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transcriber would be most likely to add by way of reference. At any rate, Christian Doctrine, so far as the Persons of the Godhead are concerned, is in direct opposition to the works of 1641, and all after this period till the day of Milton's death. This fact will be more fully brought out in the next division of the subject. "Abundant examples there are," in the words of Todd, "throughout his printed works, of orthodoxy professed by Milton as to the eternal divinity of the Son of God, and the essential unity of the three divine persons in the Godhead" (*Todd's Life*, p. 313). Symmons and Johnson unqualifiedly vouch for Milton's orthodoxy, in his works known to them, as all his works were, except the Christian Doctrine.—*Symmons's Life*, p. 522.

[To be concluded.]

ARTICLE V.

PARTISANSHIP IN HISTORY.

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At the present day no ancient record is taken on trust. Everything old is questioned. Authority, both in church and state, is less valued than formerly. Creeds are reformed, while faith declines; history is rewritten, while truth is obscured. The old record was doubtful; the new is fictitious. The romance of history is succeeded by the dreams of philosophy. For the poetic narratives of an early age, are substituted the sapless disquisitions of learned critics. Heroes, statesmen, and philosophers are presented in a new dress. Those whose characters were supposed to be unalterably determined, are arraigned anew at the bar of public opinion, and the verdict of former generations is set aside.

Biography and history have become as fruitful in controversies as polemics or politics. The history of past ages is little more than the biographies of the leading men who enacted it. The record of their achievements constitutes the "warp and woof" of the narrative. To unsettle public opinion respecting these prominent actors in the world's drama, is fatal to the credibility of history. The great men of antiquity are undoubtedly over-estimated; their virtues have been exaggerated, and their vices concealed. The men of each successive generation consent to be thus deluded and amused, and they expect that posterity will show a like partiality in recording their deeds. When a public benefactor or hero dies, it is customary to load his memory with eulogies. Even his enemies forget their feuds, and allow his frailties to sleep in his tomb, and few are so hardy as to draw them from their "dread abode." In all ages, death, like charity, has been allowed to cover a multitude of sins. "Death," says Bacon, "hath this also, that it openeth the gate of good fame and extinguisheth envy;" and he quotes, in confirmation of his own dictum, the opinion of Horace:

"Extinctus amabitur idem."

But these venerable authorities are now discarded. The law of historic retribution has been repealed, and the public are beginning to adopt Swift's satirical version of an old and long-received maxim:

"Nil de mortuis nisi bonum,
When scoundrels die let all bemoan 'em."

Nero will not much longer rest under the load of infamy which has accumulated upon him for eighteen centuries, and Benedict Arnold will yet be presented to the public as a martyr to principle. Even Judas Iscariot has found an apologist. DeQuincey regards him as a man of excellent intentions; he was guilty of no treachery, but simply moved by a mistaken zeal for his Master's temporal promotion. He honestly believed that Jesus was to be the "King of the

Jews." He was anxious to hasten the crisis in his history, and force him to assume regal power, perhaps by miraculous agency. His ignorance, therefore, of the true nature of his Master's mission, converted his friendly salute into a traitor's kiss. How strange that the innocence of Judas was not vindicated by the pen of inspiration! It is now too late. Not even the teeming brain of the "opium-eater" can invent a plausible excuse for his treachery. Tiberius Cæsar was the contemporary of Judas. His infamy was as widely extended as his power. His public policy was dictated by private hate; and the victims of his malignity were as numerous as were the examples of rising merit in the world's capital. Yet we have been gravely informed that this moral monster was slandered by the democratic Tacitus, and that the injured despot ought at this late day to be justified at the tribunal of public opinion. Henry VIII. has likewise found a champion. We have been recently told, in the language of sober history, that this "Bluebeard" of English royalty was the unfortunate victim of domestic infelicities. By the aid of his friendly apologist, the old tyrant is clothed anew in robes of unsullied purity and honor. He is now presented to the admiring public as England's wisest and mightiest monarch. Says a competent critic, "There is scarcely one of Henry's actions, — persecutions, confiscations, multiplied acts of attainder, assumptions of dominion over conscience, violent and sanguinary revolutions of policy, bloody vagrancy laws, breaches of amnesty, inroads upon the constitution, benevolences, repudiations of loans, debasings of the public currency, diplomatic assassinations, which does not come out laudable to masculine and comprehensive minds." Under the reforming hand of Mr. Froude, this imperious and capricious despot is made the faultless hero and legislator of history.

Napoleon, too, has found an appreciative biographer, and by him has been exalted to a modern saintship, if not to an apotheosis; while the six millions of souls that

"Left the warm precincts of a cheerful day,"

at his bidding, are still expiating their sins in limbo. Of Bonaparte's present beatific state we may say, with due caution that it reach not the monarch's sensitive ear, what was once said by the witty servant of a profligate nobleman: "If he has gone to Heaven it is not best to have it known, lest others be deterred from going to the same place." The satirical portrait which LeClerc has drawn of the ecclesiastical historian, has had many originals both in church and state. "He must adhere," says he "inviolably to the maxim, that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false; and whatever can be said against them is true; while on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is a lie. He must suppress with care, or at least extenuate, as far as possible, the errors of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, and must exaggerate the faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power. He must remember that any orthodox writer is a competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word, while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honor enough done him in allowing him to speak against his own side, or in behalf of ours." It is not the Romish church alone that produces such partisans. Civil history, too, has its bigots and inquisitors. The "dead past" is made to testify for the living present. The facts of ancient history are brought forward to confirm modern theories. The records of the past are carefully examined, not to elicit truth, but to establish the opinions of the writer. Every author looks out upon the world from his own point of view, and pronounces human actions right or wrong as they agree or disagree with his preconceived notions. The salvation of mankind depends upon the adoption of his views. The failures of the past are entirely due to the rejection of them. The earlier advent of each particular author would, in his own esteem, have stayed the tide of human woe, and prevented the fall of nations. Fame and wealth are the rewards of successful authorship. For these prizes partisans of every grade, and with every hue of opinion, contend.

Republicans and monarchists, whigs and tories, Romanists and Protestants, Christians and infidels, enter the lists, and like special pleaders endeavor to color the testimony of history in confirmation of their own creed or theory. Impartiality in history is as rare as perfection in morals. The greatest bigots boast most loudly of their freedom from prejudice. Hume prided himself upon his liberality, and yet his history is a systematic and wilful perversion of the truth. His infidelity rendered him incompetent to write the history of a period of religious reformation. He had no conception of the moral grandeur of the scenes he portrayed. He was cold, calculating, and selfish. He did not even sympathize with patriots, when despotism triumphed and liberty was defeated. He had no clear notions of spiritual life, and, of course, the language of Canaan was alien to his conceptions and his speech. He hated religion so much that liberty itself suffered in his esteem for being associated with it. Both the character and the writings of every Puritan met his unqualified condemnation. Speaking of Sir Henry Vane's theological works, he says: "This man, so celebrated for his parliamentary talents and for his capacity in business, has left some writings behind him. They treat, all of them, of religious subjects, and are absolutely unintelligible. No traces of eloquence, or even of common sense, appear in them." Alluding to the same essays, Sir James Mackintosh remarks: "Sir Henry Vane was one of the most profound minds that ever existed, not inferior perhaps to Bacon. His works, which are theological, are extremely rare, and display astonishing powers. They are remarkable as containing the first direct assertion of liberty of conscience." Here is a difference not of degrees, but of infinity. The opinions of the two critics are absolutely contradictory. Is it possible that both could have been honest in the avowal of their sentiments? Hume was an infidel and a monarchist. With such moral disqualifications for impartial investigation, he undertook to write the history of a religious reformation, and to describe the conflict of the people's rights with the king's prerogative. He has so dis-

guised the truth by his sophistry, and made falsehood so attractive by the inimitable graces of his style, that the reading world will probably never be wholly disenchanted from the spell which his fascination has thrown around them. It is affirmed that, at the present day, with all his prejudices and errors exposed by competent critics, "nine-tenths of the population of the British Empire are disciples of the Scotch philosopher; and Oxford still uses his history as a text-book." Gibbon says of him: "He was ingenious but superficial." He was all that, and more; he was dishonest and malignant; and the same epithets apply with greater force to the "luminous pages" of Gibbon. There is not found on record a more ingenious or a more bitter attack upon the Christian religion, than the fifteenth chapter of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" and yet, it is written with such apparent candor, with such a patronizing and apologetic tone toward the Gospel itself, that the uncritical reader, without previous admonition, would be likely to receive his special pleadings for the unvarnished testimony of history. In this way the very fountains of truth are poisoned. "It is no wonder," says a distinguished reviewer, "that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds; for, besides that it influences the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honor and shame, when men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite."

Prejudice and party spirit once incorporated in history, are seldom effectually eradicated. Partisan writers bequeath their hoarded treasures of love and hate as a rich inheritance to their successors and assigns, who, like the old Germans, reverently receive and maintain both the friendships and quarrels of their ancestors. Readers are thus passed from one partisan to another, who, in his turn, gives his own version of past events; and thus our teachers and guides color "the light of all our seeing." They have been aptly compared to the stagemen in the old posting days of England, who, being in league with an inferior race of land-

lords, carried the traveller from one bad inn to another, so that all the way he had poor fare, hard beds, and lame horses. It matters not in what land or in what age the author pitches his tent, his opinions constitute his capital. His chief aim is, to make these the only circulating medium in the intellectual province which he has chosen as his home. Livy congratulated himself that he should be withdrawn from the contemplation of existing evils, and from all those influences which might "warp a writer's mind," while he was investigating the transactions of distant ages, and "transmitting to posterity the achievements of the greatest people in the world." This very assumption of the superiority of Rome to all other nations, betrays his partiality in the very beginning of his work; and it is precisely in those "remote ages," where he hoped to be entirely unbiased, that he has departed most widely from the truth. Mr. Ruskin expresses a hope that, at no distant day, men will cease to trouble themselves with histories written long after the events which they describe; that they will confine themselves to contemporary narratives of eye-witnesses, who relate what they saw, who share in the passions of their own era, and can, therefore, understand the actors in it. In that case every record of passing events, like a suit at law, would have two sides and two advocates. Truth could not be reached by the reading of a single author. *Audi alteram partem* would be the united cry of the defeated party. To reach any just conclusions respecting the political measures of the day, both sides must be patiently heard. To judge accurately of the value of contemporary records, the political and religious opinions of the writer must be known. The strong points in history, those which we are most anxious to investigate with care, always cause the most controversy, and give rise to the most palpable misrepresentations. Living partisans are precisely those who are most likely to color the narrative of passing events. Mr. Jefferson wrote down in his "Ana" the most noticeable events that passed under his own eye; recorded the very words of his opponents as they were uttered in his hearing, or reported by trustworthy

witnesses. These records he revised and prepared for publication in his old age, after many of the persons alluded to were dead, and all motives for coloring their sentiments for political effect had ceased to exist; and yet it cannot be doubted that he wrote in mature manhood, and rewrote in old age, under the influence of party prejudice. No sane man now believes that Hamilton, Adams, and Knox entertained the opinions, or advocated the theories, which he deliberately imputed to them. In this respect Jefferson was not peculiar. He resembled all other men of decided convictions and ardent party zeal. Let two writers, belonging to opposite political parties, give their own version of the events of the last four years, and a stranger would hardly believe that they could be contemporaries, or were describing the events and characters of the same period. Were he to give the writers credit for common honesty, he would be astonished at the forbearance of God in suffering such a people to live. Considering our superior intelligence, the inhabitants of the cities of the Plain, or even the antediluvians, would rise up to condemn us. Religious creeds and political opinions are the colored glasses through which we all gaze upon the great drama of life. In history, as in the Bible, every polemic seeks for confirmation of his private views. The present condition of the world is declared to be adverse to civilization, law, order, and religion, or the contrary, according to the theological convictions of the writer. The man who believes in the ultimate triumph of the gospel in the present age, will interpret all events according to the law of progress. He sees good omens everywhere. He is hopeful, joyous, confiding. In his view all things are working together "for good to them that love God." The church is daily enlarging her borders. Even the wrath of man, as exhibited in bloody and desolating wars, is made to praise God by opening "a great and effectual door" for the spread of the gospel. A spiritual millennium is at the very doors. But let a witness like Dr. Cumming take the stand, and he will portray a different scene. He has viewed the world through other optics. His vision has been strength-

ened by intenser efforts to penetrate the future and the hidden. He proclaims the end of all things at hand. He sees nothing but disorder and confusion in the governments of the world. The church is hopelessly corrupt; the heathen nations are incapable of reformation without a miraculous interposition; the labors of missionaries are destined to woful disappointment, and the boasted civilization of Christian nations has become effete and ready to vanish away. Though the world never enjoyed such general peace and prosperity since it had a written history, as it has for the last forty years, still the modern seer insists that the nations are rushing together in fearful shocks, which portend the immediate dissolution of the present order of things, and the introduction of the personal reign of the Messiah. Men who have persuaded themselves that they possess a keener spiritual vision than any of their contemporaries, and that they can comprehend the plans of God for the future better than any that have preceded them in the same path, are constantly rearing very lofty structures upon very insufficient foundations. They utter prophecies which the occurrences of the next day may prove false, and denounce judgments which may be averted before the printer's ink which recorded them is dry. If men cannot agree about the events which are to-day taking place beneath their own eyes, how can they expect to agree concerning those over which time has cast the mantle of oblivion? It is a remarkable characteristic of this age, that self-constituted hierophants have attempted to lift the veil from the unknown future and the unrecorded past. Inquisitive minds attempt to penetrate eternity both *a parte ante* and *a parte post.* Divination has left the tripod and the pythoness, and entered the schools of theology and the universities. Those who think to do honor to revelation by converting its prophecies into a syllabus of history, interpret its metaphors and symbols *literally*, and describe the future condition of the world with far more cofidence than the ablest critics feel in explaining the written records of the past. In profane history scepticism has unsettled all the canons of belief, and learned critics, fond of

paradox, interpret the plain prose of ancient authors mythologically, or read it backwards, like a witch's prayer, to ascertain its true meaning. But this pretended "spirit of divination," whether applied to the future or past, is a very uncertain guide to truth. In the transactions of the day, where human passions and sympathies are the very springs of action, it is impossible for us to remain absolutely indifferent. We are so constituted that we must be partisans; indeed it is deemed by most men either contrary to nature, or unpatriotic, to be neutral in politics. Solon, in order to create a public spirit in the citizens, and excite in them a lively interest in the affairs of state, declared a man dishonored and disfranchised, who, in a civil sedition, stood aloof, and took part with neither side. The same wise legislator forbade speaking evil either of the dead or of the living. Such a decree in our day, literally enforced, would produce a general stagnation in social and public life, and strike the nation dumb. Personalities constitute the staple of much of our conversation, and of many of our journals and books. In the race of popular favor, eulogy and detraction are constant competitors. In reviewing Thackeray's History of the Earl of Chatham, Macaulay's ire is excited at the extreme partiality of the author. He says: "Biographers, translators, editors, — all, in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or writings of others, are peculiarly exposed to the *Lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration. But we scarcely remember ever to have seen a patient so far gone in this distemper as Mr. Thackeray." * * * Pitt, it seems, was not merely a great poet in *esse*, and a great general in *posse*, but a finished example of moral excellence, — the first man made perfect. He was in the right when he attempted to establish an Inquisition, and to give bounties for perjury, in order to get Walpole's head. He was in the right when he declared Walpole to have been an excellent minister. He was in the right when, being in the Opposition, he maintained that no peace ought to be made with Spain, till she should formally renounce the right of search. He was in the right when, being in office, he silently acquiesced in a treaty by

which Spain did not renounce the right of search. When he left the duke of Newcastle, when he coalesced with the duke of Newcastle; when he thundered against subsidies, when he lavished subsidies in unexampled profusion; when he execrated the Hanoverian connection, when he declared that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire; he was still invariably speaking the language of a virtuous and enlightened statesman." There is great force in this sarcasm. The critic, in that review, very happily exposes not merely the faults of Mr. Thackeray, but of a whole class of writers of which he is the type.

Modern biography is generally tainted with the vice of flattery. Hero worship is the disease of all ages, and especially of our own. The memoirs of eminent men give the reader but very imperfect notions of their true characters. They are generally written by kind friends, needy dependants, or weak admirers; and it is a remarkable fact that Boswell, whose name has become a synonym for sycophancy, should have written the best biography in the English tongue. Macaulay, in his recent writings, seems in no danger of contracting that fatal disease which he so much deprecates. Flattery finds no quarter with him. He wields the Damascus blade of Swift and Pope, rather than the wooden sword of Boswell. He, doubtless, intends to be both just and generous; but in reality he is oftener satirical and illiberal. In early life he gave proof of democratic tendencies. His noble vindication of the Puritans, in his Article on Milton, inspired a general confidence, in all lovers of liberty and religion, that he would, in his forth-coming history, correct the misstatements and slanders of his predecessors; but as he grew in years, his prejudices against cropped hair, sour visages, and long prayers became stronger; and, in his glowing pictures of the English Revolution, he has mixed more freely the darker shades upon his palette, when dissenters sat for their pictures. He seems to entertain a particular aversion to certain individuals. Though long since passed from the stage of action, he treats them as his personal foes. William Penn finds no mercy at his hands. He represents him as in league

with despotism, defiling his hands, like Judas, with the price of blood. Still, the evidence on which such grave charges are founded, is very slight. The historian finds, in the archives of the English Court, a letter written by one of the ministers of James II. to "Mr. Pen," who is addressed as the creature of the king, a pardon-broker, an agent of the maids of honor, who shared, with them, the redemption-money of innocent school-girls, condemned to death for marching in his procession, at the request of their teachers, when a flag was presented to the rebel duke of Monmouth. This foul calumny has been abundantly refuted by the friends of Penn; still Macaulay repeats it in the second edition of his work, and adds that this is not the worst of Penn's crimes. The single letter of the premier above alluded to, is the principal proof of the charge with which the public have been favored. The person there addressed was simply styled "Mr. Pen." The vindicators of William Penn maintain that the letter in question was directed to another man. The very spelling of the name indicates this fact. The historian replies that there was but one courtier who bore that name; and that the difference in spellings amounts to nothing, because there was, at that time, no uniformity in the writing of proper names. Sic stat censura. How strange that the posthumous reputation of an eminent statesman and philanthropist should rest upon so slight a query as whether the final consonant of his name was doubled. But Penn is not the only shining mark at which he has aimed his poisoned arrows. The most brilliant essayist of the age sometimes writes for effect. To make a strong impression, he colors highly, sometimes violating the spirit of his own criticism, when he says: "The practice of painting in nothing but black and white is unpardonable even in the drama."

He entertains a cordial dislike for Marlborough, and the "great captain" receives little favor at his hands. There is perhaps good reason for the exposure of the meanness of this royal favorite, but none for the depreciation of his merit. In wise counsel, executive energy, and undaunted courage,

he has no rival in English history but the "iron duke." In private morals, few men of his age would rank below him. He is described by Macaulay as one "who, in the bloom of youth loved lucre more than wine or women; and at the height of his greatness, loved lucre more than power or fame; who was not less distinguished by avarice and baseness than by capacity and valor; and whose whole life will ever appear a prodigy of turpitude." A miserly love of money is contemptible even in the lowly; but when associated with greatness, it becomes positively revolting. Either Bacon receiving gratuities from suitors, for the sale, as he pleaded, "of justice, but not of injustice," or Marlborough pocketing the price of soldiers' rations for years after they had fallen in defence of their country, is an object of loathing to every honest man; still the contemplation of this vice should not make us indifferent to the wisdom of the philosopher or the glory of the commander. It is to be feared that Mr. Macaulay is sometimes led captive by his own rhetoric. He is caught in his own snare. He loves to produce a sensation; and, if he fails to persuade others, he is himself convinced by his own logic. Hence he writes with warmth. His delineations of character are striking and graphic. His whole work has been aptly styled "a grand moving picture, a dramatic representation, glowing and gorgeous." He loves to abase the proud, and to sink the mean man lower in infamy. His antipathy to vice extends even to the physical defects of the criminal. These are made to stand out, upon the canvas, in bold relief. Of Ferguson, the supposed author of "the rye-house plot," one of the greatest villains of his age, he thus speaks: "His broad Scotch accent, his tall, lean figure, his lantern jaws, the gleam of his sharp eyes, his cheeks inflamed by an eruption, his shoulders deformed by a stoop, and his gait distinguished from that of other men by a peculiar shuffle, made him remarkable wherever he appeared." No doubt of it, if this description be true. He excites astonishment now, as he is viewed by the mind's eye. It is not wonderful that such a monster of deformity should attract unwonted attention, or that children should fly from

his presence. Titus Oates, who played so important a part in the popish plots in the reign of Charles II., is thus described: "A few years earlier, his short neck, his legs uneven as those of a badger, his forehead low as that of a baboon, his purple cheeks and his monstrous length of chin, had been familiar to all who frequented the courts of law." Fiction can scarcely present a parallel to this. Titus Oates must have been the prototype of Uriah Heep; and both the original and the copy add another proof to the prevailing notion that physical and moral deformity are generally associated in the same person. Mr. Macaulay is not often complimentary in his sketches of prominent characters. He entertains prejudices, too, against nations and races as well as individuals. A writer in Blackwood, reviewing Macaulay's History, says: "The English statesmen look as black as so many Satans, till we see the Scotch ones; and the Scotch ones are the perfection of evil till we suddenly stumble, through the darkness, into Ireland and see the native fools and madmen there, with the diabolical Frenchman in the midst of them." This criticism is probably penned with more feeling than candor. It is dictated by wounded patriotism, and speaks the sentiments of a champion vindicating the insulted honor of his nation. It is to be deeply regretted, however, that a popular writer should so incorporate his prejudices into a national work as to furnish just grounds for such fierce assaults. It is never safe to attack the character, morals, or institutions of whole classes, communities, or nations. The multitude, by involuntary sympathy, feel more keenly than individuals, the sting of contempt. Macaulay is "a good hater," both of nations and of criminals. His enmity is as vigilant and persistent as that of a fiend. In his pen there exists the power of life and death, even to a well-earned reputation.

But where a historian possesses so many excellences as Mr. Macaulay, it seems the dictate of ill nature to find fault with his minor blemishes. His patient research, his tenacious memory, his almost limitless stores of learning, his happy power of illustration, his imperial command of lan-

guage, his perspicuity of style, and his undying enthusiasm in the execution of his chosen task, render him the most attractive and possibly the most instructive writer of his age. It is too late now to warn the public of their danger, or to raise the popular cry: "Foenum habet in cornu." His own language concerning Mr. Mitford, is equally applicable to himself. "To oppose the progress of his fame, is now almost a hopeless enterprise. Had he been reviewed with candid severity, when he had published only his first volume, his work would either have deserved its reputation, or would never have obtained it. Then, as Indra says of Kehama, then was the time to strike." He is certainly less exposed to the charge of religious intolerance, than certain historians of our own country. The annals of the world do not, probably, present a more marked perversion of the truth, or a more Jesuitical misrepresentation of all the facts, than is found in Mr. Peter Oliver's History of the Puritan Commonwealth. The writer seems to have commenced his work with the unqualified assumption that no good thing could possibly come out of this American Nazareth. In his view the Puritans possessed not a solitary virtue; and neither the customs of the age, nor their own multiplied perils, constitute a shadow of excuse for their vices. They were traitors and hypocrites *ab initio*. They procured their charter by fraud; and, with systematic treachery, violated every one of its sacred provisions. They grossly perverted the missionary intentions of their gracious monarch to worldly gain, sedition, conspiracy, and dissent. The magnanimity and forbearance of their injured sovereign find no parallel except in the calendar of the saints. In reviewing the controversy between the king and the Puritan colonists, Mr. Oliver thinks that the *candid inquirer* will meet with the following results: "He will behold a great monarch defrauded by a portion of his subjects, and resorting for redress, like the humblest citizen, to the courts of law. He will carefully watch each step of this remarkable process, from the issue of the writ to the final decree; and he will look in vain for any abuse of power, or even undignified menace. Calm, quiet, patient

yet determined, is each feature of the curious exhibition. And when the proper tribunal has pronounced, at last, that a serious wrong has been inflicted, by a party of malcontents, upon their sovereign, he will find that no pomp or noise announces the royal triumph; but a simple order follows for the surrender of a perverted franchise; and a powerful corporation, the mere creature of law, becomes *ipso facto* resolved into its primary elements." The benign deportment of the benevolent grantor resembled the silent efficacy of sun and air in abrading and dissolving the everlasting hills. That Titanic power, whose throne was the tri-mountain that overlooks the Massachusetts Bay, which, like the rocky peaks of Olympus, seemed to bid defiance to the angry bolts of heaven, melted away beneath the genial influence of royal sunshine and dew! But divine Providence seemed to smile upon the pilgrims notwithstanding their rebellious spirit. Our author observes: "Puritanism in England had passed from the ideal to the actual, and Charles was called upon to struggle for his crown over the tottering ramparts of the church. Ought we not to have gentle thoughts of his memory, when we consider that his last wishes for New England were that the holy faith, which had rendered the mother country glorious for eight centuries, might bless the colonies that had received her name?" It would, doubtless, be very kind to do all this, were not our sympathies preoccupied by more worthy subjects. It was manifestly the will of God that the fugitives should still live and prosper under their "stolen charter." Indeed it mattered not, to them, whether they had a charter or not, provided royal tyranny would allow them to enjoy their exile in peace. Mr. Oliver argues respecting the suffering Puritans precisely as the barbarians did respecting the shipwrecked apostle when the viper fastened upon his hand. The king's minions fastened upon them their venomous fangs, and the historian, with holy horror, exclaims: "No doubt these men are murderers, whom, though they have escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live." But they survived the hurt, and, according to the testimony of our veracious author, continued to practise cruelty, usur-

pation, tyranny, and persecution of the blackest dye. The "poor Indian" they robbed, cheated, and murdered, instead of christianizing, as "the royal martyr" Charles most piously intended. Their expensive missions were defeated by their bigotry and exclusiveness. "They attempted," says he, "at one blow, to substitute the ideal for the actual. A picture, a cross, the simplest work of art, would have aided their cause. But election, justification by faith, and sanctification, were the constant themes of their discourse, and were never comprehended by the savage." * * * "Can we wonder that Rome succeeded, and that Geneva failed? Is it strange that "the tawny pagans," the "rabid wolves," "the grim salvages," fled from the icy embrace of Puritanism and took refuge in the arms of the priest and Jesuit?" Mr. Oliver's entire work is not a history, as it purports to be, but an indictment of the Puritan Commonwealth for treason against their divinely constituted sovereign, for the malicious persecution and judicial murder of men who differed from the majority in matters of religion, and for the wholesale slaughter of defenceless savages, accompanied with testimony derived from state papers, from royal officials, from tory historians, and from the admissions of the parties arraigned, skilfully arranged under each specific count. A practised advocate, pleading for the conviction of the Puritans, in a court of justice, could not observe a more studied silence with regard to their good deeds, or select with greater acumen every act of doubtful expediency, or probable injustice, calculated to condemn them. It is an elaborate work prepared with careful research, written in a style of great beauty, clearness, and force. The motive for such a labor can scarcely be divined, unless it be to avenge the wrongs of a tory ancestor, who suffered some injustice from the "sons of liberty," at the commencement of the revolutionary struggle. It is hardly possible that he would undertake and execute such a labor merely for the benefit of men of his own creed; though he affirms that every intelligent churchman should be able to solve the questions he has discussed for himself; and adds: "He needs not turn over the brilliant pages of Bancroft, nor

lose himself amid the chaotic commonplace of Grahame, in the absurd expectation of arriving at the truth. He will be entertained or wearied, according as he reads the happy fiction of the one, or yawns over the stupid inventions of the other; but more he will not be." It is passing strange that he should be willing to trace the origin of the community in which he lived to such an unworthy source; that he should be willing to admit that "the old Bay State," with its pure religion, untarnished morals, superior intelligence, and almost unlimited wealth, was founded by such a band of outlaws. But it is quite manifest that these external proofs of high culture have no weight in his esteem; for he says, in justification of the tyrannical conduct of the king's commissioners in 1664: "If the schools trained fanatics, if commerce fattened on the violation of the laws, if agriculture was enriched by the blood of the Indian, if the meeting-house was the focus of disloyalty, and if all these held their place by usurpation from the church and crown, there was cause enough for interference." This quotation shows, with sufficient clearness, the animus of the writer, and here we leave him

—— "alone in his glory."

Thus far we have spoken of the partisanship of writers of modern history. Here we should expect authors to differ in opinions, and to interpret facts according to their party predilections. Here, we should expect the "quarrels of authors" to be most conspicuous and most injurious to the cause of sound learning; but it is not so. Ancient history has been the great battle-field of chivalrous literati. As in national wars, the very doubts which render the justice of their cause uncertain, tend to exasperate the combatants and inflame their passions. Men will sooner fight for their opinions, than for their altars and hearths. It matters not if the cause of dispute be as insignificant as the splitting of a hair, the independent thinker is ready to make it a *casus belli* with all opponents, and to do battle in its defence against all comers. Every department of ancient history swarms with ad-

venturers, innovators, and theorists. They dispute upon all matters of antiquarian research. They differ with respect to the authors criticised, the subjects treated, the materials used by them, and the credibility of their narratives. The great "Homeric question" meets us at the very dawn of the poetic age of literature. This subject alone has engrossed the attention of scholars for more than half a century, and is still as open to debate as when it was first broached. Nothing has been definitively settled, though our knowledge of antiquity has been greatly increased. Much labor has been expended, many books have been written, violent and protracted controversies have been excited; and yet no foe has been slain, no victory won. The public mind, ever since its first surprise at the publication of Wolf's Prolegomena in 1795, has, like a pendulum, vibrated between the extremes of credulity and scepticism, till finally, it seems to have found its point of equilibrium in the belief of the existence of Homer and the substantial unity of his great epic. With many critics, the authority of Herodotus is less valued than that of Homer. It is certainly a very significant fact, that after the lapse of more than two thousand years, "the father of history" has no well-defined position in the world of letters. The impression has recently prevailed, that the discoveries, in Egyptian and Babylonian paleontology, were giving new and important confirmation to his history; but Col. Mure, whose work on the Language and Literature of ancient Greece is generally characterized by good sense and judicious criticism, places his authority as a truthful writer almost at zero. The partiality of former writers seems to have roused his hostility. Their excessive eulogy evidently moves him to undue depreciation. His blame is made to counterbalance their praise; therefore the uncritical reader is misled by both. A writer in the North British Review has some very just remarks upon Herodotus as a historian. "There are," says he, "three stages in the estimation with which an intelligent student of Herodotus regards his varied narrative. Beguiled at first by the charm of style and the winning graces of the narrator, into a nearly absolute

belief, the result of a more critical scrutiny commonly condemns the reader to an interval of doubt almost as absolute; from which he will at last emerge, if he only pursues the needful examination far enough, with feelings of qualified but more rational confidence, in which a settled conviction of the good faith of his guide is tempered by the consciousness that many of his materials were derived from very questionable sources; that the principles which he obeyed in writing, vibrate somewhat unsafely between historic and poetic laws; and that, therefore, while the whole may, in one sense, claim the praise of truthfulness and goodness, the praise of trustworthy history can be conceded only to some portions of the work." But where no discredit is cast upon the veracity of an ancient author, the descriptive portions of his work often give rise to bitter controversies. Ancient geography and topography have furnished endless themes for discussion. The most learned exegetes have never been able to determine, beyond dispute, the sites of cities and the localities of mountains mentioned in the Old Testament. Moses described the exodus of the Israelites, with the minuteness of a modern guide-book; and yet, scarcely any two travellers agree with reference to the exact route they pursued. Even Sinai and Pisgah have never been definitively located, though they have probably undergone no essential change since the Jewish lawgiver received the tables of stone from the hand of Jehovah, on the one, and ascended the other to view the promised land and receive the last offices of sepulture from the same divine hand. About four hundred years before Christ, the historian Xenophon led ten thousand Grecian mercenaries from Babylonia to the Black Sea, and described every mile of his journey, in language so simple and perspicuous, that beginners in Greek take his text for a manual; and still more battles have been fought by learned critics, all along the track of the retreating army, than were waged by themselves with the barbarian hordes through which they passed. About two hundred years before Christ, Hannibal led a motley crew of Carthaginians, Spaniards, and Gauls across the Alps, into sunny Italy. Po-

lybius the Greek, and Livy the Roman, two of the most accomplished writers of narrative our earth has known, have recorded, with great particularity, all the incidents of that march. They, however, disagree as to the route which Hannibal adopted. Their commentators have continued to disagree till this hour, and the matter is still *sub judice*. Almost every year presents to the public a new treatise on that subject, but no progress is made in determining the track of the invading army. With regard to the sites of ruined cities, the scenes of great battles, or the course of advancing or retreating armies, time gives occasion for dispute by obliterating ancient landmarks. The fame of heroes, statesmen, and orators, too, fluctuates with the advance of knowledge or through the caprices of partisans. The position which Socrates ought to hold in Grecian civilization is yet undecided. Socrates,

> From whose mouth issued forth
> Melifluous sounds that watered all the schools
> Of academics, old and new, with those
> Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
> Epicurean, and the Stoic severe,

is one day the Prince of Philosophers, and another the Prince of Sophists. Mr. Grote writes with admiration of the doctrines of Socrates; and yet he thinks he was legally condemned. "He was not attached, either by sentiment or conviction, to the constitution of Athens." Indeed he wonders that he had not sooner provoked the displeasure of the people. No other city but Athens, in the ancient world, would have borne with him so long; his trial proves little, his execution nothing, against the liberality of his fellow citizens! He dissents, however, from the strong assertion of the German Forchhammer, that he "was most justly condemned as a heretic, a traitor, and a corrupter of youth."

The greatest orator of Greece fares no better in the hands of partisans than the first philosopher. Demosthenes is made to run the gauntlet between files of aristocratic historians. Hear what Mr. Mitford says of him: "A weak habit

of body, and an embarrassed manner, seemed to deny him, equally as Isocrates, the hope of becoming a speaker, to win the attention of listening thousands, and he had the further great disadvantage of a defective utterance. With this, a sour, irritable temper was repelling to friendship; and an extraordinary deficiency, not only of personal courage, but of all that constitutes dignity of soul, made respect difficult, and esteem apparently impossible. Nor were these defects shown only among familiar acquaintances; they were exhibited in public, and made extensively notorious. In the earliest youth he earned an opprobrious nickname by the effeminacy of his dress and manner. On emerging from minority, by the Athenian law, at five-and-twenty, he earned another opprobrious nickname, by a prosecution of his guardians, which was considered a dishonorable attempt to extort money from them. Not long after, when in the office of choregus, which carried high dignity, he took blows publicly, in the theatre, from a petulant youth of rank, named Midas, brought his action for the assault, and compounded it for, it was said, thirty minae, about a hundred pounds. His cowardice in the field became afterwards notorious. Even his admirers seem to have acknowledged that his temper was uncertain, his manners awkward; that he was extravagant in expense and greedy of gain; an unpleasant companion, a faithless friend, a contemptible soldier, and of notorious dishonesty even in the profession of an advocate." Behold the picture! Had the subject of it been Mr. Mitford's political opponent at the hustings, then and there held on the day when he penned this unprovoked slander, he could not more completely have perverted the facts, or introduced more palpable misrepresentations, than he has done in this sketch of one of the greatest men that ever lived. Such a villain as he has described could never have achieved greatness; if he had gained temporary applause with his contemporaries, he would have lost it with posterity. Any one who knows the controlling influence which the orator exerted in the affairs of a declining state, would unhesitatingly pronounce Mr. Mitford's description of him

a gross calumny. Candid critics have already refuted the base charges, and exposed the defamer to public contempt.

Mr. Mitford is an admirer of tyranny and oligarchy; but democracy he hates with perfect hatred. He allows his political principles to color his whole narrative, and distort the plainest facts of history. The charges against his favorites, Pisistratus, Hippias, and Gelon, are all modified and softened to suit his theory; but when the democracies are assailed, "the blacker the story the firmer his belief; and he never fails to inveigh with hearty bitterness against them, as the source of every species of crime." He sees nothing to praise in the noble republics of Greece, but every measure in the administration of Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, is paternal, sublime, godlike! Such special pleading enters into the very texture of his history, and in these particulars renders it worthless as authority. Party spirit is retrospective, as well as provident. It aims to secure the suffrages of the past as well as of the future. Most historians leave the impress of their political principles upon the works they write. Some do it through design, others unconsciously. The advocate of monarchy or of democracy explores the records of the past, for proofs of the superior excellence of his favorite form of human government. If, by a suppression of truth, or a suggestion of falsehood, he can secure for it the prestige of primogeniture, utility, and success, he can very confidently advocate its claims to universal adoption. "No sooner do we seek for information respecting the opinions that have been formed relative to the ancient condition of modern Europe," says Guizot, "than we find that the various elements of our civilization, that is to say, monarchy, theocracy, aristocracy, and democracy, each would have us believe that originally European society belonged to it alone, and that it has only lost the honor it then possessed, by the usurpation of the other elements. Examine all that has been written, all that has been said on this subject, and you will find that every author who has attempted to build up a system, which should represent or explain our origin, has

asserted the exclusive predominance of one or other of these elements of European civilization." Guided by such prepossessions and assumptions, no man can re-write the history of ancient nations with impartiality. Under such influences Mitford wrote his History of Greece, Hume his vindication of the Stuarts, and Clarendon his History of the Rebellion. Owing to the general prevalence of monarchy among the civilized nations of Europe, the advocates and defenders of popular rights have been sadly misused by aristocratic historians. No man expects justice from an opponent. A statesman's biography cannot be written with fidelity to the truth, while his principles remain unpopular. The advocates of necessary reforms will always be abused by those in power. Tyrants never relish discourses upon liberty, nor will bigots endure homilies upon toleration. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Let him once be convinced of the divine right of kings and priests, and his hostility to democrats and dissenters will know no bounds. The Romanists of to-day hate Luther as cordially as did his Catholic contemporaries. The cavaliers and churchmen of Victoria's reign repeat against Cromwell the slanders which their predecessors, in the reign of Charles II., invented and published. Till Carlyle undertook the vindication of "the high-souled Oliver," very few students of history dared to assert that England's mightiest monarch possessed a single redeeming trait of character; now few men have the hardihood to deny that he exhibited, in a high degree, those virtues which make human rulers both wise and good. That he had great faults, his warmest admirers must admit. No candid historian wishes to secure for him an apotheosis, because he has so long suffered in a historical purgatory. "This is a mode of writing," says Macaulay, "very acceptable to the multitude who have always been accustomed to make gods and demons out of men very little better than themselves; but it appears contemptible to all who have watched the changes of human character, — to all who have observed the influence of time, of circumstances, and of associates, on mankind, — to all who have seen a hero in the

gout, a democrat in the church, a pedant in love, or a philosopher in liquor."

Every page of England's history has been blackened by tory principles; with the progress of liberal opinions, these dark shades are fast disappearing, and the friends of freedom are receiving their just deserts. The same genial influence gives a new aspect to ancient history. The Athenian democracy has found a champion in Mr. Grote. He espouses the cause of his beloved "Demus" with the zeal of an advocate. He takes the people, with all their rashness, inconstancy, and violence, under his special protection. He is as bold in their defence as Mitford was in their condemnation. He follows his adopted children in all their aberrations, apologizes for their mistakes, palliates their crimes, allows no malicious foe to trumpet their vices, no careless friend to overlook their virtues. Even the ostracism, which has been pronounced indefensible by all authorities, except those who originated and employed it, finds in Mr. Grote an advocate, apparently because it was the offshoot, or, perhaps, an excrescence from free principles. Macaulay says of it: "Nothing can be conceived more odious than the practice of punishing a citizen, simply and professedly for his eminence; and nothing in the institutions of Athens is more frequently or more justly censured." This is the prevailing sentiment of political philosophers, except the Greeks; still Mr. Grote defends this odious institution, on the ground that it was essential to the preservation of those isolated and mutually hostile republics. His partiality for the Demus leads him to eulogize their leaders and teachers, the demagogues and sophists. These were both the natural products of their own soil, and of course entitled to protection. Cleon, whose name has been a synonym for political charlatanry and low demagogism for twenty-two centuries, is rescued from perpetual disgrace by Mr. Grote, and presented to the public as an able and efficient general. The maritime power of Athens, which has generally been regarded as tyrannical and oppressive to her allies, is also justified by the same author. A writer in the Westminster Review observes: "Col. Mure

controverts Grote's quixotic paradox on 'the character of Cleon,' and on 'the trials of the six generals;' but we suppose all competent critics would side with Mure against Grote in these two cases, yet it will not certainly be in consequence of Mure's summing up. We learn more from Grote when he is *wrong*, than from Mure when he is *right*." Mr. Grote is popular, precisely because he espouses the cause of the people. He pleads for humanity, for progress, for liberty. His very faults "lean to virtue's side." His partiality to Athens results from a noble and generous nature. In the words of Burke: "we pardon something to the spirit of liberty." It is better to err with such a leader, than to be right with bigots and despots.

Under Mr. Grote's limning, Alexander dwindles to the proportions of ordinary tyrants; in truth, he is little more than what the Thracian bandit represented him, "a mighty robber." His glory fades before the sunlight of democracy,

"As a dim candle dies at noon."

He was a great soldier; but he enslaved Athens, which "the great king" essayed to do some two centuries earlier, and failed. He was the conqueror of the East; but he subverted the liberties of all Greece, and in so doing, "had accomplished a result substantially the same as would have been brought about if the invasion of Greece by Xerxes had succeeded instead of failing." Is there no difference, then, between a Grecian despot and an Oriental sultan? between Grecian heroism and Persian effeminacy? between Grecian progress and Asiatic immobility? These questions need only be put to convince the reader that Mr. Grote is influenced by theory in his estimate of Alexander. But in judging of such an author we should be guided by the canon of the Roman critic. Where, as in the case of Mr. Grote, the protasis "ubi plura nitent" cannot be denied, we should cheerfully admit the apodosis,

—— "non ego paucis
Offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

The history of Greece has been very thoroughly studied, and often re-written, but with great diversity of opinion among authors. The character of the people, their mythology, laws, institutions, heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, have been excessively praised or censured, according to the point of view from which they were considered by the critic. Some writers pronounce the Hellenes unequalled in physical beauty and moral excellence. Others as stoutly affirm that they are destitute of both. The learned Wachsmuth says: "Their master passions were selfishness, avarice, lust, contentiousness, cruelty, and revenge." There is no substantial unity of sentiment respecting their great men. Dr. William Smith, in his excellent Manual of Grecian History, says of Thucydides: "His lofty genius did not secure him from the seductions of avarice and pride, which led him to sacrifice both his honor and his country for the tinsel of Eastern pomp. But the riches and luxury which surrounded him served only to heighten his infamy, and were dearly bought with the hatred of his countrymen, the reputation of a traitor, and the death of an exile." Was "the Saviour of Greece" a traitor as well as a miser? Is he, in these particulars, the prototype of Marlborough? The charge of treason has never been substantiated, and must ever remain an open question. Niebuhr says: "The rising power of Athens at sea, the voluntary adhesion of the other Greeks, and the rapidity with which Themistocles developed the greatness of Athens, — these were the causes which made the Spartans his implacable enemies. They accordingly caused a *false* accusation to be brought against him, charging him with being implicated in the conspiracy of Pausanias. Themistocles was perfectly innocent, as is clearly proved and attested. He felt that by his own personal greatness he was far more than he would have been as a tyrant; the period of tyrants, moreover, had then passed by, and had not yet returned. Neither Themistocles nor any other Athenian, could have conceived the preposterous idea which Pausanias entertained, of making himself king of Greece under the supremacy of Persia." The same author

also imputes the change of feeling which took place at Athens against Themistocles, to the intrigues of Cimon and the powerful party of which he was the leader. The active hostility of Sparta, and of the aristocracy of Athens, ought certainly to give to the accused the benefit of a doubt. Phocion is another questionable character in the annals of Greece. He was contemporary with Demosthenes, and belonged, with Isocrates, Iphicrates, and Chabrias, to the "Macedonian" party. Mitford remarks: "Phocion, not ill-selected by Plutarch from among all the worthies of all the republics of Greece, as a model of inflexible integrity in a corrupt age, the fittest parallel to the celebrated Utican Cato, had been coming forward under those three great men, but more particularly attached to Chabrias." He then proceeds to enumerate his virtues, and to set forth his patriotism, his honesty and wisdom, as exhibited in the several acts of his long life. Niebuhr espouses the cause of Demosthenes, against Phocion and the party of Philip; and so probably will every reader of Niebuhr, who, like him, sympathizes with the noblest and purest Athenian patriot then in existence, struggling manfully for the liberties of a falling state. He uses the following language: "Phocion, who is commonly called a model of virtue, did nothing but injury to his country, and more injury than any other man, except when matters had come to extremes, and his personal character made some impression; then, however, it was not his virtue that saved Athens, but the fact that Antipater recollected that he was the old opponent of Demosthenes, and of those whom Macedonia persecuted."

In another connection he adds: "Phocion belongs to that class of people to whom in modern times no honest man will erect a monument; he will pardon them, for they are not indeed wicked, but stand extremely low in a moral point of view, and are quite indifferent, and utterly incapable of any enthusiasm." It is very manifest that Niebuhr, as he says, entertained "a healthy aversion" to Phocion. In fact, he is a critic of very decided opinions; and he is fearless and bold in the avowal of them. The publication of his History

of Rome formed a new era in criticism. It has probably been more fruitful of discussion than any other similar work that was ever published. It is now nearly half a century since the learned Dane gave to the public his new and startling theories. Like the most recent of Arctic explorers, he penetrated so far into the unexplored sea of mythology and fable, that none of his contemporaries or successors have been able to verify or disprove his assertions. For more than a century prior to his advent, learned scholars in Europe had, from time to time, advanced views similar to his; but not one of them had secured the confidence of the leading public. Niebuhr undertook to reconstruct the history of Rome for the first five centuries of its existence. He brought to the task profound learning, accurate research, a tenacious memory, and an intense love for his chosen vocation. He, like Bonaparte, looked upon himself as the man of destiny, the divinely commissioned reformer of historic abuses. In his own esteem he possessed a deeper insight into the true meaning of ancient symbols, than any that had preceded him. His spirit of historic divination was at least equivalent to the Greek *μαντεία*, or the inspiration ascribed to their prophets and priests. He looked out upon the great ocean of early history, over which hung the clouds of fable and poetry, and peering into the darkness with the vision of a seer, sought, like Columbus, to discover lands hitherto unknown. He deemed himself successful. To his couched eye new continents seemed to rise from the deep, and he became a discoverer; for he calls his novel hypotheses and happy conjectures respecting the constitution and regal period of Rome, "discoveries." They are new, and possibly true; but mere assertion does not make them so. The proof is still in abeyance. He did what he could; more than any of his predecessors had done in the same department of labor, but was unable to create testimony where it did not exist. Speaking of his intense application for sixteen months to the early history of Rome, he says: "My sight grew dim in its passionate efforts to pierce into the obscurity of my subject, and unless I was to send forth an incomplete

work, which sooner or later must have been wholly remodelled, I was compelled to wait for what time might gradually bring forth. Nor has he been niggardly; but, though slowly, has granted me one discovery after another." This extract reveals the author's enthusiasm, and his patient toil. It also shows the estimate which he set upon the results of his labors. Upon many of his bold conclusions students are beginning to write what the great Arnauld wrote upon the inventions of Malebranche: "Pulchra, nova, falsa." These oases of truth which he discerns amid the trackless waste of fiction and legend, may prove to be realities; but until proof positive is produced, we cannot be assured that they are not the effect of mirage. History is not made more certain even by plausible conjectures. It will not suffice to appeal to the internal evidence of the record to confirm the doctrine, because that testimony will vary with the judgment, taste, and opinions of the inquirer. It is not saying too much to affirm that the criticisms of Niebuhr and his disciples have raised more questions than they have answered, in Roman history. They have called the attention of students to the doubtful points, even when they have failed to throw light upon them. The science has been in motion, if it has not advanced. It seems to be making rapid progress, but the careful student always finds it in the same state. It resembles St. George on the signs of old English inns, who is always on horseback, but never goes on.

The first requisite of historic credibility is the testimony of contemporaries. In early Roman records, this cannot be had. It does not exist. It did not exist when Livy and Dionysius wrote; it did not exist when the earliest annalists quoted by them wrote; and of the first four hundred and fifty years of the city, it never did exist *in writing*, except in the most meagre form. The history of that period which has reached our age, was created by the earliest Roman writers, from very scanty materials. Tradition, laws, monuments, funeral orations, treaties, decrees of the senate, inscriptions on brass or wood, linen tablets, the "lintei libri" of Livy, lists of annual magistrates and existing institutions,

constituted their principal sources of information. To these Niebuhr adds a large body of national epics, lays, and songs, which, from *internal* evidence, he thinks are plainly discoverable in the pages of Livy. His office, therefore, was to dissect, from the commonly received narrative, the unsound portions, and then restore, by new creations, the mutilated body to its original integrity, and make it a beau ideal of true history. He exhibits greater boldness in amputating and cauterizing than in renovating and reconstructing the subject of his critical surgery. He pronounces the reigns of Romulus and Numa entirely fabulous and poetical, and the period from Tullus Hostilius to the first secession of the plebs, mythological and uncertain; while he maintains that a veracious narrative may be reconstructed from the date of the first secession down to the commencement of contemporary records. All this is supported by no external evidence, but rests entirely upon his private convictions. He has annihilated the founder of Rome, but has set up no one in his stead. Somebody must have led the freebooters, who first settled upon the Palatine and reared their huts to mark the site of a new city. His name may have been Romulus. Who knows? If it was not, perhaps the real name would be less euphonious to classic ears. Nothing would be gained by its substitution for that which the Romans, in the days of their glory, held in such veneration. The date of the foundation of the eternal city is unknown. Very well, we must be content to live without the knowledge of it. If the received date be set aside, we are deprived of a convenient starting point, but gain no compensation for the loss. The seven hills were doubtless occupied by Italian tribes, before the origin of Rome. Some of the names of those tribes, tradition has preserved; but it is impossible now to set bounds to the territories they inhabited, to describe their victories or defeats, or to point out, with any degree of certainty, the relations that existed between them. These advances and retreats were as inexplicable as those of a swarm of insects sporting in the rays of a summer's sun: "Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved." Nie-

buhr professes to have solved the enigma. "He," says Michelet, "took possession of Rome by right of occupation, tanquam in rem nullius, and set up his prætorium in the theatre of Marcellus. Issuing thence, day after day, for four years, he daringly *rummaged* the old city, and questioned it, and distributed it, like a master, among the races who founded it; now to the Etruscans, now to the Latins. He stirred up the dust of the kings of Rome, and dissipated the shadows which had, for so many centuries, played before the eyes of mankind." With such unbounded praise were his views received for some years after their publication. He was commended, alike, for destroying and for reconstructing; his dogmatism was as acceptable as his scepticism. He could not be proved to be wrong; he was, therefore, presumed to be right. Some of his admirers modestly questioned the certainty of his conclusions. Dr. Arnold observes: "Were I, indeed, to venture to criticise the work of this great man, I should be inclined to charge him with having overvalued rather than undervalued the possible certainty of the early history of the Roman commonwealth." Niebuhr claims the student's belief in a new history, differing from that which was received with confidence by Cicero, Dionysius, and Livy. We are required to regard the old narrative as fabulous; the new, as certain. Many critics have yielded to his claims; others have dared to question every one of his emendations. Such a result was to be expected, since his corrections often rested upon no authority internal or external, except his assertion. The authority of Livy is chiefly assailed. He is the Jupiter tonans of Roman archæology; and against him the giants of criticism have waged a war of extermination. His work, of one hundred and forty-two books, was designed mainly as a history of his own times. Like his predecessors in the same line, he began with the origin of the city and related, with comparative brevity, the events of the first five hundred years. The best portion of his work, that on which he bestowed most labor and for which he had abundant materials from contemporary witnesses, is lost, and he is judged mainly by the extant portion of his work, where he

was obliged to follow conjecture, or to use such uncertain records as time had spared. Of Livy's history only thirty-five of the one hundred and forty-two books which he wrote, have survived. Of the others, we have only dry and meagre epitomes, drawn up by some uncertain author, and of these two are lost. Livy cannot, therefore, be fairly judged as an author. In writing of the early period of Rome, he is not responsible for the absolute want of trustworthy records; but only for the manner in which he used those which were extant. He recorded the story much as he found it; and if it is incredible or contradictory, he may cry out, with Cicero: "culpa temporum, non mea." Dionysius had no more authentic sources of information than Livy. He wrote of the origin and antiquities of Rome, to enlighten the Greeks, his countrymen, respecting the nation that had conquered them. He came to Rome twenty-nine years before Christ, and remained twenty-two years, having devoted all that time to the study of the Latin language and the composition of his History. Of the twenty books which he wrote, the first nine are complete; the tenth and eleventh are imperfect, and the remaining nine are only fragmentary. These are the principal authorities for the regal period, as it was understood at Rome, in the age of Augustus. Other writers made compilations and abridgments from these great works; and, of course, can add nothing to their value as authorities. If the fountain be bitter, it cannot send forth sweet waters. Neither wide diffusion nor long progression can heal them. A falsehood repeated through all time, and extended through all space, is a falsehood still. If contemporary records of the earliest periods were wanting, not even "the most vehement impulse of divination" can supply the deficiency. In history, as in science, we must be content not to know some things; and among them, we may as well admit, at the outset of the inquiry, that we can never determine, with certainty, the origin or the founder of Rome; and all besides the poetic and traditional legends, preserved by Livy, are mere hypotheses, unsustained by external evidence.

During the last two centuries of the republic, ending with

the death of Pompey, some twenty Roman historians, who lived during the occurrence of the events they record, are quoted by writers still extant. These solitary excerpts, like the fossil bones of extinct races of animals, demonstrate the former existence of those writers; but unfortunately there is no science of comparative anatomy, in literature, which can restore a lost work from a single fragment of its contents. But if these works had escaped the ravages of time and barbarism, they would throw no additional light on the first five centuries of the city. The same remark will apply, with equal force, to those Greek writers who wrote of Roman affairs, during the same period. Marcus Porcius Cato was the first Roman historian who wrote in the Latin tongue. He was born 234 and died 149 B. C. He wrote in his old age, about 170 B. C. His work, in seven books, was styled "Origines." His design, evidently, was to confine himself to early history; hence he wrote of the origin of the city and of the seven kings; then passing over, in silence, a period of two hundred and forty-six years, from the expulsion of the kings to the first Punic war, he resumes his narrative and describes, with great brevity, the events of the next one hundred and fourteen years. The contents of his work are described by Cornelius Nepos. Other ancient authors have quoted freely from the "Origines," but their citations, with two exceptions, are brief; but so indicative of the research and originality, the truthfulness and honesty of the author, as to make us deeply regret the loss of the principal part of his great work. Ennius, the father of heroic poetry in Rome, who wrote the annals of his country, in hexameter verse, and Nævius, who wrote, in Saturnian measure, a poem respecting the first Punic war, which took place in his life-time, were in existence when Livy wrote. But neither Cato, nor these early poets, were historical witnesses respecting the early history of Rome. They, like their successors, depended on tradition and monuments for their materials; and, if their works were now in our hands, we should know no more of the infancy of Rome than Livy or Dionysius have transmitted to us. The earliest Roman writers of history,

who wrote in prose, were Quintus Fabius Pictor and Lucius Cincius Alimentus. They were Roman senators, well acquainted with the civil and military affairs of their country. They lived during the second Punic war, and were entirely competent to write of what they heard and saw. They both wrote in Greek. This fact shows that their vernacular tongue was not then commonly employed in literary composition. The Greek was used, by the best educated writers, precisely as Latin was used by scholars in the dark ages, before the languages of modern Europe became sufficiently copious and polished for such service. Even Dante debated long, whether he should compose his "Divina Comedia" in the Latin or Italian tongue. The selection of the latter, in which to clothe his immortal creations, laid the foundation for his country's literature. Had Fabius and Cincius pursued the same course, their works would probably have remained to this day, and their nation would have become renowned in letters as soon as in arms. These two authors were often quoted by Livy, and were evidently regarded as the best authorities within his reach. Their chief object seems to have been to record the history of the first and second wars with Carthage, in the last of which they were actors. Both authors prefaced their works with a brief account of the origin of Rome and its early institutions. In Pictor's account of the Hannibalian war, Livy places implicit confidence, because he was an eye witness of the scenes he records: "æqualem temporibus hujusce belli," as he styles him.

Cincius was equally prized by Livy as authority for the same period, because he was taken prisoner by Hannibal, who, being fond of literary men, treated him with great courtesy, and gave him much information respecting his march into Italy. Of the events in which they participated, these writers, according to Dionysius, wrote in detail; but of the earlier periods they gave only brief summaries. They were manifestly honorable and high-minded men, experienced in political and military affairs, and highly educated according to the standard of their times. They did not pos-

sess the antiquarian spirit of a modern German, still they were in a more favorable condition to collect and record old traditions than any writers who succeeded them. Cato, who, as above remarked, first used the Latin tongue in historical annals, followed close upon these authors; but he had no knowledge of the origin of Rome, or other Italian cities, which they did not possess. With these names the canon closes. We can ascend the stream of history no higher. Both its source and its tributaries, like those of the Nile, still remain concealed. Two thousand years ago men were attempting to find the origin of the Nile; at the same time other explorers were seeking for the origin of Rome; inquisitive men in our day are striving to solve the same problems. In the intervening period little progress has been made in either direction. Research and science will yet reveal the true sources of the Nile; but no human sagacity or "divination" will ever pierce the mantle of oblivion which time and barbarism have spread over the early history of Rome. Both the records and traditions are irrecoverably lost. If we had the history of Fabius, the most ancient writer of Roman annals, what could he tell us, with certainty, of the reign of Tullius, the most illustrious of the Roman kings, who lived 350 years before his time? If we admit that tradition might furnish a tolerably accurate account of the leading events of his country for a single century, few persons, who understand how oral traditions exaggerate even an "o'er true tale," will give much credit to interested accounts which have passed from father to son through a longer period. If all contemporary records of the discovery and early settlement of America had been destroyed one hundred and fifty years ago, it would be very difficult now to arrive at any certainty with reference to the history of that period. If those destroyed records had been very meagre and imperfect, the difficulty would be greatly increased. With all the light which a free press throws upon our history, many events and characters of our revolutionary war are still subjects of controversy. Take the best informed students of American history, and probably not one

in ten will, if suddenly questioned, answer with confidence the question: "Who commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill?" And not one in a hundred of our most noisy politicians can give a correct account of the origin and principles of the Federal and Republican parties in the days of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson.

Those great parties had their organs as soon as the Constitution was adopted; and their weekly issues were filled with mutual crimination and abuse. If a disciple of Jefferson were now asked to describe the old Federalists, following the records and traditions of his party, he would say: "They were the secret friends of monarchy and the open advocates of a strong, central, consolidated government, in opposition to the rights of the individual states; they were so partial to the mother country, that, during the second war with England, they publicly returned thanks to Almighty God, in their places of worship, for *her* victories over their own countrymen; and, finally with words of patriotism and benevolence upon their tongues, but with the spirit of Judas Iscariot in their hearts, assembled, by delegates, in treasonable conclave, at Hartford, to plot, like the followers of Catiline, the ruin of their country." Of this party, Hamilton is the central figure, whom all good Republicans were taught to hate as a species of political ogre, whose settled determination was to convert this government into a monarchy or perish in the attempt. Ask an admirer of the old Washingtonian Federalists his opinion of that party, and he will tell you that they were the followers of the great and good Washington; that they were the advocates of an efficient self-supporting government of the people, in opposition to a mere voluntary union of the states for common defence; that they were the jealous foes of regal power, and the warm friends of civil and religious liberty; and that by their agency the Constitution was saved from the open and secret hostility of the Republicans. He will tell you, too, with all honesty, that Hamilton was a high-minded, honorable patriot, whose pen and voice did more to secure the adoption of the federal Constitution than all other

agencies combined; that Jefferson, his rival, was a Jacobin, an intriguer, and an infidel, professing friendship for Washington, yet secretly plotting the overthrow of his administration, remaining in his cabinet, yet deliberately recording, with his own hand, private conferences held there for the purpose of blackening the memory of individual members of it, and covertly disseminating sedition throughout the land. He will also affirm, that the party of which Jefferson was the acknowledged leader, were disciples of Robespierre, admirers of the abominations of the French Revolution, who, if placed in power, would subject every one of their opponents to the guillotine. To such contradictory results will party spirit lead men, even when public documents are thick as "leaves in Valombrosa;" and, it is to be feared that sober history is not yet freed from this "bane of Republics." The careful readers of American history believe that they can discover, in some of our standard authors, traces of their political and religious opinions. It is reasonable to suppose that the old Romans were like other men in this respect. They had their party prejudices and their party heroes; and their traditions were undoubtedly shaped with reference to these feelings; and it is impossible for us, at this late day, to detect their falsehoods or reconcile their contradictions. Those compilations which were made by Roman writers, annually, were called "Annales." These were often quoted by Livy. The style in which they were written was dry and jejune; the narratives, meagre and concise. In the "Annales Maximi," remarkable occurrences only were recorded. These were often such marvellous phenomena as required the attention of augurs and soothsayers, and were expiated publicly by religious ceremonies and sacrifices. Earthquakes, eclipses, fearful sights and sounds, prodigies and ostents of every description were recorded in these "greatest annals." Poor materials for history these; and Livy has been severely censured for copying so many of them into his History. But if the men of that age deemed them the most note-worthy events of the time, deserving of national expiation, the historian who should omit them would be recreant to the first principles of his

chosen vocation. A fragment of Cato shows his contempt of such records. He says: "Non lubet scribere quod in tabula apud Pontificem maximum est, quotiens annona est cara, quotiens est lunæ aut solis caligo aut quid obstitent," etc. The Pontiffs usually kept these records, hence they are sometimes called "Annales Pontificum;" when written upon parchment or linen, "libri Pontificum."

These were the only public records in existence prior to the time of Fabius Pictor. Cicero informs us that it was the custom of the pontiffs to keep these brief records from the origin of the city to the consulship of Publius Mucius, B. C. 131. The question, then, occurs: Why were not these annals entitled to credit? Simply because most of those, probably all, that related to the first three centuries of the city, were mere restorations. The original tablets were lost. The city was almost entirely destroyed by fire about the middle of the fourth century of its existence, B. C. 490. This conflagration was kindled by the conquering Gauls. With the exception of the citadel, the destruction was so complete, that the Romans were with difficulty persuaded, by Camillus, not to abandon the ill-omened site and remove to the Etruscan Veii, which they had recently conquered. It is not probable that any public records survived this fire. It is doubtful even, whether the brazen plates, on which the laws of the twelve tables were inscribed, were not melted and their place afterwards supplied from memory. Cicero says that, in the days of the Republic, boys at school were required to commit to memory these laws; and it is probable that the people were made acquainted with them in this way, even before the establishment of regular schools. If all that had been recorded had been preserved, it would have furnished but few materials for history; for the annals were neither numerous nor full; and the subjects of record were unimportant to any but the priests. These having been lost, it is absurd to talk of contemporary records of the early centuries of Rome. The restorations of these annals having been made from memory and tradition, must have been very imperfect; the probability is, that with the exception of laws and treaties,

they never were restored with any trustworthy devotion to truth. Besides the restored annals of the high-priests, there were doubtless some monuments and inscriptions in the citadel and suburbs of the city, and in dependent towns in the vicinity, which served to throw some light on the past history of Rome and confirm oral traditions. But the first writers of history were not scientific antiquarians. They did not separate the precious from the vile. They were as likely to record fiction as truth. When they had collected all the materials that were patent to them, they made out "a lame and impotent conclusion." Cicero read these authors, and was a judicious critic. He compares their style to that of the old Greek logographers, Pherecydes, Hellanicus, and Acucilaus, mere story-tellers, who delighted in the marvels of an ignorant age, and recorded more that must be rejected than received. Pictor, Cato, Piso, and other Roman annalists, neglected all ornaments, sought only to be intelligible, and regarded brevity as the chief excellence of a writer. In addition to the above-named imperfect sources of information. Sir George Cornwall Lewis enumerates "Family Memoirs, Annals and Documents of neighboring States, Deliberative Speeches, Funeral Orations, and Poems." How many of these existed, or were consulted, it is impossible now to affirm. The practice of reporting speeches, in short-hand, did not exist till near the close of the Republic; consequently all orations preserved from the general conflagration, and for some centuries later, must have been written out and preserved by the orators themselves. The earliest oration that Cicero was acquainted with, was that of Appius the Blind, delivered in the senate B. C. 280, when Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, came to Rome to treat of peace. Eulogies and funeral orations are of very ancient origin. Private families might retain such proofs of the virtues of their ancestors from ambitious motives; but these, like modern memoirs, would not be likely to contain anything but the good qualities and great deeds of the deceased, much exaggerated, which would not afford safe materials for history It is not probable that any such eulogies came down from

the regal period. Such memorials, when printed, rarely survive a century. In a period when letters were rare and wars incessant, their long continued preservation would be almost a miracle. In later times, according to the testimony both of Cicero and Livy, the truth of history was notoriously falsified by those panegyrics of the illustrious dead. Distinguished families thus ennobled their ancestors by assigning to them offices and triumphs which they never enjoyed.

Livy speaks, also, of "privata monumenta." Some critics suppose that he refers to family memoirs, or inscriptions on busts and statues ("imaginum tituli"), and panegyrics. The annals of contemporary cities and states do not appear to have received much attention from Livy. He probably shared, with his countrymen, the general contempt for vanquished nations, and thus neglected their history and monuments. For this he has been severely censured. But admitting that he used, carefully and wisely, all the sources of information then known, his materials were utterly inadequate to the composition of a faithful narrative of Roman affairs. Niebuhr assumes the existence of a large body of national poetry, as the substratum of Livy's history. The theory that popular poems once sung and recited, but lost before the later Roman historians wrote, constituted the chief materials of the annalists, is based partly on conjecture. Cicero quotes Cato's assertion that the old Romans, centuries before his time, were accustomed to sing, at their banquets, the praises of great men, to the music of the pipe. Other writers allude to the same fact; but neither the names of the heroes nor their exploits are mentioned. This is the extent of the testimony. Great men were celebrated in song at their feasts. Niebuhr proceeds to inform his readers what was said, and how it was said; what was fact and what was fiction; who were praised and who were defamed; and what was selected and what rejected of the songs, by subsequent writers. Under his plastic hand, the song becomes an epic; the ballad, a heroic poem, with "a beginning, middle, and end;" an ingenious plot, a systematic development, and an impressive catastrophe. The reign

of Romulus is, with few exceptions, one continuous poem. Numa was honored only with "short lays." The history of the third king, with the story of the Horatii and the fall of Alba, form "an epic whole." In the reign of Ancus Martius, the Muses were dumb; but with the coming of Tarquinius, inspiration breathes anew, and a mighty "epopee" is the result. This is the highest effort of Roman genius, surpassing, in brilliancy of imagination, anything that subsequent ages produced. The truly Homeric battle, at Lake Regillus, closes "the grandest of Roman epics." Such is the theory. It is founded chiefly on internal evidence, elicited by his superior "divination," from the necessity of the case; for, if the history of the regal period, so full of poetic incidents, did not originate in genuine epics, whence did it come? It certainly has no other legitimate parentage. Macaulay, in his "Lays of ancient Rome," has endeavored to revive, in English ballads of surpassing beauty, the spirit and fire of the old Roman poetry. If their old Saturnian bards sung as he does, it is not surprising that their strains lingered, like a pleasant dream, in the memories of those sturdy warriors. It is not an unheard of thing that fierce fighters should be sweet minstrels. In Greece, Archilochus, the inventor of Iambic verses, of whom Horace says:

"Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo,"

was a soldier; Tyrtæus, one of the founders of elegiac poetry, and Alcæus, the prince of lyric poets, followed the same profession. The greatest of ancient tragedians, Æschylus and Sophocles, bore arms in defence of their native land. But the Greeks were a more inventive, imaginative, and cultivated people than the Romans. It must be confessed that their literature was the legitimate offspring of poetry. All that can claim relationship to the Muses, in Roman story, is very happily set forth in the preface to the Lays of ancient Rome. We cannot do better than to quote the language. "The early history of Rome is, indeed, far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the god of war, the cradle laid among the reeds of the Tiber, the

fig-tree and the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition and the fratricide, the rape of the Sabines, the death of Tarpeia, the fall of Hostus Hostilius, the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh, the women rushing, with torn raiment and dishevelled hair, between their fathers and husbands, the nightly meetings of Numa and the nymph by the well of the sacred grove, the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans, the purchase of the Sibylline books, the crime of Tullia, the simulated madness of Brutus, the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracle to the Tarquins, the wrongs of Lucretia, the heroic actions of Horatius Cocles and of Clœlia, the battle of Regillus, won by the aid of Castor and Pollux, the defence of Cremera, the touching story of Coriolanus, the still more touching story of Virginia, the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake, the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul, are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader." These are the most striking passages that could be quoted in confirmation of the poetic origin of the history; and yet all mythology is made up of just such incidents. In fact a majority of the cases cited may be paralleled in the early history of any nation in Europe. Those portions which are wild and supernatural are common to the legendary lore of all nations in their infancy. Half the literature in the world is composed of just such materials, borrowed from plain prose narratives. The Decameron of Boccaccio, the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and Don Quixote, are prose compositions; and if poetic incidents and images evince a metrical origin, then these popular fictions must be disguised epics. All early history is poetic and fabulous. The imagination of a young people is intensely active; and the bold adventures of their heroes always assume a supernatural coloring in their traditions. The Indian legends which Longfellow has incorporated in his Hiawatha, never before wore a poetic dress; yet they are more wild and improbable than any of the marvellous tales of Roman invention. But if we assume that what is wild, romantic, and incredible in Roman history is of poetic origin,

how does that assumption aid us with regard to the larger and more important portions of the narrative, which are dry, prosaic, and technical? How happened this epic material to be literally buried in a mass of military, civil, and legal details, all wearing the guise of sober reality? For instance, the marvellous tales connected with the infancy of Servius Tullius are succeeded by a statistical account of his classification of the people, which is as destitute of poetry as the multiplication table. So throughout the regal period, the legendary portions of the narrative are inextricably blended with formal and minute accounts of the origin of the government, institutions, laws, religious rites, orders of society, and military organizations, which present nothing touching or picturesque to the imagination. All this is dull, sober prose. Niebuhr speaks of historic episodes alternating with romantic lays. How were the real and the fictitious so strangely associated? We know that a poem may be historical, reciting the facts of life in musical numbers, or clothing them in the garb of fancy; but no true poet ever "built the lovely song" by uniting the creations of his imagination with the repulsive verities of history in *alternate* strata, as a mason rears a palace of stones and cement. The ballad theory of Niebuhr accounts very well for the marvellous and incredible portions of Roman history, but it does not explain the growth of the legal and constitutional divisions of it. It does not satisfy the inquisitive mind to say, with Michelet: "When man desired to have men-gods, he was fain to heap whole generations in one person; to combine, in one hero, the conceptions of a whole poetic cycle. It was thus they obtained historic idols — a Romulus, a Numa." Such sweeping, philosophical generalizations do not originate with barbarians. Constitutions are not created in a day; they are usually the growth of ages. The traditions, mythology, legends, and finally the history of a people, are all slowly developed with national progress. Nothing great has great beginnings. "Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo," is the law of history as well as of the institutions which history describes. More than seven centuries elapsed before the

marble palaces of Augustus stood upon the hill where Romulus reared his straw-covered huts. During that period, many hands contributed to the architectural beauty of the city; and many minds to the embellishment of its recorded achievements. But the Romans were never a poetical people. Even in their palmiest days, their inspiration was borrowed. Their epics and lyrics; their drama and their eclogues, were copies of Grecian models. They were a stately, dignified, and practical people, not romantic nor imaginative. They are far more renowned for their jurisprudence than their literature. The epic origin of their history has no support from analogy. The Sabine frugality and industry ascribed to the early Romans, forbid the supposition of high poetic culture. They had neither professional bards nor rhapsodists. They had no Parnassus nor Helicon. No muse had an altar among them, except by courtesy or the laws of hospitality. Horace tells us that their first efforts at metrical composition were rude and repulsive. The few fragmentary verses that have escaped oblivion, confirm this assertion. We must conclude that the specious theory of Niebuhr is not sustained by facts. His imagination has converted their mythology into stately epics, and Cato's dinner-songs into Homeric episodes. That the Romans were not destitute of rhythmical compositions, before the days of Ennius, is known from the fact that defamatory verses were prohibited by the twelve tables; but that they had advanced beyond rude and unpolished doggerels, is not proved. If Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, and Cato derived their narrative mainly from historical ballads transmitted by oral recitations, it is very remarkable that Livy and Dionysius, who so often quote from them, did not discover and record a fact so important. Ballads, it is true, are common to all uncivilized nations. The North American Indians have their war songs; but these are peans of victory, not historical recitative. The legendary lore of the old Romans, like that of the Greeks, was a mixture of fact and fable. For more than four centuries it was floating in the public memory, while, from time to time, creative

minds probably added rhetorical embellishments; and possibly it derived from popular songs some interesting and touching incidents. The first historians gave continuity to these detached traditions. They endeavored to bring order out of confusion, and give unity and integrity to their narrative, which was composed of heterogeneous and discordant materials. Discrepancies and contradictions weakened the credibility of their story. Subsequent writers copied their mistakes; and after the lapse of two thousand years, it is impossible for us to correct them. Our only safe course is to take the record as we find it, and where we cannot reconcile conflicting accounts, to adopt that interpretation which seems most credible. If emendations are attempted, each critic will publish a new version of the facts; and we shall have as many Roman histories as there are compilers. Some students of history as in theology, love best those subjects which do not admit of definite solution. The more profound the mystery, the greater seems the courage that approaches it, and the more extraordinary the erudition that promises to explain it. Niebuhr was a lover of paradox. Conscious of his own superior attainments, he played the despot among inferior critics. He was bold, positive, dogmatical. Few were competent to meet him in his chosen field; and, for many years, none dared to oppose him. He undoubtedly did great service to the cause of sound learning; not so much by the new regions he explored, as by opening a safe path to subsequent discoverers; not so much by laying firm foundations, as by removing old obstructions. If he had done no more than to rectify the popular notions respecting the agrarian laws, he would not have lived in vain. He who justifies, at the tribunal of posterity, the advocates of popular rights, is a public benefactor. In Rome, the friends of the plebeians were grievously slandered by the aristocracy. The senate and the patricians loved power and office too well to be willing to share them with the common people; hence the leaders of reform were assassinated, and their memory loaded with infamy. An agrarian, in all ages, has been synonymous with leveller, demagogue, and anar-

chist. It is, therefore, a noble service to humanity to rescue such martyrs to the people's liberty as Spurius Cassius and the Gracchi, from undeserved reproach.

Niebuhr has also broken up that indiscriminate admiration for everything old which defeated the very object of study. He has directed attention to philology as an instrument of exploration in tracing national affinities. "He has shattered an obstruction, supplied implements, prepared materials, and done all this in the most difficult and the most dignified of sciences." But no divination of his, no intuitive perception of truth robed in fiction, can supply the place of contemporary records. Ingenious hypotheses may amuse, but do not satisfy, the inquisitive student. Such brilliant fancies, like pyrotechnics, soon vanish and leave the heavens more dark and forbidding. The interests of the reader are sacrificed to the reputation of the writer; mistakes are multiplied, and the discovery of truth rendered more difficult. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, after an elaborate survey of the whole question of the credibility of Roman history, arrives at the following result. "All the historical labor bestowed upon the early centuries of Rome will, in general, be wasted. The history of this period viewed as a series of picturesque narratives, will be read to the greatest advantage in the original writers, and will be deteriorated by reproduction in a modern dress. If we regard a historical painting merely as a work of art, the accounts of the ancients can only suffer from being retouched by the pencil of a modern restorer. On the other hand, all attempts to reduce them to a purely historical form by conjectural omissions, additions, and transpositions, must be nugatory. The workers on this historical tread-mill may continue to grind the air, but they will never produce any valuable result." This doctrine is theoretically safe and practically true; for even the most sturdy impugners of the regal history of Rome are often led astray by the very phantoms which they have demonstrated to be unreal. Niebuhr denies the existence of Romulus; and yet in the next breath, talks of his reign as a reality. These old kings are as brave in history as in conflict. They neither fly

nor yield. Their spirits will not down at the bidding of the most potent magician. They have gained a niche in the temple of fame, and no modern thunderer can dislodge them. It is in vain to deny the existence of the Trojan war, or of the Roman kings. Achilles will continue to nurse his wrath, and Romulus to rear his walls, undisturbed by the missiles of noisy critics. The wild legends contained in "the tale of Troy divine," and on "Livy's pictured page," will continue to be conned and credited by the young, doubted and denied by the old, so long as poetry has an admirer or the Muses a worshipper.

ARTICLE VI.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

1. — JENKYN ON THE ATONEMENT.[1]

IT is with books as with men. The faults of some are easily discerned, and their excellences are more occult, yet their excellences are greater than their faults. The excellences of others are apparent at the first sight, and their faults are hidden, but the faults are greater than the excellences.

The treatise of Dr. Jenkyn, although it is improved in the present edition, has yet obvious defects. It were easy to enumerate them. They are counterbalanced, however, by very high merits. The volume abounds with rich hints, with sound, sensible remarks, with acute distinctions, with Biblical and practical truths, which are well fitted to exert an influence on inquisitive thinkers and good men.

We often discover, in Dr. Jenkyn's definitions, a sharp insight of the truth. His definitions often fail in exactness; but they as often suggest, with peculiar distinctness, the points most essential to be discriminated. Thus we find a volume of meaning in the following definitions and descriptions of the atonement:

"An atonement is any provision that may be introduced into the admin-

[1] The Extent of the Atonement, in its relation to God and the Universe. By the Rev. Thomas W. Jenkyn, D. D., late President of Coward College, London. Third Edition, carefully revised by the Author for the American Edition. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington Street; New York: Sheldon, Blakeman and Co.; Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard. 1859. pp. 376. 12mo.