great moment in the history of the world. In a deadly contest between the two first of living nations, there was now to be put to the issue everything that is dearest to man. If the army of Philip could once set its foot on the English soil, the result was not a matter of doubt. The heroism of Elizabeth and chivalrous loyalty of her troops would have been as nothing when opposed by that stern and disciplined valour which had carried the Spanish fleet through a

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hundred battles. And when the irregular forces of England had been once dispersed, the people of England would then have risen, and there would have followed another unavailing struggle, which even at this distance of time it is frightful to consider. It would have been a struggle of race against race, in which the descendants of a Latin colony would have gloried in avenging upon a Teutonic people the cruel injuries which had been heaped on their fathers by the savage tribes of Alaric and Attila.—It would have been the struggle of religion against religion, in which the fiendish passions of a ferocious priesthood would have glutted themselves to satiety in the blood of the heretic. It would have been a struggle which would have decided the fate, not merely of England, not merely of Protestantism, but what was far more important, the fate of the liberties of Europe, and of that young and brilliant civilization which was now beginning to shine in an almost meridian splendour. The armada sailed from the coast of Spain. The results I need not stop to relate, for they form a part of those heroic traditions of our glory by which the infant was once rocked in the cradle, by which the man was once spurred on to the fight.

Death of Elizabeth.—After nearly half a century of incessant labour, the life of the great Queen began to ebb. The death of her oldest and wisest councillors, the sensible diminution of her energies, and perhaps a prophetic vision of the future, preyed on her mind.—Weary of life, which for her had lost its charms, her shattered body yielded to the first summons, and she died full of years and of glory. The people were not fully sensible of the loss they had sustained, and indeed they had no means of fairly estimating it until they had compared her with that contemptible buffoon who was now to fill her place. They respected Elizabeth as a sovereign; they loved her as a friend; and they took good care that she should not have the last agonies of death embittered by the sharp sting of national ingratitude.

Mendelssohn on Mass Music.—In a letter to Pastor Bauer, dated January 12, 1865, Mendelssohn says:—"I must tell you what is very strange: I have found, to my astonishment, that the Catholics, who have had music in their churches for several centuries, and sing a musical mass every Sunday if possible, in their principal churches, do not to this day possess one which can be considered even tolerably good, or in fact which is not actually distasteful and operatic. This is the case from Pergolese and Durante, who introduce the most laughable little trills into their "Gloria," down to the opera finales of the present day. Were I a Catholic, I would set to work at a mass this very evening; and whatever it might turn out, it would at all events be the only mass written with a constant remembrance of its sacred purpose."

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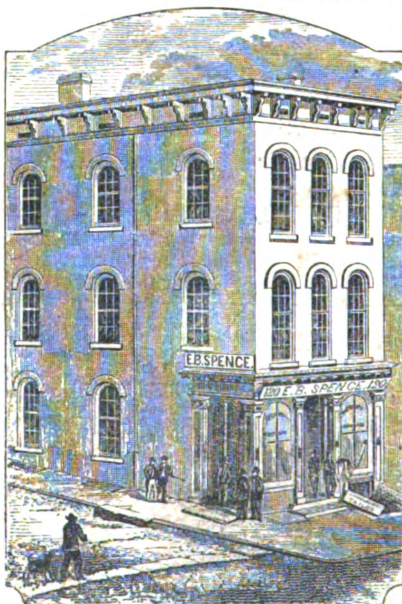

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