
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

THE

LONDON REVIEW.

APRIL, 1860.

ART. I.—*Biographies.* By LORD MACAULAY. Contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* A. and C. Black. 1860.

ENGLISH literature has recently sustained a great and irremediable loss. This is the first reflection suggested by the sudden death of Lord Macaulay. More strictly and deliberately speaking, the labours of an important life are brought to an unexpected close, and the admirers of genius and learning are called upon to evince their gratitude as well as to indulge profound regret. A large amount of literary treasure has been bequeathed to us; we had reason, indeed, to hope for something more; but have we yet shown a just appreciation of that which we have received? If not, let us postpone the expression of our serious loss, and learn to estimate more worthily the value of those services to which death has set indeed a numerical limit, but whose influence in the world of thought and progress and improvement may be considered as only just begun.

The author who has been so lately taken from us has never wanted praise. His merits were early recognised, his writings eagerly and widely read. At the time of his decease he was probably the most popular of English authors. Moreover, his peculiar gifts and attainments seemed intimately known to all his readers. A profusion of great and striking qualities arrested the attention of the most careless, and taught him many valuable lessons as it were by fascination. The clearness, the precision, the emphasis of our author's language, carried his views into the

reader's mind, and the reader congratulated himself on his easy fellowship with so renowned an author.

Yet we are persuaded that the mental character of this distinguished man has not yet met with due appreciation. His very merits have stood in the way of his ample recognition. He has lifted up a world of readers till they seem to stand almost on a level with himself. He has made us all familiar with the best critical and constitutional maxims till they have become part of the doctrine and experience of the age. He has disentangled histories and policies so well, that it is difficult to conceive that they were ever hopelessly involved. There is no obscurity in his writings to make him sublime, and no eccentricity to make him rare and original. He has manifested such skill and mastery in prose composition that we slight his pretensions to the character of poet; while his success in literature has drawn away attention from his oratorical achievements. More fatal than all, he has made over his talents and acquirements to the use of the many; and of course the lovers of esoteric and unprofitable truths withhold their approbation.

It is for reasons like these, we presume, that the name of Lord Macaulay is not unfrequently uttered in a slighting tone, or coupled with a disparaging remark. Such depreciation is seldom prompted, and never justified, by a sense of small blemishes or a few inconsiderable defects, so long as great and commanding qualities are fairly kept in view. In the present instance it betrays, we fear, a very poor and inadequate conception of the nature and extent of Lord Macaulay's services, and this even on the part of those who imagine that they thoroughly understand and fairly judge him. When such people condescend to praise the Essayist and Historian, they evidently do so with a mind occupied with the idea of superficial merits and transient reputation; and treat him as a romancer and rhetorician, whose place in the literature of his country is by no means either high or sure.*

---

* It may appear to some of our readers that we have overstated the amount of depreciation which the writings of Lord Macaulay have met with from critics and coteries; yet our statement is derived from observation in many quarters, including the recent obituary notices of the press. One of the latter class may be quoted as a specimen. A morning journal, devoted to the politics of toleration and progress, may be supposed to speak at least without prejudice of the most distinguished advocate and exponent of political reform; yet these are the terms in which it sums up the claims of the deceased: 'All hope of Macaulay as a lawyer and philosopher was over.....He was no poet, it was clear, though he has given us a work delightful to the unlearned. The sober decision already awarded by time is, that his work is no history. If we cannot have the man of genius as statesman or poet, let us take the accomplished scholar and be thankful.' This sounds vastly like the language of the Chinese philosopher Poo-Poo; and it is worthy to be received with reverence by his wife Fi-Fi. We presume the learned pundit

From this view we utterly dissent, and take the earliest occasion to state the reasons which lead us to a different conclusion. In doing so at the present moment our sketch must necessarily be a brief and imperfect summary. We are very far from possessing adequate materials for an estimate of the life and character of Lord Macaulay. Many desultory anecdotes of his career have recently found their way into the public journals, but no detailed or authoritative memoir. The only distinctive publication on the subject is a catch-penny pamphlet of the most trashy description.* Though issuing from the stately avenue of Piccadilly, it is worthy only of the ancient Grub Street. In the obselete sense of the term it is nothing more than a libel, and in the modern sense it is little less. Its facts and opinions are all borrowed; but, for any confidence which the reporter inspires, they might as well have been invented. It is evident, indeed, that we can place small reliance on the information of a writer who inserts a reference to Dr. Milman as 'for many years Dean of *Westminster*,' and who blunders even about a date so recent as that of his hero's death.† Yet a few leading facts are available from other sources; and while his works remain to us, we can never be at a loss for the best possible materials on which to form our estimate of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

This eminent person was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, in the year 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, well known as the friend of Wilberforce and a distinguished member of the 'Clapham sect,' was one of the numerous family of the Rev. John Macaulay, of Inverary, himself the son of a Presbyterian Minister. His mother was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Mills, a respectable bookseller of the city of Bristol, and a member of the Society of Friends. A sister of Zachary Macaulay was united to Mr. Thomas Babington, an English merchant, and from this relation our author received his baptismal names.

A deep and important interest attaches to the home and parentage of every great author. The instance now before us affords no exception to this rule. We believe the associations and influences of Lord Macaulay's youth to have been profound

means us to infer that Oxford and Cambridge—never wanting in 'accomplished scholars'—are full of men like Lord Macaulay, only it is not worth making any fuss about them.

* *Macaulay, the Historian, Statesman, and Essayist.* Second Edition. John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 89, 112.

and permanent, and that in spite of many appearances to the contrary. The essayist and historian will be found to differ widely from his Presbyterian fathers, and even from his political instructors; but it is a difference of degree, of expansion, and of power, rather than of alienation or discrepancy; and, as proving the independence of his mind by the noble catholicity of his judgment, this difference must be set down entirely in his favour. Yet a very strange use has been made of those independent and impartial views for which his writings are distinguished. With a total forgetfulness of the bias natural to his birth and education, they have been adduced as instances of personal prejudice. It is said that his writings show no favour to the Scotch; yet his father came from beyond the Tweed, and there his ancestors had honourable place. He is charged with a dislike to Penn and other Quakers. Yet his mother, whose memory he cherished with a love that no stranger afterwards divided, was herself the sweetest pattern of a Friend. He speaks with scorn of some of the peculiarities of the Puritans; yet by his parentage on both sides he was descended from two of the straitest sects; his actual training in morals and religion was hardly less severe; and indeed it is clear that his own personal sympathies, religious as well as political, were far more in harmony with those of Bunyan, and Milton, and Cromwell, than with either the latitudinarian or the high-church heroes. Polemics and theology he deliberately avoided, and made his choice, wisely as we think, in favour of polite literature, political history, and political philosophy. But there are many incidental proofs that the evangelical creed of his fathers, stript of its Calvinistic sternness, was not unacceptable to his mind and heart. We say, therefore, that when he speaks with freedom and reproof of the Puritans and the Covenanters, it is an evidence of the impartiality and strength of mind which he brought to his great task, since all the associations of childhood, and all the prejudices of party life, would have biassed him in a contrary direction. It is not likely that these strong and early ties should leave any feeling but one of partiality in the mind of our author, even after he had come to adopt a far more liberal creed than that which both hallowed and straitened his parental home. It is true enough that some men, raised by caprice of fortune, turn with disgust from all that reminds them of the base and narrow circumstances of their youth; but this is true only of base and narrow minds. Moreover, it is quite inapplicable in Macaulay's case. His parents were honourable both in character and position. His father was an associate of the highest society, and the friend of the purest and best of men. He was early

appointed Governor of Sierra Leone; returned to this country to assist, in the most retired but effective manner, that great anti-slavery enterprise in which Wilberforce, and Clarkson, and Buxton took leading and public parts; and so intrenched himself in the esteem and love of his compatriots that a memorial was assigned to him in the great Abbey which was afterwards to receive the remains of his distinguished son. This was a parentage for any man of genius to be proud of; and it is not the least honourable trait in our author's character, that his native independence of mind, and his natural pride of intellect, were often chastened and restrained by the pure associations of a religious home.

Even as a boy, Macaulay gave many proofs of a robust and active intellect. This strikingly appears from two letters of Hannah More which have lately found their way into the public press. Our author's mother had been a favourite pupil of this venerable lady, and after her marriage with Zachary Macaulay the friendship was continued in a new relation. Young Babington was a frequent visitor at Barley Wood, and many of his holidays were passed there, much to the delight of his accomplished hostess, in whom his character awakened lively interest. When he was not yet twelve years old, Mrs. More writes to his father:—'Yours, like Edwin, is no vulgar boy, and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings.' The same letter gives intimation of other traits—of candour, good feeling, and great fertility of ideas. Two years later, another long epistle to the same happy father is wholly engrossed by praises of his son. He had now begun to show that interest in politics and history which afterwards possessed him like a passion. Alluding to the boy and his companion, 'I overheard a debate between them,' says Mrs. More, 'on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals.....Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation.' We may trace at this time even his favourite form of expression. When leaving Barley Wood, he said to his entertainers, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends or affection for my parents.' This boyish intimacy with the friend of Johnson and of Garrick no doubt gave some direction to his thoughts and studies. It was then, perhaps, that he first made acquaintance with the characters of an illustrious era, with the merits and genius of that circle which still reflects lustre on the throne of George the

Third, with the statesmen and artists and men of letters who live in the page of Boswell and look from the canvas of Reynolds. It was then, perhaps, that the first stirrings of ambition seized him, and the thirst of knowledge came to stimulate the love of power and distinction. We may carry our conjectures further, and suppose that the quick and fertile imagination of the boy already shaped a hundred literary designs, of which some magnificent history was to form the worthy conclusion. Even the opinions and tastes of such a mind are usually contracted at an early age.

Young Babington Macaulay was not sent to Westminster, though this appears to have been advised by Hannah More. He missed any advantage there may be in 'roughing it' at a public school. After passing some years under the care of a clerical tutor, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, and entered as a commoner of Trinity. This college has been celebrated as the school of Bacon and of Milton, of Isaac Newton and of Isaac Barrow; in future it will be remembered also as the school of Tennyson and Macaulay. The bust of Tennyson is waiting in the vestibule of the library—long may it wait!—till death converts it into a precious memorial; but that of his great contemporary may now be any day brought in.

The new commoner was not quite eighteen years of age when his name was entered on the books of Trinity. He soon gave evidence of extraordinary parts, if not of special application. For mathematics, it is said, he had little taste; but his devotion to classical studies is established on the best of proofs. In the year 1819, he gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem called *Pompeii;* and two years afterwards the same distinction was awarded to him for one entitled *Evening.* Neither of these productions give any indication of his remarkable powers, although his general ability was then acknowledged. We take this fact to be a singular proof of the incompetence of any system of the kind to draw out the finest qualities of competing minds. Mr. Macaulay took his Bachelor's degree in 1822, and proceeded A.M. in 1825.

The position and connexions of Mr. Zachary Macaulay, no less than the commanding talents of his son, early suggested for the latter a career of law and politics. The young collegian had already tried his oratorical powers in the Union Debating Society of Cambridge: in opinions he was already a Whig and something more. Having duly entered at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the bar in February, 1826. But the study of law —at least of its endless details and technicalities—had little

charms for his piercing and active mind; and the Whig party, to which his father belonged, was eager to enlist the talents of the young aspirant. In 1830, he became a Member of Parliament for the borough of Calne. The zeal for representative reform was now rising to its height. At this critical period the new Member proved a great acquisition to his party; he will always be esteemed as a conspicuous unit of that unreformed Parliament which pronounced its own doom.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Macaulay first distinguished himself as an orator of no mean powers; and perhaps his pretensions to that character may be most safely rested on the speeches he then delivered. He was just thirty years of age—the period of youthful prime, when the energies of mind and body are at their best. Eight years had elapsed since he quitted Cambridge, a ripe and finished scholar. He had since added largely to his literary and historic stores. He had mingled in general and political society, watched the signs of the times with a deep intelligent interest, and heard, without fear and without prejudice, the assertion of Roman Catholic claims, and the cry for Representative Reform. One of these measures had already been carried, amid the gloomy vaticinations of many good and wise men. The other was now to be urged forward without delay, and our orator was heartily engaged for its promotion. The harangues of Mr. Macaulay were listened to with breathless attention, and met with prodigious applause. With the speeches before us, we cannot wonder at this reception; and still less at the high praise of men like Mackintosh and Jeffrey. They illustrate in the freshest manner the now trite remark that knowledge is power. They abound in historical analogies and interrogative appeals, all fused together by a swift impetuous logic, that glows as it proceeds, and imparts an irresistible momentum to the train of thought. A single passage can give only a faint idea of the force and brilliance of a whole speech; but we may offer the close of that pronounced on the second reading of the Bill as a fair specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style. He said:—

'I am far indeed from wishing that the Members of this House should be influenced by fear, in the bad or unworthy sense of that word. But there is an honest and honourable fear which well becomes those who are intrusted with the dearest interests of a great community; and to that fear I am not ashamed to make an earnest appeal. It is very well to talk of confronting sedition boldly, and of enforcing the law against those who would disturb the public peace. No doubt a tumult caused by local and temporary irritation ought to be suppressed with promptitude and vigour. Such disturbances, for example,

as those which Lord George Gordon raised in 1780, should be instantly put down with the strong hand. But woe to the Government which cannot distinguish between a nation and a mob! Woe to the Government which thinks that a great, a steady, a long-continued movement of the public mind is to be stopped like a street riot! This error has been twice fatal to the great House of Bourbon. God be praised, our rulers have been wiser. The golden opportunity which, if suffered to escape, might never have been retrieved, has been seized. Nothing, I firmly believe, can now prevent the passing of this noble law, this second Bill of Rights. (Murmurs.) Yes, I call it, and the nation calls it, and our posterity will long call it, this second Bill of Rights, this Greater Charter of the Liberties of England. The year 1831 will, I trust, exhibit the first example of the manner in which it behoves a free and enlightened people to purify their polity from old and deeply-seated abuses, without bloodshed, without violence, without rapine, all points freely debated, all the forms of senatorial deliberation punctiliously observed, industry and trade not for a moment suspended. These are things of which we may well be proud. These are things which swell the heart up with a good hope for the destinies of mankind. I cannot but anticipate a long series of happy years; of years during which a parental Government will be firmly supported by a grateful nation; of years during which war, if war should be inevitable, will find us an united people; of years pre-eminently distinguished by the progress of the arts, by improvement of laws, by the augmentation of the public resources, by the diminution of the public burdens, by all those victories of peace, in which, far more than in any military successes, consists the true felicity of States and the true glory of statesmen. With such hopes, Sir, and such feelings, I give my cordial assent to the second reading of a Bill which I consider as in itself deserving of the warmest approbation, and as indispensably necessary, in the present temper of the public mind, to the repose of the country and to the stability of the throne.'

It is well known that the important measure for which this confident appeal was made was rejected by the House of Lords; but early in the following year it was triumphantly carried. The reader may judge for himself how far the prosperity of England has answered to the predictions of this orator and statesman.

It is said that the speeches of Mr. Macaulay read so well that they are self-condemned. But then it is to be remembered that they read *as speeches*, and not as dissertations addressed only to the student. They are warm enough to raise a flush upon the reader's forehead; and it is too much to ask the author to resign his claim to eloquence of a very high order, merely because he is correct as well as forcible, and feathers his appeal with precedent and reason before he looses it upon the interests and the passions of his audience. Besides, we do not believe the maxim ascribed to Mr. Fox, that a speech which reads well cannot be

a good speech. It is in our judgment quite erroneous. It attributes too much to the merely physical resources of that popular art, and degrades it into trickery as well as base subservience. It assumes the people to be moved only by pantomime and mesmerism, and makes the orator into a compound of mountebank and pandar. We would ask, Do not the plays of Shakspeare and Jonson, and of all dramatists worthy of the name, read well? Yet surely the drama loses as much by the absence of gesture, elocution, and all the scenic illusions and accessories, as a speech can possibly lose by wanting elocution and gesture only. The maxim is justly repudiated by every orator who esteems his art, and is virtually condemned by Lord Brougham and a thousand others when they enjoin the constant study of Demosthenes and Cicero. It was to this intellectual field of oratory that Macaulay aspired. If the mere power of moving a popular assembly were in question, it would not be worth while to contend for it on behalf of such a man. That power is wielded every day, or rather every night, by men of the coarsest mould, as well as by some whose finer clay is tempered by the permeating fire of genius. It was the eloquence of the forum in which Macaulay was fitted to excel. Even in that sphere he no doubt fell short of the practical success of men quite set apart to practical affairs. He gave himself up to party, indeed, for a little while; but even then he was consciously preparing himself for the serious and wider service of mankind. He was no ready debater, living only in the present, and content to spend a precious life-time in learning the parliamentary arts of verbal fence and circumlocution; but he was ready to illustrate and commend the most advanced political philosophy of the day by the lessons and experience of a hundred states. We have no doubt that the result will be a more permanent political renown. The career of an official statesman is flattering and imposing in the public eye; but unless it makes alliance with literature, it is the most transitory kind of glory. Macaulay will be quoted in the future as the orator of Reform; and it is not unlikely that his influence may be even overrated by those who form their opinion from the pith and force of his surviving speeches.

It is high time to recount some of the steps by which Mr. Macaulay had already attained to a literary position. The earliest and strongest bent of his mind impelled him to the study of history and letters. When a mere boy, he surprised his amiable friend, the mistress of Barley Wood, by the number of compositions which he threw off, and by the readiness with which he abandoned and forgot them. The same faculty of invention

amused the leisure hours of his college life. After leaving Cambridge he seems to have been a frequent if not a regular contributor to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, of which Mackworth Praed and Nelson Coleridge were the chief conductors. In that repertory of clever but jejune effusions are many undistinguished pieces from his pen, poetical as well as prose. Only two of these compositions did his riper judgment choose to own and to retain among his later writings; and the historical ballads of the Spanish Armada and King Henry of Navarre are now known to every ardent youth in England.

He soon found a worthier sphere for the display of his quickly maturing powers. In 1825 he contributed his first essay to the *Edinburgh Review*. It was that on Milton, the nominal text, or pretext, of which was furnished by the newly discovered treatise on Christian Doctrine. This paper formed the commencement of an incomparable series, and it is not unworthy of the initial place it now holds in the famous collection of Critical and Historical Essays. It seems, however, to have been retained by the author with some diffidence. He owns that it 'contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, and still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament.' We take this depreciation to be extreme. The Essay on Milton has most of the characteristics of the author's later works; but perhaps not the same perfection of manner and fine sense of proportion. It evinces literary taste and political conclusions, both formed with confidence, and after high models; and the careful reader will find in it the germ at least of that valuable body of criticism which was afterwards contributed by its author to the same Review. Nothing can be more just or admirable than the general remarks on poetry, on the peculiar claims of Milton's verse, and the distinctive merits of Milton and Dante. If we linger more upon this essay, we shall be tempted to transcribe—and so we hastily pass on.

His next contribution was the masterly review of Machiavelli, comprising an original and thorough estimate of the life and works of that remarkable man. The author had now attained full use of all his powers, and was prepared to cope with subjects of the utmost perplexity and difficulty. The essay on Machiavelli affords ample proof of this assertion. Here first begins to appear that abundance of knowledge, that precision of language, and that felicity of illustration, which were the elements of his literary power; but, above these, we are struck by the moral courage which attempts, and the political sagacity which more than half succeeds, in piercing and dispersing the cloud of obloquy that has rested for three hundred years on the

name and fame of the Italian statesman. In doing so he has not said one word in favour of the atrocious principles which at once distinguish and deform the works of Machiavelli; but he has shifted a measure of the moral blame from the author to the age, and from a comparatively upright individual to a crafty, and debased, and crooked people. Perhaps our essayist might have said more in direct and explicit condemnation of *The Prince* and its immoral doctrines; but with his keen sense of justice he could hardly have said less about the author's personal merits. He speaks from deliberate knowledge and conviction when he extols the talents and virtues of this famous theorist. The passage in which he contrasts the general fairness of Machiavelli with the unscrupulous ingenuity of Montesquieu is rather highly wrought in bold relief; but we may transcribe it as a specimen of our author's vivid and effective way of stating undoubted truth.

'In this respect it is amusing to compare *The Prince* and the *Discourses* with the *Spirit of the Laws*. Montesquieu enjoys perhaps a wider celebrity than any political writer of modern Europe. Something he doubtless owes to his merit, but much more to his fortune. He had the good luck of a Valentine. He caught the eye of the French nation at the moment when it was waking from the long sleep of political and religious bigotry; and in consequence he became a favourite. The English at that time considered a Frenchman who talked about constitutional checks and fundamental laws, as a prodigy not less astonishing than the learned pig or the musical infant. Specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth, eager to build a system, but careless of collecting those materials out of which alone a sound and durable system can be built, the lively President constructed theories as rapidly and as slightly as card-houses, no sooner projected than completed, no sooner completed than blown away, no sooner blown away than forgotten. Machiavelli errs only because his experience, acquired in a very peculiar state of society, could not always enable him to calculate the effect of institutions differing from those of which he had observed the operation. Montesquieu errs because he has a fine thing to say, and is resolved to say it. If the phenomena which live before him will not suit his purpose, all history must be ransacked. If nothing established by authentic testimony can be racked or chipped to suit his procrustean hypothesis, he puts up with some monstrous fable about Siam, or Bantam, or Japan, told by writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver were veracious,—liars by double right, as travellers and as Jesuits.'

The minor writings of Machiavelli, and especially his comedies, are all in turn considered by the accomplished essayist, who shows indeed the greatest familiarity with Italian comedy, and is ready to illustrate it by allusions to the ancient and modern drama. These references would be mere impertinence

and pedantry, if they did not truly lighten up the subject; but they invariably do so.

We must not omit a special mention of Mr. Macaulay's next review. It appeared in September, 1828, as a critique on Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*. Of that valuable performance the reviewer evinces a just appreciation, at once discriminating, frank, and generous. The essay is full of excellent remarks on the most important points of English history, and contains the first worthy estimate of the character and genius of Oliver Cromwell, of whom so much has since been written in the same appreciative spirit. It is in this paper that the future historian gives a significant intimation of his theory of historic writing. He had already dropped a hint of his peculiar views in the essay on Machiavelli, in which the following sentences occur: 'The best portraits are perhaps those in which there is a slight mixture of caricature, and we are not certain that the best histories are not those in which a little of the exaggeration of fictitious narrative is judiciously employed. Something is lost in accuracy; but much is gained in effect. The fainter lines are neglected, but the great characteristic features are imprinted on the mind for ever.' A similar line of thought is suggested to him by the style and plan of Mr. Hallam's work. 'Good histories,' says the essayist, 'in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays.....Sir Walter Scott gives us a novel; Mr. Hallam a critical and argumentative history. Both are occupied with the same matter. But the former looks at it with the eye of a sculptor. His intention is to give an express and lively image of its external form. The latter is an anatomist. His task is to dissect the subject to its inmost recesses, and to lay bare before us all the springs of motion, and all the causes of decay.' Again: 'Of the two kinds of composition into which history is thus divided, the one may be compared to a map, the other to a painted landscape. The picture, though it places the country before us, does not enable us to ascertain with accuracy the dimensions, the distances, and the angles. The map is not a work of imitative art. It presents no scene to the imagination; but it gives us exact information as to the bearings of the various points.' The reviewer says no more on this occasion; but it is evident from the passages we have given, that he entertained the notion that history, properly so called, is both a science and an art, and consists in a combination of just design with picturesque and varied treatment. We believe that in the main our essayist was right; the grand historical fragment he has left to us is a noble illus-

tration of his theory. Yet we must remark that the analogy suggested is not quite perfect. Between the composition of history and the art of historic painting, there is only a certain general resemblance; it would be highly dangerous to make the one the counter-part or model of the other, as that would allow to the historian a mere arbitrary treatment in respect to the grouping of characters and the sequence of events. But between biography and the art of portrait-painting the analogy is strict and proper; for in both cases a selection of characteristic feature and expression is demanded and allowed. This indeed extends to an ample vindication of our author's practice, and is probably all for which he really contended. History, as distinguished from historical disquisition, consists in pictures of national events and the portraits of public men. It is right that the scene and circumstances should be sketched with all fidelity, subject only to due perspective and proportion, as distance or insignificance may dictate; but no one has a right to complain, and every one has reason to rejoice, if the portraits are filled in by a master's hand, and speak of the genius of Velasquez or Vandyke.

It is only in the most cursory and general way that we can refer to the remaining essays. They issued in regular procession from our author's pen for the space of twenty years. Many readers will call to mind the pleasure and surprise with which they were severally reviewed on their first appearance in the *Edinburgh Review;* and all have long since made such acquaintance with them that now a mere allusion to their contents is at once distinct and magical. We have all admired, in the article on Southey's Colloquies and that on Gladstone's Theory of Church and State, the firmness and precision of the reviewer, as he exposes the political fallacies of these good men, and protects religion in sanctity and freedom from the indiscretion of her friends. We have all—except the victim and his kindred—smiled at the wit and assented to the justice which condemned Mr. Robert Montgomery to do public and immortal penance, and only felt a weak feeling of regret that the system of puffing had not furnished a less amiable martyr. In these volumes we have found a variety of topics for every mood, and suffered fatigue only from the profusion of the author's knowledge and the uniformity of his rational appeals. All countries in succession are ransacked for our profit, and yield us of their best; sound fruits of history, matured, and gathered, and then carefully and closely packed. We find our author as much at home in the court and camp of Spain, during the War of the Succession, as in the cabinet of Elisabeth with the col-

leagues of Burleigh. We read, without research, but not without confidence, and certainly not without delight, the history of the foundation of an empire in the story of Clive and of Warren Hastings. We have the quintessence of Walpole's Letters and the Burney Diary extracted for our use, when either the one or the other would be insufferably tedious. Boswell is here in cap and bells, ushering the burly moralist; and Bunyan, fine dreamer as he is, meets with a friendly hand to throw up the window of his prison, and a soothsayer to expound the riddle of his genius. Hither we repair for satisfaction as well as for amusement. Nowhere else shall we find so good an introduction to Temple and to Chatham. Not even in the elaborate volumes of Mr. Carlyle shall we obtain so just an estimate of Prussian Frederick; and not even in his own pure and delightful works a more charming interview with English Addison.

The thorough and exhaustive character of these Essays is best exemplified in the article on Lord Bacon. We do not think this just and comprehensive estimate of the great philosopher will ever be superseded in the future. Some new discovery of documents may render a slight correction necessary, and some rash person, like John Lord Campbell, may not even wait for such occasion; but the large and strict and not ungenerous judgment of Macaulay will remain without reversal, and command the greatest admiration from men most competent to pronounce upon its merits. The picture does justice to all the lights of that extraordinary genius; yet the sympathizing essayist does not flinch from adding all the shadows of that worldly and unworthy life. It is said, indeed, that in exalting the philosophy of experiment, our author has needlessly depreciated the philosophy of aspiration. But this is to mistake the object and due limits of the whole discourse. It was not designed to do full and equal justice to both, but only to compare them in respect of practical results. In contrasting the philosophy of Plato with that of Bacon, the critic had occasion only to indicate its comparative defects; he was not required to enlarge on its positive merits. It would perhaps be a more tenable objection to hold that Macaulay has taken a somewhat narrow and material view of that which he delights to call 'the philosophy of fruit.' His remarks upon the method of induction, its uses, its abuse, and its defects, are all admirable; but surely the writings of Bacon might have furnished something in a higher tone,—something which might commend them as tending to raise the individual mind as well as to enlarge the resources of material comfort. But, taken altogether, this essay must always be esteemed as an incomparable specimen of literary and moral judgment. As a

review furnished under the conditions of periodical literature, it is quite unrivalled.

In the year 1842, Mr. Macaulay published his first original and independent work—the *Lays of Ancient Rome*. He did so at a risk which no man could better appreciate than himself. He appeared in a new literary walk, for the first time with his own name, and as a candidate for favours which he had been accustomed to grant or to withhold. It was a hazardous step to pass from the seat of the most searching and unsparing criticism into the place of a probationary author. He had no doubt offended many powerful members of the press; they may be said to have lain in wait for him on every side; and many of them in the bitterness of their hearts had doubtless exclaimed, 'O that mine enemy would write a book!' He did so now to their confusion. It soon became apparent that our critic had thoroughly fortified himself against reprisals,—he had written a book which might safely defy criticism to do its worst, and easily afford that it should do its best. We do not remember that there was a single exception to the unqualified praise which it received; and now when the enthusiasm which it first excited has had long years to subside and turn, it is read with increased admiration and renewed delight.

Perhaps the most notable feature of this work is, the union it exhibits of rare critical sagacity with fresh poetic vigour. Such popular ballads were never introduced by such a preface. We believe that the greatest poems have been issued without note or introduction of any kind, chiefly because they need no apology, and tell explicitly their own tale. Yet it would be affectation to insist upon an uniform observance of this rule. The Lays of Rome would have spoken loudly and distinctly enough to any reader; their effect might have been even greater on some minds had they thus strikingly announced themselves. But every scholar will admire the learned and elaborate preface in which the poet reveals part, at least, of the process of their origin, and tells how he was led, by the study of Niebuhr, to change back the grand legends which abound in the early pages of Livy into what may be supposed their original ballad form. It is when turning with admiration from the last leaf of the preface to the Lays themselves that the reader will be likely to hesitate with a proportionate misgiving; he will look for scholar's verses, very tame and proper, deficient in antique simplicity, and wanting in poetic fire and freedom. It would seem that some persons have taken it for granted that such is their actual defect. One well-known writer of the day, who

resembles our author just as Macedon resembles Monmouth, has recently remarked upon this work in terms which show that he has not even the sympathy of contrast. He compares the *Lays of Ancient Rome* to the tragedy of *Cato*, and assigns to it a similar place in relation to the works of Lord Macaulay which *Cato* bears to the other works of Addison. Most readers of this remark will be struck, not with its simple untruth, but with its curious infelicity. It is much as though the marble statue of a man should remind one of a lion in its native jungle. It is hard, indeed, to say what law of association is responsible for this comparison; but it is certain that we may just reverse it with eminent advantage. *Cato* is totally unlike the other writings of Addison, and is quite as decidedly below them. The Lays of Rome are strongly characteristic of Macaulay's genius, in which they nevertheless reveal a new and even a higher faculty.

The lay of 'Horatius' is the first and, perhaps, the finest of the series. Nothing can be more admirable than the Homeric breadth and vigour of this poem, unless it be the perfect truth and keeping of its details. Equally good, and still more rare, is the union of condensation and spirit in all the verses. Every line contains a thought, and every word is a felicity; yet all is of the utmost clearness. The aspect of a whole country on the eve of war is thus pictured in a single stanza.

> 'The harvests of Arretium,
> This year, old men shall reap;
> This year, young boys in Umbro
> Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
> And in the vats of Luna,
> This year, the must shall foam
> Round the white feet of laughing girls,
> Whose sires have marched for Rome.'

The force and beauty of the last line are incomparable: it is both key and climax to the whole stanza; while we yet glance on the boys at the shearing, and the girls in the wine-press, we hear the tramp of the sturdy patriots lessening on our ear. Another passage will show the great capabilities of the old ballad measure, in the hands of a great minstrel. The warriors have now come to the bridge which is to be the chief point of contention.

> 'But now no sound of laughter
> Was heard amongst the foes.
> A wild and wrathful clamour
> From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

'But hark! the cry is, Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulder
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

'He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

'Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow;
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

We forbear to continue a quotation which the reader's memory probably supplies. For the same reason we omit an extract of some length, from the lay of Virginia, with which we had intended to show what variety of power, and what familiarity of Roman knowledge, concur to make these ancient popular songs the most perfect compositions of their class.

We come now to the most important event in our author's career,—the publication of the *History of England*. With all the sterling merit of the Lays—enough to make the reputation of any other writer, and to place him next in poetic rank to the Laureate himself—they were produced by Mr. Macaulay in a mood of comparative relaxation, and must be counted only as an interlude dividing the Essays from the History. Upon the latter work he was just about to enter, after twenty years of public service and of private study had made his whole life one course

of preparation for the task. The point chosen for the commencement of the History, was the accession of James II.; and the choice was probably determined by two reasons,—a conviction that grace of style would have the effect of long preserving the defective narrative of Mr. Hume, and a special desire to narrate the settlement of the English Constitution, as the starting-point of national prosperity, and the index pointing towards improvement in the future. The work appears to have been prosecuted by the author with steady diligence. An interval occurring in his parliamentary life was welcomed as an advantage, and improved with care; and though he was afterwards induced to resume once more the functions of a representative, his failing health warned him that he could not serve the public in the double capacity of author and senator, and he resigned his seat in the House of Commons. The fruits of his literary seclusion soon appeared. The first two volumes of the *History of England* were issued in the autumn of 1848; and these were followed by two more, after an interval of six years, at the season of Christmas, 1854. On both occasions, as our readers cannot fail to remember, the publication was attended by the utmost excitement and enthusiasm, such as the mere issue of a new book perhaps never before aroused in the people of this country. Though the price was necessarily high, the sale was unprecedentedly large. It was eagerly received, reprinted, sold, and circulated in America and the English Colonies; and now it is found under the most humble and most distant roofs which shelter any of the sons and daughters of Anglo-Saxon race.

The character of a work destined to such influence in the world is of the utmost moment. We believe it is too well known and appreciated to need either description or defence. Some critics will never join in praises offered by the people. Some students have a sincere and natural preference for works of a more unequal character, for statements of a curious or a disputable kind, for a style that often creeps, and an author that sometimes nods. By both of these classes our historian has yet to be forgiven. Happily he can wait; for his literary immortality is just begun. When the flood of popularity subsides it will leave his ark still high above the plain. When the *History of England* ceases to be a wonder it will begin to be a classic.

It is said that a strong political bias disqualified Mr. Macaulay for the historian's office. To the false maxim implied in this remark we ascribe much of the vague and foolish depreciation which his volumes have encountered. No reflecting person will object to the existence of such bias, though some few may regret its particular direction. It was, in our judgment, the

most necessary preparation of all, without which learning, and industry, and taste would have been virtually thrown away. What should we say of a church history whose author was neither Roman nor Protestant, and who looked with pure and equal indifference on the sacramental and the evangelical theories? We should say at least that the writer had mistaken his vocation, and that he had better have applied his historic talents to some institution, or system, or event, which he could appreciate and describe on definite principles. But political indifference is quite as disqualifying in the one case as religious indifference in the other. To have no preferences is to have no principles; and to have no principles is to have no qualification for systematic and judicial work. It is just by this defect that the mere annalist or chronicler falls below the dignity and responsibility of the historian. History is one of the humanities; it employs all the faculties of the historian, social, moral, and intellectual; and his experience as a man will necessarily penetrate his convictions as a philosopher. It is not possible, and it is not desirable, that the lessons of the past should be ground out by a cosmopolitan machine. It is not necessary that domestic history should be written by a foreigner, the History of England by a *littérateur* of France. Then if our historian may have the preferences of an Englishman, he may have some views determined by his political philosophy. To write a history at all he must adopt some general but consistent theory of social order; the more liberal and expansive indeed the better, but still a theory consistent with itself. He is to come as near to the truth as possible, wresting no fact, omitting no material point; and, since selection is necessary, to subordinate features according to their insignificance. All this supposes the work to be the History of England according to one man's reading and interpretation; and of course in its origin it can be nothing more. It only becomes of public character and importance by the adoption of a large or smaller public. Thus individual members of the community make their election of that which comes nearest to their idea of English History. If Macaulay does not meet their views, they have an alternative in Lingard or in Froude. If they are disposed to be eclectic, they will read all three. If they incline to be absurd, they will expect a historian to arise who shall make them all at one.

The general character and influence of this History—or rather this historical fragment—will then be differently determined and prized, according to different political convictions. But surely we may all go far together. Every candid reader, for example, will acquit the author of unfairness. For our own part

we have arrived at this conclusion: the historian betrays a decided preference for certain political principles, but exercises a rigorous impartiality in respect of public characters. In fact, he has thus in detail offended many who in the main approve of his performance. He will call no man perfect, since he does not find perfection. Where his love of constitutional freedom attaches him to the agent of such blessing, his praise will be awarded upon that account. His duty is with public and not private virtues. Thus he has more to approve in William and more to condemn in Charles; but at the same time he allows that Charles was a faithful husband, and admits the 'vices of the cold and stern William.' But his impartiality might be proved by a thousand instances, in which he points out the faults of those whom every personal feeling would lead him to protect. The most striking instance we remember is not of a political description, but is quite as strong a testimony to his love of truth. We allude to the servility and corruption of Lord Bacon. No man could more admire, because none could better appreciate, the genius of this great philosopher. No man was so jealous of the dignity of arts and learning, or so conscious of the honour due to genius. Yet the same hand with equal firmness wrote the tribute of admiration and the sentence of disgrace. A weaker mind,—a biographer more concerned for his *protégé* than for truth,—a man, for instance, like Basil Montagu,—makes lame and even dishonest apologies. But Macaulay was made of different material, or rather he was animated by a loftier motive. Who can say what pain he felt when the sacrifice was made, and like all others now to the end of time, he turned with a sickened heart 'from the chequered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame?'

It has long been a disputed point whether the highest order of genius is more profited, or more encumbered and depressed, by great store of ancient learning. We may leave that question to be settled by the idle and the curious. It is certainly not much affected either way by the fact that the scholastic training of Mr. Macaulay was turned to the utmost advantage in his subsequent career. The fact itself is beyond dispute. It might be conjectured from the order of his mind; it may be proved by the character of his pursuits and the peculiar texture of his works. His intellect was one of the finest of the second order. He was born, not to create, but to arbitrate and arrange in the sphere of literary and historic truth. It may suffice for the poet to have the beauties of nature and the promptings of his human heart; but the critic, the historian, the political philo-

sopher, needs material of another kind. The more he knows of what men and nations have said, and done, and suffered, and believed, the better. His judgment will still depend for value on the measure of his reason, the quickness of his intuitions, and the integrity of his purpose; no amount of learning will supply the place of these more personal gifts; but, other things being equal, the historian and critic who is most familiar with the past will approve himself the best instructor and guide of his own and future generations. Mr. Macaulay was qualified for his undertaking by a thorough education and great store of acquired knowledge. He was learned in the common acceptation of the word, as well as in its larger and truer sense. His general acquisitions were reared upon a sound scholastic basis. His scholarship was nice and critical, like all the mental furniture of this eminent man; for his mind was delicate as well as powerful, and he set no value on the loose and vague and every way imperfect information with which for the most part even educated men rest satisfied. What he thought worth knowing, he thought worth knowing accurately; with the same precision he communicated what he knew, and would have scrupled as much to misspell an informer's name as to traduce a patriot's character. This habit of mind, this mutual propriety of thought and language, was doubtless contracted in his earliest studies; and may be traced in all his criticisms on Latin poetry and history.

But all that he acquired in the strict course of collegiate study was as nothing to that which, with a genuine love of knowledge, and a rare appreciation of literature in all its forms, he eagerly pursued on every hand. Nothing seemed to escape his quiet and instinctive vigilance, and nothing came amiss to his omnivorous appetite and catholic taste. His knowledge extended to the small as well as to the great. He had none of that vulgar ignorance which despises vulgar knowledge and the knowledge of vulgar things. He drew many of his illustrations from the humblest source. He was familiar with the history of the obscurest sects. He understood the significance of trifles, and would sometimes quote a ballad as men throw up a straw, to show the direction of the popular feeling at a given time. In all this he had a serious object, a large and general design, to which the amusement of the reader was either subordinated or postponed. He did not lower the dignity of history, but imported into history the higher dignity of human nature.

Both the admirers and depreciators of our author adduce the fact of his extraordinary memory. With the one class it is the

meanest and lowest element of his intelligence; with the other it is the secret of all his reputation and success. For ourselves we attribute much to the prodigious memory of Lord Macaulay; but we have no hesitation in saying that in him it assumes the dignity of an intellectual faculty. His memory was the ready index of a capacious, well-stored, and well-ordered mind. The springs of such a memory—the power that moves the finger of her dial—are in the wit and wisdom of the mind itself. A fact, a parable, a verse, is always suggested on the right occasion, to illustrate a point or to supply an apt and forcible analogy. Of course this is a very dangerous power; but he who has it in the highest degree will be least disposed to abuse it. It is impossible to demonstrate the measure of fairness with which this striking faculty was exercised by Lord Macaulay; for it operates more or less in every page of his works, and affects even what is excluded as well as what is introduced. The appeal lies therefore to the works themselves, and to the impression, as a whole, which they leave upon the minds of competent and candid readers.

Upon our author's style we have already incidentally remarked. One secret of its charm is identical with the reason of its excessive and fatiguing brilliance. It abounds with special facts and details so disposed as to have the effect at once of truth and ornament. It is the extreme opposite to verbosity and diffuseness; and those who ascribe these qualities to our author's writings know not what they say. He employs rhetoric as auxiliary to logic, and illuminates his propositions by concrete examples. He has himself remarked (in the Essay on Addison) upon 'the advantage which in rhetoric and poetry the particular has over the general,' and his works bear witness that this maxim was always kept in mind. The effect of this brilliant and trenchant style is to leave the reader at the mercy of the author; and in so far it is highly dangerous and not quite legitimate. His defence must be that he has used an unlawful power to just and lawful ends. No man has put on record so many sound judgments, literary and political, in the same contracted limits. No writer has made over to the public the fruits of so much reading and so much reflection, on the mere condition that they receive and enjoy them.

We do not altogether like the practice of drawing literary parallels. It mostly ends in the disparagement of some useful member of the republic of letters; and no comparisons are so odious as those which savour of ingratitude. For this reason we shall rather indicate than act upon the opinion we have formed, that nothing would so tend to establish the great supe-

riority of Lord Macaulay's writings as a comparison instituted betwixt them and those of his most distinguished contemporaries. The reader may pursue this inquiry by collating our author's History and Essays, with the analogous productions of Southey, Mackintosh, and Hallam. He may take respectively a page, an article, a volume of each. Let all superficial merits, all mere graces of style, go for nothing. Let him make no account of the brilliance of the ore, but only of its quality and weight. He will then have to estimate the amount of knowledge, of critical discernment, of clear, and full, and honest statement, of logical precision, of useful and legitimate result. We will venture to say that a competent and candid judge will admit that the Essays of Macaulay may be safely weighed against all the works of Mr. Southey put together. We have no doubt that posterity will set a higher value upon the first volume of Macaulay's History than upon the whole historic writings of Mackintosh and Hallam.

The critical and historical essay may be set down as the creation of Macaulay's genius. That which was purely critical, had already attained great excellence in the hands of Jeffrey and of Smith, and that which was merely historical had been approved, if not admired, by the readers of Southey and Hallam. But that which was eminently both,—in which the historical events and sequences were first elicited by critical sagacity, and then depicted with consummate art; that admirable form of composition in which history wears the vivid features of biography, and biography acquires the breadth and purpose of history, was certainly originated by Babington Macaulay. By him, also, it was brought quickly to perfection. In this rare art he has had many followers, but as yet no rival; and it is not easy to conceive that our posterity may welcome his superior. Another Paul Veronese may arise to make pale the glories of the old Venetian masters; but no historian in the future will ever outmatch the noble portrait of 'Chatham,' or tame down the splendid picture of 'Warren Hastings.' Their political value is equal to their pictorial power. We believe that one of the lost books of Livy would be too dearly bought at the price of one of these Essays. We have no doubt that these Essays will form a precious text-book for students when the Discourses of Machiavelli have no other memorial.

We must say a few words on the little volume of Biographies, reprinted from the Encyclopædia since Lord Macaulay's death. With the exception of a further brief instalment of the History, it is the only performance of the author which remains to be

welcomed for the first time. It is so choice and beautiful in itself, that the interest of novelty is quite superfluous. Many volumes are read to the end with pleasure; but how few are there which we put down with positive regret! Yet this is one of them. The author makes biography more touching and more charming than romance. The fastidious Gray is said to have exclaimed, 'Be it mine to lie upon a sofa, and read all day eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!' If he had lived till now, he might have substituted this little work, and been pardoned the luxurious wish. His pleasure would, however, have been very brief. The volume contains only five biographies,—those of Atterbury, of Bunyan, of Goldsmith, of Johnson, and of Pitt. These are names for Lord Macaulay to conjure with; and accordingly the enchantment is very perfect. The author's skill is at its best, and his spirit of the mellowest tone. The life of the younger Pitt is a most admirable summary of a character full of difficulty, and a career more than usually complicated and involved. Bunyan, too, who was a favourite of our author, is very nicely handled.

But the memoir of Dr. Johnson is certainly the best. It is a model of condensed, and clear, and just biography —a portrait in mosaics, skilfully inlaid. We cannot help alluding to the account which it gives of the death of that great man, partly because it supplies an omission of Boswell, but still more because it is an indication of the religious sentiments of our author. Every one has admired the beautiful description of the death-bed of Addison, in the Essay on the Life of that accomplished writer; but many have observed with regret the almost studied absence of One Name. There was a grateful recognition of God as the author of his being and guide of all his steps; but no distinct mention of the Saviour of men as the object of his devout and final trust. At the death-bed of a gloomier genius there is given a ray of stronger light. The Christian admirers of Johnson may now read, in the frank and voluntary language of Macaulay: 'He ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ.' There ought to be nothing strange or remarkable in this language; but considering the tone of general biography, and the usual reserve of our author, we are led to attach to it a very welcome significance.

Art II.—1. *The History of Whitby, and of Whitby Abbey, collected from the original Records of the Abbey and other authentic Memoirs, never before made Public: containing, not only the History of Whitby and the Country adjacent, but also the Original and Antiquities of many particular Families and Places in other Parts of Yorkshire.* By Lionel Charlton, Teacher of the Mathematics at Whitby. 1779.

2. *A History of Whitby, and Streoneshalh Abbey.* By the Rev. George Young. Two Vols. Whitby. 1817.

3. *British Monachism.* By the Rev. T. D. Fosbroke. London. 1843.

In the year 655, a great battle was fought in the valley of the Aire, on the site of the modern town of Leeds. The chances were very unequal; one King against three,—and as to their respective forces, if the chronicles are to be believed, it was as one man against thirty. The gods, however, for once fought on the weaker side; and the conqueror, in fulfilment of a previous vow, set apart his little daughter to the monastic life. He gave also twelve parcels of land for the founding of new monasteries; and suddenly became an ecclesiastical patron of the first force. This was Oswy, King of Northumbria, whose territory extended as far south as the Humber. His child was intrusted to the lady Hilda, abbess of Heruteu (Hartlepool), who was herself the daughter of a princely house, and had even higher qualifications for such a charge, inasmuch as her reputation for learning and sanctity had spread through the whole country. When intrusted with the daughter of the King, she chose the site of Streoneshalh (Whitby) for the new monastery, and removed thither as soon as the necessary buildings could be erected. This was A.D. 658, when Hilda was forty-four, and the little princess Ælfleda was four year of age. Charlton has made the extraordinary mistake of supposing that the existing ruins are those of Hilda's abbey, whereas the latter must have been a building of the very rudest material and construction. A few houses gradually accumulated at the foot of the cliff; but it was not until a comparatively recent period that they could be dignified with the name of a town. In the year 664, was held the famous Synod of Streoneshalh. The selection of this place for so important a convocation says much for the character of the abbey, which had been founded little more than six years. The churches of Britain had for several generations rejected the authority of Rome; and their usage differed considerably from the rest of Christendom, especially as regarded the time of keep-

ing Easter, the mode of administering baptism, and the tonsure of the clergy. As in later times, a party arose within the Church having strong Romish tendencies, and rapidly increased in numbers and influence, until they compelled an authoritative examination of the questions in dispute; and the Synod of Streoneshalh was the result. The close of the debate was characteristic. The controversy had become very sharp, when one of the High Church dignitaries, citing St. Peter as his authority, concluded with the well-worn passage respecting the keys. The King suddenly inquired of one of the Anglican bishops, if these words really were spoken by our Lord; and, on learning that they were, asked if any similar power was given to St. Columba, the rival authority. Both parties agreed that such power was only given to St. Peter. 'Well, then,' said Oswy, 'I tell you that he is a porter whom I will not contradict, but to the utmost of my knowledge and ability will obey all his statutes, lest perhaps, when I come to the gates of heaven, there be none to open to me, being at variance with him who holds the keys.' This decided the matter; and the practice of the British Church, in regard to the questions in dispute, was ordered to be discontinued thenceforward.

The monastery was opened to monks as well as nuns, and became a noted seat of learning. Even during the lifetime of Hilda, no fewer than six of its inmates received episcopal ordination, and many others were appointed to inferior offices in the Church. The circumstances under which some of the bishoprics thus filled were created, deserve notice as an early illustration of the spirit of rebellion always maintained in this country against the pretensions of the court of Rome. Wilfred, the prelate to whose exertions in the Synod the Romanists mainly owed their victory, was made bishop of Northumbria. The diocese extended from the Firth of Forth to Lincoln, and was the richest and most extensive in Britain. Its revenues enabled him to live in almost royal splendour. He had several residences, with retinues of servants in gorgeons livery; and in an age when the precious metals were rarely seen except in coin, he was served in gold and silver plate. Such splendid extravagance brought much scandal upon religion, and, what was of more consideration to the temporal power, excited very general discontent among the people: the King, therefore, commanded his archbishop to divide the see. Wilfred refused to enter into such an arrangement, and appealed to the Pope, himself journeying to Rome to support his cause. His reception was enthusiastic; the bishopric was defined according to its former limits, and he was solemnly re-instated. After receiving every honour,

he set out on his return, furnished with the necessary credentials. Meanwhile, the royal commands had been carried into effect, and the bishopric was divided into two. But when the Papal decision was known, the see was still further divided, and now constituted *five* bishoprics; while, by way of more pungent rejoinder to the Pope's interference, his client on his return was thrown into prison.

Among the worthies whom the monastery produced in these days, must be mentioned Cædmon, the earliest Saxon poet of whom we have any knowledge; and who, moreover, is said to have been divinely instructed in his art. Though barely able to read or write, he one night composed, during a celestial vision, a hymn in praise of the Creator. The hymn is still extant, but it by no means betrays its heavenly origin. Cædmon, however, was at once set apart for this class of composition; and, besides hymns and devotional pieces, he executed a metrical version of many parts of Scripture, one of the earliest attempts at a translation of the sacred books into the vulgar tongue.* He attained a very high reputation among his brethren, a reputation that has survived to later times; for it would seem that his thoughts have enriched even Milton's page.

The lady Hilda died in the year 680, shortly after founding the monastery of Hacanos, (Hackness,) near Scarborough; and, according to the chronicles, her life has been rarely equalled in any later age for piety and good works. Well authenticated miracles garnish a record which is doubtless true in the main; and we read that while the nuns of Whithy witnessed the departure of their foundress from this world, the nuns of Hackness at the same hour witnessed her glorious admission into the next. A successor was found in the princess Ælfleda, who was

---

* The following is Dr. Young's translation of the opening of the Book of Genesis:—

'There was not then yet,
Except a covering shadow,
Any thing made;
But the wide ground
Stood deep and dim,
A stranger to the Lord,
Void and unprofitable.
On this his eyes he glanced,
The powerful King of peace,
And beheld the place
Destitute of joy;
He saw the dark clouds
Perpetually press,
Black under the sky,
Desert and waste;
Until this world's creation
Through the word was done
Of the King of glory.
Here first made
The Eternal Lord,
Protector of all things,
Heaven and earth;
The sky he reared,
And this spacious land
He established
With strong power;
Almighty Ruler!
The earth was as yet
With grass not green,
With the ocean covered,
Perpetually black
Far and wide
Were desert ways.'

only twenty-six years of age when appointed abbess; but her character, no less than her high lineage, fully justified the selection; and for more than thirty years she successfully conducted the affairs of the monastery. After her death the abbey continued to prosper, and to extend its influence, calling into existence similar institutions, educating the youth of the neighbourhood, and gathering round it an increasing population. But the kingdom fared ill; there were rival claimants for power; and a succession of civil wars rendered it an easy prey to the Danes, whose descents upon the coast became more frequent and harassing. In 867, they laid waste the whole province, Streoneshalh falling, like all such places. Two hundred years later,—years of ceaseless anarchy and bloodshed,—the monastery still lay in ruins, and its very name had passed away.

The restoration of the abbey commenced in the year 1078, and it is henceforward entered in the records under the name of Wytteby. Important changes were made in its constitution; for while the Saxon monastery was of the order of Iona, the Norman monastery was of the order of the Benedictines; instead of being a mixed monastery, it was open to monks only; and while the first recluses kept their vows of poverty, perhaps from hard necessity, the revenues of their successors were enormous, and their immunities and privileges were on an equal scale. The boundary line of their territory ran from Mulgrave, on the coast, to Egton, which is seven miles inland, thence in a south-easterly direction to Hackness, thence back to the coast, which it strikes at Peak, on the southern extremity of Robin Hood's Bay; forming an irregular oval, nearly twenty miles in length, by five to eight in breadth. This was called by the monks their 'liberty,' which remains to this day, with sundry rights still pertaining to it, under the name of Whitby Strand. In addition, extensive property accumulated 'without the liberty,' as bequests were made to the abbey from time to time. Thus large estates existed in Cleveland, in the neighbourhood of York, in Westmoreland, and even as far north as Scotland. There were also dwelling-houses in sundry towns, feudal services due from various quarters, and property held in villanes or slaves;* there

* Among the records is the following note:—'Richard de Bushale (or Bushell) gave one carucate of land in the town of Fordun, with all the men that possessed that land, and with all their *suites* (or families); viz.:—Robert, the son of Walter, with all his family; William, his son, with all his family; Thomas, the son of William, with all his family; John, the son of Lunin, with all his family; William, the son of Levine, with all his family; and Agnes, a widow, with all her family.' And, again, Stephen de Blaby gives 'as a pure and perpetual alms, the homage of the son of Thomas, with all his offspring for ever, so that into whatever part of the world they might come, they

were churches and chapels, with their revenues in whole or in part, which became fruitful sources of litigation, and many small monastic buildings and hermitages. Tithes were a considerable source of revenue, and especially the tithe of fish landed in the port of Whitby, which, in 1396, produced £52 13*s.* 11*d.* in one half year, when the price of wheat was 4*s.* 6*d.* per quarter.

Of course, income derived from such various sources was not got in without much difficulty, and the monks had lawsuits without end. The heirs of benefactors often sought to recover property, when the tenor of their kinsman's will went much against their own. But the holy men were generally so shrewd, and the deeds of gift or of bequest so strictly accurate, that resistance was of little use. The stoutest litigants were the ecclesiastics. The dues (practically rents) of churches under the patronage of the abbey were frequently withheld, so were tithes of all sorts; and in consequence there were actions of rejoinders, and cases of extreme difficulty, tried by English law, and subsequent appeals to the court of Rome, beside all the cases decided by arbitration. The abbot for the time being, in order to secure his gains, more or less ill-gotten, prosecuted yeomen and lords, rectors, priors, brother abbots, bishops; and in one instance proceedings were taken against a nunnery, much to the scandal of polite society. Sometimes it was a disputed right of pasturage, or an enclosure of moorland; at others it was the right of presentation to a living, or a right of road; but, for the most part, the withholding of tithes, or dues in some shape or other, was the ground of litigation. In one case of presentation to a living in the diocese of Carlisle, there were numberless trials on different issues, the decisions alternating with much regularity between the two parties, until an appeal to the court of Rome resulted in a decision against the claims of the abbey; and not only so, but in the solemn excommunication of the abbot and the whole convent. The abbot, nothing daunted, ignored the decree, and held the church by main force; and, finally, after lawsuits of twenty years, which drained the purses on both sides, and kept the whole bishopric of Carlisle in a ferment, the cause rested with the doughty abbot.

The wealth of the monks rendered them formidable; but the privileges accorded to them appear in these days incredible, and within their own territory must have rendered them almost independent of the civil power. They were exempt from all

should always remain free from the said Stephen and his heirs.' And Stephen de Meinell grants 'as a fine and perpetual alms, William Cokelan of Aton, with all his offspring.'—*Young*, vol. i., pp. 276, 277.

feudal service, all taxes, and all ecclesiastical dues. They held their own courts to settle disputes and to judge offences. They could compel the attendance of witnesses, and impose fines. They had their own prisons, in which their very summary justice was duly executed. And they had the terrible power of imposing the ordeal of fire and the ordeal of water. They 'received all manner of forfeited effects of felons or others within their liberty; all found treasure; the wreck of the sea, whether lying or floating; the waif and straif (lost cattle, or goods unclaimed) on their premises; all fines and amercements; all waste grounds, waste woods, deodands, and everything else which usually pertains to the King; exemption from all suits of shires, cities, hundreds, wapentakes, and tithings of the King, and from all general mulcts and amercements.'* It was in the power of an abbot to make knights; to confer the lesser orders; to dispense with irregularities in his monks; to give the benediction anywhere; to consecrate churches and cemeteries; to appoint and depose priors of cells; and to hold visitations once a year, or, if there was a necessity, oftener. Beside holding parliamentary honours, some of the higher order were sponsors to the children of the blood royal. A few had the privilege of coining; but only archbishops could impress their own name and effigies.' They rode with hawks on their fists, on mules with gilded bridles, saddles, and cloths of blood colour, and with immense retinues. The noble children whom they educated served them as pages. They styled themselves by 'Divine permission,' or 'the grace of God,' and their subscription was only their surname, and the name of the house.†

The monastic clergy had thus become a formidable class, as ambitious of power as the barons had been, but even more avaricious than they, and having interests and sympathies altogether apart from the common people. They no longer retained the respect due to their religious profession; for with wealth came relaxed discipline; ceremonies superseded religion, asceticism grew into licentiousness, and these so-called religious houses became everywhere a by-word. Instead of prayers being said every three hours night and day, the inconvenient hours were omitted; and such services as were retained were irreverently hurried through. 'The bell which rang to matins, (midnight prayers,) was called the fool-waker, in ridicule of those who answered its summons. Secular customs were intermingled with the mass. The services of founders and benefactors were unattended to. The monks did not even give personal

---

* Young. † Fosbroke.

attendance, through the negligence of abbots. Some scarcely celebrated four times in the year, though every one in priests' orders was to do so at least once in eight days. There was much disorderly noise, tumult, laughter, gossiping, and disputes, as well as lounging about the church, conversing with brethren, or seculars, and idly turning over the books.'* They evaded the slight supervision exercised over them, leaving the monastery at unseasonable hours, on various pretexts, or altogether secretly; for in the case of the Charter House, it was discovered that there were twenty-four keys to the cloister-door. They haunted taverns, drank to excess, played at dice, cards, and other games of hazard, abandoned themselves to gross pleasures, were frequently convicted of theft, and in general lived most disreputably. One of the statutes of the Savoy Hospital enacts that no master, vice-master, chaplain, or other minister or servant shall play at dice, cards, &c.; 'but they may at all times play at chess, and at Christmas for forty days at draughts, *so as they do not cheat, blaspheme, or lose much.*' One of the inquiries respecting their chaplains is, 'Whether any of them be a fighter, a seditious person, a drunkard, a common haunter of taverns or alehouses, or a dicer, carder, or walker abroad by night.'†

The celebration of the great festivals of the Church had, since the commencement of the twelfth century, degenerated into mere buffoonery. The Feast of Asses, performed on the morning of Christmas Day, was perhaps the most absurd of these 'spectacles,' in which appeared a very miscellaneous gathering of Scripture worthies. Moses, in alb and cape, bearded, carrying a rod in one hand, and the two tables of the law in the other; Aaron, in a mitre and pontificals, holding a flower; Daniel, a youth in a green tunic, holding an ear of wheat; Samuel, 'clothed religiously,' whatever that may mean; Joel, in a beard, and parti-coloured dress; Jonas, bald, dressed in white; Balaam, seated on an ass (which gave the name of the feast); Habakkuk, 'a lame old man, in a dalmatic, with a scrip full of radishes, which he ate while he spoke, and long branches of palm to strike the Gentiles;' Malachi, John the Baptist, and *Virgil;* a Sibyl, Nebuchadnezzar, and the three Hebrew children, for whose especial behoof a furnace was prepared in

* Fosbroke.

† A monk of Peterborough stole jewels, to give to women of the town. Theft is named in the general confession of the monks as a crime to be guarded against. One of the priors of Tupholme was very skilful in coining false money. A monk of St. Alban's forged the convent seal. But the most extraordinary case is that of a monk who stole the pix, or golden box containing the host, and which was invested with an almost awful sanctity. Henry the Fifth once stayed his army while on the march, for an entire day, in order to discover the perpetrator of a similar theft.

the nave of the church, with linen and tow. The play was partly spoken, and partly sung, but was not half so amusing as the combination of characters would seem to indicate. Toward the close of the year was celebrated the Feast of Fools. On the 17th of December, an Abbot of Fools was elected, after which a *Te Deum* was sung, followed by drinking, mock psalm-singing, and a sermon from the convent-porter. During the fourteen days that the revel lasted, great deference was paid to the Fool Abbot, even by the regular authorities. On Innocents' Day, (the 28th,) a Bishop of Fools was elected in much the same fashion. During the three following days, attended by a mock chaplain, he presided at matins, high mass, and vespers. He was clothed in the vestiary with a silk cope, mitre, and gloves; his chaplain likewise in a silk cope; and preceded by incense-bearers, he walked in procession to the marble throne, where he sat throughout each service, concluding it with his blessing. During the festival there were numerous masquerades, the performers in which 'danced and sang in the choir, ate fat cakes upon the horn of the altar, where the celebrating priest played at dice; put stinking stuff from the leather of old shoes into the censer, ran and jumped through the church, &c.' *

There was a taint of blasphemy even in the ordinary monastic discipline. When the abbot went out with benediction, the monks were to meet him on their knees. If he was seated, and they wished to deliver anything to him, they did so kneeling, and at the same time kissing his hand. Whenever he was present in the refectory, every one rose as he entered, and bowed reverently as he passed. He decided what services or processions he would attend, or whether he would attend any. When he signified his pleasure to be present, he was received with the most lowly reverence; and the ceremonies which followed had more frequent reference to him than to the professed object of worship. At all times he could claim indulgence for himself to any extent, and could grant the same to the monks under his charge. He was in fact the pope of the convent, and was so regarded.

The number of the monks of Whitby was thirty-nine. At their head was the lord abbot, with his hall, chamber, kitchen, and other offices apart from those of the convent, and a large retinue of servants to attend him. When he travelled, he had a mounted retinue,—even his cook was furnished with a horse. He had also his private chaplains, who were changed every year. His ecclesiastical dress was that of a bishop; but he wore his

* Fosbroke.

parliamentary robes when he took his seat among the spiritual lords. Next in station was the prior, also having servants and horses; and a sub-prior; in large convents there seems to have been a prior to every ten monks. There was a general cellarer, or steward, with his horses and servants; and a sub-cellarer; also a kitchener, who, so far from being a scullion, was a dignitary like the rest, and master of the household,—Ælfstan, a head-cook at Abingdon, afterwards became a bishop;—and finally, of this class, a refectioner. There were, in addition, the precentor, sacrist, treasurer, chamberlain, and others, to the number of nineteen, all monks. A large number of lay servants, cooks, porters, pages, bakers, brewers, huntsmen, &c., lived without the gates. Besides these, attorneys, bailiffs, market-clerks, foresters, and others, were constantly employed on the business of the abbey. The expenditure, of course, was enormous, and generally much above the income.

The total revenue in 1395, was £654; in 1460, it was not more than £390; at the time of the dissolution, £505. Money was then worth thirteen or fifteen times more than it is in our day; but even allowing for this difference, many of the items appear very small. The revenues from Whitby, consisting of rents of lands, with the custom, toll, and burgage of the town, did not, in 1460, amount to £20; and the entire rental of Whitby Strand was only £203 16*s.* 3½*d.*;* but in this statement the lands held by the monks themselves are of course not included. Items of 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 5*s.*, and even smaller sums, are common in the rent-rolls. The rentals sound strangely, compared with those now paid on the same property; as for instance, Rent of Hinderwell, 12*s.* 1*d.*; Ditto of Ruston, 3*s.*; Ditto of Skirpenbeck, 20*s.*; Ditto of Hutton-Bushell, 30*s.* 6*d.*; Ditto of Eskdaleside, 74*s.* 5*d.*; Ditto of Sleights, 63*s.* 9*d.* Unfortunately, most of the records have been lost; and those which remain do not furnish the accounts complete for any one year. The revenues of Bolton abbey appear to have been much the same, and the number of monks was the same; but their expenditure was even more profuse. The consumption of liquor was about the same in both cases, being for wine, £19, against £18 16*s.* 8*d.*, or about 1800 gallons to each convent, and for malt £64 on the part of Whitby, or 320 quarters, against 636 quarters of *oats* malted at Bolton. Both rolls contain large sales of wool, but the prices are given in that of Bolton only.

* The holy brethren exacted the uttermost farthing, and fractions were always scrupulously reckoned. It is recorded that one of the Lords of Berkeley, being in ill health, passed a short time at a grange under the abbot of Canterbury for change of air. The abbot's bill came to 2*d.*, which amount was duly paid and received.

And if they were not so often repeated that mistake is impossible, they would be incredible. Skin wool fetched 2*s.* a stone, ordinary fleeces 3*s.*, and black wool 5*s.*, or, reduced to the present rate of money, 2*s.* 2*d.*, 3*s.* 2*d.*, and 5*s.* 3*d.* *a pound* respectively, nearly double the prices now obtained, though wools are higher than an average, owing to the rapid increase of machinery during the last few years. But the difference is still more striking when compared with other standards. The wages of a common labourer were only 1*d.* a day, and of a skilled labourer 2*d.* A fat ox was worth 13*s.*, a horse from 16*s.* to 20*s.*, hogs 3*s.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*, calves 1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*, and strangely enough sheep from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 4*d.*, so that the wool was nearly two thirds of the value of the sheep; and a stone of the precious fibre was equivalent to five weeks' labour of a skilled workman. Lead was another expensive commodity, costing 45*s.* a ton, or more than £33, which is one third in excess of the present rate. Fish was also very dear, and this item frequently occurs in the Whitby rolls; thus, 'A present to the Prior of Middlesborough, when the abbot and prior had been there, two salt fish, 2*s.*' This was the regular price for a salt cod or ling; a salmon for a present is entered at 4*s.* 4*d.*, the equivalent of which is unknown in the Billingsgate market. Paper at the rate of 6*s.* 3*d.* a quire would also be considered dear now-a-days. There are some curious entries for iron work,—eight score 'cartnayle,' 10*s.*; one thousand 'stubs,' 2*s.*; seven 'waynthewts,' 7*s.* 10*d.*; one 'wayntyre,' which reads as though a single wheel tire, but, the price being 22*s.*, it must mean a set of tires for waggon wheels. The prices paid for the same article vary considerably: thus, coarse salt at 24*s.* and 30*s.* a wey; coals, 3*s.* 4*d.* and 4*s.* a chaldron; wheat, 30*s.* 4*d.* and 40*s.* a quarter. One waggoner receives 4*s.* for 24 days' work; and another, 23*d.* for 23 days. The wages of carpenters were remarkably good, for they received 3*d.* a day, and there is an entry of 2*s.* 6*d.* to two sawyers for three days, which is the highest labour payment we have met with. A few of the miscellaneous items are subjoined:—three dozen pewter vessels, 43*s.* 10*d.*; 12 yards of sackcloth, 3*s.*; 28 yards of coarse linen, and carriage of the same, 8*s.* 8*d.*; for making a toga, and a leather coat, 1*s.* 8*d.*; 1 dozen gloves, 1*s.* 6*d.*; a lock and key to the kiln, 4*d.*; to the hall-page, for shoes at sundry times, 2*s.*; ditto for stockings (2 pairs), 1*s.* 4*d.*; ditto for breeches, 6*d.*; to Richard Salvan, when he was here for a debt, and had no money in his purse, 6*d.*; to a bondsman, towards his redemption, 4*d.*; to a man who played with the puppets, 6*d.*; * to the players in the hall on

* '*Uni homini qui ludebat cum Jak. vid.*' Dr. Young suggests Sak, as for sackbut, but more probably it was the puppet performance known as Jack-o'-Lent; evidently it was not a musical instrument.

Circumcision Day, 4*s.* 4*d.*; to the players in the hall on the abbot's birth-day, 12*d.*; to the minstrels on the same day, 1*s.* 10*d.* From the frequency of the payments to minstrels, they probably attended during meals, an accompaniment that would be more to the taste of the monks than the prescribed Scripture reading. Whether the players, who also are frequently mentioned, were tumblers or otherwise, the accounts do not specify; sometimes both sets of performers attended at the same time. The amounts paid are small, but in one instance a minstrel, Walton by name, carried off 3*s.* 4*d.*, which must have been considered a handsome fee.

When the monastery was surrendered to the King in 1539, the monastic buildings proper were destroyed, and the materials sold and carried away. The chapter-house, which adjoined the nave of the church, the cloister with its covered walks and pleasant green enclosure, the great hall where audience was given and general business transacted, the abbot's hall, the refectory, dormitory, and numberless minor offices, covering many acres of ground, were so completely demolished that even the ground plan is now traced with difficulty. The fittings of the church were removed also, the bare walls alone being left standing; and it must ever be matter of regret that so choice a specimen of architecture should have thenceforward been left to fall into decay. That any considerable portion should have remained until now in a situation so exposed, is a proof of substantial workmanship, and of a time when builders wrought lovingly as well as skilfully in their art. The situation of the abbey may have suited the severe taste of its original founders; but it contrasts greatly with the custom of the later monks, who raised their arches and buttresses upon land well wooded and well watered, and abounding in game and fish,—generally in some rich valley, sheltered by kindly hills, where even yet the corn ripens more readily and the orchard fruits grow more luxuriantly than elsewhere. But here there is not a tree in sight, the land has always been poor, and the north wind, driving across the sea, smites heavily on the old walls. Strange to say, the south side has suffered most. The south transept is wanting, and the south side of the nave; the latter was blown down in December, 1762, together with a great part of the west front. The choir is tolerably perfect, and the north transept, with its aisles. The style of the whole is early English, except the western portion of the nave, which is of later date, and is characterized by all the chaste elegance of that period: nevertheless the builders had not that entire confidence which raised the fairy-like structures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,—and we see some traces

of the massiveness of the Norman epoch. The arches dividing the body of the choir and transept from their aisles, are supported on columniated pillars, each consisting of a cluster of eight shafts, the capitals of which are quite plain. They are elegant in curve, and are surmounted by an arcade of semi-circular arches, sub-divided into two lancet arches, the spandrils being ornamented with a simple quatrefoil. The principal mouldings are enriched with the dog-tooth ornament, which is freely employed elsewhere, giving a wonderfully beautiful effect, with a comparatively small amount of labour. The whole is crowned with a third arcade, the arches of which are smaller and more numerous. The exterior of the east end of the church is a fine specimen of style,—all needful strength being combined with an appearance of grace and lightness. The *façade* of the transept is similar, but terminates in a circular window, with carved mullions rather singularly disposed. That portion of the nave which is of later date is readily distinguished by the shape of the windows, and by its greater freedom of treatment, and more florid ornamentation :—

> 'The pendent roof and windows' branchy grace,
> Pillars of cluster'd reeds, and tracery of lace.'

Over the western doorway—the grand entrance—stood a lofty window, which fell in more than sixty years ago; this was flanked by two elegant lancet windows surmounted by a lozenge light. The tower fell in 1833. It was one hundred and four feet high, and was supported upon four pillars of sixteen columns in the cluster; the span of the arches corresponding with the breadth of the choir and the nave east and west, and of the transepts north and south, the aisles in both cases excluded.

The stone of which the church is built is of two kinds; one, limestone, which has been taken from the cliff close at hand; the other, a dark brown stone, supposed to have come from High Whitby. The two have been commingled without any regard to pictorial effect, and were probably used just as they came to hand; but had they been disposed in courses, or in some design, geometrical or otherwise, a more picturesque effect would have been the result. Very little has been done for the preservation of this interesting ruin, and that little is of the most contemptible character. The choir is shored up with wooden beams, which are themselves rotting, and in their fall will, probably, bring down most of the building with them. Since the fall of the tower, the progress of decay has been very rapid.

Enough remains to be of service to sketchers and modellers; but we can only judge of the beauty of the whole, as we judge of a ship by a fragment of the wreck, or of the statue by a mutilated limb;—in a few years more the famous church of St. Hilda will be only a tradition.

The appearance of the town at the present day, as approached from the sea, is very picturesque. Instead of standing at the head of a bay, like Burlington and Scarborough, with the houses solidly massed together, it is an agreeeble relief to the eye to see long rows of houses, with their quaint-looking tiled roofs, and projecting eaves, stretching along either side of a pretty river. The left-hand view is especially good. Close behind the houses rises the steep and really noble cliff; and upon that stands the ruined abbey, and the scarcely less conspicuous parish church. On the right hand is a lighthouse, which is scarcely worthy of its situation, standing as it does on a splendid pier, more than one third of a mile in length. Further up the harbour, the town spreads out on each side, and shows an unusual proportion of crooked streets, and blind alleys, and openings into courts, and interminable flights of steps which seem to lead up somewhere into space. A short pier runs half-way across the river, and is generally covered with flat fish, which have been split and salted, and are laid out in the sun to dry. At the back of this pier are the herring-houses, into which, probably, groups of women are entering, laden with fish for curing, and as noisy as women of their vocation usually are. As in all old seaport towns, the dwellings crowd down to the very edge of the water; those on the lowest level have originally been built upon the sand, and for generations the inconvenience resulting from the flooding at high tides must have been serious. In digging out cellars, beds of sand and old mooring-posts have been discovered; indeed, the tide came up to the line of houses facing the quay, until about twenty years ago, when the street was raised two feet, in order to protect it. Above the bridge is the harbour proper, reaching for nearly a mile up the Esk, as the numerous masts betoken; and abutting upon it are ship-builders' yards, mast and block houses, sail-lofts, and rope-walks.

Passing over the bridge, and through the old town, a flight of two hundred steps leads the visitor up to the singular-looking church of St. Mary's. It is venerable from its age, and from the graves of many generations which lie around it; but a series of alterations have almost obliterated the original design, and have made it a woful example of degradation in art. It was built by an abbot of Whitby in the year 1110, and consisted at that time of a nave and chancel only;—so far the architecture

was Norman. Subsequently transepts were added, north and south, and a tower at the west;—these additions were in the early Gothic style. The front of the north transept, and the tower, date from the early part of the thirteenth century; the front of the south transept from the end of the fourteenth century; and it is since these dates that the building has been so grossly disfigured. Charlton says that it preserved this form 'until about the year 1744, when the north wall being in danger of falling, it was rebuilt with the windows in more modern taste.' Further accommodation being found necessary, this north wall was pulled down in 1819, and the transept extended to the same width as the nave; but as the south transept remained as before, the result in an architectural point of view is, to say the least of it, novel. The pitch of the roof has at some time or other been lowered, and the tower reduced to its present stunted proportions. Three round-headed Norman windows at the east end of the church have been supplanted by the common house sash; indeed, these latter have been inserted with a barbarous ingenuity wherever they could produce the most damaging effect. The Norman entrance has been destroyed, and a new entrance made adjoining the tower. This new porch would be considered the height of absurdity, if it were not surpassed by the remaining porches both of wood and stone, which break out in all directions on the sides of the old building, like unsightly excrescences.

The changes within have corresponded in barbarism to those without. The lord of the manor has in past time erected a gallery for his household, the front of which rests on a cornice traversed with the winged heads of cherubims, and the whole is supported on twisted pillars with Corinthian capitals. This structure is built over the entrance to the chancel—in fact, crosses the fine old Norman arch, which was the only distinctive feature left to the church. About 1697, a south gallery was built for the public accommodation, and a west gallery in 1700. Over this last, another was raised in 1709; one in the south transept in 1757; and one in the north transept in 1764, —six in all, while the last two were again enlarged some years later. 'Thus was the old edifice crowded with those storied constructions, mostly perched on wooden props, which had not the roundness of pillars; and many of our townspeople remember the style of the fronts, in square compartments with a white ground, set in a blue-coloured framing, and zigzagged all over with dark and yellow flourishes, to resemble the veining of marble. The pulpit and reading-desk, now about central in the church, were fixed in those days at the angle of the transept on the north side, so as to look toward the manorial gallery with

its circular time-piece; and the round-topped benefaction boards alternated along the wall with the tall narrow windows which ran in a line from the pulpit towards the tower, or western extremity. Then, also, in a near position below the preacher, might be noticed a pew, which, from its contracted dimensions, but slight elevation above the rest, was adapted for one sitter only. This, old people affirm, was set apart for unfortunate females, who, after doing penance before the congregation by walking barefoot in the middle aisle, clad in a white sheet, with a wand in the hand, were afterwards compelled to sit out a discourse bearing on the crime of prostitution.'* In 1819, these galleries were pulled down or altered; but in those which remain, the arrangements are most eccentric; as, for instance, in the south transept, where the two galleries face each other; but the occupants of the two sit at right angles to each other, and face the west and north respectively. The arrangement of the pews throughout is unique; and by filling up every vacant corner, some of which are by no means easy to reach, accommodation is provided for two thousand persons.

The situation is bleak enough; but an elevation of 250 feet, however inconvenient for asthmatical church-goers, furnishes the stranger with an excellent observatory, and the town, harbour, and surrounding country are conveniently mapped out below him. The two cliffs are evidently different formations; and closer examination will show that in some long past convulsion of nature, the strata on the opposite or west side have been depressed. And here it may be remarked, that the stranger finds himself bewildered as to the four points of the compass; for being, as he well knows, on the east coast, he cannot understand how it is that the sea lies to the north, forgetting the sharp bend of the coast line, which disturbs the apparently natural order of things. On the shore of the east bay, the alum shale (upper lias) forms a long flat floor, which is uncovered to a considerable distance at spring tides. As usual with this formation, it is very rich in fossil remains. Ammonites, belemnites, nautili, several forms of the lovely encrinite or stone lily, and many of the true shell-fish, are abundant; besides which, valuable specimens of the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, and crocodile have been found here. The 'scar,' as it is termed, is a favourite resort of visitors, some of whom geologize, to more or less good purpose, while others are able to make good collections of sea weeds, about two hundred species and varieties of which are found on this coast. It is

* *St. Mary's Church: an Historical Paper.* Whitby. 1856.

also a rich field for the marine zoologist, especially in the true zoophytes, and the nudibranchiate mollusca. But besides the visitors who are thus searching for various treasures, rough weather brings another class of searchers to the rocks. They are not looking for fossils, or sea-slugs, or jet, or cornelians,—nor are they shrimping, or bait-gathering, or collecting sea-weed for manure; they do carry fish-baskets, but they are not fishing. They are looking for coal, the produce of the numerous wrecks that occur all along the coast;—it lies in large quantities at the bottom of the sea, and, being shifted by the ground swell, some portions are cast up by every strong tide. It is broken into small bits, and rounded like pebbles by the action of the waves; but it burns so much more slowly and is so much brighter and hotter than common coal, as to well repay the trouble of gathering it.

The west shore is sandy, and far less interesting than the cliff above it, where stands the new town, with its handsome buildings and broad streets. At intervals along the cliff are deep rifts and hollows, furnished with seats, where the invalid may find shelter from the wind, from whatever quarter it blows, and yet enjoy an uninterrupted prospect. And what a prospect! Perhaps it is morning, and the clear, bracing air carries life in it to town-wasted lungs; a breeze blows steadily far out at sea, but idles as it nears the land. The sea is an intense blue; and the line of the horizon, all round, cuts sharp against the sky. There are from one hundred to two hundred ships in sight, from three-masted barques of 400 or 500 tons, down to a fleet of little cobles pressing into harbour, from the night's fishing, almost buried under their own sails. About a mile from the pier-head, two large brigs lie at anchor, waiting for a steamer to bring them in on the top of the tide. Between these last and the shore are several gradations of colour,—light blue, dark and light green, and yellow,—indicating the nature of the bottom. Here and there, too, are smooth patches where the rocks beneath disturb the currents, just as there is smooth water in the wake of a ship for a similar reason. Then you have the momentary play of the wind upon the water, appearing where it was least expected, and gone again almost before it could be well observed. The play of the cloud-shadows is quite as fitful; now and then they clear away like the drawing back of a vast curtain, and instantly in the sunlight are seen a row of distant sails before invisible, while as many more, nearer at hand, which looked black against the sky, now are white and bright, every rope and spar standing out distinctly. But the most beautiful effect of all is when after a gale the expanse

of blue water, so grateful to the eye, is fringed by a long, undulating, triple line of foam, which, streaming inwards, falls white upon the yellow shore;—or when, sometimes, at evening, the sharp edge of the wave gleams like gold, and then, breaking into a snowy mass, flushes rose-colour in the setting sun. Beside all these changes, no two waves take exactly the same line; no two waves break in exactly the same place; the advancing never meets the retiring wave at exactly the same angle;—these are elements of variety which admit of endless combinations; and it is the variety in a sea view, quite as much as the motion, or the sense of vastness, which has such fascinating power.

The land here forms a worthy frame to so rich a picture. The west side of the bay, three miles distant, is entirely rocky;—the promontory of Sandsend comes first, beyond it projects that of Kettleness, and beyond that again is Huntcliff; three bold headlands, which in the distance appear to be only one. There is great play of light and shade upon them; strange, twisted outlines, black shadows, and high lights. The grey shale predominates: below it is a band of iron-stone, and further inland is a cap of sandstone, on which rests a dry yellow soil, just tinged with green where vegetation struggles for existence, but rapidly deepening, until, in the curve of the bay, the meadows slope down almost to the water's edge. The cottages at Sandsend dot the shore, and serve to enliven the view. A landslip near at hand projects sufficiently between the eye and the promontory to throw it well back, and to give a well marked middle distance; while for foreground there is both cliff and beach. Along the latter, a loaded cart drags heavily; for the sand is soft and dry, and the horses strain in it knee-deep. There are many promenaders; bathers both actual and prospective; these latter, chiefly in trim little boots, and piquant little hats, come hurrying down the cliff, as though they feared the water would be turned off presently; and there are the merry children. A parcel of these last have laid hold of a great, happy, affectionate Newfoundland dog, whom they induce, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, to lie down and be buried; and who, after submitting to the process for a few moments, jumps up with a bark and a wag of his big tail, shakes the sand from his sides, and almost buries them in return.

Twelve hours' wind from the east or south-east makes a great change. The sea is brown, and the sky lead-coloured, save that a half luminous belt of haze runs round the contracted horizon. The few sailors in port are more animated than usual; and as we pass one group after another, we hear them calculating the return of the fishing smacks. The breeze holds on all day, and

long heavy rollers come tumbling in; each advancing wave, as it nears the shore, separates itself, and runs forward—a ponderous mass, rising high upon an unstable foundation, and trembling under its own weight until it falls over upon itself in a flood of foam. Now the dangerous nature of the coast is seen. A ledge of rocks runs out for more than half a mile into the bay, and upon this reef all is the wildest confusion. Immense waves break irregularly against the rocks, against the pier, against each other,—the last, the finest sight of all; the foam flying upward in sheets for a moment, to be carried away by the wind like smoke; while the crash of so many tons of water hurled against each other in mid-air, is heard above the general uproar. The brown sails in the offing grow larger, and are rapidly nearing home, and ultimately one by one, each with its own perils, they make the harbour, and the crowds disperse.

They soon gather again, for a brig is seen bearing up as though for the port. The sea is now so high that it seems impossible she can succeed, and a tar-barrel is blazed to warn her off; but without effect. The news quickly spreads, and half the town gathers on the piers. Signals are continually made to keep the brig well to windward, and are very slowly obeyed, for she labours heavily. The waves break clean over her again and again; and she staggers and rolls, and rights herself but very slowly, after each shock. It is a long struggle, and as yet a doubtful one. The excitement on shore is extreme; for everybody in the place is more or less connected with shipping. Besides the large owners, most of the tradespeople have shares in some adventure or other, and the poorer sort have brothers, sons, fathers, or husbands at sea; and so all through the town their ready sympathy brings them in groups to doors, windows, alley-ends—anywhere, for a sight of the brig. The old sailors speculate on the chances even of a tight vessel making the port safely, much less a craft like this, almost disabled; and they shake their grey heads ominously. The wind driving one way, and the waves another, seem to be contending for the mastery of her. Quite time she came about, if she means to save the rocks. Yes,—here she comes,—and cleverly done too, for a Frenchman. But the chief danger is yet to come. The sea beats fearfully upon the bar, and there are but twenty yards clear passage. Very closely and very unsteadily she nears the entrance, rolling as though her masts would strike the spectators on either side; and now, having very little way on, and the wind being for the moment taken out of her sails, she hangs almost motionless. It is a terrible suspense; but the old sea-dog at the helm never loses his nerve for a moment; he might be Palinurus himself. The

next wave drives her sideways, almost upon the bar; another such and the ship is lost. It is like looking on a scene in a theatre; it seems too close upon you to be real,—a ship almost under your feet in greater peril than in the open sea. But just before the next wave comes, the wind again catches her sails, and a few moments see her safe.

It is more especially in connexion with such dangers as these that the harbour appears so defective. The channel is narrow, shallow, and so dangerous that in rough weather, when alone shelter is desirable, a vessel dare not come in. The unfortunate extension of the east pier has narrowed the mouth of the harbour to seventy-five yards, and of this only twenty-five yards are really available, whereas if the original design had been carried out, according to which, if we mistake not, the foundation was prepared, the thirty or thirty-five yards gained at the entrance would practically have doubled its width. But as the blunder had been committed, it was the more incumbent upon the authorities to widen the channel, and render available as much of the space between the piers as possible. The rock is only alum shale, which is laid bare at spring tides, and could be easily worked in the ordinary way, if it was thought that blasting would endanger the foundations of the piers. The ledge of rock within the entrance, on which accidents have happened even in calm weather, ought long since to have been cleared away. Indeed, if one half the money which is laid out year by year was judiciously expended, the harbour would not be in its present discreditable state. The silt, &c., that is removed, is very ineffectually disposed of; for the lighters are emptied within half a mile of the shore, so that a large proportion is washed in again, and the work is done twice over. Still more unaccountably, the building and other rubbish of the town is carted down to the beach, to be carried away as the tide runs out, and washed in again as it returns, either at the harbour mouth or at the gap under the east cliff, which might have been left open for that very purpose.

The income is chiefly derived from the 'passing tolls,' a tax of one halfpenny per chaldron on the coal shipped at the northern ports and passing southward. The amount varies according to the state of trade; but for the last two years it has been about £5,000 annually. From this sum £1,441 must be subtracted for interest on capital borrowed for the erection of the piers and lighthouse; the remainder is available for repairs and maintenance, and ought to give more satisfactory results. The tax, which is guaranteed in perpetuity, was originally levied under the idea of providing a harbour of refuge; whereas, with the

wind at all easterly, it is one of the most dangerous harbours on the coast; as many as seven vessels have been run ashore in the bay during a gale from inability to reach the port.

Notwithstanding these disadvantages the shipping of Whitby has increased with great rapidity during the last few years, as will be seen by the following table:—

Year.	No. of vessels.	Tonnage.
1800	287	39,189
1816	280	46,341
1836	253	39,330
1846	359	53,669
1856	417	67,842
1859	464	75,480

A large proportion of these vessels are employed in the coal trade, and just now suffer severely in the competition with steam. The 'sea-devils,' as the screw colliers are called, excite the bitter hatred of the coasting men, and certainly their appearance is not prepossessing. They have a long, straight, unsightly hull, with three short masts, each carrying a square sail, nothing more; they look even worse under sail than under steam alone. Being of five or six hundred tons' burden, and fast sailers, they will carry thrice the cargo of the ordinary craft, and make three voyages where the others make one. Moreover, they have the precedence at the quays, and although fifty sailing vessels may be waiting their turn, a screw steamer takes precedence of them all: if a schooner has even begun to take in her cargo, she must haul off, and see the steamer come alongside, load and start again, and possibly one or two more also, before she can finish loading. It is manifestly to the interest of the coal proprietors to obtain the quickest returns they can, and hence their stringent orders; but owners and masters of sailing ships cannot be expected to acquiesce very cheerfully in an arrangement which gives so great an advantage to their competitors.

The whale fishery has been abandoned since 1837, in which year a vessel proceeding on her twenty-second voyage was wrecked at the mouth of the harbour. But for nearly a century previous to that time much money was embarked in this class of adventure, and occasionally with very profitable returns. Captain Scoresby, in the 'Resolution,' obtained in ten successive years 249 fish, producing 2034 tuns of oil. And in 1814 eight ships brought back 172 fish, producing 1390 tuns of oil, and 42 tons of fins. The total number of fish brought into the port, from the commencement to the close of the fishery, exceeded 3000, beside 28,000 seals, 1000 of which are considered equal to a

full-sized whale. Success was very uncertain, and the equipment of the vessels enormously expensive, so that the trade was generally abandoned for others less speculative; but there is nothing now so exciting as the departure of the whaling fleet, amounting to twelve, fifteen, or, as in some years, twenty sail, all fine strong vessels, and a credit to the port.

The herring fishery has long been a source of considerable revenue to Whitby. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a statement, that in the year 1394, 'prodigious shoals of herrings appeared off the coast, which occasioned a vast resort of foreigners, who bought up, cured the fish, and exported them, to the great injury of the natives; to prevent which the King issued a proclamation directed to the bailiffs of St. Hilda's church, requiring them to put a stop to these practices.' The tithes from this fishery are frequently referred to in the Abbey Rolls, and are an important item in those lists. The prices were proportionately much higher than they are now, and vary from £2. 10*s.* to £4 per 10,000,—which is equivalent to £30 and £50 per last. It is also interesting to note that the 'last' was the mode of reckoning then in use, though whether it contained 10,000 is not so clear. The quality varied much, for we have an entry of '3 lasts, all good,' or choice fish; and, again, 'of the worst, 1 last and 4000,' for which half price was paid.

The government, with mistaken generosity, has at various times sought to encourage the fisheries. It was once gravely enacted, that Lent should be observed with strictness, in order to encourage the sale of herrings. Every victualler and coffee-house keeper was compelled to take a certain number of barrels yearly, at an arbitrary price; and there were state lotteries, collections in churches, and other arrangements of the like sort. These proving unsuccessful, the government came forward with a bounty of 36*s.* per ton on decked vessels engaged in the trade, which amount was soon increased to 56*s.*, and then to 80*s.*, besides an allowance of 2*s.* 8*d.* per barrel on exports. But by a curious compensatory movement, as the bounty rose, the produce fell, until the total result of the Scotch fishery for one year was *four barrels*, which cost the Government within a fraction of £160 each. In 1830, this system was abandoned; and the trade, being left to itself, has rapidly improved, and each year assumes greater importance.

The season commences at Whitby early in July, and continues until the middle of December. The distant fishery, say thirty miles from land, commences in the latter part of September, and is carried on by the yawls, twenty-five of which sail nominally from this port, though they are principally owned at

Staithes. They are fine strong boats, 53 feet long, 17 feet beam, 8 feet 3 inches deep, 36 tons' burden, and cost when new £600. They are two-masted, and carry two square sails, a jib, and a back-sail. They are a larger build of what used to be called the 'five-man boat,' and are generally manned by eight hands and one or two boys. They carry from 100 to 120 nets, and return to harbour every morning during the early part of the season, when the fish lie near the land; but, when they follow the shoal out to sea, they remain out for the greater part of the week. For the coast fishery there is a very useful boat, something between a yawl and a coble, of five or six tons' burden, carrying one mast, with a small deck forward, and rigged with a large square sail and jib. It is manned by four hands, and is very handy, manageable, and fast. These boats return to harbour each morning, and will sometimes bring in one or even two lasts, as the night's take. Each man furnishes his own proportion of the nets, and is an equal partner with the rest; but the profits are divided into five shares, one for each man, and one additional for the owner of the boat. As it is necessary for the dispatch of 'fresh' herring for the inland markets to have the fish packed and forwarded by early train, it is on these boats chiefly that the supply depends. They seldom go more than seven or eight miles from land, though it may be further from harbour, as they follow the fish along the coast, making this or that port their head quarters for a time, or else entering one or another, as their position in the morning or the wind may determine. As the fishing off Whitby commences two or three weeks earlier than at Scarborough, the boats from Scarborough, Flamborough, and Filey, come here for that time, and the buyers from those places also. Besides the two classes of boats already mentioned, a few of the small cobles fearlessly put to sea, and are often the first to discover the herring, or to find a shoal again after it has been lost. Working only a small number of nets, they are able to haul in so much the more readily; and, if unsuccessful, to try fresh ground, and this more than once during the night.

The theory of fishing is simple enough, but having a wish to see how the business was really accomplished, we joined one of the large cobles. About sun-down, in company with a little fleet on the same errand, we stood away for the shoal, which was supposed to lie to the southward, some seven miles from the harbour, and four from land. The sun set rapidly in a cloudy sky, and the wind blew cold from the north-east. Soon the grey clouds parted overhead like a rent curtain, and left us clear starlight above, although the horizon was still hazy; there was

no moon, the breeze was steady,—altogether a capital night for work. But before this we had succeeded in making tolerable Guys of ourselves. Each man rigs himself afresh, thus:—the long gay-tasselled cap is exchanged for a sou'-wester; shoes are laid aside, and a pair of thick woollen stockings are drawn over both under-stockings and trowsers; then follow a pair of fisherman's boots, coming well up the thigh; a rough pea-jacket meets them, and over the whole man, fitting very loosely, is a suit of oilskin. Tobacco, in one form or other, is an essential element of success, and short pipes for four, and a mild Havannah for the fifth, complete the outfit. Arrived at the ground, we stand off and on, until the night sets in dark, when the boats cruise about seeking for signs of the shoal. This is one of the mysteries of the craft, and is about as intelligible to a landsman as the sign of an Indian trail would be to a packet steward. Sometimes it is the fish at play, visibly enough on the surface of the water; sometimes it is a peculiar oily appearance,—a true exudation from the fish; but generally, it is a mass darker than the surrounding water, to be seen by looking directly down over the boat's side, of course by skilled eyes only. The neighbouring cobles are closely watched, to see if they lower their sails, and bring to; and those in the distance, to see if the fires congregate together, or if they are still apart. For every boat carries a fire in an open grate, such as navvies and roadmakers use for watch-fires. It is entirely unprotected, save that it stands on an iron tray, which receives the falling ashes; and it would discompose the nerves of any but a fisherman to see the sparks and red-hot cinders which are blown all over the boat, if there be anything like a wind. Nor is it much more reassuring, when, by way of precaution against accident, the fire, newly replenished and blazing high, is put within the little cuddy,—a sort of miniature forecastle, the roof of which is no more than twelve inches above the flame. One might become habituated to the danger, if the grate were not also a nuisance. There is no escape from the suffocating smoke; for, being placed either upon the cuddy or within it, the smoke is carried in a volume to the after part of the boat when she is in motion; and when at rest, it eddies round and round, and fills every crevice more completely than before.

However, it is now ten o'clock, and as dark as it will be. We have been beating about for more than an hour without success, and must now seek the fish, which have evidently gone elsewhere. One by one the little squadron is breaking up; some go further east, a few go north, in search of a fresh shoal that has been heard of within the last day or two. As for ourselves,

after discussing the subject in committee, we resolve to run to the southward; the boat's head is put about, and, with jib and mainsail set, the breeze lifts her along right merrily. The water that seethes and hisses from her sides is white, not so much with foam as with phosphorescent light, which gleams with a strange lustre on both sides of her, and far in her wake; while every drop of spray that falls back upon the water, creates a succession of little globes of harmless fire. This is called by the fishermen, 'the water-burn;' and it is useless to attempt to explain its cause to them. They will always listen with attention to the statement of any new fact, yet with the most dogged incredulity. They are as impervious as their own boats, which they boast are 'as tight as a cup;' and they religiously stop up every leak by which a little outside knowledge might trickle in. We scud along at this pace for an hour, keeping within three miles of land, and then run out seawards. It is an anxious time. Ever since leaving the original ground, two of the men have been on the look-out forward, and another astern, by the steersman. No lights are visible, and therefore there are no boats in sight; so that, whether for good or bad, we are alone. And there is something grand in this feeling of perfect isolation; a mere speck on that dim sea, under that silent sky. There is a spice of danger, too, in the situation; just sufficient to keep up a pleasant excitement. The waves toss our little craft sportively enough as yet, but the sea is a rough playmate, and it only needs that the capricious wind should shift a point or two to the eastward, and, with the present uneasy swell, two or three hours would give us a hard struggle to reach port.

There were still no signs of the shoal; and the boat's head was once more set to the southward. Our mainsail was now altered to the 'schooner rig,' which had the effect of slackening our speed considerably, but also of bringing the boat more completely under control, so that, if need be, she could be turned quite round in little more than her own length. It was half-past eleven when the skipper, who was on the look-out forward, cried suddenly, 'To leeward,'—'Steady there,'—'All right.' He and his fellow had both seen signs of the herring at the same moment, and this night was not to be a blank after all, like the three or four which preceded it. Five minutes, and we had to return, for the trace was lost. Again to leeward, and again a disappointment, for the shoal lay very narrow, and was overrun almost as soon as seen. The third time every one stood ready to lower away the moment the word was given; so that the boat lay motionless directly over the shoal. As soon as the sails were laid clear, over went the nets; one man paying them out as fast

as his hands could work, and another throwing out the bladders, which every few seconds fell with a *thud* upon the water, perplexing the looker-on no less by their number than by the rapidity and energy with which they were thrown. The look-out still declared the fish to be lying thick, and over went net after net, each tied to its predecessor, to the number of sixteen,—all we had on board. Everybody has seen these nets in the neighbourhood of sea-port towns, either being carted away from the vessels, or drying in the fields, or tanning with the bark of oak or larch. They are chiefly manufactured in Scotland, and must be of the best hempen cord. The full size is fifty yards long by seven deep, at a cost of £3. each; but they are more generally cut in two. The mesh is rather more than an inch square, being at the rate of thirty-two to the yard. Along the two sides of the net a stout rope is run, one of which is floated with corks, and in addition with bladders, which are attached to the net-rope by cords two fathoms in length. Thus one side sinks by its own weight, the other floats just so far below the surface as the cords to which the bladders are attached will allow; forming a wall of netting suspended in the water. The fish, not seeing the dark nets, bluuder against them; and, driving their sharp heads through the meshes, are caught by the gills. Curious stories are told of great takes of fish, which may more appropriately be told to the marines. But large fish are often caught in the nets; cod, dog-fish, and even porpoises. They manage to entangle themselves either by the gills or fins, or both, and in their struggles will wrap the net round and round them, so as to make it sometimes no easy matter to clear them.

After the nets are shot, the practice is to examine only the first two or perhaps three in the series, at intervals of half an hour; when, so long as fish are found, it is taken for granted that the outlying nets are doing well; but as soon as the innermost nets cease to fish, the whole are taken in and cleared; and, if not too late, a fresh spot is sought. This arrangement saves time; for hauling-in is a long process, and time is assuredly money here. There is the utmost uncertainty about the movements of the fish. One boat may fill well, and the very next may be empty. The fish may be found night after night with unerring certainty; or they may suddenly go, no one knows where, and night after night be spent in a vain search after them. They may even go while the nets are among them; and, after one good haul, every net may come up empty; so that the fisherman is naturally anxious to make the best use of his time.

It is a pretty sight to see the nets hauled in. Ten thousand

scintillations gleam upon the surface of the water, and upon the lines; then far below the surface is seen a delicate cloud of silver, which is partly the result of the agitation of the water, and partly the reflection of the fish; while the whole net, as it comes over the side, will look as though every mesh was a square of silver wire. It is drawn up by a careful hand, and received by two others, who keep it fully extended between them, and by a dexterous shake, or, if need be, with finger and thumb, remove the fish, as they occur. In this instance, the first net had done its work reasonably well, bringing in about 150 fish, which, allowing the same proportion for the rest, would give nearly 2,500 in half an hour. Immediately after being cleared, it was thrown out again; and then, with minds fully relieved, we prepared for supper. The faces of those honest, hard-featured men, all seamed and weatherworn, grouped round the open fire, at dead of night, with the strong Rembrandtish lights and shadows about them, and the black sea, and the blue-black sky beyond, formed a picture of life under a novel aspect. Supper over, and the nets continuing to prosper, we were at liberty to look about us. The sails were snugly stowed away, the rudder unshipped, and though the boat rolled uneasily, owing to the mast being left standing, it was nothing worth naming. Over head the stars shone brightly, and the northern lights were just visible above the horizon,—a month later they will flash their strange fires over half the sky. But a ship's light, suspected to be that of a steamer, was a far more interesting object in the men's eyes, and was evidently watched uneasily. A few minutes served to confirm the skipper's statement, that it was really a steamer's light that he had seen. Many were the speculations as to her probable course, always ending in the hope that she would in any case give us a wide berth. A little longer, and the green light disappeared, and a red light became slowly visible. She was now evidently crossing us; and though still at a safe distance, the men's faces, as they peered out into the darkness, showed increased anxiety; and the fire was hastily stirred up, and placed as conspicuously as possible. Almost immediately, both the steamer's lights were visible,—she was coming down right upon us! It was perfectly useless to shout against the distance, and the noise of her paddles and machinery; it was impossible to stir out of the way; for the ship came on at a tearing pace, and in three minutes would be upon us, over us, for anything we could tell. But a brawny fellow seized the fire-grate, and attempted to wave it above his head, in a demented manner that would have been very amusing, if the circumstances were not so grave. The stranger came within two boats' length

of our stern, and then lay to,—a large ocean steamer, and a most undesirable neighbour even for a few minutes. She wanted to speak us, being evidently lost as to her whereabouts, and as evidently a foreign vessel,—no Englishman would have handled his ship after such a fashion. Our share of the colloquy that ensued was of a very energetic character; and the stranger would hardly have replied in the calm and polite manner which he did, if he had understood the criticisms on his seamanship which were so warmly pressed upon his acceptance by our fellows, to say nothing of sundry invocations, salt and bitter, and certainly unique.

It would be difficult to describe the mingled terror and hatred with which these men regard a steamer. Nor is it to be wondered at. They peril their lives nightly for a pittance, and carry on a struggling existence at best. Their long experience aids them against wind and wave in their many forms of danger; but they feel utterly powerless in presence of this new enemy. It is bad enough for a landsman to have frequently at night to cross an open railway, with no station or signal near. But the train can run only on the rails, and the danger is circumscribed within a few yards of ground; while, on the sea, steamers are bound north, south, east, and west, and are confined to no track; their look-outs are often careless; and even with the best will in the world, they are not always able to see a small boat until close upon it, and may have only just time to turn the helm sharp, and save the craft. The impression exists that many a little bark, supposed to have foundered with all hands on board, has been unconsciously run down by a steamer, and no one has survived to tell the story.

Meanwhile the three first nets of the series had been regularly cleared; and by half past three o'clock had averaged a thousand herrings each. After day-break it is useless to keep the nets out; for the fish see them, and decline to be caught. As soon, therefore, as there was the first tinge of colour in the cold sky, the final haul commenced. The first three nets had fished as well as usual, and the remainder ought to have been rich prizes. But the fourth, though it had been three hours in the water, came up no better filled than the first, and so with all the rest. Occasional heads only, hanging in the meshes, and many mangled bodies, explain the cause; or if stronger evidence were wanting, some scores of small cod and dog-fish are here as representatives of that numerous family which probably from the commencement of our proceedings have been clearing the nets, and robbing these poor men of many pounds sterling. The codfish, being saleable, are sulkily laid aside; but the dogfish are can-

tionaly laid hold of, their gills are ripped open, and they are then tossed overboard. This hauling-in is a long process; and though the nets were merely laid down in the boat with the fish in them, two hours were thus spent, and it was broad daylight before the last was secured. All sail was then set for home, now seventeen miles distant, the nets being stripped as employment by the way. The success was nothing extraordinary; but the fish were fine and 'full,' and were certain to fetch a good price in the market. It might be supposed that one or two of the men would be able to sleep awhile, after a busy night; but there was plenty of work to be done. A sailor's life is bad enough, but that of a fisherman is worse. There is the exposure in an open boat every night, and all night long, to most intense cold. There is the loss of sleep five nights in the week; for they are either fishing or cruising about till morning. When on shore, they are counting out their fish for sale, carting and drying their nets, (which it is necessary should be done every time that they have been wetted, in order to prevent their rotting,) looking after the boat and her stores, and so forth, until afternoon, when it is necessary to get the nets on board, and tie on the floats for the night's work. Saturday and Sunday nights they spend in harbour, and, if possible, at their own homes.

The mode of fishing is the same on board the yawls; but when engaged in the distant or 'off-ground' fishing, as it is called, they remain out four or five days, according to their success; and, being provided with salt, they are able to keep the fish perfectly good and sweet for that time. The prices which they obtain are not equal to those of the smaller vessels, as the herrings they bring in, save those of the last night's catch, which are kept separate from the rest, can only be used for curing; but they have an advantage in the great number of nets which they carry; and it is no unusual thing for a yawl to bring in a cargo worth £100, or even £150. During the last season nearly £300 was earned by a Whitby vessel in one week; but this is an exceptional case. The fishermen can always get a better price early in the day; as in that case the herrings can be dispatched by train in time for the London and other markets of the following morning. The later arrivals are taken for curing.

The scene on the beach at any of the fishing stations is very exciting,—say at Scarborough. There are, perhaps, thirty or forty boats run aground in the sandy bay, half of which are unloading. Several more are slowly rounding the lighthouse pier, and others are in the offing. Carts are driven down into the water, laden, some with baskets, some with barrels, some

with fish. Boats ply rapidly between the carts and the yawls. On the pier stand large wooden trays or pans, in which men are at work shovelling coarse salt among the herrings. Near at hand are rows of barrels, which are being constantly filled with fish from the salting pans, and which will presently be covered with clean straw, tied down, and carted away. Everybody seems to be going about his own business, but with an eye open to everybody else's. These are the large dealers and their men; and buying and selling, loading and unloading, salting, packing, and carrying, are going on all day long for months together, though probably not noticed by one in a thousand of the visitors to the fashionable Yorkshire watering-place. The fish are always sold by public auction. As soon as a boat comes in, one of the men brings as a sample, to the end of the pier, some twenty or thirty herrings, which he throws out on the ground. They are immediately surrounded by the buyers, who see at a glance if they are 'full' or 'shot,' (*i. e.*, whether they have shed their spawn or not,) and very rarely take the trouble to handle them. A bell rings, which brings up one or two more buyers, gathered from all parts of the kingdom,—as far north as Aberdeen, and as far south as Liskeard. Some are only small dealers: others are ready for the largest transactions, and will purchase 400,000 in a single day. The large lots are sold by the 'last,' which nominally contains 10,000; but, by a custom of the trade, there are 1240 to the thousand.* Meanwhile the auctioneer takes his stand; there is the usual shrewd competition, enlivened by a little broad humour, and in a few minutes the sale is over,—the process being repeated with every fresh arrival. Prices fluctuate daily, or even hourly, according as the arrivals are large or small. Thus, on one day during the past season, £21. 10*s.* per last was freely given; while on the next, owing to heavy arrivals, the price dropped to £12. 10*s.* A large proportion of the herrings brought into Whitby, perhaps one-fourth of the whole, are cured. They are washed, salted, strung on rods, smoked, and packed in barrels and half-barrels for all parts of the country, besides a small importation to the continent. The purchases made here during the season may be reckoned at 1050 lasts, worth £15,750. To this must be added 350 lasts bought at Staithes, making a total of 1400 lasts, or nearly seventeen millions of fish, worth £21,250, and weighing about three thousand tons.

---

* In the case of 'white' or 'fresh' herrings 1240 are counted to the thousand, but only 1000 after being smoked or dried. The allowance of 240 enables the curer to sell his bloaters at the same nominal price as the white herrings.

The alum works, which for more than two centuries were so famous, require a brief notice. It is said that Sir Thomas Chaloner, a landed proprietor, travelling in Italy in 1595, visited the works of the Pope, and observed that the rock which was operated upon, was similar to much that lay on his own estates. At some hazard, he smuggled several of the workmen on board ship in large casks, and brought them safely to Guisborough; where his enterprise, after some difficulties, proved successful. As a matter of course, excommunication followed this daring infringement of a monopoly which brought much wealth into the Papal coffers. But excommunications are heeded little on the Exchange, and the English competition quickly brought down prices more than fifty per cent. The manufacture has had extraordinary vicissitudes. In the time of King James it became a royal monopoly, all the works were leased by the crown; but this arrangement ceased at the time of the Commonwealth. Early in the eighteenth century the number of new works brought down prices so far as to entail a loss on the manufacturers; and the Duke of Buckingham induced his competitors to close their works on condition of an annual payment. Owing to the general depression he secured favourable terms; and, having thus got the manufacture into his own hands, he greatly advanced the prices. The experiment failed, however, as all such experiments do; and partly from foreign competition, partly from new works which began to spring up, alum was more plentiful than ever, and fell to less than £10 per ton. In twenty years a new effort was made to effect an improvement; and as only four works were then in operation, the proprietors mutually agreed to limit the quantity which each should produce; and so the trade continued in a fluctuating and very artificial state, with prices ranging from £10 to £26 per ton. In 1769 not fewer than sixteen works were on foot, yielding five thousand tons a year. Since then the manufacture has gradually fallen off; and only three of the works are now continued. Cement-stone, the exact nature of which geologists are not agreed upon, but which is the foundation of Roman and other cements, is found in working the strata; and as this requires only to be burnt and ground, and fetches a good price in the market, it assists, in some degree, the profits of the alum manufacturers.

The process of obtaining the alum is a singular one. The shale, as most persons at once observe, has a soapy or greasy feel, and is slightly inflammable. A foundation is first laid of furze and underwood, upon which the shale is heaped, and the wood is then set fire to, the pile receiving additions of mineral,

until it sometimes rises twenty-five or thirty yards high, an enormous mound, containing three thousand tons, or more, and which burns for three months, and often longer. The calcined material is then thrown into pits, and water is pumped upon it; which, after standing until thoroughly impregnated with salts of alumina, is carefully drawn off, and replaced by fresh water, until no more of the salt is given out. The exhausted material is then wheeled away, and the pits are replenished with the mineral, which is treated as before, except that the weakest of the previous liquor is first pumped upon it, the object being to have the liquor as nearly as possible of one uniform strength, when it is ready for evaporation. After standing in cisterns a certain time, in order to deposit the lime, iron, &c., which is held in suspense, the liquor is boiled for twenty-four hours. Strong alkaline ley is added, when it is again left to settle, and is then conveyed into coolers in order to crystallize. The crystals are collected, washed in water, and submitted to a final boiling; when the saturated solution is poured into casks, in which it again crystallizes as the alum of commerce. At the end of twelve days the casks are taken to pieces; and immense hollow masses of alum stand on the warehouse floor, weighing from two to three tons each. In spite of every care, some impurities remain after the final boiling, and these fall, during the process of cooling, to the bottom of the cask, which portion is at once cut off and laid aside. The mass is then cut into pieces weighing about half a hundred-weight, and stored for sale.

Whitby has long been famous for its jet manufacture. As to the nature of the substance itself, there is considerable diversity of opinion, except that it is of vegetable origin. It is found in small veins, forty or fifty feet below the alum shale, but lying very irregularly. Working the vein is a very speculative kind of employment; weeks being often spent in obtaining what at another time may be got in as many hours. The quality varies greatly, and obtains in the market from three and sixpence to ten shillings per pound. The inferior kinds are coarse-grained, and take a poor polish; with the finer descriptions most persons are now familiar, as well as with the ingenious workmanship frequently displayed upon them. It is not a little curious that the finest and blackest jet gives off a red tint when ground upon a stone, while the inferior jets give a greenish black; whereas the reverse might have been expected. Thirty years ago, the best jet was worth no more than sixpence a pound, and was employed for knife handles, and rough articles of a similar kind. The fine polish of which it was susceptible attracted attention, and the

substance was sought after for other purposes; but it remained at two shillings and two and sixpence a pound for some years. It had long been employed for brooches and trinkets in the neighbourhood of Whitby; but the Exhibition of 1851 brought it into much more general notice, and, since that time, the demand has each year increased, until five hundred persons are now employed in the manufacture in this town alone; and the annual value of the articles thus produced is upwards of twenty thousand pounds.

Iron ore is abundant in the neighbourhood, and numerous shafts have been sunk, though not with uniform success. The most extensive mines lie on the coast, about seven miles to the north, or, more strictly speaking, to the west, of Whitby. The proprietors have built a harbour that will accommodate about thirty vessels; and by an ingenious arrangement of storing-boxes, a vessel of five hundred tons can be loaded and dispatched by the following tide. The ore is sent to Newcastle to smelt, which is a cheaper operation than smelting on the spot, owing to the price of coal.

In the bay to the north is the romantic little town of Staithes, wedged in between two lines of rock at the north corner of the bay, and containing a population of 1300 or 1400 souls. The streets are narrow and crooked, and a Board of Improvement Commissioners would direct that they should be occasionally cleansed. The houses are low and old-fashioned, and stand a reasonable chance of being washed into the sea. A little stream skirts the town, its steep banks being divided off into gardens, in which the useful predominates,—as might be expected from so thrifty a people. If it be the fall of the year, the distant fishery is being carried on, 'in Burlington seas, and Yarmouth seas,' and the smaller craft are laid up on shore, more than a hundred of them in all, so that there are cobles in the street, on the road side, on the top of the cliff, in the gardens,—it might have rained cobles. In the creek more boats have come in, and are unloading their nets; and it seems to be the rule here and elsewhere, that as soon as the men reach home, their task is done, and it is the turn of the women to work. Groups of these latter are seen mounting the hill side, carrying on their heads nets to dry, or hurrying down again with their empty creels. And very picturesque they look in their costume somewhat *à la Normandie*. An artist's eye would fasten directly upon the young wife, with her rather tall, well-formed, well-knit, lissom figure, a clear skin, bright eye, and nimble fingers which deftly straighten out the meshes of the nets upon the grass. She wears a frilled cap, snowy white; a limp bonnet, which would

be rather cap than bonnet, but for the deep curtain that falls over the neck and shoulders; a gown, well looped up; a goodly array of short petticoats reaching a trifle below the knee; a tight black stocking, and a well-fitting high-buckled shoe. There is a certain grace in the movements of these women, and not a little skill in the way in which they balance the heavy creel. The men are scarcely so trim in their appearance; but it requires only half an eye to see that their clothing is the best of its kind; and although they grumble,—as fishermen and farmers always will,—it is clear that Staithes is a prosperous place.

The varied character of the scenery in the neighbourhood gives Whitby a great advantage over other watering-places on the Yorkshire coast. In all directions the views are fine,—inland especially. Hill and valley, rock, moorland, woodland, and waterfall, in every possible contrast and combination, will reward the pedestrian for his toil. The railway, passing as it does through Eskdale and the vale of Pickering, opens up some of the choicest scenery, to the saving of time and strength. For example, after half an hour's climb from the Sleights station, the road opens upon Sleights Moor, standing seven hundred feet above the sea level; a dreary place, where a man may weary himself to little purpose. In the autumn especially, when the ferns are dead, and the bloom is off the heather, and the grass is fast dying down, this vast expanse of moor, wild and bleak, and extending for miles, is chiefly interesting to the sportsman; for grouse, partridges, and grey and green plover, are abundant. But from the crest of the moor a lovely prospect opens out. To the N.E. stands Whitby, and beyond it the sea, on which three hundred sail have been counted in clear weather. From Whitby to your feet, and three miles further to the westward, Eskdale can be traced, lovely even in comparison with the vales of the south; and though the little river is itself unseen, yet overhanging woods clearly mark its course. To the right is Iburndale, (using the word for the valley, and not for the hamlet at its foot,) with its woods and attendant waterfall, —one of the many sweet vales which cross the valley of the Esk. Straight before the eye rises, not merely a hill, but a grand line of hill, its top a moor, its side parcelled out into luxuriant fields, its base an extensive wood, which stretches up occasionally on the hill side, rich in oaks a century old, grand old larches, and ash, sycamore, birch, &c., in their pale green, deep orange, or yellow livery. Away on the left, the valley is shut in by three lines of hills, one ranged behind the other, all completely crossing each other, and forming the boundary lines of the three

dales, Glasedale, Fryop, and Danby. There is at least a week's enjoyment to explore in detail what the eye here takes in at a glance.

The finest woods lie further down the valley, and require a day to themselves; they are the last relic of the forests which once covered this region. From Grosmont, a place having a French origin, as its name indicates, a pleasant road along the river-side leads to Egton Bridge proper. But the name attaches to far more than those lichen-covered arches; for the hamlet beyond is Egton Bridge; so are the fields and homesteads extending over either slope of the hill; and still further on, we hear that 'it's a grand fine *country*, is Egton Bridge.' Not to linger on the intermediate views, which, especially from the high ground, are the finest in the district;—the hills of Arncliff and Limber are separated by the Esk, which washes the base of each, while for nearly two miles their sides are covered with large well-grown timber. Nothing can be grander, more perfectly satisfying, than these old woods. Ash, elm, sycamore, larch, and oak abound,—the older trees garlanded with ivy, or grey with lichens; there is a thick undergrowth of bramble and blackthorn; and beneath all, among the rank grass, a profusion of wild flowers. There are deep recesses, where the shadows fall black as night, where the winds are silent, and the sough of the brown waters is lost, as they hurry past on their way to the sea. And there are openings where the overarching branches form a lofty arcade, dimly lighted from the sides rather than from above, where there is twilight at noon-day.

This scenery forms a worthy approach to Glasedale, which is by far the finest and most varied of the dales, and would command admiration even in Cumberland or North Wales. These valleys are very secluded, which is no small advantage in these times; and primitive simplicity, which seems to have departed everywhere else, still lingers here. Weddings, funerals, and festivals generally, are celebrated just as in the last century. Among the poorer sort of people, turf is still burnt on the hearthstone; and dip candles, or even rushlights, are the only resource on winter nights: the old draw-well is common everywhere, and, for any thing we know, Truth still lives at the bottom; for they are very simple-minded, honest folk. The traveller may even put his hand on the latch of a village inn, and find no one to attend to his wants, and may take his ease in his own fashion, seeing meanwhile neither settle, nor bar, nor cask, but only a few wicker-covered bottles, and a goodly array of crockery. It is to these inns that the postmen come, with the letters not only sealed up in the orthodox way, but with sundry extra bags

and pockets, which are filled up on the road. There is very little personal communication between the inhabitants of the several dales. The next valley is the outer world to all these simple people; and doubtless they think that to travel so far would be only to tempt Providence.

But we are not writing an Itinerary, and can only advise the reader to make acquaintance for himself with these fine dales. While most British scenery has been overwritten, the country lying between Pickering and the sea has never yet had justice done it; and the pleasure of the tourist is all the greater that the beauties which open out before him on every hand, are unexpected. Fuller particulars respecting the history of the district, and especially its Roman and Saxon antiquities, may be found in the two works named at the head of this article. Both writers are painstaking and laborious; but Dr. Young had numerous advantages which were denied to Charlton, who, like all pioneers, had a path to hew for himself through difficulties so considerable, that it is no wonder if he occasionally got out of the right track. He was no antiquary, and his speculations are generally unfortunate; but the amount of labour he undertook, and the mass of material which he accumulated, were of the utmost service to his successor. Dr. Young was a good scholar, accustomed to antiquarian research, cautious by temperament, and exact even to scrupulousness in his statements. But with the Scottish caution he also combined something of the Scottish pragmatism; and there is evident, throughout his work, a spirit of bitterness towards Charlton, scarcely worthy of himself. He tracks his predecessor through every line of the old manuscripts with a keenness which is not always justified by the results. To drag a false reading or a mistranslation to light,—to show, for instance, that *mallvagium* has been mistaken for *maignagium*, or that *sp'uiusoru* represented *spervariumsorum*, instead of *sparveriumsorum*,—are discoveries only less refreshing than would be a silver denarius of the Emperor Hadrian, or a stone hatchet of new device.

ART. III.—*Remains of a very Antient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe.* Discovered, Edited, and Translated by WILLIAM CURETON, D.D., F.R.S., &c. London: John Murray. 1858.

Our readers already know how abundantly the researches of a few men, within the last few years, have served to confirm the historic evidences of Christianity, and how opportunely this result has come, not so much to repair the waste of destructive criticism, as wholly to discredit its pretensions. There are two classes of discoverers to whom the world is indebted for a service so inestimably great. One of them is the class of which Layard, Rawlinson, Lepsius, and Tischendorf are illustrious representatives. These have cleared the forest, and done the field-work of discovery for us. They have pitched their tent in the wilderness, and have exposed themselves to hazard and suffering in pursuit of their object. Their pickaxe and shovel have honeycombed the rubbish-heaps which form the graves of primeval cities. Equipped with rule and pencil, ladder and telescope, they have painfully read the language of the rocks, or have groped after wisdom in the suffocating vaults of pyramids, in the chilly windings of catacombs, or in the dusty and vermin-haunted oil-cellars of decaying monasteries. In not a few instances they have brought to their undertaking the lights of genius and of learning; and, with a rare combination of acuteness, judgment, and patience, they have studied and expounded what their enterprise had disinterred. At the same time, the labours of these gifted and laborious men have been followed and supplemented by the zeal and successful diligence of a second and scarcely less honourable class of discoverers,—our philologists and antiquarians, our scholars and divines at home, the men of the closet, who have pored at their leisure over alphabets and drawings, over marbles and manuscripts, and who have made it their business to interpret more fully what the original finders left in doubt, or for the first time to bring into view what they had overlooked, or were unable through circumstances to illustrate.

Of the members of this goodly brotherhood hardly one enjoys a wider or more merited reputation than does the distinguished Orientalist whose name stands at the head of this paper. Dr. Cureton is to England what Bernstein is to Germany. He is a ripe scholar, and he is our greatest master of the Syriac language, and of its large and deeply interesting literature. We have heard Dr. Cureton preach; and though his address is

serious, sensible, and weighty, it might not be hard to find men of inferior powers, to whom public opinion would assign the palm of pulpit efficiency. As a writer, too, Dr. Cureton does not always show to advantage. You may trust his facts, indeed; he says nothing for the sake of saying it; he is never affected, never inflated, never frivolous: but he wants directness, vivacity, and warmth. He has none of Hugh Miller's faculty of making a dull topic sparkle. His thoughts wear no colours; and, if his meaning is not ambiguous, his style is often cramped, redundant, and dragging. But, for wide and accurate scholarship in his own department, none of his contemporaries on this side the Channel can approach him; and it would be difficult to mention the name of an individual in any circle of our modern religious literature, who has laboured more conscientiously, more wisely, more indefatigably, or with greater advantage to the cause of Christian knowledge, than has this most learned, laborious, and estimable dignitary of the English Church.

It is well known that, within the last thirty or five-and-thirty years, great numbers of Syriac MSS., some of them of romantic age, have been brought to Europe from that ancient seat of pagan idolatry and Christian asceticism, the valley of the Natron Lakes, west of the Delta in Lower Egypt. These MSS., a large portion of which has been happily secured to our national Museum, have been found to consist of works, or fragments of works, of very various authorship and character. Some are Biblical, others liturgical, others patristic. Some are translations, chiefly from Greek Fathers, as Ignatius, Eusebius, Basil, Chrysostom; though dear old Aristotle and some of his commentators may be found among them, done into Aramean for the benefit of those who do not read Greek. Others, again, are original Canons of Councils, or Treatises by Fathers of the Syrian Church, as Ephraem and Philoxenus of Mabug. In some cases, works have been discovered, either original or in translation, which were supposed to be irretrievably lost. Such was the *Theophania* of Eusebius, which the late Professor Lee of Cambridge detected among the MSS., and published, with a translation and notes, in 1842 and 1843. It is in this interesting field of ancient and sacred learning that Dr. Cureton has won his laurels. We are indebted to him for the discovery and publication of the Festal Letters of Athanasius, a work of the great Alexandrian archbishop, of which only a fragment had come down to us in the Greek. This was in 1848. The year following he gave to the world a still more important result of his explorations among the treasures of the desert, and of the

studies to which they conducted him, in his *Corpus Ignatianum*; a large and elaborate volume, containing several Epistles of Ignatius in Syriac; and a complete collection, as the title of the work suggests, of all the ancient literature, Greek, Latin, Syriac, Ethiopic, Egyptian, which bears upon the history of the Ignatian Letters, and the controversy to which they have given rise. As to the ecclesiastical aspects of the Syriac text of the Father, there will be diverse judgments. The conclusions to which the editor comes on this point may be open to discussion. Among men of candour and learning, however, there will be but one opinion in regard to the pains which Dr. Cureton has taken to acquaint himself with the details of his subject; the moderation with which he expresses himself on questions of difficulty; and the various and profound erudition which every part of the work displays. His book may be very well proposed as a model of patient investigation, of minute and accurate scholarship, and of cautious and manly criticism. Dr. Cureton has not been idle since the publication of his *Corpus*. In 1853, he published in Syriac, *The Third Part of the Ecclesiastical History of John of Ephesus*. Two years after appeared his *Spicilegium Syriacum*, containing valuable remains of writers of the second and third centuries, preserved in the Syriac, with an English translation and notes. And in the course of 1858 he sent forth what we must regard as by far his most splendid discovery, and most precious contribution to our stores of sacred literature,—the very ancient and unique Syriac text of certain portions of the Four Gospels, exhibited in the volume to which this article is devoted.

Biblical scholars have long had in their hands either the whole or part of several Syriac translations of the New Testament. The chief of these are the so called Philoxenian, belonging to the commencement of the sixth century of our era, and the Peshito or Simple Syriac, the date of which, though uncertain, may be fixed approximately at somewhat more than three centuries earlier. The former of these was executed at the desire of Philoxenus, already named, by Polycarp his rural bishop, and is marked by a slavish adherence to the Greek original, which, while it cruelly violates the idiom of the Aramaic, has the effect of rendering it a most valuable witness to the state of the Greek text at the time at which the version was made. The Peshito is a still more important monument of Christian antiquity. It is indisputably a translation, even where it may be supposed to be built on an Aramaic original; but its general fidelity to the Greek, and its idiomatic purity and vigour, particularly in the Gospels, combine with its age and other associations to invest it with a reverend

interest, in which philologists, critics, and interpreters of Scripture must all partake.

As soon as the Nitrian MSS. reached England, an eager desire was felt by biblical scholars to know what copies or fragments of copies of the Holy Scriptures they contained. It was generally understood, that there were such documents among them; and it was hoped, that not only might additional MSS. of the Peshito and Philoxenian be brought to light, but that even versions or revisions of versions before unknown might be detected. This feeling was strongly whetted by a fact, with which every student of ecclesiastical history is familiar, and which, we believe, Mr. Roberts, the ingenious author of a recent work entitled, *Inquiry into the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel*, has quite failed to invalidate,—the fact, that according to a long and trustworthy series of ancient authorities, St. Matthew wrote a Gospel in his vernacular tongue, the Syriac or Aramaic, as it was spoken in Palestine side by side with the Greek in the days of our Lord. The Church had long lost this apostolic treasure. But some of these Egyptian MSS. were written in the fifth century; and it is certain, that either St. Matthew's Aramaic, or a text nearly resembling it, was in existence in the days of Epiphanius and Jerome, both of whom died in this century. Suppose this venerable document should be recovered! How far Dr. Cureton had any hope of such a discovery, when he carefully scrutinized the MSS., and separated their biblical from their non-biblical contents, we do not know. One thing is certain. If he has not found St. Matthew's Syriac, he has found, and has placed in the hands of the public, what we can hardly doubt must be considered in the main the same Gospel, and with this, remains of the Gospels of St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, which are neither Philoxenian, Peshito, nor any other Aramaic version previously known.

The MS. from which the text is edited, was obtained in 1842 by Archdeacon Tattam from the Nitrian convent of St. Mary Deipara, and was written, as Dr. Cureton believes, about the middle of the fifth century. It is of large quarto size, and the vellum, though now discoloured in many places, is described as having been at first 'extremely white.' As it came into the hands of Dr. Tattam, it was bound up with portions of three other ancient copies, and with a few leaves by a more modern hand. This was done, according to a subscription on the last leaf of the volume, in the year A.D. 1221. The person who performed this service for the convent was guided in his manipulation by a very simple rule. He took several parts of various MSS. as near of a size as possible, and, without caring whether

the leaves of the several copies were intermingled or not, he tacked them together so as to make a complete series of the Gospels. The British Museum has reorganized this chaos, and, by gathering into one what had been thus clumsily divided, obtained the eighty leaves, which, with the addition of two or three more, since discovered elsewhere, form Dr. Cureton's original. The writing of the MS. is in the Estrangelo or Round Syriac character, in double columns, and in a clear, bold hand. There are no divisions of the text for public reading in the churches, nor are there any contemporary signs of such divisions. Those that occur were added centuries after the MS. was written. The heading at the beginning of the Gospels, the running title at the top of some of the pages, and the colophons, are in red ink. The punctuation is partly in red, partly in black. The Gospels are arranged in the order, Matthew, Mark, John, Luke; and the portions of them that remain are, Matthew i. 1 to viii. 22; x. 32 to xxiii. 25; Mark xvi. 17–20; John i. 1–42; iii. 6 to vii. 37 [with chasms, however, from iii. 30 to iv. 7]; part of xiv. 10–29; Luke ii. 48 to iii. 16; vii. 33 to xv. 21; xvii. 3 to xxiv. 44.

The manner in which Dr. Cureton became acquainted with the contents of the MS. is related in the preface to his book. When it first came into his hands, he laid it aside with the other earlier MSS. of the Gospels, believing it to be a copy of the Peshito. 'The next time I took it up,' he says, 'I was struck by observing, that several erasures had been made in the fifth and seventh chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and other words supplied. This led me to examine the matter more closely, when I ascertained that this had been done with regard to passages which differed from the text of the Peshito; they had been erased, and the others from the Peshito had been supplied. A little further examination showed me, that the text before me was very different from that of the Peshito, and indeed belonged to a revision of the Gospels in Syriac hitherto altogether unknown in Europe.'

The judgment which Dr. Cureton expresses in this passage, was only strengthened by the careful and critical study which he afterwards bestowed upon the MS. And, if we cannot subscribe to all his views as to the character and relations of its contents, we think he has proved that it represents a Syriac text of the Gospels older than the Peshito, and that, in the case of the Gospel by St. Matthew, it furnishes us with a closer approximation—we will not say, with Dr. Cureton, to the form in which the Gospel was first published, but, at any rate—to the Aramaic autograph of the Apostle, than the Church of modern times has hitherto possessed.

The arguments on which Dr. Cureton bases his doctrine as to the early age of his Gospels, are drawn in part from the archaic style of the Syriac in which the fragments are written. While the Nitrian text and the Peshito exhibit a near resemblance to each other, the latter everywhere bears upon it marks of file and pumice-stone. Its Matthew will certainly have had the Apostle's Aramaic as its groundwork, and the other three Gospels may have received their shaping to a certain extent from the same source. But they all tell of a nice and elaborate adaptation to the Greek, and have a finish and elegance such as time and literary castigation alone could give them. Here, however, we are in the age of bronze. The vocabulary and idiom are ruder and more antique than those of the Peshito. And though it is possible that local peculiarities of dialect may in part account for this, there is good reason to believe that the phenomena are mainly due to the early period at which the text was produced.

A second argument, bearing in the same direction, lies in the correspondence between Dr. Cureton's text and certain readings of passages in the Gospels, which, while they are not found in our present Greek copies, are yet supported by the Old Latin Version; or are referred to, or quoted by, the most ancient ecclesiastical writers. The number of instances in which the ante-Hieronymian Latin and Dr. Cureton's Syriac at once differ from the bulk of the Greek MSS., and agree with one another, is truly surprising. We say the bulk of the Greek MSS., because exception is so often to be made in the case of the *Codex Bezæ*, between the readings of which and the Old Latin there obtains, as is well known, a strong similarity. Examples of the correspondence we speak of are scattered over every page of that portion of Dr. Cureton's work in which he illustrates the peculiarities of his text; and in many places quotations are given from Justin Martyr, Origen, Cyprian, and others, all certifying the antiquity of the Nitrian text, by the proof they afford that certain of its readings were known in the first ages of the Church. Justin and Origen, for example, cite Matthew vii. 22, as containing the clause, 'Have we not eaten and drunk in Thy name?'—words which, while they occur neither in the *Codex Bezæ*, nor in any other Greek MS., are found in the text before us. So Hegesippus, of whom Eusebius says, that he used both the Gospel according to the Hebrews and the Syriac, quotes Matthew xiii. 16, according to the reading of this text, 'Happy are your eyes that see, and your ears that hear.' The evidence which harmonies of this kind supply, are much the same as that possessed by the geologist, who lights upon an

ancient rock, some fragments of which had before been found imbedded in deposits of a later age.

A further but allied proof of the ancientness of these Syriac Gospels is found in certain facts relating to the Genealogy of our Lord, as given by St. Matthew. It is well known, that the second table in the Genealogy excludes the three names of Ahaziah, Joash, and Amaziah. At the same time, the number of the stages of descent is said to be fourteen, as in the other two tables. And this, so far as we know, has been the reading of the Greek from the beginning. Certainly no extant Greek MS. has any other reading; and the Peshito and the rest of the ancient Versions, without exception, agree with the Greek text. We have direct testimony, however, that there were at one time Syriac copies of the Gospel in which the omitted names were given, and the number seventeen stood as the sum of the generations. Dionysius Bar Salibi, a Syrian commentator of the twelfth century, quotes a statement by another Syrian, George of the Gentiles, who was consecrated bishop in the year 686, to the effect that the three names and the number seventeen were found in what was deemed the original Gospel of St. Matthew, and that the reading 'fourteen' and the omission of the names are due partly to the difficulty which the Greek translator found in representing the Aramaic gutturals, partly to errors of copyists resulting from this, or a desire they may have felt to gratify the Jewish love of sevens. This explanation of George's is a sufficiently lame one; and Bar Salibi meets him with a lamer reply. But the fact to which they refer, as in the case of poor Papias and his statement respecting St. Matthew's having written in Hebrew, remains in full force, notwithstanding the faults of their philosophy and the clumsiness of their logic. And when we hear Bar Salibi, immediately after stating that 'there is found, occasionally, a Syriac copy made out of the Hebrew, which inserts these three kings in the genealogy, but that it afterwards speaks of fourteen, and not seventeen, generations;' and, in connexion with this, take the fact that we have such a copy in Dr. Cureton's Syriac; we find ourselves possessed of a testimony to the age of the text which, to say the least, is not a little startling. The circumstance, too, that a Syriac treatise, by Mar Yakub the Persian, written in the year 342, contains a genealogy of our Lord which includes the three kings, and, in other respects, resembles Dr. Cureton's Syriac more nearly than either the Peshito or the Greek, is an additional weight in the same scale.

What puts the crown on the whole, is the palpable correspondence between the Nitrian Syriac and the ancient Ebionite and

Nazarene recensions of what, there can be little doubt, was a paraphrased, maimed, and interpolated edition of St. Matthew's Aramaic, the so-called 'Gospel according to the Hebrews.' Our means of comparison, it is true, are but scanty; for the fragments of these heretical Evangels which have floated down to our times are few and small. Such as they are, however, they suffice to certify us of the substantial oneness of the Nitrian St. Matthew, and that original Aramaic, out of which Nazarene and Ebionite alike built their Gospels. In the Gospel according to the Hebrews,—*in ipso Hebraico*,—Jerome tells us, the words, 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judæa,' were read with 'Juda' instead of the 'Judæa' of the Greek. Such is the reading of our Egyptian text, as well as of the Peshito. In the account of our Lord's temptation, the Greek of St. Matthew describes Him as 'led up of the Spirit into the wilderness.' The Gospel according to the Hebrews, as quoted by Origen, represents 'the Holy Spirit' as conducting Christ thither; and so the Syriac before us has it: 'Then Jesus was led up of the Spirit of Holiness to the wilderness.' Jerome again informs us, that in the Gospel of the Hebrews it is stated, that when Christ went up from the water at His baptism, 'all the fountain of the Holy Spirit came down and rested upon Him, and said to Him, My Son,' &c. In singular accordance with this, Dr. Cureton's text describes the Holy Ghost as resting upon the Saviour, and as directly addressing Him, 'Thou art My Son, and My Beloved.' From a statement of Epiphanius we learn, that this last clause was the reading of the Ebionite Gospel; though it represented the voice from heaven as coming a second time, and using the words found in the Greek, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' The same Father states, that the Ebionite Gospel speaks of John as baptizing in 'the river Jordan,' as this Syriac copy reads, the Greek omitting the word 'river.' These are not all the examples of agreement which Dr. Cureton has collected; but they are enough, we think, to vindicate his position, that the Gospel according to the Hebrews, and the Syriac Matthew he publishes, are, in the main, the same document; and, taken in connexion with the other elements of his reasoning, they appear to us to be strongly corroborative of his general conclusion.

We do not adduce a further argument, which Dr. Cureton has employed in support of the antiquity of the Nitrian St. Matthew, because we have by no means so full a confidence in the value of it as the learned editor appears to possess. It is founded on certain internal evidence, which the Greek Gospels of St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, and particularly the

former two, are believed to furnish, that a common Aramaic document, a document identical for the most part with the Nitrian Syriac of St. Matthew, lies at the base of them all. This doctrine, as it is held by Dr. Cureton, is linked with an earnest maintenance of the theory, that the canonical Greek Matthew is a direct translation from the original Aramaic of the Evangelist; an opinion which Dr. Cureton shares with many learned men, and which he advocates with great skill and ingenuity. On this last point we are entirely at issue with Dr. Cureton; and, in reference to the former, we hold that his views, to say the least, are far too exclusive; and that the language in which he expresses them needs many guards and limitations.

We do not see, indeed, that the idea of a fundamental document, such as St. Matthew's Aramaic, is inconsistent, as Mr. Roberts seems to think, with worthy views of the inspiration of the Evangelists. If inspiration be vitiated by one sacred writer's using the composition of another, what becomes of the Divine authority of some of the prophetic books of the Old Testament? For our own part, we should prefer to account for the coincidences of the Gospels on this theory, rather than on the principle which Mr. Roberts adopts from Professor Norton, that they are due to certain 'sterotyped forms' of expression, which the Apostles were accustomed to employ in speaking of the facts of our Lord's life and ministry. We do not deny, moreover, that Dr. Cureton's hypothesis is countenanced, to a certain degree, by the facts of the case. There are renderings in the Greek Matthew which might very well be explained on the supposition that a translator misread or misunderstood the original; or felt himself at liberty to give another turn to it. And it must be admitted, that there are appearances in the other three Gospels, especially St. Mark and St. Luke, which give colour to the idea, that the writers of them made use of a common Syriac archetype; and have not unfrequently acted the part of translators and copyists, rather than of authors properly so called. Passages, for example, in which the Greek of St. Matthew differs from the Nitrian Syriac, are found to agree both with the Greek and with the Syriac of the other three Evangelists. At the same time 'some slight variations in the Greek of these parallel passages' may be readily explained, by supposing one Evangelist to have read or translated his original one way, another another. Now, though it is quite possible that St. Matthew's Aramaic may have been in the hands of the other Evangelists; though we think it even probable that such was the case, and that they used it to some extent in the preparation of their Gospels; we are satisfied that Dr. Cureton pushes this

MS. hypothesis to extravagant and even dangerous lengths; and that many of the phenomena on which he builds, admit and require a very different explanation. For, not to insist upon the entire silence of the Greek-writing Evangelists themselves, as to their having made use of such a document, nor to press the fact that Christian antiquity knows nothing of any such employment in common of an archetypal Gospel, what must we take to be the value of Christ's promise to His disciples, that the Spirit should bring all things to their remembrance? and what becomes of the proper and independent inspiration of the Evangelists, if the theory, which Dr. Cureton propounds in the passages we are about to quote, be tenable? 'I have observed,' he says, 'in several instances, where there is a difference between the Greek of St. Matthew and this Syriac text, that the other Evangelists also, in the parallel passages, vary not only from the Greek text of St. Matthew, but likewise from each other.' 'For this,' he adds, 'I can assign no other probable reason than that it must have arisen from some defect in the original copy, which they all more immediately or remotely followed; rendering it in such places obscure and partly illegible.' Now, we do not fear the charge of putting *à priori* arguments in place of induction, when we express our entire and earnest dissent from this finding. We have been used to believe that the writers of the Gospels were not left at the mercy of their memories in the composition of their narratives. We have always understood the Lord's promise to be a guarantee against defects arising from this source; and the contents of the Gospels themselves have appeared to us to justify our interpretation. Were they at the mercy of a MS. too? Was a slip of St. Matthew's pen, or a huddling of his words in writing, or a faulty place in his parchment, to precipitate Evangelist after Evangelist into mistake as to his meaning? We find no proof of any such stumbling in any thing that Dr. Cureton has adduced; and we do not believe in this part of his theory. Without rejecting altogether the idea of a fundamental document, we believe that a safer and much more probable account might be given of the bulk of the phenomena out of which it has sprung. In a word, the appearances which Dr. Cureton and others ascribe to accidental errors, or to the various understanding of a MS. original, might be adequately explained, for the most part, by referring them to two concurring causes: first, the independent knowledge of the Evangelists, whether as themselves eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, or as the disciples and companions of those who were such; and, secondly, the supernatural influence of the Holy Ghost; which, while it

left a free pen in the hand of a free mind, protected them from error, selected for them the topics of which they should treat, and determined, to a great degree, the form as well as the substance of their narratives. In the nature of things, the words of a speaker can seldom be reproduced with all their original air and colouring, in a language different from the one in which they were uttered. And if several interpreters attempt to convey the meaning of them, they will rarely agree to express it in exactly the same terms. At the same time, it will not be marvellous if now and again there should be absolute identity of representation. And the probability of coincidence, both as to the fact and the degree of it, will depend partly on the skill and conscientiousness of the interpreters; partly on the object they have in view, and the freedom they consider themselves at liberty to use in the treatment of their original. With certain modifications, these same remarks will hold of historical narrative also. Where the facts are striking and important, it will not be strange if several witnesses, while they differ from one another in a multitude of particulars, should likewise agree at certain points of their statement, and that even in minute details. Let these principles be applied to the case of the Evangelists. Two of them at least were companions of Christ. They heard His discourses and saw His works. And the other two were in free and constant communication with the first preachers of the Gospel. Moreover, they all felt a profound and absorbing interest in the facts and teachings which it was their duty to set forth, and they were all the subjects of a special Divine illumination and guidance. At the same time it is evident from the very nature and shape of their narratives, that each had his several design and aim in writing, and that they sought in many cases to express the substance rather than reproduce the precise words, whether of Christ Himself, or of Old-Testament Scripture, or any other. Beside all this, it is certain that they sometimes wrote both history and discourses on a principle of grouping and condensation, without that strict regard to chronological sequence to which our western notions attach so much weight. Putting these and the like considerations together, is it wonderful that we should find in the Gospels appearances such as, under other circumstances, might receive a natural and reasonable explanation by the hypothesis of Dr. Cureton?

In all that has now been advanced, we have gone upon the supposition that our Lord habitually used the Aramaic as the vehicle both of His public discourses and of His private conversations with His disciples. And we are satisfied that even

if this were the fact, the principles we have laid down would account for most of the phenomena of the Gospels. But we go further. We do not endorse the extreme and all but exclusive view of Mr. Roberts in regard to the use of the Greek language by our Lord. But we believe that He spoke Greek quite as much, if not more than the Syriac vernacular. And we hold, that this is the true key to very many of the difficulties, whether of coincidence or diversity, which the critics have found in the form of the Gospels. Now, if this hypothesis be correct, and if it be true that Dr. Cureton's Syriac Matthew embodies much of the apostolic autograph in the same language, we need not have recourse to a scheme of errors and oversights to explain the difference between its readings and those of the canonical Greek. That so many variations between the two 'must have arisen,' as Dr. Cureton declares, from the illegibility of the original MS., or from the confounding of one word with another, or from the dropping of words through alliteration, is a doctrine which carries improbability on the face of it. One thing is certain. If it be so, the Greek translator of the Gospel was either lamentably incompetent for his work, or exquisitely careless in performing it. And how this will consist with the freshness, the vigour, the precision, and the symmetry of the Greek on the one hand, or with any safe and rational theory of inspiration on the other, we are quite at a loss to understand. In regard to the whole question, however, of the canonical Greek of St. Matthew, and of its alleged Syriac original, we are compelled to differ widely from Dr. Cureton. We agree with Mr. Roberts, that if historical testimony and internal evidence are worth anything, they demonstrate the proper originality and apostolic authority of St. Matthew's Greek Gospel. We further hold, in opposition to Mr. Roberts, and notwithstanding the dislike of unnecessary compromises, which we share with him, that it is scarcely less certain that St. Matthew published a Gospel in Aramaic. To say that the ancient witnesses to this fact are all echoes of Papias, is a mere assumption. On the contrary, we have the best reason to believe that the testimony of several of the leading Fathers on the subject was perfectly independent of any such authority. And it is easy to see how both facts may be true. It is allowed on all hands, that St. Matthew wrote especially for Jews, though not for Jews only. And if so, he would be likely to endeavour to meet the case of all Jews, whether those who, like many in Palestine, knew nothing or next to nothing of any language but Aramaic, or that great body of extra-Palestinian Jews, who, while for the most part unacquainted

with Aramaic, made free use of the Greek. And how could he do this more effectually than by sending forth his Gospel in duplicate,—one copy in Aramaic for the Aramaic-speaking Jews, the other in Greek for the benefit of mankind at large,—the Jew first, and also the Gentile? We believe that this was done. What the precise relation between the two texts was,—whether the Greek or the Aramaic was first issued,—whether the Greek was a near equivalent of the original Aramaic, adapted here and there to Gentile readers, or the Aramaic was substantially a transcript of the Greek that preceded it, with similar adjustments to the case of Palestinian Jews,—we do not profess to say. It is not improbable,—considering the disadvantage under which Jews in Palestine, who did not know Greek, would lie in respect of their opportunity of acquaintance with the truth; considering, too, how dimly the early Church perceived the purpose of God as to the evangelising of the Gentiles,—that the Aramaic took the lead of the Greek in order of time. Either way, we are convinced that our canonical Greek is St. Matthew's own handywork, and that the idea of its being a translation is unsustained alike by antecedent probabilities, and by all internal and external evidence. On the hypothesis now stated, we can readily explain the great mass of instances in which Dr. Cureton supposes the Greek translator to be at fault. In some of them, as Mr. Roberts very well puts it, the disagreement is far more likely to be due to an error of the Syriac copyist. The reading 'world' for 'people'—*ghelmo* or *ghamo*—in Matthew i. 21, is doubtless a case of this sort. Other variations may be attributed to paraphrase, or to an original difference between the Greek and Aramaic copies of the Gospel. An instance of this kind occurs in Matthew viii. 2, where the Greek has 'leper' for the 'one man a leper' of the Syriac, a difference which Dr. Cureton supposes to have come of the Greek translator's being stumbled by an alliteration. And, surely, the doctrine we advocate is a more rational mode of accounting for a variation like that of Matthew xi. 20,—'He showed many mighty works,' for the Greek, 'Many of His mighty works were done,'—than by imagining the translator to have confounded one Aramaic verb with another. How St. Matthew's Aramaic came to wear so soon the semi-apocryphal form of 'the Gospel according to the Hebrews' will seem strange to no one who considers within how narrow a circle the use of it must always have been confined, and how convenient a handle it presented to certain classes of religionists, in the infancy of the Church's life, for furthering their particular views. And that the orthodox of a later period should endeavour to repair the injuries it had sustained by the aid of St.

Matthew's Greek, and of the other Gospels, is no matter of wonder.

Whatever the relations may be which the canonical Greek of St. Matthew bore to his Aramaic, there can be little doubt as to the position which must be assigned to the Syriac texts before us, in reference to the Greek Gospels as a whole. In this respect we agree with Dr. Cureton, that a line must be drawn between them. St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John, as might be supposed, are direct and not always very accurate translations from the Greek. Greek words, for which the later and more polished Peshito has the proper Aramaic expressions, are scattered through the text. In several instances one Greek term has been confounded with another. In Luke xx. 46, for example, through mistaking *στολαῖς* for *στοαῖς*, the scribes are made to walk in 'porches' instead of 'long garments;' and in John vii. 35, *διασπορά*, 'dispersion,' is rendered as if it were *σπορά*, 'seed.' A more serious mistake, which occurs in Luke vii. 33, and elsewhere, is the putting our Lord's title of *ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*, as if it were *ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνδρός*: while in Luke ix. 17, where a passage from St. Matthew is introduced into the text, the reverse blunder is made, and 'human beings' are put where 'men' should be found, in contradistinction from 'women.' The most superficial reader of the Nitrian St. Luke and St. John—St. Mark, it will be remembered, is but a fragment—will observe the paraphrastic and rhetorical style of the versions; and the sense of the original is sometimes jumbled and mangled in a fashion which, with all allowance for the negligence of scribes, leaves no doubt as to the incompetency or carelessness of the translator. In illustration of the first class of passages, we may refer to Luke xv. 13, where the Greek describes the prodigal son as having wasted his substance 'in riotous living.' The *ζῶν ἀσώτως*, which answers to this last expression, is expanded in the Syriac into a form which Dr. Cureton renders closely, 'in those meats which were not meet, because he was living prodigally with harlots.' Another notable example occurs in xxi. 25, 26, of the same Gospel, where the Greek 'and upon the earth distress of nations,' &c., reads in the Syriac, 'and affliction in the earth, and clapping of hands of the nations, and a voice that is like the sea's, and the quaking of the exit of the souls of men's sons from terror of that which is about to come on the earth.' A further example of paraphrase is found in John v. 39, which Dr. Cureton translates literally, 'Search the Scriptures, because in them ye suppose that ye shall live for ever, and those Scriptures testify respecting Me; those which ye suppose that in them ye have life, they testify respecting

Me.' As samples of the latter class of renderings, let it suffice to state, that, in John iv. 47, 'Galilee' and 'Judæa' are made to change places; that the bread which came down from heaven is said, in John vi. 50, to be 'that a man may eat of it and die;' that, in Luke xxiii. 9, Herod is said to have questioned Christ in 'cunning' words instead of 'many;' and that John iv. 24 is reduced to the chaos, 'For God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, in spirit it is meet for them to worship, for those that worship Him in spirit and in truth.' The fragment of St. Mark affords but small space for criticism; but even here the freedom which the translator felt in dealing with his original at once arrests attention. It is clear, too, from many indisputable examples which Dr. Cureton adduces, that the translator or translators of these Gospels—as in an instance just given—have introduced into them the readings of other Gospels. On this subject, however, we cannot now enter.

In most of the respects above named, the Syriac St. Matthew must be marked off from its fellows. There is occasional paraphrase here. We can hardly doubt, that the text in several places has been retouched from the Greek. The other Gospels likewise appear to have helped to put it into the form in which it has come into our hands. And in some cases passages have crept in which must be regarded as belonging to the apocryphal parts of the Gospel according to the Hebrews. But, as a whole, it cannot be considered a translation. It contains some Greek words, it is true, like the Peshito; but these are to be explained as importations into the Aramaic, like the French and Indian terms which have found their way into the modern English. There is the same air, however, of freedom, independence, and vigour about the Gospel, which is so observable in the canonical Greek. Moreover, the marks of ignorance and carelessness, which have been noted as belonging to the other three Gospels, are wanting in St. Matthew. You do not find one word confounded with another, and there is no awkward and blundering interpretation of a misunderstood original. Mr. Roberts, indeed, denies this in the most unqualified language; and he refers to Matthew xi. 12, as 'a testing passage' in proof of his assertion. Dr. Cureton renders it, 'From John the Baptist's days and until now the kingdom of heaven is oppressed, and its oppressors seize upon it.' Now, it is not for us to defend this translation. We think it unfortunate. But were it put to us to find words in the Syriac language which should form an exact counterpart of the Greek of the passage, we know of none that would more precisely represent it than the very expressions of the Nitrian original. Mr. Roberts contends, as against Dr.

Cureton, that *βιάζεσθαι* in this place must of necessity be taken in a good sense; and he points to Genesis xxxiii. 11, as an instance of its being so used by Hellenistic writers. He is singularly unhappy in his reference; for the Peshito there gives the very word for *βιάζεσθαι*, which Dr. Cureton renders 'oppress' in the passage of the Gospel. Lastly, it is interesting to find, that, as St. Matthew appears in Dr. Cureton's MS., it bears a peculiar title, which, whatever may be the meaning of it, appears to indicate that, in the view of the writer, the Gospel stood by itself, and had a value and authority which the other texts were not able to claim.

Putting all this together, and making every necessary allowance for faults and blemishes, we venture again to express our strong persuasion that Dr. Cureton is right in attributing to these Syriac texts an age outvying that of the Peshito itself, and that the fragments throughout, so far as they relate the conversations and discourses of our Lord, present us with an exacter picture of the words He would employ in using the vernacular of His native land, than any we before possessed. This of itself will invest Dr. Cureton's Matthew in particular with a charm, which will draw the hearts of all devout scholars towards it. At the same time, the age of the texts must render their readings matter of interest to every intelligent student of the word of God. This is a mine, which Dr. Cureton has thrown open, but does not profess to have fully worked. We should be glad to carry our readers through all its chambers and passages. At present, we can do little more than point out a few of its chief veins, and put into their hands some specimens of the ores they yield.

Beginning with St. Matthew, we note the expression, 'Mary the Virgin,' in i. 16, which is also the reading of the old Latin, and the substitution of 'Mary' and of 'thine espoused' for the 'her' and 'thy wife' of verses 19 and 20. In the same chapter 'our God with us,' which Mar Yakub cites as the reading of this place, is put as the equivalent of 'Immanuel,' and Christ appears as 'the son,' and not 'the first-born son,' of Mary. 'The voice of Rachel,' in chapter ii., stands for 'Rachel' herself; and in chapter iii., 'Make His paths straight,' is quoted, as it is in the Hebrew, Mar Yakub, and a MS. of the Old Latin, 'Make straight the paths of our God.' Our Lord's temptation is described in the Greek as having lasted forty days and forty nights. The Syriac omits the 'forty nights.' At the close of the temptation angels are said to have ministered not to 'Him,' but to 'Jesus,' as in the *Codex Bezæ* and the old Latin; and in iv. 18, we have 'our Lord,' not 'Jesus,' as the

Textus Receptus gives it. Further on, a gloss makes Christ to have 'laid His hands' upon those whom He healed in His early ministry. The critics who insist on transposing the second and third Beatitude, will be glad to find themselves sustained by this text. The fourth Beatitude contains a word which generally answers in Syriac to the English 'justice,' and so Dr. Cureton renders it, distinguishing the term from that which is commonly employed for 'righteousness.' Mr. Roberts wields this about the head of Dr. Cureton's theory with an almost tragic displeasure. But there is no harm done. If Mr. Roberts will turn to Genesis xv. 6, in his Walton, he will find what is to all intents and purposes the same word employed by the Syriac translator of the 'righteousness' which was reckoned to Abraham when he believed. And in Psalm xxiv. 5, where we have the words, 'He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation,' the Peshito gives the very word for 'righteousness,' which Dr. Cureton in Matthew translates 'justice.' We wish Dr. Cureton had explained a little in his note on the passage. He might find in the 'justice,' to which Mr. Roberts takes exception, an additional proof of the ante-Peshito age, and of the Hebraizing character of his text. Several other points of interest occur in this fifth chapter of St. Matthew. In verse 13, for example, 'the salt' is spoken of as becoming 'insipid and foolish,' and 'one jot' is written 'one letter Yod.' Chapter vi. has readings which will command a wide attention. Where the Greek speaks of the good as rewarded 'openly,' the Syriac omits the 'openly.' 'Constant of the day,' is the equivalent of the 'daily bread' of the Lord's Prayer. For the words, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' &c., we have a form which, if Dr. Cureton's translation be correct, we cannot believe St. Matthew ever wrote, and which quite alters the basis of the petition: 'Forgive us our trespasses, that we also may forgive,' &c. We are bold enough to doubt the correctness of the rendering which Dr. Cureton has given to this passage. Though it is true that the future follows *'aycano' d'oph*, we believe the clause should be rendered, 'even as we also shall forgive.' What is still more interesting, the greater part of the much disputed Doxology is found in the Syriac: 'Because Thine is the kingdom and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.' In chapter viii. verse 22, Dr. Cureton translates, 'For I also am a man that is under authority, and there is to me authority, also to me.' For 'The poor have the Gospel preached unto them,' we find in xi. 5, 'The poor are sustained,' answering singularly to the *'fruantur bonis'* in a passage of the apocryphal Gospel of St. Matthew published by Tischendorf,

where these words of our Lord are referred to. The 'three measures' are omitted in the parable of the leaven. Herodias's daughter is represented as dancing not 'in the midst' simply, but 'in the midst of the banquet.' Christ describes the Pharisees as 'blind leaders,' without adding the words 'of the blind.' With this agree the Vatican and Beza MSS. In xv. 19, 'evil thoughts, murders,' &c., read 'evil thoughts of murders,' &c. Verse 27 of the same chapter adds the words 'and live' to what the Canaanitish woman said of the dogs. When Christ explained to His disciples after the Transfiguration why they could not heal the lunatic child, the Greek describes Him as saying, 'Howbeit this kind goeth not forth but by prayer and fasting.' There is no trace of this passage in the Syriac. It is wanting likewise in the Vatican MS., in the so-called Jerusalem Syriac, and in the Coptic and Ethiopic versions. The remarkable reading, which Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and others, have substituted for that of the Received Text in xix. 17, 'Why askest thou Me concerning good?' is also the reading found here. In curious agreement likewise with the *Codex Bezæ* and some MSS. of the Old Latin, we have the words: 'But you, seek ye that from little things ye may become great, and not from great things may become little,' put into the mouth of our Lord as part of what He taught His disciples, when Zebedee's sons applied to Him for a share in His kingdom. The question of Christ, addressed to the brothers on the same occasion, 'Are ye able to be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?' which is found in the *Textus Receptus*, but is excluded by Griesbach, Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles, is also wanting here. In xxi. 9, where Christ's entry into Jerusalem is described, we find the insertion, 'And many went out to meet Him, and were rejoicing and praising God concerning all that which they saw.'

As we have already stated, a fragment only of the Gospel of St. Mark exists in Dr. Cureton's Syriac. But it is a most precious one. It belongs to that part of the Gospel which modern critics have agreed to mark as suspicious, and which even the most ardent defenders of the Received Text have felt to be seriously wanting in external authentications. More than this, it contains the very words which have been the stumbling-block of the copyists and translators, and to which the doubt under which the whole passage lies is doubtless due. The entire piece is small, and we think it worth while, even in this brief notice of the text, to transcribe it in Dr. Cureton's literal translation. ['And these signs shall follow them,'] 'that believe in Me; these in My name shall cast out demons; with new

tongues they shall speak; serpents they shall take up in their hands; and if any poison of death they drink, it shall not hurt them; on the diseased they shall lay their hands, and they shall become sound. But our Lord Jesus Christ, after that He had commanded His disciples, was exalted to heaven, and sat at the right *hand* of God. But they went forth, and preached in every place, while the Lord was with them in all, and their word He was confirming by the signs which they were doing.'

The Gospel of St. John follows that of St. Mark; and here there are variations on the Greek, which deserve attention. The question put to the Baptist, 'Art thou Elias?' with his answer to it, are omitted in the Syriac, which gives the name of Elias, however, in verse 25. The old reading, 'Bethabara,' in i. 28, for which Origen contended, is vindicated by this text against Lachmann and others, who substitute 'Bethany,' on the authority of most of the Greek and Latin copies. Our Lord tells the Samaritan woman, that salvation is from 'Juda,' and 'already,' He says, 'the reaper receiveth wages.' The opening of chapter v. has nothing answering to the 'at the sheep-gate' of the Greek, and, with several of the best Greek MSS., it altogether shuts out the celebrated fourth verse relating to the periodical descent of an angel into the pool, and the miraculous effects which followed. Yet verse 7 in the Syriac, as well as in the Greek, assumes a moving of the waters, which had to do with the cure of the diseased who resorted thither. Where the storm on the lake is described, our text reads, 'And the wind was risen vehemently, and the lake was troubled over them.' 'Nay, but He deceiveth the people,' is converted into, 'He is not good, but He deceiveth the people.' And in vii. 35, before referred to, instead of 'Will He go to the dispersed among the Gentiles, and teach the Gentiles?' it is asked, 'To the seed of the Aramæans then goeth He teaching?'

We have yet to mention a few peculiarities of the text of St. Luke; and these will be found to be chiefly of one class,—enlargements and heightenings of the meaning of the Greek original. The 'sorrowing' with which Mary sought the child Jesus, is made into 'anxiety and much grief.' 'What shall we do and live?' the multitudes ask of the Baptist. 'Because we are many in him,' is the turn given to the explanation that many devils had entered into 'Legion.' In viii. 44, it is said of the woman with the issue of blood, 'And she meditated in herself, and says, If going I touch even the garments of Jesus, I am healed; and she came near from behind Him;' words which seem to be taken mostly from St. Matthew. At the end of x. 16, there is the addition, 'And whoso heareth Me heareth Him that sent Me.' For 'beast' in

the parable of the Good Samaritan the Syriac has 'ass.' 'In our streets Thou hast walked,' is the expression in xiii. 26, for 'Thou hast taught in our streets.' Where Christ puts it to His enemies, 'Which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a pit?' &c., the Syriac introduces the term 'son' also:—'his son, or his ox, or his ass.' The passage parallel to that of St. Matthew, 'Why askest thou Me concerning good?' includes both this and the reading of the Greek. The Syriac runs, 'Why callest thou Me good? and why askest thou Me respecting the good?' The parenthetic words, 'They said unto Him, Lord, he hath ten pounds,' in xix. 25, are omitted. So are the words, 'Thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee,' in Christ's sentence upon Jerusalem. 'Great tempests,' as in the Peshito, are added to the 'fearful sights and great signs from heaven,' which the Lord declared should be the forerunners of the end. When Herod questioned Jesus, He is said to have made him no answer, 'as though he had not been there.' What Pilate said to the Jews, when Christ came back from Herod, 'Lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto Him,' is expanded into, 'Anything worthy of death he has not found behind Him, nor is there anything [worthy] of death done by Him.' Verse 17 of chapter xxiii. stands in the Syriac after verses 18 and 19. 'Peace be to Thee! If Thou be the king of the Jews, save Thyself!' is the taunt of the soldiers to Christ on the cross. The multitudes who witnessed the crucifixion are represented as going home, 'smiting upon their breast and saying, Woe to us! What is this? Woe to us from our sins!' When the women saw the angels at the sepulchre, it is said of them, 'And they feared and bowed their heads, and were looking upon the earth for fear.' The disciples who went to Emmaus, inquire of one another, whether their heart was not 'heavy by the way.' Finally, in xxiv. 44, we find the words, 'And He took up that which remained,' [namely, of the broiled fish and honeycomb,] 'and gave to them.'

The readings now mentioned have been quoted for the most part without any indication of the value, less or more, which we attach to them, or any discussion of the critical questions they suggest. Our space forbids this. We adduce them simply as specimens of the text, and leave it to the Christian intelligence and scholarship of those into whose hands Dr. Cureton's volume falls, to follow up the inquiries, and, if needs be, resolve the problems, which these interesting Syriac Gospels involve.

Hitherto we have said nothing as to the external form which Dr. Cureton has given to his work, and the manner in which he has executed his joint functions of editor, translator, and critic.

In all these respects his book is above praise. The manly quarto, with its simple cloth binding, and the bright clear lettering on its forehead, at once bespeaks our confidence. And when we open it, and see the stout white ivory-surfaced paper, the clean, bold type, and the ample margin, sweeping like a frame round its pages, we know, without looking further, that we have before us a product of English skill and English taste. We only wish that so much beauty and excellence could be made to join hands with a cheapness which should bring the work within reach of all to whom it would be useful.

After a brief and straightforward Dedication to the Prince Consort, Dr. Cureton devotes some four or five pages of a long 'Preface' to an explanation of the circumstances under which he discovered his Gospels, a description of the MS. containing them, and a general statement both of his views as to the text, and the reasons which led him to publish it in its present shape. The Christian caution and modesty with which he speaks on the points last named, should have protected him, we think, from certain rough animadversions which have been made upon his theories. This part of his Prolegomena—so the Germans would call them—is followed by nearly sixty pages of critical notes and observations on the text of the Gospels, in which he points out some of their most significant readings, and furnishes his reader with various material for forming a judgment as to the general character of the text, and as to its relations, whether to the canonical Greek, the Peshito, Old Latin, and other ancient Versions, the uncial MSS. of the New Testament, or the patristic literature of the early Christian centuries. We have already expressed our dissent from some of the principles and conclusions contained in this body of notes. We believe that Dr. Cureton has sometimes taken a false position, and that his interpretation of certain facts and certain classes of facts is biassed by rash and even dangerous assumptions. At the same time his views, where we think him in error, are not to be exploded with a laugh; and his readers, without exception, will admire the learning, the research, the candour, and the devoutness of spirit, which are so conspicuous in every part of his annotations. We earnestly hope he will soon be able to give us that further volume on the subject of his Gospels, which he promises in this portion of his present work, and for which, he states, he has already made considerable preparation.

The thirty pages of the 'Preface' which follow, are mostly occupied by two Dissertations, of which one is entitled *General Observations on the Text of these Syriac Remains*, the other and longer of the two being devoted to the Gospel of St. Matthew.

The contents of both these papers have, more or less, come under our review. It is only necessary to add here, that, while the former presents us with a brief exposition of the philology and other leading characteristics of the text, the latter will be found to include much valuable information on all the great points of the argument with which it deals, and, particularly, as to the character and history of those spurious recensions of the Gospel according to the Hebrews, which Dr. Cureton believes to have been built upon St. Matthew's Aramaic.

The author's Preface opens the door for us to an English translation of the Syriac, a part of his work which Dr. Cureton announces on his title-page, and which he has executed with an exactness and accuracy deserving our best thanks. The chief object of the translation is, of course, as Dr. Cureton states it, 'to enable those who may not be acquainted with the Syriac, to use the English for comparison with the Greek;' and hence he has gone upon the plan of rendering his version as nearly as possible a word-for-word transcript of the original. We are not sure that he has not occasionally pushed this principle too far. There are forms occurring on every page which will greatly astonish readers who know nothing of the idioms of the Hebrew and its cognates. This was inevitable. But when they find several verses in succession running, 'Happy they, to the poor in their spirit;' 'Happy they, to the meek;' 'Happy they, to the sorrowful,'—they will be ready to think, either that the Syriac is wondrously mysterious, or that the translator might have charitably helped their apprehensions by throwing in a word or two in brackets or italics. It would be an improvement, likewise, if the numbers of the chapters were given at the tops of the pages as well as in the margin.

And now for what follows, and ends the volume,—the more than a hundred and fifty pages containing the Syriac text! What are we to say of this? Dr. Cureton believes that the Aramaic St. Matthew was first written in the square Hebrew characters, in which the MSS. and printed editions of the Old Testament are found among us. This is in itself more than probable, and Jerome and other ancient writers affirm that such was the fact. The character, however, in which he gives us his Gospels, is the Estrangelo-Syriac, in which the MS. from which they are drawn is written, and of which an elegant *fac-simile*, with the words '*Harrietta Cureton fecit*' at the foot of it, forms a frontispiece to the volume. The printed type is less open, free, and airy, than the writing of the MS.; but, even as it is, there is a dignity and a grace about the character, which it needs no philologist's eye to see and admire. You have nothing here of the

formal, fantastical, and bristling appearance of the Chinese,—that strange medley of house-fronts, swing-gates, gridirons, and harry-long-legs. Nor are you scared by the truculent glances of those long vertical rows of daggers, pistols, and cutlasses, by which the Japanese expresses his ideas on paper. It is true, you miss the sturdy forms and elephant tread of the Indian Dêvanâgarî, and you look in vain for the thickly-staked firmness and trim and scissored symmetry of the Hebrew. There is little here to remind you of the Burmese or Singhalese, with their pretty bead and shell work, or of the lifted lances of the Arabic, urging its way over a wavy desert of rocks and sand hills. The formidable chevaux-de-frise of the Babylonian cuneiform, and the stalwart robustness of the Ethiopic, are both alike absent. But you have in the Estrangelo-Syriac, in a degree which perhaps no other character can rival, solidity and lightness, vigour and grace, animation and ease, most happily combined and blended. Its children, the Mongol and Mandchu Tartar alphabets, have certainly not improved upon the virtues of their parent. What is better than all this, Dr. Cureton has edited his text with an almost faultless accuracy; and our sense of the beauty of it is heightened by the knowledge, that it is as real as it is charming.

The Aramaic languages and their literature have never received the attention they deserve from the biblical scholars of Europe. A few distinguished names in Italy, Germany, England, and elsewhere, have appreciated and cultivated them. But, for the most part, they have been treated as insignificant appendages to a more important study. The face of things is altering. The discovery, that a close connexion subsists between the so-called Chaldee and Syriac and the ancient Assyrian tongue has not only opened new and promising paths of inquiry, linguistic, historical, and religious, but has thrown the freshness of spring over the old and neglected fields of Aramaic learning. The treasures of the Nitrian monasteries have contributed to heighten this result. And we are now beginning to see what injustice has been done to a noble branch of biblical and Christian knowledge, and how important additions to our acquaintance with the past may yet be gained by a vigorous and patient cultivation of it. The difficulties which beset the reading of the Assyrian and Babylonian cuneiform are prodigious. Yet we believe they will yield to the scholarship, the penetration, and the industry of our Orientalists. And what light may come upon us, as the consequence, it is impossible to tell. It may be, that a clue may be found to the labyrinths of the Hebrew, and that the structure of the words in particular of this august

language may receive a sudden and full illumination. The Chaldee of Daniel and Ezra, of Onkelos and the other Targumists, now so disjointed and mazy, will be rid of many of its anomalies, and will claim to have the label removed which has marked it as the degenerate child of an old and noble sire. And what unthought-of revelations may pour in upon us from this source as to the early connexions and migrations of races, the founding and history of the primitive cities, and a crowd of now unimagined particulars as to the religion, government, and life of man in the beginning, none is able to conjecture. Mr. Rawlinson's Bampton Lecture, just published, gives us only the first ears of the harvest which the friends of revelation will reap when we are once at home among the arrow-heads. It is true that, as the world now is, and is likely to be, comparatively few individuals will be able to push the lines of our knowledge on ground so hard to win as this is. Yet more may do something than appears at first sight; and we can scarcely imagine a higher satisfaction for a Christian scholar, or a worthier object of his enterprise, than that of assisting to spell out the writing in which Nineveh and Babylon tell us their own wonderful story, and that of the world of which they were the head.

But there is another and more accessible field of investigation which borders close upon this; one, too, which is distinctively Christian, and where much remains to be done before the Church can gather its teeming fruits. We refer to the branch of the Aramaic in which Dr. Cureton's Gospels are written, and to the extensive and valuable literature of the ancient Syrian Church. Merely classical students of Scripture and of Church History have little idea of the wealth of ecclesiastical and biblical learning locked up in this ill-understood, but most venerable and interesting language. On almost all the great questions which engaged the thoughts and stirred the heart of the first centuries of our era, important works, either originals or translations, are still extant in Syriac. And for the history of Gnosticism, and of the controversy respecting the person of Christ, it contains abundant material ready to the hand of future investigators. The Homiletics and Hymn Literature, likewise, of the Syriac Fathers are good and copious. Indeed, there is a simplicity, a pathos, and an unction about their writings of this class, which it would be hard to find elsewhere. The chief interest of the Syriac, however, must always centre in its versions of Holy Scripture. And here it is, that the mass of our scholars may most easily and profitably occupy themselves. These Syriac Versions have exercised an influence over the history of Christianity, such as no other documents have done,

excepting only the Original Scriptures, and the Latin and English Translations. And at this very day the New Testament part of them is regarded, and justly regarded, as one of our most trustworthy authorities for the state of the Greek Text during the first three or four hundred years after Christ. Yet who knows anything about them? And to how small an extent have they been made available as yet for the purposes of sacred criticism! The Peshito, it is true, has found a competent translator among us within the last few years, in the person of Dr. John W. Etheridge, a Wesleyan Minister, whose high-toned, beautiful, and elaborate works on the *Syrian Churches* and on *Hebrew Literature* entitle him to the warmest thanks of all Christian scholars. And it is true, likewise, that we have good printed texts of this Version, which are not so expensive as to lie far out of reach. But Dr. Etheridge does not profess to do more than give us a fair picture of what he deems the best form of his original; and a handy critical edition of the Peshito text, with various readings and worthy Prolegomena, is still a desideratum. For the other Syriac Versions, they are like those orange cowries of the South Pacific, which, by a singular good fortune, you may see now and again in your lifetime in the hands of a friend, but which the multitude can only look at with awe through the glass cases of a museum, or know from the descriptions of some literary millionnaire. Unfortunately, too, both the Syriac and the other ancient Versions are but poorly represented by the Latin translations of them found in the Polyglotts and elsewhere. And hence, not only do older writers on the New Testament go astray when they venture to tell us what the Peshito or the Coptic has to say, but even so recent an author as Tischendorf not unfrequently misleads us as to their true readings. With the single exception of Ellicott, a name worthy of profound respect wherever Christian devoutness, manly sense, and exact learning are held in honour, we know of no critic or commentator whose testimony on this point is to be relied on. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we do not know at present what the readings of these Versions are, and that it is a work of the future to exhibit and apply them.

Surely the time is come when we should have a Polyglott of the leading New-Testament Versions; not a dear and bulky folio, which few could buy, and which those who did would find it an affliction to use, but a small series of portable octavos, published at a rate which would enable even poor students to purchase them with a little extra pinching, and, in point of comprehensiveness, accuracy, and scholarly handling in general, all that our materials could make it, and all that the exigencies

of biblical science call for. Such a work should include, in the first place, the Received Greek Text, with the various readings of the great modern critics, very much on the plan of Mr. Scrivener's admirable edition of the Greek Testament just published at Cambridge, only more at large, and with references to the authorities. Side by side with this, there should be critical texts of the Peshito-Syriac, the Old Latin and Vulgate, the Memphitic Egyptian, and the Ethiopic Versions, perhaps also the Gothic of Ulfilas, all with various readings, and with as full an exhibition as possible of the renderings of the secondary Versions, the Nitrian and Philoxenian Syriac, the Sahidic, and others. Lastly, the whole should be preceded by ample and carefully written Prolegomena, containing the history of the several Versions, explaining the sources from which the texts were prepared, and the principles on which they were constructed, and setting forth their respective value as instruments of criticism, and their more important grammatical and lexical peculiarities. Whether it is desirable to postpone an undertaking like this till we see what Tischendorf's Sinai MS. may bring forth, is a question. But, at any rate, we trust this most necessary step towards a more exact and intelligent knowledge of the Holy Scriptures will not be put off to a very remote future. England has scholars who are every way equal to the service we have indicated, and the love and study of the Word of God are sufficiently diffused to make the undertaking safe and prosperous. The editing of the Polyglott could be intrusted to no better hands than those of the learned Editor of the Syriac Gospels before us.

ART. IV.—*Des Etats Mausulmans et de l'Orient en général.* Par le COMTE D'ESSAYRAC DE LATURE. 1859.

THE everlasting Eastern Question seems so far from being yet settled, that it promises an early re-appearance on the stage, —a re-appearance, too, extended immensely in proportions, and shaped by principles far deeper in their national or social source than the political conveniences that ruled in the last war. Besides the popular fermentations and the diplomatic movements that more obviously indicate this tendency on every side, the event may be expected upon general grounds. As the march in social union has been from families to tribes, and from tribes to paltry states, and thence again to empires; so Europe and

its empires cannot themselves be settled till the programme is extended to the Oriental brethren.

Besides experience, there are authorities and analogies for this. It will be easily admitted that the course of civilization is but another name for the collective march of knowledge, and that individual knowledge must observe this general course. Now a Scottish metaphysician has recently assured us that this march of exploration must return to its starting-point; and so thought also the great anti-metaphysician M. Comte. But civilization began, it is admitted, in the East. Whence it would appear to follow, that it has to travel eastward, on the tide of consummation attained by it in these islands, and spread its tranquillizing influence throughout those troubled regions. Thus it will end like what no doubt was its Scandinavian symbol, the great Midgard serpent, with the tail in its mouth; or like a still more classic image, the 'ocean-stream' of Homer, so well verified by Maury in his *Geography of the Sea*. For as this stream would have been forced, in fact, to a recurrent course around the ancient 'island world' by the barrier of the land; so the stream of human progress, arrested by the water, must conversely whirl landwise from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Unless, indeed, we fancy it advancing into the ocean. And why not? The very populace of those Chinese whose mandarins we call barbarians, reside, to the extent of large cities, on the water. Why then may not whole nations be expected to do likewise, under pressure of an over-population of the land, and by the means of the advances, both actual and prospective, of the arts of navigation and of marine architecture? The once potent Venice and Holland had this origin. Who can doubt the possibility that such a people as the English, were the yoke of despotism ever to threaten their free limbs, or were the island to be gradually submerged in the ocean, and all their actual colonies and foreign countries barred against them, could prepare themselves a permanent 'home on the rolling deep?' Not perhaps in its present rather agitated state, nor in such waters as the Bay of Biscay, the Gulf of Lyons, or the Cape of Storms. They would probably retire into that lake of the ocean called the region of tropical or equatorial calms. But even here the civilization would return to its starting-point. For such a floating state would be but a riper form of those early habitations of the Swiss lakes and the Irish bogs, which have been lately brought to light, and named by antiquaries 'lake villages.' Where Celts, who, all the world knows, are not the stuff for sailors, could contrive, in their primeval barbarism, to erect hamlets, surely Saxons, at the summit of civilization, could construct cities.

So that the circle of social destiny, whether 'vicious' or otherwise, would seem to be inevitable in the nature of things, and to designate the organization of the East by the powers of the West, as the last scene of the great drama.

Moreover, this *solidarity* (to borrow from our French neighbours) between Europe and Asia is announced by other symptoms. It is the real cause of our quarrels with China, and not at all the opium, the trade, or other tribute. We speak, of course, of the plan of nature, not the motives of merchants, both these parties being content to mind respectively their own business; and surely we may claim that the great British Empire has more part in the councils of the former than of the latter. There are various other signs of the Eastern catastrophe. Among them we do not accord much importance to the recent attempt on the life of the Sultan. Such occurrences are not unprecedented, nor uncommon, in Turkish history. There are few of the subsisting governments of Europe, of equal duration, or even of the longest, that have undergone so many revolutions and *émeutes* as the empire of the so-called immovable Turks. The only new distinction is the agents of the insurrection. Hitherto the malcontents were the Janissaries or seraglio; that is to say, respectively, the army and the clergy; for the latter wrought, as elsewhere, by intriguing through the women. But the Janissaries are destroyed, and so have left the *rôle* to others. The seraglio had lately some recurrence of the old movements, but was checked by the new element of a political ministry. Now this ministry, which thus succeeded to the part of the Janissaries, in controlling the abuses of the clergy and the court, must reflect also a certain tendency to revolution for their own purposes. Of this nature, accordingly, has been the late conspiracy, and therefore it need add nothing to the fears of dissolution.

Indeed, the novelty of the agency is but a fresh eruption, which may rather tend to bring the 'sick man' some relief. It is the species of diversion which physicians make by art. The insurrections of a cabinet must surely be less ominous than those of a seraglio, and especially of a barrack. There is even a description of political progression in advancing from the barrack revolutions to the court ones, and from the court or harem machinations to the cabinet. What in fact is, accordingly, our own change of ministers but cabinet revolutions, made to substitute the palace ones, and only made less bloodily from having neutralized the sovereign? as the Americans have made such revolutions even regular, by totally abolishing that symbol of 'despotism.' But the Ottoman aspirants to office or emolument

must seek, in the like spirit, to remove the bar by violence, until it be here too brought constitutionally to that state in which the Sultan can do no wrong, because he equally can do no right.

For all these reasons we do not rate the late abated conspiracy as any fresh mark of impending dissolution, but rather as an omen of recovering vitality, if we may judge according to our own social history. The omens, like the dangers of the fall of the Ottomans, are rather from external interference than decay. These, undoubtedly, are augmenting and concentrating apace. It is not now proposed to dwell on them at large, as our readers are aware of the more prominent already; and all of them are objects of vigilance to the government. What we wish to call attention to among those signs of the times is, the multitude and tenor of the French publications, respecting the fate of the Turkish Empire and the East in general, which are constantly issuing from Paris.

The book which we select as an example of the movement, has some pretensions to authority and impartiality. The writer has published several others on the East, has been for many years a tourist through those mysterious lands, and with the advantage, as he tells us, of speaking the languages and living in the multifarious modes of its peoples,—a versatility which we may credit of a Frenchman, if of any. The impartiality, at least upon the critical topics of the Gallican and Anglican interests in those regions, is maintained with a firmness remarkable at this juncture, and always but too rare, it must be owned, in either country. For the candour of his statements respecting the Turks themselves, the author presents the following guarantee: 'The office of philosophy is not to censure men for not being what they are not, but to study them as they *are*; to judge their institutions by the testimony of the results; to interrogate the nations and the races of mankind as to whence they came and what they tend to.' But, with all this, the tendency, the destiny of the Turks, the author holds, is to be gradually thrown back to their Tartar cradle, much as the American Indians retire before civilization.

The causes he assigns for this alleged doom are twofold: first, the unprogressive nature of the Turkish race itself, which makes it an obstruction to the march of the West; and, secondly, the medley of hostile races in the Empire, which, so far from being collectively or any one of them a source of strength, do but insure its ruin by their discordance and degradation. These races—to consider but the more influential—are the Arabs, the Egyptians, and, above all, the Greeks.

The Arabs our author considers ethnologically as what he denominates an 'intermediate' race, or holding at once of the white and the black families. This position is certainly less questionable than his proofs of it. For these he alleges the peculiar capacity which, he says, this people have for adapting themselves to climate; and also their conformable variation of colour, becoming white in the extreme north, and towards the Equator almost black; and this in consequence of the development of the Negro pigment, which occurs in no conditions in the races purely white. The pigment might undoubtedly, if well established in point of fact, be conclusive evidence of a certain affinity with the Negroes. But as our author is himself not a professional physiologist, and as the limits of the possible production of this pigment even in the whitest races remain thus far unsettled, we must be pardoned for resisting the degradation of the Arabs on a test which, at the best, would be too vague to be decisive.

Besides, the author's own position as to climatory adaptation is not quite consistent with his conclusion against the Arabs; for such adaptation appears a result of superior development, and therefore should be higher in the purer white races. All the brute species have particular habitats, expanding in compass as the species is more forward, until the spreading latitude takes in the globe in man; and so with man, in turn, in the hierarchy of races. The discrepancy of the author is a fallacy of division, and the error would appear to be still common among anthropologists. The two extremes of the series are not, as is supposed, the white and the black races, but the black and the red. This would be evinced by the colours themselves; for black, which is the absence of all colour, has its contrary not in white, which is a mixture of all, but in red, which is the first of all, the colour by excellence. The white, then, are the true 'intermediary' races. So that in ranging the Arabs between the white and the black families, they can be intermediate but subordinately, subdivisionally. And their faculty of acclimation is in reality accordant. For the Semites in general endure, as they inhabit, grades of climate much more near to the line than to the poles. The Jews of Russia, from whom the Count d'Essayrac argues chiefly, are not at all sufficient to authorize his inference. They are a scattered few, engaged in in-door occupations, and thus evince acclimation no more than plants kept in a hot-house.

The Arabs, then, are geographically in their place in the Turkish Empire, and link the European and the African races. The mental qualities assigned them by this writer are conformable. They consist of 'low intellect, destitution of the reasoning

faculty, with memory, imitation, perseverance, or rather obstinacy,' making up the stock of their positive endowments. They are denied all originality. They never could attain, he says, to either arts or literature, beyond the rudest records and the wildest rhapsodies; never produced any thing approaching the Bible, the Hebrews being a mixture of this people with a higher race. The Saracenic literature, as well as the philosophy, was mere imitation, he says, of the Greeks. The Arab element can therefore supply no fit material for the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire.

Though the conclusion may be granted, some injustice is done the Arabs. The race originated two of the chief religions of history, to one of which is due indeed the first foundation of the Turkish Empire. In literature and science, it is true, they were but carriers. But in this they showed at least a certain measure of appreciation at a time when Western Europe was incapable of any. They even imitated with discernment in choosing Aristotle in preference to Plato as their philosophic master,—a selection which was tantamount to much originality, and of which it would be curious to examine the reason. The author falls again into the ordinary fallacy of judging all the races by the standard of the highest types, irrespectively of their places and functions in history. It is true, as he remarks, that Arab literature is contrasted with the classic and the modern writers of Europe, by 'utter absence of method, of sequence of ideas, and of logical development.' But it is no less true, that a similar disparity, though in a slighter measure, might be noted in the West. And the cause is, too, the same. The Arabs were not an intellectual but a warrior race; men of action and destruction, not of logic and construction. It was this character that led them to the creed of monotheism; a notion which, in virtue of its supreme simplicity, dispensed them, by a personal and direct cause, from all reasoning, and also furnished them a centre for the largest social aggregations. Accordingly, in this their soldier mission they were originative. They besides are, like the Jews and the Phœnicians, expert merchants, which is a better and higher form of the genius of conquest. Why may they not, in both capacities, be rendered useful to the Turkish Empire, instead of being an element of ruin, as accounted by the author?

He equally misjudges the Jews the other way: 'This people, whose history displays their singular grandeur, so liberal and magnificent where they are free, so intelligent and sound of judgment where allowed to become enlightened, who succumbed amid the ruins of Jerusalem with so much glory, are found

almost everywhere in the East superstitious and fanatical, vile and avaricious, cowardly and crafty.' (Page 18.) And this pretended transmutation is charged to Mussulman laws. French example, it is added, shows what can be done by wise ones.

But, in the first place, have the French been always governed by wise laws? Were they not despotically ruled for ages by men as barbarous as even the Turks? And yet where is the point of time at which the subject population were known for any one of the characters enumerated? Never. Jacques Bonhomme himself was the contrary in all and each of them, and was the same in germ as the Frenchman of to-day. And the Jews are no less true to their organization, and to the Divine mandate denounced against the nation. For where is the 'historic grandeur,' aside from religious associations? Where the 'freedom,' or 'liberality,' or, above all, the 'magnanimity?' The freedom was civil anarchy, which brought upon their little state some half-a-dozen revolutions of the government in two centuries, besides reiterated foreign conquest and final extinction. The liberality was hatred of all other nations, and a refusal to commune with them, unless for usury or warfare. As for the magnanimity, we need not stop to canvass it. The sure judgment has appeared but in the brokerage of money, this being one of the most simple even of the walks of commerce. They fought desperately at Jerusalem, as the race have always done,—Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Saracens, Moors,—and because fighting was its genius as a conquering or warrior race. But dogs and tigers would do likewise, without meriting the praise of glory. 'You prate,' says Scaliger to Cardan, 'about the docility of the elephant. But what is it good for? *Ad bellum? Ast* BELLUM BELLUARUM *est.*' We have, of course, no wish to disparage Jewish capacity; very much the contrary. We only would restore it to what God and nature made it, to show by consequence that this condition is not the work of Turkish tyranny.

This imputation of our author seems indeed so strangely biassed, that he charges to the same cause the very usury of the Jews! They practise, he says, as well for vengeance as gain. But Shylock did the same, although no subject of the Turks. The Jews, he adds, 'when free, were not addicted to it.' But what then did the biblical injunction import, in both forbidding it among Jews, and permitting it against Gentiles? Is it not, in all countries, against practice or propension that prohibitory institutions are erected, not in absence of it? Then, the money-changers driven out by Christ Himself from the Temple, how have they been forgotten? Really the author seems, at once in fact and argument, so opposed to all history and his own princi-

ple for judging it, that we should have concluded this eulogium of the Jews to have meant nothing but a generous defence of an injured people, if it did not show a desperate design to blacken Turkey.

The Egyptians, we are told, fall still below the Jews and Arabs; and are therefore no less hopeless towards imperial regeneration. Enslaved, in fact, for three thousand years back, successively, to Hyksos, to Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, Turks, and almost doomed to that lot by the nature of their country,—level, fertile, and environed by a desert that barred escape,—they are, according to this writer, 'the most vile, the most timorous, the most superstitious and brutalized of all nations.' It is not flattering that they remind him of the Irish, though by some contrast. 'The Irishman,' he proceeds, 'extinguishes his intellect (*tue son intelligence*) to drown his misery in whiskey; the Chinese seeks in opium a stimulant to his licentiousness; to the Egyptian the *hachiesh* procures visions of felicity to compensate the wretched realities of his life, and sinks him to a depravity that slowly wastes both soul and body.' (Page 99.) The race, however, he admits, retain a residuum of mind, and even something of moral spirit is observed in the army. But it is, probably, because this profession is more in contact with the rulers, and also is instrumentally a ruler itself; and, at all events, the state of a nation must be low, where the barrack is the refuge of its mind and its morality. Accordingly, the author concludes of the Egyptians, that the body of the people have no germ of revival, and can contribute nothing towards upholding the Empire. For what they have been always, in even their days of splendour, they must, says he, continue by necessity of organization. How, then, did he not see or say the same of the Jews, and discern their identity in the days of squalor and of splendour! Could these Egyptians not be mended by even French laws?

Perhaps from this or some like feeling, he finds it more convenient to recognise the law of unchangeability in the Greeks, the last and the largest of these subject populations. Notwithstanding the long opposition, he is able to describe them as 'intelligent, active, enterprising, sober, economical.' But they are also at the same time crafty and credulous, and what would deserve to be termed fanatical, if religion in them was not a bulwark of nationality. In short, he thinks they are by no means unworthy descendants of the 'heroic Spartans and sage Athenians.' And he doubtless is right as a matter of fact, as well as also of conformity with organic permanence. But both his understanding of the nature of the fact, and the inference

suggested, are not equally intelligent. It does not follow, that the wisdom and heroism of the race, even supposing them as real as is commonly imagined, would be fitted to revive the ancient eminence or *éclat*, in restoring or replacing the Empire of the Turks. The change of situation, the supervention of still higher races, which have thrown the Greeks behind in a relatively low position, would derange all computations based upon their ancient virtues. As if sensible of this, the author does not strain the fallacy. He would not be exacting of great matters from the Greeks. The utmost he shows himself inclined to engage for is, that they would re-edify a great common civil empire, which would rival, if not rout, our English commerce in the Indian seas, through the medium of the projected canal of Suez. And he adds, that they at all events would be less bad than the Turks.

This ruling race he, in fine, rates as the most hopeless of the Empire. They, however, became anything but through the means of war and violence. They destroyed everything of the past: they founded nothing for the future. Their debility of invention, and their indigenous ignorance, are displayed in the extent to which their actual vocabulary is borrowed from the Arabic and Persian languages. It offers nothing of their own but the names of the simplest objects. And so our author goes on to prove the Turks to be varnished savages.

Now he must pardon us for fearing that these arguments prove too much, and for showing that they do so, by the most compendious method of reducing them to what he would himself call an absurdity. How, in fact, did he not note that they would equally apply to the great Germanic nations or race in the West? The dialects of this people present an importation as large and as exclusively affected to civilization. The nation also rose to empire through the same means of arms. Even the manner was the same as that which he charges upon the Turks: the Germans were for ages employed as soldiers by the Roman Emperors, precisely as the Turks were by the Saracenic Khalifs; and the trained hirelings in both the cases usurped the empire of the decayed masters. Nor were the Turks themselves more famous for their instincts of destruction than the Goths and the Vandals, whose name became its synonym. The constructive institutions of the conquerors of the West might be quite as hard to indicate as those of the Ottomans; the stock in trade of the one were the wrecks of the Latin moiety, as of the other it was those of the Greek moiety, of the Empire. If we made some improvements in military institutions, it is only what the author himself states of the Turks, who had a standing army

in the celebrated Janissaries for a full century in advance of even France. And this they had as appertaining to their instincts as a soldier race. And it has likewise been, as incompatible with this genius, that the Turks had no creations of national or civic polity; and any serious contribution of the kind by the Western conquerors belongs to the mixed portion of the race in this island. Nay, the analogy might be pursued into the process of decay. For the Germans have been driven from their original conquests, step by step, to an extent a good deal larger than the Turks, who, in fact, are as tenacious and as capable in feudal government. The conclusion then would be, that the Germans are not qualified to keep a useful place in the European system. But, assuredly, Count d'Essayrac would shrink from such a consequence. He therefore must establish his favourite position—*que les Turcs ont fait leurs temps*—by more particular and precise evidence.

Accordingly, the Turkish decay is next exhibited in all the main phases of this moribund community. The dissolution, we are told, had even commenced so far back as the capture of Constantinople itself, and the desertion by the Sultans of the camp for the harem, as a consequence of the enervating distinctions of that acquisition. Such, in fact, was the opinion of an Ottoman statesman, who acquired the reputation of a sage among his people; so that, if there be a paradox, it is not our author's. Count d'Essayrac then proceeds to note the march of the decline. Its progress in the aspect of the sovereign executive has been so accelerated in the last sixteen reigns, as to offer no fewer than eight dethronements and four murders. Still more ominous is the strain upon the Turkish legislation; which, consisting in the Koran with its sacred immobility, must end with strangling the Ottoman as it has done the Arab Empires, and as the like bowstring at this moment does the Papacy. Their constitution also would of itself be sufficient to doom, he thinks, the Turks to this early disappearance. It is essentially democratic, as is proper to soldier races. For where the muscle makes the man, there is no ground for class distinctions. The sole gradation in such States is that of conquerors and conquered; and then among the conquerors, that of officers and privates: this endures so long as the community is warlike, but dissolves with civilization and peace to the natural level. Then arise the rights of man, that is, of muscle against mind; and, accordingly, among the Osmanli race themselves, there never has been an aristocracy of birth and wealth, not to say intellect. All these have been less objects of privilege than persecution; quite the same as in the model Republic of America.

The judiciary alone, or its functionaries, the Ulemas, form a sort of aristocracy, from being both wealthy and hereditary; but hereditary by prescription and superstition, not by law. And even so, the institution is sapped by venality. For not only are the offices of the judiciary set to sale, but the services of the judges, that is to say, justice, is for cash retailed in turn in all but open court. So the author assures us from even personal observation. Indeed, all things are venal with this rapacious people, as was long ago remarked of them by Miguel Cervantes, who, made captive at Lepanto, had resided amongst them. It is another feature of analogy with the Americans, who are supposed an extreme contrary to Asiatic despotism. For in the Far West, also, the juridical department, which there too lingered latest as the meed of mental merit, is dissolving into the lottery of popular election. That is to say, with the Americans, it is put up to sale; nor the less because the traffic is carried on in kind.

But the Ottoman venality is less destructive to the Empire than the author imagines from the case of his own country. In France, purchasers of the magistracies were the conquered population, who naturally turned them to the subversion of their foreign rulers; in Turkey, the purchasers must still be Ottoman, or at least Mussulman. There is more danger from the fact, that the corruption is dissembled by so cumbrous and confused a jurisprudence as our own. And, to crown all, the ecclesiastical tribunals of the Turks are compared by the author expressly to our Court of Chancery. But as the English Court of Chancery is mending its old ways, and our jurisprudence generally is expected to do so, why may we not expect a like return in the Ottomans? or how does the condition mean decay in them alone?

The administration is equally the prey of a swarm of vermin still more anxious than the venal judges. They are the clerks, so indispensable not merely in the public offices, but even to each private and petty agent of the government, in a race where even the Pashas often cannot read or write. This brute ignorance allows the scriveners to do much as they please, and they play, the author tells us, into each other's hands. They moreover belong naturally to the subject races, who in this way but reciprocate the plunder of their masters. The largest number, especially in the higher grades, are Greeks, who frequently advance themselves by passing for Turks, much as Celts have in these islands often risen into Saxons. Another class is supplied by the slaves from the Caucasus, who often reach, through the caprices of their masters, the highest places,

and who founded in one instance an independent State, the memorable soldier Republic of the Mamelukes. These are intellectually inferior to the Greeks. Count d'Essayrac de Lature characterizes them as follows: 'They are very brave, of narrow intellect, more inclined to treachery than apt for intrigue, obstinate, arrogant, good for soldiers, but execrable administrators.' (P. 49.) Their bad administration gives of course but the more play to both their own peculation and all subordinate plundering. And what is still more desperately ominous of desolation is, that the best administrators could supply no remedy. For they would, says our author, be obliged, as at present, to subject to direct scrutiny all officials down to the lowest, for the want of mutual confidence or hierarchical control. The Parliament with us must do or seem to do the same, from a like destitution of official organization.

The finances, too, which feed all this embezzlement, are pitiful. The revenue, which scarce amounts to 160,000,000 francs, collected from an Empire that comprehends as provinces a dozen of the wealthiest of the kingdoms of antiquity, is but a fourth of that of even degenerate Spain, and, in proportion to population, but merely one eighth. Of this revenue, moreover, the civil list abstracts a *tenth*, or seventeen millions for the part of the Sultan; while, as the author remarks, the civil list of the French Emperor amounts to but a *sixty-fourth* part of the revenue. The rest of the Turkish pittance is devoured by the officials. Scarcely anything is left for public works or improvements. Nor have the Turks the ordinary refuge of borrowing. The Koran, to repress a constitutional rapacity, was led to interdict it as a sin and a crime, precisely as the Bible set a barrier to Jewish cupidity. Their best prevarication is the resort to pledges. They pledge, then, their mines, their special revenues, their railroads; thus anticipating and exhausting the resources of the future. Of the moveable property of the whole Empire three-fourths lie in mortmain in the hands of the clergy. The few articles of manufacture that were formerly flourishing, such as the famous carpeting, are gone to decay, because the manual labour which procured them their eminence cannot of course compete with the machinery of the West, nor dares the feeble government displease its own protectors, by protecting native industry, and also aiding the poor finances. Despotized by foreign governments, despotizing its own subjects, without revenue, without roads, with bad laws, and worse agents, the Turkish Empire, says our author, would need more centuries to reform it, than, in all probability, it has years to exist.

The army, its last refuge, betrays likewise the decline, if we

may still credit the opinion of our author. Its successes in the Crimean war were behind walls, or in sorties; situations where the soldier is thrown back upon animal courage, which is the special quality of a warrior population. The moral courage, the mental confidence of discipline and science, through which alone an army henceforth can avail in the open field, have no existence in the Turks, and indeed never had any. The Janissaries were not an army in this sense; they were a mere caste or a military confraternity essentially of the nature of the Knights of Malta or Jerusalem, who had in fact been instituted chiefly to match them. Besides, the Janissaries for the most part were renegade Christians, or sons of Christian parents abducted in early youth. Rude in principle of embodiment, but 'regular' to the calling, this nucleus sufficed to enable the Ottomans to overrun a part, and to withstand the whole, of Europe, at a time when Western armies were a crowd of feudal followers. But these more intellectual races rose into ascendance with the march of civilization, of discipline and science. The rude organization of the Janissaries fell behind; and, like all things past their time, or that have spent their vital vigour, began thenceforth to rot back upon the body that produced it, till the gangrene was arrested by the excision of Mahmoud.

The same mental inferiority that barred improvement in even the Janissaries left the Turks, in replacing them, but the resort of imitation. Two distinct European models were presented to their choice, the French and the Austrian systems. These quite opposite methods of military organization reflect the general contrast of the corresponding Empires. The Austrian army is a conglomeration of provincial corps or regiments, endowed each of them with specialties of arms and of aptitudes. The Tyrolese are riflemen; the Hungarians, cavalry; the Bohemians, light infantry, and so the rest. And this disposition is the best possible in the conditions of Austria. It preserves to each division the part and the weapon which nature herself has pointed out as best adapted to it. It also avails itself of the spontaneous principle of union and emulation which is supplied by race. It adds to these advantages, mechanical and moral, the political security of having all these races to keep each other down by their reciprocal antipathies.

But these arrangements are the best only for the primitive or coarser races. It would be better absolutely to have had no need of them; better have a people fitted equally for all arms; better have the rivalry of honour than of enmity; better have the guidance of intellect than of instinct; better have a system of organisation than antagonism. Now the former class of

qualities distinguishes the French army. Here is no provincial patchwork, but a grand national fusion. This was permitted by the unity of race. But in order to promote it to a complete trituration of even the merest prepossessions of locality, it is a well-known rule in the economy of the French army to distribute the recruits upon the principle of mixture. Not a regiment of the line that does not contain men from every department or higher section of the Empire. And hence the all-pervading energy, flexibility, and unity, that give these hosts the appearance of a natural organism. They are, in fact, the clan, which was peculiar to this race; but the clan in its full national and scientific generalization.

Now, which of these two modes ought the Turks to have selected, in composing their standing army to replace the crushed Janissaries?

Obviously, the Austrian, if they had due regard to the analogy of conditions and capacity in their own Empire. The population of this Empire consists, as has been seen, of a medley of hostile races very similar to that of Austria. It is time that the army was then open but to two of them, the Mussulman Arabs and the Turks themselves. But in an Empire so extreme, formed from several previous States, without political organization, without even commercial intercourse, the populations of the extreme provinces must, even in the same races, have presented those distinctions of aptitude and of affinity which wise statesmen would utilize, in the default of higher discipline. Considerations of this class were too recondite for the Turks. They saw Napoleon beat the Austrians, and that was enough for them. His military system must be therefore superior; not alone in itself, but for the use of the Turks also. They still more naturally overlooked the relations of race, than they had done the aptitudes and emulations of locality. The great reforming Sultan, then, copied the French system in its arms, its conscription, and its provincial interfusion. The result has been the destruction of all *esprit de corps*, and with it of all moral stimulation or control short of religious fanaticism in this phlegmatic people. So that the application of an organization too refined has but dissolved the simpler one befitting such an army, and sapped this last mainstay of the tottering Turkish Empire.

This superficial choice and its aggravating results may afford a useful lesson to ourselves at the present juncture. Like all people without plan, and without principles to devise one, and who find their old landmarks and pathways of routine broken up, or overwhelmed by triumphant innovation, our authorities

stand nonplussed at the course of the late war, and seem to grasp at every straw of either censure or suggestion set afloat by even the newspapers, though poor helmsmen in matters military. Thus, if Austria has been beaten, it is because of her routine discipline; and the discipline of Austria is also that of England; wherefore our army should forthwith be remodelled. But this is to reason precisely as did the Turks; and if carried into practice, there need be little doubt that the English results likewise would resemble in proportion.

The Austrians have been beaten, not because of their routine, but in spite of the advantages above explained to belong to it. They would be still worse beaten, if they adopted the French system. The steps which they had taken of late years in this direction may accordingly account for certain features of the late war. For never were the Austrians defeated so completely, by the same enemy, in the previous encounters; not under Richelieu, Louis XIV., or even the first Napoleon. Here the rout may have been greater, or the reverse more crushing, or the numbers of the victor proportionally lower: but the result in such cases was obtained by a stroke of strategy. On the contrary, Solferino was the most fairly fought of fields; that in which the number of the *men* was the best tested. The victors, in addition to their inferior numbers, were also taken somewhat unawares or on the march; and by a trick which better suited (it may be said in passing) the age of Ariovistus than that of Francis Joseph. The Austrians, in the formidable nature of their position, and long familiarity of the men with all its accidents, had what was, perhaps, equal to an army as large again. And yet, in spite of all the dogged resistance of the race, they were thrown back from these positions, by dint of fair fighting, *at every point*, along a line of twelve to fifteen English miles. It was more than if the armies on a plain were as two to one. But a disparity so extraordinary may, in some part, be due to any late reforms in the Austrian machinery; and the inference would receive countenance from the species of confusion which the newspaper correspondence imputed to them in the battle, as never having 'the right man in the right place.' But this, no doubt, is with the ignorant the usual case of the unsuccessful. However, we may safely judge of the effect of any Frenchified fusion of the Austrian provincials, from the quarrels which these people were reported as falling into, even during their captivity among strangers and enemies.

The current comments on the French army were scarcely less misleading. It was painted as, on the contrary, having thrown off all discipline. Its magical success was due to what is

termed 'dash'—by the by, a rather protracted dash of a dozen hours. Had the issue been defeat, what would the dash have been accounted? Assuredly the frothy impetuosity of the Celt, incapable of regulation, that is to say, routine, and dashed to foam against the disciplined solidity of the German. And it is in truth the quality that did so dash for ages, as notable in the clan armies of the Scotch and the Irish; for these people were never a full match for the English; their successes were exceptions, their defeat was the rule. They lacked the faculty of amassment which gave the English their chief excellence. Their bravery was equal, and they had more impetuosity; but this was less a principle of strength than of weakness, in absence of the discipline which it has reached at last in France.

For there are two sorts of discipline, that of mind and that of mass. The former, as being abstract, is less sensible to the common, who take its ever-varying movements for *laisser-aller* and 'dash.' The amassment, being semi-physical and pre-adjusted in its movements, is stigmatized (when not successful) as mechanical routine. Each method is, however, far the best in its actual place, and even is impracticable to the other people, as might have been inferred from the persistence of ages, in the face of mutual defects and examples to correct them. For the Celts could never anywhere endure the massive discipline in politics or even industry any more than in warfare; whereas it is the prime excellence of the Germanic nations. The French spontaneity would throw these people back into something of the barbarous disorder of the forest. The very court of the Austrian Emperor must be kept subject to a code of etiquette as constant and as cumbrous as the 'routine' of his army. The whole Prussian people have, with better truth than satire, been said to have been brought into a nation by *drill*. Even the girls must in Germany be drilled to walk femininely. Wherefore, if the dictum of *The Times* be correct, 'that what the Austrians are the English also are,' we submit to this high authority that it scarce serves the public, by denouncing stocks, trowser-straps, and Horse-guards routine; or calling for the legislative institution in our army of that 'dash' of which the charge at Balaclava was a memorable *coup d'essai*.

An imitation more general and equally judicious of the discipline and organization of the French has been recently urged by a writer in the same journal, and apparently with the emphatic approval of the conductors. The writer is sensible, well-meaning, liberal, hates routine, despises prejudice, is, in short, a man of progress; and the circumstance of undertaking, or at least of being allowed, to treat a subject so special in a series of

letters, should go to presume him of the military calling. All these things, when supported by the omniscience of *The Times*, may well entitle his productions to a paragraph in answer, notwithstanding his stale matter, his execrable logic, and a style as *décousu* as the English army he would reform.

He begins by recognising the undoubtedly striking fact, that three out of four of the great powers of Europe have come of late to find their armies not 'up to the mark;' that France alone has stood the test, in both the Italian and Crimean wars, and this in siege and open field, comprising all the modes of warfare. To what then, he asks, is this superiority of the French organization owing? And he answers by resorting to narrative, not analysis; by rummaging the facts of history, not the traits of nationality.

After the battle of Waterloo, we are told for the thousandth time, 'the victors reposed upon their laurels,' and imagined that the armies which brought about such results must occupy the summit of soldierly perfection. France, on the contrary, had no such illusions, and had beside to re-organize her broken forces. The government of the Restoration, on whom this task devolved, set to excluding all things imperialist and revolutionary. Luckily, a leaven of the latter remained, which could not be got rid of, and this was the basis of the re-organization. But 1830 brought another transformation, through the medium of Algeria, and which forms the body of the present French system.

The *argument* of the genesis, thus stripped to an improved skeleton, does not, it is perceived, give the very highest assurance of the organizing qualifications of the writer. The illusion of the allies of Waterloo is certain. It is the same reasoning that, as above remarked, had led the Turks to choose the triumphant French as their model. The re-organization might also favour improvement. But how could this have been, in the hands of the Restoration, who would carry back the army of Napoleon to the old *régime?* Or if this were so, how could also the revolutionary sentiment, which resisted its efforts and restored the organization, and was therefore its contrary, be likewise an improvement? And, granting this, in turn, what did it avail, if it was wholly transformed by the Algerian era? Such is the effect of merely *talking* current common-places, without thought, or at least knowledge of the merits of the subject.

But overlooking how it could have arrived by such a route, what is the result in the organic specialities of the French army? Alas! it is the birth of the mouse from the mountain. The whole excellency consists in not encasing the soldier in clothes that shackle the limbs or are unsuited to the climate, but instead, a capote, bag

trousers, and gaiter stockings; in having exchanged coffee for *vin ordinaire;* and, in fine, learned from the Arabs agility and bush fighting! 'These are the real reasons,' the writer proceeds, 'of the French superiority, which lies in application of a very few principles *applicable to all countries.*' Of these 'principles' he then subjoins a sort of code, of which each article is predicated in the mood of 'ought,' and pointed by that precise sanction, 'the spirit of the age.'

This would all be beneath notice, if it was not a just specimen of what we have been deluged with for months back on the subject, not alone by the press and Parliament, but even by men avowedly military. Defences and diatribes, all alike end in the loose trowsers, the capote, the coffee of the French army; and, on the other hand, the straps, stocks, and tights of the English. It seems as if the whole community had taken to the letter the famous Teufelsdröckh Carlyle's philosophy of clothes. Not a notion of organization apparent, beyond the name. Organization is, in fact, a conception purely abstract and exceedingly complex in a subject of this nature; whereas a 'choker,' a strapped frame, a Brown Bess, or a dead shot, are things within the purview of the senses of most reformers.

The second letter of this writer does but repeat the former, with some mere variations of the common-place and contradiction. Thus he says, that the peculiarity of military systems is 'a consequence of the natural genius and institutions of each people.' Nothing more true; but how, then, should the eminent peculiarities of the French system have just been given as easily 'applicable to all countries?' After comes a disquisition on the military art, of which newspaper readers will recognise the novelty. New weapons, we are told, make revolutions in the art of war. 'The Macedonian Phalanx pre-supposes the long lance; the organization of the Roman Legion is only possible with men of great individual superiority.' We fear the writer is no more at home in Greece and Rome than across the Chanuel. Why not as well the long lance have pre-supposed the Greek Phalanx, more especially since this was nearer to the order of nature? Nor was the Roman Legion the organization suggested. It was still, like the Phalanx, a system of amassment, and only more articulated and more mobile in the parts; but these parts or platoons were far from individuality. The Romans, fighting as individuals, would have been cut to pieces in a hundred conjunctures by Gauls, Cimbri, Germans. On the contrary, it was their relative inferiority in this respect that taught them the Legion, and not their superiority. And, in fine, were it otherwise, this national condition could not well

be considered a newly invented arm, and thus entitled to a place in the terms of the argument. We much regret this crude laxity in what the school-books might have rectified. It damages not only the cause of reform, but the credit of the terrible organ that patronized it, and which is looked to by all London as the Hercules of the Horse-Guards.

Coming to the English army, the writer says that the musket is the arm of the masses; the rifle, that of individuals. Wherefore, he concludes, the new military revolution must turn upon perfecting the individual. And here he finds, accordingly, the French again excel us. But is it still the work of the clothes or the coffee? or is it not some difference of nation or race? No, for this advantage is all on one side; it is individuality that has made the English all that they are in commerce, politics, and the rest. How came, then, the French to transcend them in war alone? It is all due, it seems, to 'the democratic spirit of the French soldier, which is seen in the elastic step which contrasts him with all other armies.' But the Swiss are also democrats, and older ones by centuries, and yet their soldiers are as lubberly as any of our own. Nay, how has the writer dared to disparage English 'freemen' by rating them, in even the goose-pace, below the slaves of a despotism? It is true, he does not fail to assure us forthwith, that the English army will be presently restored to its natural advantages of individualism by the discipline of target-shooting proper to the rifle!

Now, seriously, we beg to tell this gentleman and all concerned, that if individualism were a discipline at all, the Arabs and still lower savages should be the models of soldiership. It is undoubtedly a progress upon the rude amassment. But in war, as in all things, it is a progress of transition, a fusion of the parts in preparation for a higher mould. This higher organization the writer and most others seem utterly incapable of apprehending in the French. They take organic flexibility for lawless self-direction, not being able to perceive the abstract tissue of the combination. But where this combination is so ill comprehended, how can it even be imitated, not to say attained? And if not attainable, the old system is our sole refuge; for, as we said, individualism is downright disorganization. So that the apophthegm of the Horse-Guards, at which the writer sneers, is less unsatisfactory than his own laboured results; to wit, that 'England is England, and France is France.'

We have dwelt upon this theme to the extent of a digression, in the desire to give caution, if not counsel, to the public. Not that our army discipline does not require amendment, and may not with advantage copy something from the French. On the

contrary, the object of the contrast suggested was to indicate the principle of such a selection having reference to the mixed character of the people of these islands. We only say, that any wholesale imitation of the French, any more in their military than in their political organization, would result in something similar to the experience of the Turks, which gave occasion to this discussion, and to which we now return.

The *division* of the Turkish Empire among the powers of Europe, which our author deems the sequel of this general decline, cannot, he furthermore insists, be averted or even retarded by the essays of reform which succeeded the Crimean war. These can only, on the contrary, precipitate the crisis. For effectually they are but sham and grimace in the government, reluctantly pursued in mere obedience to foreign pressure; while, on the other hand, they stimulate a germ of disorder more deep set, more diffused, and more explosive than all the others. Its nature and origin are briefly as follows.

The Ottoman community, like all bodies politic, consisted of three elements, in more or less development: to wit, the principle of authority, the agency of force, the guidance of counsel or of the intelligence. In Turkey these functions were respectively embodied in the Sultan, the army, and the class of the Ulemas. The reciprocal contention of these principles for supremacy composes the main tenor as well of Turkish as of general history. Predominating in this order according to social forwardness, the first of them, or the authority of the Sultan or *Padisha*, must have always remained paramount among a people so primitive; the meridian of its supremacy is marked in Turkish annals by the first of those 'shepherd kings' who seized Constantinople. From that period becomes manifest the normal antagonism of the principle of force represented by the army. The results were recorded in the times of revolutions which had for three centuries ensanguined that capital, and in the murders and dethronements already alluded to; all of which, it is well known, were the work of the Janissaries. As, however, the paternal and despotic principle must have, as just explained, remained predominant with such a people, the Janissaries came at last to be extinguished by the Sultan. Replaced by a new army, recruited on the French plan, this hostile force fell into complete dependence on the sovereign, and left the principle of authority again as absolute as ever, and thus free for the reforms which accordingly ensued. It was then that the third principle, embodied in the Ulemas, arose for the first time into constitutional opposition. This element was

always weakest, as the mental development was naturally low in a rude and soldier race. It is the reason why the clergy are always powerless in such communities. Their influence lay, in Turkey, in mere mediation between the rival forces of the Court and the Janissaries. Here they had the value of a casting-voice in nice conjunctures. And this they had, not in their rational or judicial character, but only through the superstitious phase of their functions; through their power of deploying the sole *intellectual* lever of any force upon the multitude,—religious fanaticism.

Now this power of revolution, while a peril to the government, could not be made the basis of a steady opposition, being essentially subversive and occasional in its nature. Thus the prudence of the Sultans, and the debility of the Ulemas, concurred to bring, in turn, this third element into subjection; they were subsidized, infeodized, admitted to share the government. Such is then the state of the Turkish constitution, as it passed to the present Sultan from his energetic father, and which enabled both of them to venture on reforms against the letter of the Koran, and the spirit of the nation. And such is also, we may add, the explanation of the absence of all Ulema influence from the recent conspiracy, of which they would not fail to take advantage in other times.

But the intellectual element is not compressed thus easily, nor can it be effectually corrupted by wealth. The body, whether physical or social, that contains it, may be brought into complicity or cowed into submission; but through conjoint love of freedom, and aversion to cloddish interests, the spirit forthwith passes off into another body, where it prosecutes the warfare, and the more fiercely when rude and religious. This new opposition which, in Turkey, succeeded to the Ulemas in the *fanaticizing* department of their province, is the species of lay preachers or monks called the dervishes.

This sketch may be illustrated or rendered more familiar by comparison with the analogous procession of English history. Thus the King, like the Sultan, was the organ of authority; the aristocracy, like the Janissaries, were our organ of force, as having been the stated army in all feudal constitutions; the feeblest of the three agencies, the intellectual in guise of religion, was embodied in the Church, as in the corps of the Ulemas. But though the elements have been identical, there is a variance in the evolution. While in Turkey the monarch crushed, we saw, the aristocracy, in England the issue of their conflict was the contrary; the principle of force put down the principle of authority, by the name of despotism, in the dynasty

of the Stuarts. No doubt, the intellectual forwardness implied by such a difference should be ascribed in part to higher development in our race; yet also, more or less, we think, to territorial circumstances. Had the Sultans not been forced by the extent of their dominions to keep their military aristocracy around them at the centre, and permanently ready to be launched on all the provinces; had they been able, as they otherwise must have been glad to do, to disperse throughout the Empire those dangerous instruments, in both the feudal qualities of landlords and local fortresses, it must be plain that they could not have been so easily suppressed; they would probably have triumphed, as their brethren did in Egypt, and erected the whole Empire into a military aristocracy. On the other hand, in England, had not the narrow territory warranted the Conqueror in thus disposing of *his* Janissaries, without moving them thereby, in any radius, to a distance inconvenient to his standard or dangerous to his sovereignty; instead of planting them broadcast in fortified castles, had he kept them in London barracks, and his successors done likewise, the Magna Charta and famous barons of Runnymede had not been heard of, and the Stuarts would have found the means, and, we incline to think, the nerve, to get rid of them, 'at one fell swoop,' in the style of Mahmoud, and thus prevent the emergence of our present glorious constitution. So intimate is the dependence of the history of nations upon the mere physical conditions of their territory. As to the third of the social elements, the religious body, it has sided with the victor in both the countries, on like terms. And to consummate the parity, we see break off from the English Church, as thus subjected to the government, or, in the received phrase, 'established,' the miscellaneous body of free Christians called 'Dissenters,' who represent the spiritual resistance in England, as the prophets did in Israel, and in Islam the dervishes.

Now these Turkish Anabaptists crown the perils of the Empire. The author tells us it is quite undermined by their societies, which have ramified of late years to all districts of the territory. Every tentative of reform supplies them a new fulcrum for working on the Mussulman and popular superstition; and according as the Government is urged on by the West, they are enabled to exhibit it as a mere tool of the *Giaours* for desecration of the Koran and destruction of the people. There will finally arise a hurricane of this fanatic spirit, of which the Christian residents will be the certain victims, and which will fire the West to interfere at hap-hazard, and leave it to appropriate the spoils in the same manner. The course is

therefore to avert both the calamity and the confusion, and perhaps even a contention that may breed western war, by a timely pre-concert respecting the partition.

Upon this point, the author has himself no fixed plan, a fact that speaks in favour of the good faith of the exposition. His general opinion is eminently cosmopolitan. The important thing with him is not what power should have what province; it is that the whole Empire should be open to the immigration and under the management of Christian civilization. Consistently with this prescription, he alludes to proposed allotments only to note the insurmountable objections to each of them. The portion of Turkey in Europe would double the power of Russia, and could not of course be listened to; on the other hand it could not be retained by either France or England. Then, should England obtain Syria and the neighbouring provinces as a convenient complement to her Indian Empire, the remaining lot of Egypt would to France be no equivalent. The larger part of Asia Minor, in all cases, should be left the Turks, at least as a resting-place in their transition to the table lands. However, the main difficulty would be the allotment of the European provinces, including the capital.

But the way to turn this is to restore the Greek Empire. And if the actual Greeks should be considered unsafe hands, for want of power or impartiality, to be intrusted with Constantinople, why, then this nexus of the East and West might be erected, like Hamburg, into a 'free city' under guardianship of conjoint Europe. To all the other duties of an imperial restoration, the author feels quite sure that the Greeks would be found equal. 'The moral qualities,' says he, 'the daring, the dominions, and the power of a people, may vary with times and events; but the aptitude, that is, the intellect of the race, remains throughout.' There is, no doubt, some deep truth in both the position and the distinction. It is the law whereby society marches constantly towards peace and happiness; for these depend upon the gaining of the *constant* element of intellect upon the accidents of matter and the passions of man. And the intellect is constant, because the human counterpart of that which is in nature the true or the eternal.

But between intellect and intellect there is difference, in turn. And those would be mistaken who expected from the Greeks a proportionate revival of the splendour of their ancestors. The author appears, indeed, aware of this effectually. He promised scarce more for them, as has been before noted, than that, with this convenient and vastly enlarged field, they would rise into the first commercial and naval people of the age.

Hence it is that the obstacle he would most fear for this solution of the Eastern Question would be the jealousy of England. It is, it seems, our instinct of these Greek capabilities that sets the English government to thwart them by all expedients; as, for example, in the blockade of the *affaire Pacifico*, 'which crushed for several years the infant commerce of the Hellens;' also the occupation of the Ionian Islands; and at present the opposition to the canal of Suez, through which the Greeks might oust us from the commerce of the Indian seas. These examples, by the by, are the sole incident in the book which seems to savour of anything of international acerbity. They may therefore be sincerely thought to be a selfish obstacle. But they need not defeat, he thinks, the plan of restoration. Let Europe but resolve, and England will recede. The Greeks restored, it would suffice to give protection and encouragement to western immigration into the residue of the dying Empire; these adventurers would work a gradual and a peaceful revolution, in the fashion of their brethren across the Atlantic.

We have kept, in these last paragraphs, to passive exposition of the interesting project of Count d'Essayrac de Lature, and only blended some illustrations from western communities. The main arguments on which he bases it were previously refuted, or at least shown to be inadequate, or not by any means so urgent and conclusive. We judged it opportune to treat the subject with some formality, and remove it from the trivial ground of politics to science. This writer's present publication is but the programme of a larger work, wherein he promises to give his scheme the adequate development. For this extension our remonstrances have largely been addressed. We meant them to suggest, that notwithstanding what he tells us of his leading in the East the modes of life of its various peoples, the thing may have gone little further than the Koran precept and the Gallic practice. For to do in the East as the Easterns do, might still be far indeed from knowing the Easterns as they are. The one requires but imitation, which is the lowest of mental faculties; the other asks not merely penetration to see the present, but also principle to sound the past and take the bearings of the future. The author does not seem to seize this spirit of Eastern life, nor to comprehend how much it has in common with the West. His view of history in general lacks perspective and graduation. But as in him it seems not prejudice nor inability, but inadvertence, the defect may be supplied—and will, we doubt not—by attention.

ART. V.—1. SCHILLERS *Sämmtliche Werke.* Tübingen: Cotta. 1844.
2. *Life of Friedrich Schiller.* By THOMAS CARLYLE.
3. *The Life and Writings of Frederick Schiller.* By EMIL PALLESKE. Translated by LADY WALLACE. Two Vols. London. 1859.

THE revolving of a century brought us, in the past year, face to face with some great men of another age. We have lately celebrated the centenary festivals of three men of genius, well qualified to stand as representatives of their order: the greatest popular balladist of the modern world; the greatest musician of all time; and the greatest dramatic poet known to literature since the days of Shakspeare. Among its many other memorabilia, the year which has just closed will be notable to posterity because it embraced, in close succession, the centenary commemorations of three such men as Burns, Handel, and Schiller. Germany had good reason to do honour to the memory of her great dramatist; for no man of her nations has done so much to make the literature of Germany accepted and loved throughout the world. In the whole range of that literature there can be found but one name which will even bear comparison with that of Schiller. That the genius of Goethe sometimes reached heights which his friend and rival could scarcely attain, we must not, even with the memory of the Schiller festival freshly upon us, attempt to deny. But there are many reasons which preclude the author of *Faust* from being accepted as the universal representative of the poetic genius of his country. In England, for instance, Goethe is much more talked about than read; and even those who read him acquire very rarely a thorough knowledge of his works. The second part of *Faust* is known only to a small number of students who have made German literature a specialty; few people go through the whole of *Wilhelm Meister;* fewer still read the *Elective Affinities.* Grave reasons, which our purpose now does not allow us to discuss, cause the works of the greatest German to be received with much caution in this country, where he has never had, and probably never will have, that general and cordial reception which has been accorded to foreign authors of genius incomparably inferior. The works of Goethe are nearly three times as voluminous as those of Schiller; but the proportion of Schiller's productions known and appreciated is much greater. Schiller has not, indeed, influenced English literature to the same extent as Goethe; but he has far more nearly attained a thorough domestication

among us. Possibly some causes, not absolutely personal to either poet, have considerably aided in producing this result. If the characteristics of Schiller's genius are not so easily transferred to our vernacular as those of Goethe, yet the former has been far more fortunate in his translators. No English version of any of Goethe's works will bear comparison with Coleridge's translation of *The Piccolomini*, and *Wallenstein's Death;* and Bulwer's renderings of Schiller's ballads are much more spirited and effective than any translations from Goethe's minor poems with which we are acquainted. But Schiller's is everywhere a more popular and a more universal style. Even the very defect of his language, a somewhat too rhetorical tendency, is a quality which captivates the popular mind. Far beyond this is the fact, that Schiller has called into existence many distinct and statuesque figures, whose images stamp themselves not alone upon the intellects, but upon the hearts and sympathies of readers. We feel, when we read his works, that we enter into communion with the man Schiller; that his feelings and his sympathies make him of kin with us, even where his genius lifts him most beyond our level: we know that what we read was written in the deepest earnestness of soul, and came forth from a heart and an intellect working together in harmony. It may be the triumph of the very highest poetic art which removes from us all suggestion of the poet's own existence, and gives us only the creations he sends forth, unaccompanied by any hints of his own emotions or predilections. But that must, indeed, be the very rarest power of genius which can make the great body of readers warm towards any man whose sympathy is not made frankly manifest. Schiller was thoroughly in earnest in what he did, not merely as related to the work itself,—for in that regard no man ever was more earnest than Goethe,—but as regarded its relations to his own sympathies and to humanity. Utterly free from the slightest trace of egotism, no poet ever indicated more clearly than Schiller did, through the whole of his works, his own spiritual affinities. No poet ever took a higher view of the purport and the reach of his art, or laboured with a more earnest aspiration to attain the one, and thus fulfil the other. Probably he aspired to claim for that art a range and a fulfilment quite beyond the expectation of our own more practical century. We have now settled down to much more matured and less enthusiastic views of what the poet's pen can do, than those which prevailed in the brief splendour of the Weimar days, when the old dream of the omnipotence of *Künst* was revived, and Germany for a while reverenced, like Greece, the power of mere artistic beauty.

But we must respect the earnest soul with which Schiller struggled to realize his dream, even if we cannot sometimes avoid an approach to a smile at the persevering efforts made by the poetic rulers of Weimarian society to force upon an unthinking world, only gaping for amusement, a lofty and æsthetic drama, which should make the stage the most powerful and universal of refining and civilising agencies. A much lower and more modest place has since been assigned to art of every kind. We have made over to it a reasonable share of the world's civilization and improvement; but the dreams of Athens and of Weimar will never again influence societies or nations. Art has its place, as agriculture has, as science of every kind has; but the days when people persuaded themselves that it was to arise like a new sun, and enlighten all humanity by its own unaided radiance, have faded utterly away.

We need not, however, abate our reverence for the earnestness with which such an intellect as Schiller's laboured to convert even a dream into reality. Before he had attained his noon of fame and of genius, the effects of too early struggle, poverty, and feeble health had very much damped, at least in outward expression, the fervour of his enthusiasm. He was cold and distant in manner, rarely warming up to strangers. 'Yesterday,' says Jean Paul Richter, 'I went to see the stony Schiller, from whom as from a precipice strangers spring back.' But not even in the exuberantly enthusiastic breast of Richter himself was there a heart more fully earnest, more entirely devoted to the service of humanity, than that of the poet whose memory has had our latest celebration. It was not in his daily talk, but in his works, that his spirit made itself known to the world. His great dramas have, indeed, marble purity, but not marble coldness. They are lighted up with the fire of passion, and quickened with the force of manly energy, whenever liberty or oppression, human virtue, devotion, suffering, aspiration are the themes. People argue about Goethe's sympathy with humanity, its hopes, its failings, and its sorrows. People even debate the same point about our own Shakspeare. Who ever questions Schiller's feelings towards humanity, his deep sympathy with its errors and sufferings, his sublime aspirations for its amelioration? At this distance of time, just one hundred years since his birth, we can read the true character of Schiller far more clearly through his works than Richter did through his worn face and shrinking awkwardness of demeanour. As we call to mind the lineaments of that face, well preserved to the world in marble, and remember its delicate spiritualized expression, we cannot help thinking, that

even in its features is the character of the man written plainly out. Few men in literature have left behind them a name more stainless; few men in any sphere or time could have been more gentle, noble, truthful, and, in the best sense, manly; and few have bequeathed to posterity more eloquent testimonials of a thorough brotherhood with their race.

The one thing to be regretted about the recent celebrations in Europe was, that they were too much narrowed into a German family circle. Schiller, surely, would least of all men have desired such close limits of nationality. He, surely, has passed through his naturalization in every country where freedom and genius find honour and sympathy. In the early and unstained days of the French Revolution, the citizenship of the new Republic, then rising with such promise and amid such acclaim, was spontaneously tendered to the young German poet, in whose genius there was already apparent so much that was affined to human freedom and advancement. This gift of citizenship the nations of the civilized world have since confirmed and imitated. Has Switzerland no kin with the poet of William Tell? Can Scotchmen claim no clanship with the dramatist of Mary Stuart? Is not France entitled to do honour to the genius which raised the noblest memorial to her Maid of Orleans? Is Spain to forget the poetic chronicler of Don Carlos? May not Italy, in her awakening struggles for freedom, pause a moment to fling a spray upon the grave of him who animated and vivified again some of the old forms of republican daring and self-devotion in the story of Fiesco? Can Englishmen claim no part in celebrating the glory of one who did not deny, but proudly acknowledged, how much the development and the direction of his genius owed to the inspiration caught from Shakspeare?

The facts of Schiller's life are well known, and do not afford great scope for a pretentious biography. Nearly thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Carlyle was very young, and had not yet arrived at the period of the 'eternities,' and the 'vastnesses,' and the 'windbags,' and the 'void infinities,' and the 'dead putrescent cant,' and the other discoveries of his riper years; in that time when his genius in its fresh vigour needed no contortions to simulate energy; in that time when he was content to be a critic and a man of letters, and had not yet set up for a great moral teacher and philosopher; he produced, as we all know, a Life of Friedrich Schiller. It is a very small book, containing a great deal; and thus, it need hardly be added, forming a very striking contrast to the more recent Carlylean productions. This little biography will probably give more pleasure to an English reader than the most voluminous and exhaustively minute German

work on the same subject. It is the work of an evident admirer, even an enthusiast, but not of a frantic idolater. Indeed, the whole book is so simple, so truthful, so unpretentiously earnest, that a man might read it through without ever suspecting it to have issued from the same noisy, darksome, Cyclopean forge where *Past and Present* and *Frederick the Great* were hammered out. In this work all that it concerns most readers to know of Schiller's life will be found; and the student can substitute, if he pleases, his own comments and inferences where he cannot adopt those of Mr. Carlyle.

No one, at the present time, needs to be reminded that Friedrich Schiller was born in 1759. The 10th of November in that year was the day whose centenary was honoured a few months back. Schiller's birth-place was Marbach in Würtemberg; he studied at Stuttgardt, in a scholastic institution, now called the *Karls Schule;* he removed thence to Mannheim, where he was employed as theatrical poet; and thence to Leipzig, a town which saw some of the hard student life of the earnest-hearted Richter, and the wild, youthful days of Goethe's extravagance: he obtained the appointment of Professor of History at Jena through the interposition of Goethe with the Regent Duchess Amelia: he produced his greatest work there; and he made it his abode until his too early death on the 9th of May, 1805. He was then little more than forty-five; not having had allotted to him much more than half the number of years which his great rival spent on earth.

Schiller had to struggle hard in many ways before he attained to the quiet enjoyment of fame. There is something exceedingly touching about the early privations of many of the great German authors of that period, Goethe being one of the few prominent and happy exceptions. Richter sometimes wrote home for a little money to buy bread. When Fichte came to visit Kant, then in the fulness of his fame, he was driven by sheer necessity to appeal to the elder philosopher for the loan of any sum, however trifling. Kant did all he could for his young admirer: he had no money either to lend or give, but he invited him to partake of his dinner. Schiller frequently used to sit up until the dawn of morning, fagging over his immortal historical works for booksellers, at a rate of remuneration so low, that a scrivener's clerk would now disdain to copy them for such pay. It is quite true that the value of money then was very different from its value in our days; but making every allowance for this circumstance, we feel much inclined to doubt whether a man could not purchase more comfort for a guinea in London to-day, than at Leipzig or Jena when Schiller toiled and slaved there.

Something even more touching, and to us more surprising, is the state of abject dependence upon the whim of a prince in which respectable citizens holding any kind of government appointment lived in the days of Schiller. Schiller was sent to a particular school which he hated, because the sovereign ordered it; he pursued studies which he detested, because the gracious prince marked them out; he had to sneak out of the paternal dominions like a culprit, that he might be free to pursue, unchecked, the literary career upon which the sovereign had set an interdict. It is not to be wondered at, that a boyhood thus passed under incessant restraint should explode in a wild and passionate appeal to the uttermost extravagance of individual liberty. Schiller's early life was curbed and made unhappy by these restraints, and perhaps their effect was never wholly removed from his mind. He suffered occasional poverty, beyond doubt; but scarcely anything approaching to the indigence of some of his contemporaries. His life was not broken up by any great misfortunes: and yet it is impossible to peruse his works without an impression that their author was not happy. One cause may be found in the feeble health which he experienced through the greater part of his life; and it seems hardly possible to dispute that a powerfully operating cause may be discovered in the state of religious doubt in which his noble intellect and sensitive heart long fluctuated. It is not easy to gather from Schiller's maturer writings what his precise religious views were; but it is sufficiently obvious that he was for a long time tortured by doubts which he could neither satisfy nor stifle. Constituted with a mind altogether differently cast from that of Goethe, he could not abandon such questions altogether, and, laying aside doubts, conjectures, and thought of any kind, quietly shut away all that related to his future destiny from any interference with his temporal work or temporal enjoyments. In a different sphere or time, Schiller would have been what all Christians must have recognised as a deeply religious man; but the age and the place where he was cast, did not encourage fixed religious views, or tend towards firm faith. What Richter terms the 'seed-grains' of Rousseau's fascinating delusions had been widely blown over Germany. The French Revolution began to shake men's minds as to the stability of earthly opinions and policies. The speculations of Kant, and what Mr. Carlyle fitly names 'the Kantean ghosts of creeds,' were seizing hold of all minds inclined to enter the hopeless labyrinth of metaphysics. Schiller eagerly caught at anything which held out even the shadow of promise, and for a while indulged, like the other followers of Kant, in futile efforts to fathom the depths

of man's destiny by the aid of metaphysics, to fill the sieve with water, to twine the ropes of sea-sand. But it is plain that his intellect found little satisfaction in this dreary labour: and in this fact may probably be found a main explanation of the tone of melancholy which seems to pervade most of his works. Let it be thoroughly understood that there is nothing in him of the feeble whining affectation of the sentimental school; nothing of the Byron misanthropy and the Shelley morbidness, of which a succeeding age witnessed the birth and the death. Not from Schiller came any tone of that perennial tearfulness into which after his day German poetry degenerated. Nothing can be less personal, and less morbid, than the character of Schiller's greater works; no drop of repining bitterness stains them. But they leave upon our minds the deep impression of a high heart striving vainly after its ideal; looking for consolation and hope in hopeless sources, and ever craving after something higher and truer. Strongly he contrasts in this respect with the spirit of our own Milton, whose clear soul only saw 'with that inner eye which no calamity could darken,' images of beauty, and hope, and trust, in all creation around him. Schiller is never, at least in his great works, gloomy; but a prevailing sadness clings to them. No theme he dwells upon with such congeniality, as that of high purpose and sensitive emotions, struggling in vain to animate the stagnation, to overleap the limitations, to exalt the earthliness of every-day life. For the Destiny of the ancient dramatists, he has substituted the power of the world and of common routine influences and existences. In Ferdinand and Louisa, in Amelia, in Leonora, in Posa, in Max and Thekla, in Joanna of Orleans, we have the same struggle, embodied in all the many shapes which the full imagination of the poet created, of the ideal against the actual, of poetry against prose, of the soul against the world, of the children of light against the children of earth. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of Schiller's works but with a feeling of sadness; let it be added, however, that it is equally impossible to rise from them without feelings refined and elevated. No poet's intellect ever worked more in unison with his conscience and his heart. His character was thoroughly German of the very highest type; and perhaps no man of his age and country has left behind him a more blameless reputation.

His friendship with Goethe is recorded to his eternal honour,—indeed, to the eternal honour of both men. There was little in Goethe which at first seemed congenial with Schiller: and the society in which the elder poet moved almost alarmed the younger, who wrote, at first sight, a description of Weimar life

which must obviously have been much exaggerated by his pure and scrupulous feelings. Schiller felt somewhat jealous too, at one time, of the happy, easy manner in which Goethe was enabled to enjoy his fame; and wrote bitterly enough of the high salary which the latter poet received while lounging in delicious idleness through Italy, and of the contrast such a career presented to the rugged, unsatisfying days of labour through which some of his contemporaries were doomed to drudge. But when the men came to know each other, all feeling of jealousy or bitterness, pardonable enough at one time on either side, wholly vanished, and the close friendship which followed is probably unparalleled in literary history. There is, we should think, no instance on record of a friendship so long and cordial between two such men, who, beyond question, were looked on by all Germany as rivals, and who, beyond question, mutually desired and enjoyed fame. It has sometimes been compared to the friendship between Montaigne and Etienne de la Boëtie; but Montaigne was too lazy to care for fame; and, even if he had been less indifferent, could have felt no fear of rivalry from his friend. In literary friendship it would be impossible to over-rate the difference which the latter fact must make. The friendship of Goethe and Schiller withstood all temptations to rivalry which either circumstances or malevolent contemporaries raised up before them. There can be no doubt that, in a literary point of view, Schiller gained much by his close relation with the elder poet. He imbibed from Goethe that appreciation of the real and the natural in artistic value, which was just the element most wanted to give strength to his genius. Schiller gladly bowed to experience, received and, in his turn, imparted advice. Only death closed the co-operation of their friendship. When it so often happens that they who write of great literary men have errors to defend, and weaknesses to excuse, it is gratifying to think that Germany and the world have been lately engaged in doing honour to the memory of a man of genius, whose life requires scarcely a shadow of excuse, or a sentence of vindication.

Perhaps there is no great poet in whom the process of development can be more clearly traced than in Schiller. His whole career as an author was comparatively short. It began with the publication of *The Robbers* in 1781, and ended with that of *Wilhelm Tell* in 1804. Leaving out of our consideration the shorter and inferior dramas, which will, probably, pass for nothing when we come to sum up his claims to rank among the great poets of the world, we have thus marked out his most defective and his most perfect effort,—the product of his crudest

youth, and that of his most developed maturity. The growth of his intellect is traced in the succession of his works. Those who are inclined to debate the merits of the real and the ideal schools, can hardly fail to observe that with Schiller the progress to maturity is, on the whole, a progress to reality. When we take into consideration the fact, that Schiller's first production was greeted with a wild burst of applause from Germany, which reverberated to the farthest corners of Europe, we cannot help admiring the innate, self-sustaining strength of that genius which worked out its own development through processes every one of which seemed but leading it farther and farther from the fields of its success. We can only gain a faint and feeble conception, from the pages of contemporary writers, of the burst of enthusiasm which greeted the publication of *The Robbers*. Very dull, indeed, and forceless is any popular tribute to a new effort of genius in our own country, at the present day, compared with the rapture of admiration, the frenzy of delight, into which young Germany was thrown, on the birth of the new, fresh, and wild literature, whose every accent was a spasm, and every breath a blast. Where now was old authority? What were worn-out customs, and the rules of pedants, and the moralities of dullards? Behold! a Storm-king had arisen, to sweep all such antiquated follies away, and to establish the millennial reign of passion, and exuberant youth, and vehement brotherhood. Goethe's day is clearly done. Who cares for light-hearted Egmonts, and marble-cold Iphigenias, in the new era of boisterous emotion, of storm and high-pressure? There was some merit in Goethe and in Shakspeare: but *now*, we of the new school, we have changed all that!

If Schiller's own work did not attest his genius, no better proof can be given of its reality, than the fact that, according as it found free development, it quietly shook off that exuberance of mere feeling, which admirers would mistake for the very voice of genius itself. That portion of a poet's works which circumstances have called into existence, has little relation to his genius; and it is easy to see that, under circumstances somewhat different, we never should have had *The Robbers* at all. Had Schiller, for instance, enjoyed an early life like that of Goethe, we should have had from him no such extravagant outburst of long-suppressed antagonism. The play of *The Robbers* is an outbreak of pent-up emotion, and nothing more. A boy of spirit, more especially a boy of genius, believes the whole frame-work of society is unhinged when his own school-days are uncomfortably restrained, and is animated into a fiery champion of universal liberty, if he has a narrow home or a harsh

master. He swells his own individual wrongs into a national oppression; and identifies his own personal rebellings with the vindication of the whole human race. His feelings vent themselves in some mode of expression, where energy anticipates the power of undeveloped genius; and which, by the sheer force of its fresh strength, amazes the routine life of the world around, and startles commonplace beings into a recognition of a new and stirring influence, whose power they admire all the more that they cannot comprehend its scope. This is the main explanation of *The Robbers;* and thus far Schiller differed but little from many a young author, who has astonished the world for a year or two, and then gradually disappeared away into oblivion. Our own age has seen several such beings come like shadows, and so depart. But Schiller was saved from such a fate by the force of that genius which might be guided, but could not be constrained. A man of second-class intellect would have gone on, endeavouring to *encore* the effect which his first work had produced; and have thus given to the world weaker and weaker or more and more extravagant imitations of the one spontaneous effort, until even adorers turned away at last in disappointment and contempt. But with Schiller the working off so much superfluous energy of emotion only cleared the channel through which the fresh current of imagination was to flow forth. Genius and art could never have worked in calm co-operation to a full development, where the path was obstructed by so much of mere personality and subjective feeling. The first effort of genius to free itself was hailed by the world as the consummation and crowning triumph of its labour. That which was merely a means, was received as a result. But the true poet soon recognised the error; and never showed the genuineness of his calling more distinctly, than in thus appreciating the difference between the impression produced by mere energy, and the calm, concentrated, and directed force of natural and developed art.

Despite of all its extravagance and its repulsiveness, *The Robbers* still keeps the stage, and has even a place in literature. Werther and his sorrows are fairly buried; but there is still a period in the life of every one, when he thinks *The Robbers* a noble production; and, very likely, confounding the strength of feeling with the power of imagination, believes it the most original of all its author's works. How many a literary monstrosity has that stormy Karl Moor to answer for! His spirit walks abroad in all shapes. Now he is Byron's *Corsair*, and now he is *Paul Clifford:* and, again, Madame George Sand, reversing her personal practice, clothes the rebel against society in feminine

costume; and, perhaps, soon he sinks somewhat lower, and haunts the romances of the penny periodicals. Wherever there is a spirit inclined to lift its head against social authority, there generally may be found an admirer of *The Robbers*. The fit, however, does not last long in most minds; and we are willing to believe that very little positive harm has been done in the world by this stormy drama; and that, indeed, it scarcely merited the long and solemn discussions which were at one time carried on as to its moral tendency. None of the more subtle and dangerous instrumentality for evil which such writers as George Sand have mixed up with their literature, can possibly be traced back to it. Karl Moor is responsible for some indignant declamations against the tyranny and the sham of some of society's laws, and for nothing more. The author's honest intention was to make it a work with a tremendous moral purpose; a thing to scare vice for ever out of the world, by showing it its own image and its own fate. Reading it over calmly in after years, one does not know whether he ought to smile more at the extravagances of the drama itself, or at the solemn, moralizing tone in which the young author explains and defends in his preface the object of his work. But, at the same time, no one can help acknowledging the presence of great power and great promise in this boyish production. It is a purely ideal performance in its main features. Franz is a preposterous villain; just the kind of monster a schoolboy would draw, without the slightest hint of a redeeming quality, without even a varying shade to chequer the bleak monotony of impossible wickedness. The character of Karl Moor, the outcast brother and robber chief, is the only one having the slightest pretension to delineation at all. Amalia, despite Mr. Carlyle's admiration for her, we cannot help thinking a young lady thoroughly insipid in general; and, when the poet means to make her emotional, insufferably vehement and virago-like. Indeed, good, downright black-and-white drawing makes up the whole drama. When a man is angry, he raves and roars; when he is softened, he weeps in showers; when he loves, he loves in a fury and hurricane of passion. Everything is of the Fuseli character, or the youthful imitation of the Fuseli style. Suppose Schiller had died immediately after the publication of this tragedy, and while the burst of admiration with which Germany received it was still ringing through the world, who could ever have conjectured that literature had lost a poet worthy to stand near to our own Milton? There are unquestionable evidences of greatness in *The Robbers;* but greatness how different in its character from that which the poet was destined to develope! Here, one

might have thought, are the germs of a poetic Rousseau; possibly of a Byron or a Shelley. But what hint is there of the calm beauty, the refinement, the sublimity of the *Jungfrau von Orleans;* of the subdued thrillingness of *Wallenstein;* of the manly, homely truth, and simple nature, which make *Wilhelm Tell* immortal? There is very little poetry in *The Robbers:* even the famous sunset scene by the Danube contains little which suggests more than eloquence and vehement feeling. Schiller, when he published this play, was of nearly the same age as Goethe when he completed *Goetz von Berlichingen:* and what a difference between the two dramas! What quiet force, what simple nature, what unexaggerated pathos, shining here and there through all the boyishness of Goethe's first production! what boisterous passion and raving strength in that of Schiller! Yet the growth and progress of the mind of Schiller upwards were far more regular, steady, and distinctly traceable, than in the instance of Goethe. We know of scarcely any case in literature, where the judgment of the world, founded upon a poet's first production, would more certainly have gone wrong, than if it had had to conjecture the character of Schiller's genius upon the evidence contained in *The Robbers* alone.

Nor would *Fiesco* or *Kabale und Liebe* ('Love and Plot') help the speculator very much further. There is great talent in these dramas, more especially in the former, many of whose incidents thrill with interest, and whose principal female character, Leonora, is a very great improvement upon Amalia. Indeed, in the gentle and devoted Leonora, there are traits which sometimes remind the reader of Shakspeare's women. There is much of spirited life-drawing in the character of Fiesco, whom Schiller paints as a somewhat deeper and more ambitious kind of Egmont. But, on the whole, the merit of the drama is rather romantic than poetic,—very rarely is any sentence uttered which speaks of the presence of the true poet. The character of *Kabale und Liebe* is surely over-estimated by Mr. Carlyle. It has grown upon *The Robbers* in lifelike reality; but it is even more morbid in tone and painful in catastrophe. It is of that class of drama which thrills and harrows, indeed, upon a first perusal, but which loses its power gradually as we come to know it thoroughly. In fact, Schiller had not found his path at all up to the time when these plays exalted him in the mind of half Germany as a rival to Goethe. Probably, in estimating his genius and his fame, posterity will ignore them altogether; and they will be studied merely as historic mementos of the stages of growth through which the poet passed. *The Song of the Bell* is worth scores of them. Thekla's little ballad of a dozen

lines will touch human feelings long after the explosive energy of these first dramas has left but its ashes behind.

In *Don Carlos* we find the first manifest indications of the poet's real self. Strong, indeed, is the contrast between this drama and those which preceded it. It is easy to conceive some impassioned admirer of Schiller's early vehemence laying down *Don Carlos* with disappointment, and perhaps even with something akin to contempt. So calm a piece of work,—the poet never once in a passion throughout the whole of it! Here we first find the individuality of the author sinking away, and losing itself in his art. Here we find rhetoric giving place to poetry. Very disappointing, no doubt, to those ardent souls who lived in storm and pressure, to find their accepted leader deserting their ranks, and going over to the side of quiet art; almost like Goethe, who had been captain quite long enough for some of the young rebels against the critical laws of the day. It is not easy to avoid feeling angry with a poet who is thus passing not only out of our ranks, but quite out of our range. It was pleasant to belong to such a school of art as that which *The Robbers* founded; such a work had the precious advantage of being very easily imitated; and so long as the public were willing to confer the title of originality upon anything which was noisy and convulsive, it was delightfully easy to set up for an original genius. In our own day we have seen how half the incompetent young artists of the country enrolled themselves in the pre-Raphael school, because the characteristics of the style were so easily reproduced; and a man who had no chance of attracting attention in any other way was sure to draw some eyes upon him by imitating, in exaggerated proportions, the peculiarities of Millais or Hunt. Hundreds of young Germans must have felt personally grieved when *Don Carlos* was published, and must have looked upon the bond of brotherhood between Schiller and themselves as hopelessly dissolved. Even to this day most Germans hold what seems to us a very much exaggerated estimate of the merits of *The Robbers*, when compared with Schiller's later works. Many will gravely discourse of its power and originality, and compare its characteristics with those of *Wallenstein*, or *Wilhelm Tell*, as if it were a drama of a different but not inferior order of merit. Indeed, nothing is more common in literature than to hear works praised as exemplifying the strength of imagination, which, in truth, only bear witness to its undeveloped weakness. The power of imagination consists in the capacity to produce images of humanity. No matter how highly you exalt your standard, no matter how much you increase the proportions of humanity,

it is still by this test that the real power and genuine capacity of imagination are to be judged. Nothing is more easy to produce than the grotesque and the extravagant. The farther you depart from the sphere of humanity, the easier it becomes to pile conceit upon conceit, *bizarrerie* upon *bizarrerie*. There may be readers, perhaps, who would believe *Sinbad the Sailor* to display a brighter imagination than *Hamlet*. The second part of *Faust* is immeasurably more wild and fantastic than the first. Does it, therefore, evidence a greater richness of imagination? A group of children, seated by the fire at night, will spin off stories which, for extravagance of conceit and disregard of reality or possibility, make the *Arabian Nights* seem tame and commonplace. But that which makes the *Arabian Nights* a valuable work of art, as compared with those childish stories, is just the fact, that so much of it clings about real existence, and strengthens and vivifies itself with the manners, the talk, the ways, the very costume of actual and interesting peoples and places. There are readers who believe that Milton has displayed a higher imagination in his grotesque pictures of Sin and Death, than in his glimpse of Eve starting back from her own shadow in the fountain.

Schiller, then, has left the era of unbridled force quite behind him. He has acquired a precious piece of knowledge in learning that the result in art of ungoverned strength is only as the result of weakness. He has blown away, like a cloud of smoke, the superfluous personal emotion which blinded and baffled his genius. He appreciates to the full what he is doing and what he has done. He leaves *The Robbers* for his admirers to imitate, if they will, to all time. He never returns to it, even as Goethe never returned to his Wertherian sighs and wailings. He sees that art, like science, is a labour, not a burst. He perceives that tragic force must not rest on mere surprise; that a succession of shocks cannot be kept up without either repelling the recipients in the end, or wholly losing their effect over them. He rises out of his own individuality into a sympathy with human nature far transcending the narrow limits he at first seemed to mark out. He sees that there are other sufferings besides those which misunderstood and trammelled youth must bear; that the courage of patience and quiet, steadfast endurance deserves admiration at least as much as that which relieves itself in throes and upheavings. He comes to study men and women more closely as he withdraws from his eyes the veil which his own personality drew around them; he endeavours to see objects and causes as others see them; in short, he begins to understand humanity in its general relations. Young authors

commonly study mankind wholly through books, or else merely call up phantoms out of their own consciousness, viewed with introverted gaze; and in neither case produce anything destined to permanency. The images are so faint, that they soon fade away; so monotonous, that they cease speedily to attract any interest; or so extravagantly unreal, that the first sensation of surprise which they create soon gives place to contempt. Schiller began at last to see men in all their complex characteristics; no attribute wholly predominating, no shade wholly darkening, but every energy counteracted by some opposing force, and every shade brightened by some light.

He has made a great stride forward; but, at the same time, we are far from agreeing with those who place *Don Carlos* even among the foremost of his dramas. Exquisite beauty of thought, noble feeling and gleams of high poetic light, illumine it throughout; but, as a whole, we cannot help thinking it somewhat monotonous and laboured. Its beauty is all but lifeless. It embodies, with artistic skill and feeling, the contrast between the rising tendency to Protestant free thought, in the person of Posa, and even the best specimens of the old Spanish Catholicism; but some of Schiller's admirers seem to us to have done an injustice to the creations of his maturer genius, by classing Posa with the finest characters he has produced. Posa is a fragment of ideal character; no real human being at all, but an allegory, a moving symbol; the Protestant free thought, the Christian philanthropy put into a human or, at least, a dramatic form. Some of the utterances which fall from the lips of Posa express thought as noble and as true as ever visited Schiller's mind. Every reader is familiar with that eloquent enunciation of exalted wisdom and feeling in which Posa conveys his last message to Carlos, and admonishes him, when he is a man, to reverence the dreams of his youth. But a Posa drawn by Shakspeare would have given forth sentences of as much truth and elevated feeling; and he would have had that reality, that distinctness of life, which Schiller failed, in this instance, to impart. Dramatically, the tragedy has the French defect of too much speech-making, and too little action. The character of the Queen is an exquisite conception of the womanly type; but it, too, wants the life which Shakspeare could have given. There is a power, which is almost terrible, in the manner in which Schiller has painted the gloomy, lonely sternness and cruelty of Philip the Second. The impression of the King's interview with the aged, blind, implacable Cardinal-Inquisitor, forms a picture which never fades from the memory. The poet has, indeed, advanced a long way, when he has passed from mere spasm and effort into

the mastery of such subdued, intense power, and the creation of so much calm, artistic beauty. But there still remains much to be attained. Schiller has yet to harmonize the ideal with the real.

We are not surveying Schiller's career in detail, but merely passing, as it were, from eminence to eminence. Through many of his earlier years, his mind appeared to sway to and fro as if it had not yet clearly discovered what its work was to be. He had always a strong inclination towards historical studies and labours. He projected splendid schemes for the writing of history upon a grand scale; history in a vast, comprehensive, and epical form, such as had never before been attempted. A love of history, and a genius for poetry, naturally combined into an inclination for the production of an epic. For some years Schiller was haunted by the idea of producing a great epic poem,—reviving the old classic form with the living breath of the present. He would compose a sacred epic on Moses,—surely a splendid theme, if any theme could now make an epic poem endurable; but never realized into anything by our poet. He would produce an epic of the modern world, in which Frederick the Great should be the central figure, the Achilles. He would devote himself to an epic, of which the noble character and brave deeds of Gustavus Adolphus should be the theme, and which should be moulded in *ottave rime*, and sung like the Homeric ballads by the Greeks, or the verses of Tasso by the Venetian boatmen. None of these projects came to any direct result, such as the poet contemplated; but they had, nevertheless, their golden fruit. The study of the life and career of Gustavus Adolphus gave to the world the history of the Thirty Years' War. We are at present surveying Schiller as a poet; and it scarcely belongs to our purpose to notice his miscellaneous prose writings, or even his great historical works. As to the latter, whatever opinion opposing prejudices may hold of the fidelity of their portraitures, there can at least be no cavil at their style and structure. That Schiller did not complete his splendid fragment of *The Revolt of the Netherlands*, is one of the great losses which the world's literature has, in this department, been doomed to bear. To have succeeded even reasonably well in a long historical work, must be regarded as something like a triumph of versatility in such a poet as Schiller; but to have produced a completed historical specimen thrilling throughout with such brilliant description and such lofty thought as *The Thirty Years' War*, and such a noble piece of unfinished labour as *The Revolt of the Netherlands*, abundantly proves that, had he written no line of dramatic or lyric poetry, there was in Schiller

a capacity for success, in another great department of literature, high enough to have placed him among the foremost of the few really great historians of the modern world. But the fact which at present most deeply interests us in recalling Schiller's historical labours and epical plans is, that out of his cogitations and projects on these subjects arose the immortal dramas which illustrate the career and the fate of Wallenstein.

We do not consider *Wallenstein* the most perfect of Schiller's works; but it is undoubtedly that upon which his widest fame rests. It should scarcely be considered as a drama: it is a dramatically cast poem, or a modern epic, with a dramatic structure adopted for the sake of ease and force. Its length renders it wholly unsuited to the stage; and, at the same time, the three parts into which it is divided, belong to each other quite as closely as those of Shakspeare's *Henry the Sixth*. It is full of the most spirited and nervous delineations of character; depending, indeed, much more for its strength upon character than upon incident. It is scarcely possible to decide whether the real or the ideal elements predominate. In the Camp soldiers, in Octavio Piccolomini, in the Countess Terzky, we have the real, clear and lifelike in every utterance; in Max, and in Thekla, the most exquisite and softened ideal forms of humanity. In the character of Wallenstein, we have the elements blended. It would not have suited Schiller's plan to paint the great leader precisely as history gives us reason to believe him moulded. Some leaning towards Wallenstein, some sympathy with his decline and his fate, we must be induced to feel, or the drama would have been a failure. If one single character may be pointed out in which the genius of Schiller reached its full power, that character is Wallenstein. So vivid a picture of human strength and human weakness commingled and alternately overshadowing each other, few poets—none short of the very greatest—have ever embodied. As in life itself, the character of Wallenstein shows according to the side from which you view it. On this side you have such colossal attributes; such a daring, enterprising courage; a heart to which it seems little to set up a rivalry to the great Austrian power itself; an ambition for which nothing short of absolute mastery is sufficient; a genius which can crush every obstacle and difficulty by its own instinctive force. Look on the other side, and you see the hero trembling at unpropitious stars; vexed with almost insupportable doubt; caring little for any of the inward promptings of Heaven, but watching with trepid anxiety for every manifestation supposed to shine upon the face of the sky. Too much withdrawn into himself, and careless of all human interest;

and yet attracting such irresistible affection, compelling so much homage; surely a character is here so mysterious, yet so full of reality, so inscrutable, and yet so thoroughly harmonized, that to paint it faithfully in language needed nothing short of consummate art. What Mr. Ruskin says of painting in one of his more recent pronouncements, is singularly true of dramatic literature: any object or character which you can thoroughly make out at the first glance is not true to nature. Studying the character of Wallenstein, the reader is seldom certain whether to admire its strength, or to despise its weakness. It sometimes reminds him possibly of Shakspeare's picture of Julius Cæsar, but that the portrait of Wallenstein is much fuller, larger, and varied with many other elements. Even where Wallenstein shows most of courage and resolution, a strange feeling of pity, if not actually of sympathy, gathers in the mind. Partly this arises from a perception of the counter-schemes which are enmeshing his plans; of the counter-plots preparing where he securely reckons upon confederacy; of the impending downfall of his power just when he believes it is about to be most surely strengthened and raised. But still more, it arises from observation of the internal elements of weakness which the character contains. Schiller's Wallenstein fluctuates on the borders of good and of evil, made wholly for neither. 'Why will you consort with us demons,' asks Mephistophiles of Faust, 'if you have not the nerve to be like us? Why will you attempt to fly, if you are not secure against dizziness?' Wallenstein is like Faust. He has evoked out of his own ambition demons to guide him, but he lacks the nerve to follow unshrinkingly where they lead: he has attempted to fly, but he cannot keep his brain from growing dizzy. He has installed ambition in the place of duty, and thus is urged daringly on; but he has set up superstition in the shrine of conscience, and thus is forced to tremble and hang back at every move. If we were to judge Wallenstein by the phases of his character actually presented in these dramas, we might be inclined to pronounce him merely weak and vacillating. But the shadow of former greatness follows his steps. We can judge of his actual character by its reflection upon others. We see what the influence is which he produces and has produced upon all who surround him; and we know that such impress is made by no ordinary character. We are compelled, moreover, to recollect that our only experience of Wallenstein is at a period of hesitation and forced inaction, peculiarly calculated to bring out and exhibit the special weakness of such a character. Wallenstein stands, in some measure, on the confines of two eras;

half belonging to the sinking hemisphere where mere force had rule, half lighted by the rays of the upcoming reign of civilization and thought. He is, in some measure, in advance of his circumstances, but not freed from them. He is the only thinker in his camp: Octavio Piccolomini is prudent and worldly-wise; the Countess Terzky plots and simulates; Max is all chivalry, affection, and generous instinct: Wallenstein alone has any glimpses of contemplation into the relations of man to the world around him, his nature, and his destiny. Meditation which leads to no determination; scepticism in recognised faiths taking its common refuge in superstition; a questioning of the reign of force, and a want of full appreciation of the reign of thought—these qualities add to the indecision and sap the strength of the too thoughtful chieftain and too warlike thinker. The character of Wallenstein, as drawn by Schiller, seems to us wholly a novelty in literature; and a novelty by no means of the Karl Moor stamp, but a permanent and an immortal figure added to those which Homer and Shakspeare and Dante have given to the world.

The same praise cannot, indeed, be given to some of the other characters of the drama, but praise, perhaps, scarcely less high. There is no novelty in the forms of two young and unhappy lovers; but what poet ever produced creations of greater beauty, tenderness, nobleness, purity, than Max and Thekla? What are the sentimental passions, the wax-work groupings of the French classic drama, beside these exquisite figures of pure love and undeserved suffering? Who quarrels with Schiller because he has set into the frame-work of his great drama two beings somewhat too elevated in feeling, too pure of heart, too unshaded in character, for common human nature? We know that such a being as Max Piccolomini, the very embodiment of all that chivalry strove to be but was not, was scarce likely to have been a nursling of the coarse and profligate camp of Wallenstein. We know, that even under its brightest circumstances human nature seldom produces such characters as that of Thekla; and that it was not in the Austrian court of Ferdinand or the dukedom of Friedland we should expect to find one of those rare examples. But it would indeed be a pedantic realism which would seek to preclude the poet from ever looking for his ideal above the ordinary standard of humanity; or which, at all events, would insist upon his accepting the common types of every-day life as the only realities of nature. One does not readily see why Schiller, any more than Raphael or Canova, should be restrained from endeavouring to embody the highest combination of beauty and of strength which the attributes of

human nature render possible. Enough, if it be not something outside nature and out of harmony with itself; and no one will attempt to suggest defects of this character in Schiller's Max and Thekla. Schiller seems to us to have done the world a service morally as well as artistically, when he familiarized it with the idea of two beings so pure, so noble, and yet so entirely human. The character of Thekla is, perhaps, the more distinctly drawn of the two. She presents the most exquisitely blended combination of that softness which in her mother approaches to feebleness, with that courage which in her father's character mounts to daring and harshness. Schiller's artistic creed was, that he who follows out his own art to its fullest development of beauty and of truth, needs no special moral purpose to make his results morally elevating; that the truth and beauty of the art must harmonize with, and form part of, the universal truth and beauty of which religion is to us the highest expression. This character of Thekla is one of the rarest examples to prove how far such a theory may be realized by the intellect and the heart of such a poet. It is only in Shakspeare you can find a picture of womanhood to compare with this of Schiller's. Who, indeed, has ever surpassed in dramatic art this embodiment of woman's highest qualities,—such maidenly softness, such womanly dignity, such a heart, such high principle, such courage, and such love? It speaks more powerfully than any words can express for the genius of the poet, that he has thrown such an intensity of interest round the character and the fate of Wallenstein, as to make the love, the nobleness, and the misfortunes of two beings like Thekla and Max only subordinate features of the drama. Indeed, Wallenstein himself absorbs so much of the interest, that the reader is at first apt to overlook the skill with which some of the minor characters are delineated. Take the Duchess, Wallenstein's wife, for instance: could any professedly realistic dramatist have given us within the same limits a more vivid and suggestive portrait of a gentle, kind-hearted, weakly woman, formed, indeed, to make some quiet home happy, but shrinking into an almost abject feebleness, in the crush of events and the conflict of strong natures amid which she has been thrown? The reader sometimes cannot repress a sensation akin to contempt for her weakness; but, again, her gentleness, her good-nature, her almost child-like lament for her quiet, happy days of early marriage, melt him into an irresistible sympathy and pity. With so much art is the character suggested rather than expressed, that one thinks he thoroughly comprehends its every phase,—can follow every shade of emotion passing across it; and yet all that Schiller

has put into the mouth of the Duchess amounts to but a few dozen lines. A character of greater depth and variety, and much more fully drawn, is that of the Countess Terzky,—a fearless, plotting, unscrupulous, yet not unkindly, and, towards her brother-in-law at least, deeply loving woman. A singular instance of the misapplication of a poet's meaning we remember to have seen not long ago in a quotation borrowed from Countess Terzky. It was set forth as the motto to a work on the characteristics of men of genius, and simply bore Schiller's name, as if it were a moral text given with the authority of Schiller's own principles. It was the following passage:—

> '*Denn Recht hat jeder eigene charakter*
> *Der übereinstimmt mit sich selbst: es gibt*
> *Kein andres Unrecht als den Widerspruch.*'
>
> 'For every single character has right
> Which harmonizes with itself: there is
> No other wrong than want of harmony.'

We need hardly say, that on such a principle anything might be justified. We heard an attempt made to found a whole moral theory upon the lines. Need it be said that Schiller had no such meaning? The lines belong to the Countess Terzky's sophistical and successful effort to persuade Wallenstein that he commits no moral wrong in breaking his faith with the Emperor. To quote them as expressing any principle of Schiller's, is like putting forward some of Lady Macbeth's endeavours to steel her husband against conscience and pity, as the deliberate exposition of Shakspeare's own moral convictions.

Wallenstein has, undoubtedly, many dramatic defects. It is so full of mere dialogue that the action sometimes flags heavily, and makes impatient British readers yearn for the life and motion of our own great dramatist. Towards the catastrophe, it is scarcely endurable to be detained by the epigrammatic persuasions and remonstrances which pass between Butler and Gordon. But who can remember defects of structure when he comes to those solemn and thrilling scenes in which Wallenstein appears for the last time? What a nameless terror, what a boding sense of some fearful catastrophe, hangs over every line of that passage in which the Countess Terzky, haunted by indefinable presentiments of coming danger, clings to Wallenstein, and vainly endeavours to warn him against some unknown, foreshadowed fate! The form of Wallenstein, as he stands erect, or strides up and down the chamber, or flings himself into his chair, or gazes out upon the starless sky, quivering with an uncertain and

weird light, is as that of a man on whom the shadow of death has already fallen. Despite his own assurances, we can read some prescience of a coming fate in his own words,—in his exquisitely touching tribute to the memory of Max, in his very efforts to cheer his sister-in-law, in his weariness of life-changes and struggles, in his musings on the aspect of the gloomy heaven, in which 'the star that beamed upon his life' is seen no more. Many such scenes as this would place Schiller on a level with the greatest poets of any age. We do not think it is uttering a word beyond the barest justice to say that, in its kind, it is unsurpassed by anything in Shakspeare. Schiller subsequently produced dramas more perfect than *Wallenstein*; but anything to excel these passages he did not, and could not, realize.

The English reader can scarcely be expected to admit himself entirely satisfied with Schiller's *Mary Stuart*. To do justice to its dramatic and poetic merits we, of this country, had better discard from our minds altogether the idea of its being a historical play. It is not, perhaps, more incorrect, as far as mere facts are concerned, than many of Shakspeare's historical dramas; but it treats of a period in whose events and personages Englishmen feel the deepest interest, and with which they are most familiar. The principal personages of the drama are among those historical characters of which it is most difficult to obtain an impartial view. Schiller was obviously drawn by poetic instinct towards the most favourable estimate of Queen Mary's character. Indeed, the drama would greatly fail in poetic interest, if any other view than this were presented. Accordingly, the central figure is that of a beautiful and injured Queen, a captive in the hands of intriguing and unscrupulous enemies; her captivity made more dangerous by the rash efforts of unthinking friends, and rendered doubly bitter by the basest treachery where most she turned with love and confidence. The errors of her past life are scarcely more than hinted at, and then only in the redeeming and alluring form of penitence and spontaneous self-humiliation. Elizabeth, on the other hand, is scarcely treated with justice. For the faults which all admit to have belonged to her, other faults which cannot be justly charged upon her memory are substituted; and a due meed of respect is not given even to the masculine energy and piercing intellect which no prejudice can deny to her. Selfishness and weakness are made by Schiller her prominent qualities. Her indecision, when the decree of Mary's fate is pressed upon her, is represented as contemptible, and the motive which decides her at last hateful:—

'In vain I hide
The stain upon my birth—a rival's hate
Has laid it bare: this Stuart stands before me
Like some eternal, threatening spectre form!
No, no, this fear and doubt must end at last—
Her head shall fall—I will, I will have peace!
She is the haunting Fury of my life;
A torturing spirit set on me by Fate.
Wherever I would fain have planted hope
Or joy, she like a serpent crossed my way;
She tore from me the only one I loved—
She robbed me of a husband—Mary Stuart
Is but the name for every pang I've borne!
Let her but once be blotted out of life,
Then am I free as are the mountain winds—
With what a glance of scorn she looked upon me,
As if her look would strike me to the earth,
Poor, feeble creature! I have keener weapons—
Their touch is deathly—and thou art no more!'

Even then Elizabeth has not the nerve to pronounce her sentence with her own lips; and it is only by an artifice that she puts in motion the death-warrant which is to rid her of her rival. Englishmen can scarcely admit this to be a true picture even of the failings of Elizabeth; and the character is one of too deep a historic importance to allow us to appreciate a poetically altered version of it. The portrait too which has been drawn of Burleigh presents that statesman in an extravagantly distorted light; (Schiller allowed the noble lord to express himself with much greater distinctness than did Mr. Puff;) and Leicester, whatever his weaknesses, and whatever even the darker stains which rest, by imputation at least, upon his memory, can scarcely be recognised in the abject and dastardly traitor and liar drawn by Schiller. Perhaps, indeed, the principal objection to the drama in the eyes of Englishmen, is not that the personages are exaggerated in their historic attributes, but that the people of the tragedy have no resemblance in good or evil to their nominal prototypes at all; and that Schiller only used certain celebrated names to put upon the stage figures which have no other relationship whatever to the personages in English history whose titles they borrow.

These are strong objections to the drama special to this country, and probably for these reasons English readers generally do not render justice to its great poetic merits. When the celebrated Italian actress, Madame Ristori, during her most recent visit to our country, appeared on successive nights alternately as Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, popular admiration

seemed entirely to run in favour of the former personation, although the Mary Stuart was that of Schiller's exquisitely poetical tragedy, and the Queen Elizabeth was the principal character of a piece of vulgar Italian stage-play, heavy with inflated commonplaces, and ludicrous with the most amusing anachronisms.

Exquisitely poetical, indeed, and full of occasional flashes of fiery energy, is this drama, although scarcely to be classed among Schiller's masterpieces. It ought to have stood in point of time immediately after *Don Carlos;* to which, in despite of critical opinion generally, we think it greatly superior. Coming as it did after *Wallenstein*, it cannot be read in its order of succession without impressing on the mind the sense of comparative failure. But its special merits are great, and it is allowed even by those who disparage it, that it might have made the renown of an ordinary poet. The very character of Elizabeth, if we leave history out of the question, is drawn with great skill; its pride and its weakness, its selfishness and its self-deception, are blended with a hand of marvellous cunning. The contrast between the rival Queens is intensely dramatic and (again leaving history aside) unexaggerated. Mary is frail only on the side of the affections; Elizabeth's weakness is wholly personal and selfish. Mary has fallen, because she has loved too much and too unwisely; Elizabeth is kept erect by the restraint of worldly prudence and cunning. The good and the bad qualities in each arise from opposite sources, and conduct to opposite results. The scene in which the two women meet has often been quoted as one of the finest and most striking in German literature. Elizabeth cannot restrain her pride and triumph, when she sees her rival at last a self-humiliated supplicant before her. She has suffered wrong at Mary's hands, and danger at the hands of her friends, and she cannot resist the temptation to give utterance to some words of exultation over the disarmed enemy and the humbled rival. But Mary, who has nerved herself to bear coldness, harshness, even reproaches, cannot endure the sting of some of the taunts of Elizabeth; and, after several strong efforts to repress her rising emotion, suddenly bursts out with that wild energy which sometimes flashes up in the hearts of the weak, and sweeps her rival from her presence with a torrent of invective, followed by a shower of bitter words, every one of which blisters where it falls. Mary has won in that encounter; but she has bought the moment's triumph with her life. It would be a waste of time to point out that all this, though quite in harmony with the spirit of Schiller's drama, has not much relation to historical probability; and that

nothing can be more unlike the strong, self-governed mind of Elizabeth, than thus to have engaged in a public taunting-match with a keen-tongued and desperate enemy. It is not more out of historical truth than most of the other incidents of the play, and it is in the most perfect keeping with the characters Schiller has drawn.

Of a more touching interest are some passages in the closing scenes. Mary's farewell to her women, as she stands almost on the very steps of the scaffold, reminds the reader, in its quiet pathos and simple beauty, of Beatrice's closing words in *The Cenci*:—

> 'Farewell, my Margaret—Alice, fare thee well—
> Burgoyne, I thank thee for thy faithful service,—
> Thy lips burn hot, my Gertrude!—I have been
> Hated indeed, but O! I have been loved!
> A noble husband make my Gertrude happy,
> For such a glowing heart has need of love!
> My Bertha, thou hast chosen the better part:
> The pious bride of Heaven thou wilt become—
> O, hasten to fulfil thy sacred vow;
> Deceitful are the fairest gifts of earth;
> That learn here of thy Queen!'

The tragedy of *Mary Stuart* has, however, one deficiency which almost inevitably withdraws it from the rank of dramatic works of the highest order. It wants character: every one of its personages is not an individuality. Take away Elizabeth and Mary, and perhaps also the ardent young Mortimer, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* are but names. The treachery of Leicester, and the wiles of Burleigh, are but treachery and wiles written out. It is here that Schiller, in this and others of his dramas, falls below Shakspeare and Goethe, and even below his own best efforts. Every one in Shakspeare, from the King of Denmark down to the grave-digger, has individuality; even one grave-digger is not the same as another. In the earlier parts of *Faust* and of *Wilhelm Meister*, in *Wallenstein* and *William Tell*, the same life-drawing is displayed. No reader can fail to appreciate the distinct individuality of every soldier introduced in *Wallenstein's Camp*; of every mountaineer confederate who repairs to the trysting-place in *William Tell*. Without this characteristic there may be a very great poem; but the drama which has it not wants an essential element of durability. It is in this that Shakspeare leaves every rival behind,—those of his own age and country, some of whom are his greatest rivals, among the number. It is in this that he always surpasses Massinger, who, in every other great dramatic quality, occasionally at least

approaches him. It is this which gives his works their universality; which makes them inexhaustible in their infinite variety as human nature or human society itself. It is not merely dramatic intensity; for it would be rash to say that anything in modern literature surpasses the intensity of some scenes in *Wallenstein* and *William Tell*. It is not in pathos: for it is scarcely possible to imagine anything at once more deeply and more simply pathetic than the close of the first part of *Faust*. It is not in sublimity: for surely the Greek dramatists produced passages of thrilling sublimity, which are destined never to be outrivalled. It is not in the conception of noble self-devotion of character: for did not Corneille produce a Polyeucte? But the faculty which gives Shakspeare a pre-eminence over every dramatist of older or younger time, is the power to produce an endless variety of characters, every one of which has a personality of its own, stamped as nature herself stamps it; each not extravagantly unlike others of his class, but each so distinctly endowed with peculiar qualities of his own, that he can never be long confounded with his nearest likeness. You may, by close observation, discover a greater difference between Dromio and Dromio, between Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse, than you can between any two of the ordinary characters, not purposely contrasted, of some of the great French dramatists.

Now this test the tragedy of *Mary Stuart* will not bear. All the life that is in it, is breathed into the two central figures: the rest are but names and voices; 'their bones are marrowless, their blood is cold.' Like many others of Schiller's works, this is a poem rather than a drama. To produce the greatest of poems and the greatest of dramas at once, is a triumph of genius no German ever attained. In our own country the miserable sentimentalities and spurious morality of Kotzebue, made, if possible, more miserable by the most wretched of translations, have caused more theatres to fill, and more eyes to overflow, than the noblest efforts of Racine or of Schiller ever did. Mr. Carlyle remarks that when German readers were rapturous about *Wallenstein*, English audiences were shuddering with awe-stricken delight at *The Castle Spectre*. The truth is, Schiller's dramas are not for the stage. *The Maid of Orleans* would not have the slightest chance with most audiences against *The Lady of Lyons*. Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* would, probably, be considered a very commonplace and unheroic affair, when contrasted with Sheridan Knowles's drama of the same name. To surpass the poet in the closet, and the playwright on the stage, was the lot of only one man in the modern world.

We have had, hitherto, only to speak of Shakspeare and Schiller contrasted, in order to assign to the great German an inferior place. But these two poets in one instance have selected the same historic character to work upon; and if we are just and candid, we shall instantly allow that, in his delineation of the Maid of Orleans, Schiller has triumphed over the corresponding work of his great predecessor. It is true that the Joan of one is only of incidental occurrence in the play of Shakspeare, while the Maid of Schiller's muse is his deliberate choice and the object of his lavish care: but both characters are sufficiently distinct, and the loftier conception springs from the German poet. It is bold to grant so much; but truth demands no less. We in England are usually so deeply thrilled through with the genius of Shakspeare, and we find so much more of what is great grow upon us the more we study him, that it seems strange to admit any circumstances to have given to another poet that superiority, even for once, which none could have had by the force of genius. But will the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* favourably compare with Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans?* Above all, how will Shakspeare's conception of Joan of Arc compare with Schiller's? It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to expect from Shakspeare that he should have viewed the character of the Maid of Orleans with a mind wholly freed from the vulgar prejudices of his people and his age; but even when we have made some allowance for him on this score, we cannot help thinking the portrait he has drawn of the woman who led the armies of France to their most remarkable victories, one which is unworthy of his genius.

The name of Joan of Arc will at once suggest to the reader at least three famous—perhaps we should rather say, two famous and one infamous—poetic renderings of the character of this most remarkable of historic women. Three men, each in some sense the representative of his age and nation, embodied according to their own views or purposes the ideal of Joan of Arc. These men were Shakspeare, Voltaire, and Schiller. In Shakspeare's drama we have some of the prejudiced ideas of his own age, put forward from the English and Protestant side. Shakspeare's Joan of Arc is, therefore, a clever, daring, coarse-tongued, ambitious woman; who has sold her soul to the powers of evil, partly, perhaps, for the sake of national triumph, but more for the love of personal glory and power; and who is deserted in the end by the fiends she has served, and handed over to an ignominious death. Her brightest triumphs are won but by artifice. She bandies coarse jests with her enemies; she jeers over the putrifying dead bodies of great foes fallen; she

rejects with brutal contempt the paternal claims of her poor old father; and condescends to the basest of conceivable subterfuges to escape, even for a brief respite, the death to which her familiar demons have at length abandoned her. Here we have simply the vulgarest view which floated across Shakspeare's age, in which national animosity and detestation of the Romish religion decided every question, however remotely connected with either. The only explanation of the wonders performed in battle against English adversaries, by a French peasant girl, must be to pronounce her an audacious strumpet, who had sold her soul to the devil, and invoked the powers of hell to her aid. It is quite true that even Shakspeare's Joan of Arc is considerably in advance of the character drawn by chroniclers on the English side before his time. He has given her at least a certain power of eloquence and attractiveness, and, up to her closing scene, some courage, and some genuine love of country. Excuses enough may be found for Shakspeare's having adopted such a view as he did of this character; but it is an unreasonable degree of idolatry, on the part of English critics, to endeavour to persuade us into admiration of it. The truth is, that if the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* must be admitted to have come from Shakspeare's hand at all, it is, probably, the lowest thing which bears his name, and the character of Joan of Arc the lowest portion of it. Voltaire's *La Pucelle* scarcely deserves any notice. Two excuses, if excuse can possibly be found for such a production, may be discovered in the fact, that Voltaire lived at a time and in a nation where religion was made the mask of the most detestable hypocrisy; and that the poem was intended as a burlesque upon a dull and pompous *Pucelle* written by Jean Chapelain. Voltaire might, indeed, be pardoned, if he could not readily connect the idea of a Roman Catholic miracle with anything but trickery, baseness, and profligacy. Possibly a very small number of readers will think the wit and the satire, both of the keenest and most undeniable power, with which every page of the poem is filled, some atonement for its general character. But most people who have read it, will agree with us in feeling that when every possible allowance has been made, Voltaire's poem still remains an everlasting dishonour, a monument of shame, to the literature of his country. Even if it were possible to have a good purpose in such a work, no purpose could in the slightest degree atone for the unmanly and heartless indecency which pollutes every page of it. It is gratifying to know that even genius and wit have not been able to save such a book from oblivion; that nothing, indeed, rescues it from public infamy but public forgetfulness. It would be unbe-

coming, even for the sake of the contrast, to compare such a work as this with Schiller's sublime idealization.

Schiller's representation of the Maid of Orleans is in every respect the very opposite to that of Shakspeare. As Shakspeare accepted the very lowest form of the Protestant prejudices of his day, Schiller seized the very highest and purest type of Roman Catholic idealism. Schiller's Joanna is of course the principal figure in the drama; Shakspeare's Joan but a secondary and inferior agent. The Joan of Shakspeare holds interviews on the stage with fiends from hell; the Joanna of Schiller is lifted into an almost visible apotheosis by the special interposition of Heaven. Shakspeare's Joan spurns her old shepherd-father with curses and contempt; Schiller's Joanna calmly lays down hope and glory, and submits unmurmuring to the cruellest accusations, because they came from a father whose very superstitions she feels bound to obey with a silent submission. Shakspeare's Joan dies a shameful death, made more shameful still by the base expedient to which she has recourse to prolong her life; Schiller's Joanna expires peaceful, happy, and glorified. Both poets took the fullest liberty with history: probably Schiller departed the farthest from actual fact; for he made his heroine die a death of triumph and of glory, not at a stake piled by exulting enemies, but on a victorious battle-field, with the King and the knighthood of France in almost adoring groups around her. But, of the two, Shakspeare has surely departed most from the truthful view of the character of the remarkable enthusiast, whom he painted as so coarse, despicable, and base. It is probable that Schiller has done but scant justice to stout old John Talbot; and Shakspeare, on the other hand, has not been very impartial in his picture of the French chivalry. There is indeed far more of camp and life reality about some of Shakspeare's scenes than in the parallel passages of Schiller's drama. But it would scarcely have suited Schiller's purpose to paint camp manners in his tragedy so very like camp manners as Shakspeare has done. The atmosphere of the drama would have been thickened and sullied by such realities as these. Perhaps the whole comparison is an unjust one. We must remember that we are comparing that which is in one sense the very highest effort of the German poet's genius with a drama so much inferior to any other of Shakspeare's, that some critics have been led to doubt whether it ever came from his hand at all. It would indeed be, as Coleridge remarks, a very rash or ignorant person who should attempt to compare Schiller with Shakspeare. Compared with Shakspeare's genius that of Schiller is narrow and almost monotonous. But it is merely a

piece of unreasoning national prejudice which could set these two dramas side by side, and expect us to declare that Shakspeare's is the greater.

Nothing of Schiller's deserves so thoroughly the title of sublime as the *Jungfrau von Orleans*. It would be injustice to compare it with any drama wrought upon a similar theme short of Shakspeare's. As a specimen of ideal art it is probably the finest in modern literature. Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* would seem poor and vulgar in comparison. Schiller's Maid of Orleans is a being inspired from her childhood to act a great part. She is absorbed and, in times of action, wholly lost as to individuality in it. Supernatural aid guides and follows her throughout. Schiller has removed his heroine quite out of the limits which admit of mere psychological explanation. He has made her something more than an enthusiast even of the loftiest and most irresistible kind. He distinctly indicates her to be a person uplifted everywhere by a hand extended from the worlds beyond our sight. In thus removing his subject entirely beyond the limitations of the real or even the possible, Schiller was enabled to give his drama a harmony and a meaning which otherwise could scarcely have belonged to it. All that was noble and solemn in the old Roman Catholic spirit of unconditional obedience and unquestioning self-sacrifice, he has preserved, and has eliminated every feature which could excite a repelling sensation. Such passive and self-abandoning submission as Joanna shews upon some occasions, would seem abject, if it were submission to the dogmas of a Church or a priest; but every such suggestion vanishes before the element of direct celestial agency which Schiller has had the courage to introduce. You abandon probability when you read the drama, but you are compensated amply by the harmony and beauty which are gained; indeed, no one must enter upon a perusal of the play with any questionings as to probability at all, or even possibility or historical correctness of any kind. The camp of Charles was not, we can all understand, precisely that which Schiller has painted it. He kept the dissoluteness and the follies of the age quite out of sight. It might have suited an inferior artist to heighten the supernatural effect of the beauty and purity of his heroine by a perpetual contrast with worldliness, and coarseness, and vice; but it would have been wholly out of keeping with the harmony of Schiller's purpose. One may find innumerable pedantic faults with the structure of the play; but when all this has been done, its immortal beauty and sublimity still remain.

True to the old spirit of Roman Catholic self-enthralment, Joanna must admit no woman's weakness, no love, no pity even,

to stay her purpose for a moment. The affections of the heart must be deadened as well as the quivering of the nerves. With the one throb of womanly love which she cannot repress, her spiritual power is for the time enfeebled, and she recognises it, and submits to calumny, exile, and contempt with just the same meekness with which she had borne glory and adoration. Scarcely do we know in any dramatist a scene more thrilling than that in which she is accused before the King and the knights of witchcraft by her besotted and superstitious father. She is implored by those who still believe her innocent to repel the accusation by one word or sign; but in unquestioning submission to what she believes Heaven's rebuke for a moment's weakness, she will utter no word of self-vindication. Dunois, faithful in defiance of all appearance, flings down his knightly gauntlet in her defence, and is answered by that peal of thunder which seems to the superstitious hearts around Heaven's own reply and sentence. Schiller's highest quality is not pathos; but who can think him wanting in it after having read the last scene of this drama, in which Joanna, once more permitted to give victory to France, and wounded to the death in the attempt, appeals in such simple and childlike words to all around to affirm her proved innocence, and begs that the banner which she has borne in so much triumph may be given her to clasp in dying: 'Not without my banner may I go up THERE!'

But it is not in the supernatural element of the character alone that the highest artistic effect is produced. Joanna is of kin to us all; she has the feelings of humanity and of womanhood. She has not chosen her part; she loves not war or glory; but she has been called, and she has obeyed the call; she has been faithful even to slaying. Heart-throbbings, deep unquenchable womanly longings for that love which must never be hers, sometimes stream through her impassioned and inspired being. She is but of earth, after all, and no marble image of a saint—no monumental alabaster. While the work to which she has been summoned is going on, she will think of nothing else; but when the rush of battle and the glory of victory cease for a moment, then she puts off the supernatural, and is a lonely, longing woman again. Exquisitely touching are her meditations when left for a chance moment at peace and alone; her yearnings for the quiet home she has left for ever; her prophetic knowledge that the freedom she wins for her country will bring no happiness to herself. No one comes near her who is not exalted by the influence of her presence; no nature is not softened by her, except, indeed, the leaden heart of her superstitious father. Did Schiller mean to typify the fact, that any

intellect may be influenced, any nature softened, but those which have steeped themselves in senseless superstition, and which claim, by the virtue of their own stupidity and cruelty, infallible wisdom and arbitrary power? Even the pitiless Isabeau feels something like a throb of sympathy for Joanna in her banishment and captivity.

> 'Banished because thou hast from ruin saved him—
> Hast set the crown upon his head at Rheims,
> Hast made him monarch over all of France,—
> Banished for this! Ay, there I know my son.'

What a passionate prayer is that which Joanna sends up for freedom from her bonds when captive within sight of the defeat of the French arms!

> 'Hear me, O God, in this my highest need!
> Upward to Thee, in burning supplication
> Into Thy very heaven I send my soul.
> Thou canst the meshes of a spider's web
> Make strong as is the cable of a ship;
> Light is it to Thy power the brazen bonds
> Into the slenderest spider's thread to change;
> Thou willest it, and lo! these chains shall fall,
> These tower-walls rend asunder.—Thou didst give
> Thy help to Samson when in chains and blind
> Under the bitter gibings of his foes
> He stood and suffered! Trusting unto Thee
> He grasped the pillars of his prison-house,
> And bowed him down and crushed his foes in ruin!'

Who will interpose to tell us, that the miraculous bursting of her chains, her electrifying appearance in the flying ranks of the French, and the rally and the victory which follow her, are violations of historic possibility and dramatic unity? Such efforts of genius make laws for literature. We may safely affirm that any critical rules which conduct us to the condemnation of the structure of this noble drama, are proved to be absurd by the very conclusions which follow from them. But, indeed, they who are not familiar with this tragedy, can scarcely appreciate the difficulty which criticism must have in preserving its impartiality while studying it. Who ever read it without emotion? Greater monuments of genius the world has preserved; a nobler result of heart and genius working together it has scarcely seen. Not from the imagination or the intellect alone was such a creation evolved. The pure and noble heart of Schiller sent its own exalted aspirations and emotions thrilling along every line of it. No age and no nation ever can be born so elevated in intel-

lect, and so refined in feeling, as to be beyond the reach of intellectual exaltation and moral improvement from the study and the appreciation of this master-piece of spiritualized art.

The best tribute we can pay to the genius of Schiller is to say that even this tragedy was not his greatest; that his fame would have wanted something, had his career ended even with the *Maid of Orleans*. He never reached a higher point of the merely ideal; but if there were anything wanting to the drama we have last described, it was something of a clearer and firmer reality; something of that strength which is to be obtained only from the elements of living humanity. This, too, it was Schiller's triumph to attain. There was a pause, however, before this greatest and last success. Schiller experimented in a new direction, and produced *The Bride of Messina*, constructed on the idea of the ruling destiny of the Greek drama, and with something of the Greek dramatic structure. The attempt, like most modern efforts to reproduce Greek styles of art under modern conditions, was so far a failure; and with all its lyric beauty, and its wild glimpses of passion and pathos, we must pronounce this drama as one of the least successful of Schiller's maturer years, and not in this place demanding from us more than this brief record.

So far as we have gone, the class of dramas which Schiller produced may be said to hold something of a mediate position between Shakspeare and the French classic school. Even the very greatest of the French tragedians appear to have drawn their characters at second-hand, as if from painting or sculpture. In marble a figure can express mainly but one emotion, as it can only represent the action of one instant of time. You cannot, by any skill of sculptor, chisel a form which will give the idea of a being whose nature is divided by conflicting passions and opposing characteristics, and allow to each its proportionate prominence. This is in the very nature of the art itself, and does not detract from its fullest objects. The French dramatists appear to have applied to the drama the laws of sculpture, and to believe that the unity of their purpose would not harmonize with aught but individualized expressions of one tone of character. Embodied emotions, allegorical types of distinct shades of human character, fill the French dramas; but we do not find there the men and women of nature and of Shakspeare. It is impossible to select any character out of the whole range of Shakspeare's dramas, and say that it personifies this or that passion or emotion, and nothing more. No man or woman in real life does so, and Shakspeare's life is real life. Schiller stands, in this respect, far nearer to Shaks-

peare than the very greatest of the French dramatists; but between Shakspeare and him there is yet a considerable interval. Only in the drama of *Wilhelm Tell* does he appear to us to stand upon the Shakspearean level; and to contemplate human nature with a gaze like that which saw in living humanity the elements of an Othello and a Mercutio, a Hamlet and a Falstaff. Only into *William Tell* can you pass from the study of any of Shakspeare's dramas, and not feel that you have lost somewhat of your hold upon the firm earth of human existence.

What would any inferior author have made of the character of William Tell? If ever there were in history a legend or subject especially tempting to mediocrity, especially suggestive of melo-dramatic sentiment and cheap splendour, it is surely the story of William Tell. Here was an opportunity to hold up to the world a somewhat purified kind of Karl Moor, storming against tyranny in every line, blazing out with resonant appeals to liberty, and declamatory apostrophizings of the eternal mountains, and the lakes, and the wild eagles of Switzerland! How the young author of *The Robbers* would have glowed over such a theme, and set Germany a-flame with his burning rhetoric! We have an example in our own literature, to show how a man of no mean abilities can treat such a subject. Sheridan Knowles is a man of good dramatic power; perhaps, on the whole, the best English dramatist since the days of Massinger and Shirley; and yet a comparison between his *William Tell* and Schiller's will precisely illustrate how different a thing is genius of the highest class, from genius of a true but homelier kind. What manner of man is Schiller's William Tell? Just what the real man must, in all probability, have been; a man on whom in real life a prominent and a trying part is forced, not like one acting the same part with prepared effect for the admiration of a theatre. Schiller's Tell is a manly, grave, affectionate, unpretending mountaineer; loving his wife and children in simple peasant fashion; entirely unromantic, except in so far as every daring and unformulistic nature partakes of romance; content with the ordinary toils of his life; performing his feats of strength, and skill, and daring, not as feats, but merely as a blacksmith wields an enormous hammer, or a sailor goes aloft in a night of storm, because it is his business and his duty, without difficulty or fear, but without the slightest idea of display or ostentation,—indeed, without a personal or subjective thought upon the matter at all. Tell is a man superior to his class, not so much in culture, as in intellect: he is superior to men of his class in other countries, not because of his higher civilisation, but very much for the

same reasons which would make a Red Indian superior in personal dignity to a Guinea Negro. He has lived a lonely and a silent life among the mountains, and has acquired something of their silence. He is nothing of a talker; there is no touch whatever of the stump orator about him. When any needful deed is to be done, he will do it, even if no one else will; but he cares little for discussing the subject before or after. He has had his own thoughts about the condition of his country; but he has said little, and seems at first to see no prospect of any call upon his own exertions or personal interference. Indeed, he has thought of his country's sufferings only in a distinct human way, and by no means in an abstract form; he has seen people suffer, and he has deeply felt for them; but he has uttered little about fatherland and *freiheit* in the approved Teutonic fashion of patriotism. Just the man most likely to be dangerous to a despot when pushed too far; but probably also just the man a dull selfish despot would see little reason to dread. He is not one of those who are engaged in the first conspiracy; he does not make one at that meeting—with what simple sublimity described!—by the Lake of the Four Cantons. When appealed to on the subject, his answer is characteristic:—

> 'In what you do, leave me out of your counsel;
> I cannot bear long choosing, long debate;
> But if you need me for some certain deed,
> Then call on Tell, be sure he will not fail.'

Even when summoned to bow before Gessler's hat, he is quiet, and utterly unmelodramatic. There is no wild outburst about tyranny, no passionate appeal to human rights. When he refused his homage, he had no thought of giving any special offence:—

> 'Forgive me, noble Sir—from thoughtlessness,
> Not disregard of you, it has occurred—
> Were I more prudent, I would not be Tell:
> I ask your pardon—it shall no more happen.'

Can there be altogether a more uninteresting personage to the lover of the romantic and the grand? How Kotzebue would have despised such quietness and simplicity! Can we believe that Sir Bulwer Lytton really admires this play? Read the drama, study this character, and see what simple grandeur, what depth of meaning, lie in it. A finer piece of art than the blending of this one character lives not in literature. What a manly strength of mind, what an untaught dignity, what a clear intellect, lie under the silent homeliness of this mountaineer! With an art wholly indescribable, Schiller has

infused something of the character of the regions in which his hero lived, (regions which the poet never saw,) into every phase of the nature he pictures. Tell could not have been the nursling of a flat country. We cannot think of him but as a man whose moods lonely ravines, and wastes of snow, and mountain-peaks, have helped to fashion. There are the steady nerves of one whose existence every day depends upon a clear eye, cool head, and firm, deliberate action; the laconic speech of one who lives much alone; the short, emphatic utterances of one who, when he speaks at all, has to speak most commonly where the meaning of no accent must be lost; the thoughts of one whom a life both active and secluded allows to think, but not to brood or indulge in reverie. No other circumstances, no other regions, could have fashioned such a man. His language is of that proverbial, sometimes almost epigrammatic, character, which a mountaineer of more thought than culture naturally adopts. When he thinks, it is only in the simple, personal way, natural to a man who has lived all his life in one place, who has neither read nor travelled, who sees things going wrong or right about him, and is concerned by them, but has scarcely any power of generalizing or taking any abstract view of them.

Quite otherwise are some of the other people of the drama. Quite otherwise, for instance, is Attinghausen. He and those of his class are men of rank and influence. The condition of the country and its government affect them like individual responsibilities. They have education such as belonged to their times; they have the traditions of their ancestors; they know what the governments of other countries are, and what national liberty means. All these circumstances have a still higher effect when quickened by the generous enthusiasm of youth and womanhood in Bertha. But Tell is emphatically the man of action; not of education, not of meditation, not of sentiment. He has his superstitions, like all others of his age and class; and, whatever the evident force of his natural intellect, he is still in no way projected out of the framework of the age, and the circumstances in which he lived. To serve a friend, a neighbour, or even a stranger, to guard wife and child, or to avenge a wrong done to them, this is a man to do anything and dare anything. When Switzerland arms for her deliverance, he will be in the very front of her battle, braving danger there just as he braved the storm to save poor Baumgarten, because it is the impulse of his soul to do it, not from any settled maxims of patriotism in the one instance, or neighbourly duty in the other. You may easily find a grander character; but a

truer one no literature can contain. What a scene is that—incomparable to any out of Shakspeare—where Tell sits down in the pass of Küssnacht to wait for his enemy! People come up and talk to him, and endeavour to draw him into gossip. He blends all that is said into some muttered connexion with his own wrongs and his own determination. The music of a wedding-festival rings down the ravine where he sits brooding upon the deed he is about to do, and, unconsciously, irresistibly, mingling in every reply he utters to the babble poured into his ear some reference to his own purpose and his own emotions. Nothing we know of is like to this scene in intensity, unless it be that in *Macbeth*, where the murderer endeavours to listen and reply to the conversation of the attendant Thanes, while he waits in an agony of expectancy for the cry of murder which he knows another moment or two must inevitably produce. Perhaps with this thrilling scene the drama ought to have closed. With the slaying of Gessler by Tell's hand, and the wild outburst of long-stifled national energy which follows, such a work of genius should have found its natural culmination. But with whatever slight defects of structure, this *William Tell* remains, in our opinion, the noblest, as it was the last, of Schiller's works. From *The Robbers* to this masterpiece of genius, what a distance, and in how short a time, has the poet traversed! If *William Tell* may not be placed wholly upon a level with one of Shakspeare's tragedies, there is, at least, no other author of the modern dramatic schools who has surpassed it. In its simplicity and its clearly ordered groupings, it reminds us of those Greek dramatists whom French authors so laboured to imitate and were so utterly unlike. The resemblance here lies only in the organic affinity of genius to genius, and not in any imitation of structure, or copying of style. Our own *Lear* and *Hamlet* do not belong more entirely to the literature of England, than the immortal scenes of *William Tell* to that great German literature, on whose roll it can only be said that Schiller's name has not the foremost place.

As a balladist, the characteristics of Schiller's style contrast more obviously perhaps with those of Goethe than even in his dramas. Schiller is more animated, more popular, more thrilling, perhaps, in some few of his ballads: but he has not the infinite variety, nor that nameless grace of exquisite expression condensed into the quintessence of beauty and force, which in the minor poems of Goethe bid defiance to translators. Schiller's are more full, but less intense; more eloquent, but less penetrating; more rich in colour, but with less variety of shade

and hue. Probably Schiller's *Song of the Bell* is in its own kind unparalleled—certainly not to be surpassed—in modern literature. It must be owned that Goethe has rarely even attempted such a splendid lyrical effort. Some of his most exquisite scraps of song seem like mere curiosities when placed beside this noble ballad of Schiller's. Of its own kind, too, and viewed of course merely in the poetic acceptation which its author meant for it, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful piece of lyric composition than the lament for *The Gods of the Grecian Land*. The charm of Schiller's ballads is a lofty species of poeticized eloquence, lifted altogether beyond the common range of thought and of language, elevating the souls of those who read into regions of ideal beauty, into aspirations and hopes quite out of the atmosphere of every-day existence. The peculiarity of Goethe's ballad style is, that it reflects every conceivable mood of the human mind, every phase of human feeling, and ranges over the widest variety of emotions in the rapidest transition, in language generally simple and sometimes bare, but always musical, always graceful, and often thrilling the senses through with some phrase of indescribable beauty, some word or two of piercing pathos. Goethe delighted to mirror in his verse every shade and every gleam passing across the heart of mere humanity. Schiller only loved to range among those elevated regions above ordinary inhabitings to which his freest moods of mind naturally lifted themselves in longing. The one was content to make the best of reality as it was, and to seek his materials within its limitations. The other clung to literature and poetry because they raised him beyond routine existence into that 'ideal' which he so longingly contemplated, and so touchingly apostrophized in song.

Schiller's career closed fittingly with his *Wilhelm Tell*. Life had long been with him but a slow struggle with disease; and on the 9th of May, 1805, death had conquered all its power could touch. Schiller's end was singularly peaceful. When asked just before his death how he felt, his answer was in the memorable words, 'Calmer and calmer.' Lives like Schiller's should indeed grow calmer as they near their close. Germany may well prize the memory of such a man; and she is fully privileged and entitled to honour her poet dead whom she did not neglect while living. None of the bitter feelings which cling around the memories of other great men will strike like a discord among the tones of his posthumous praise. His life was not, indeed, on the whole one of happiness and brightness; but he suffered at least none of that early neglect which has clouded the whole career of so many other men of

genius. He no sooner stepped forward as an author than his nation recognised him, made a place for him, and proclaimed his victory already won. His fame did not come to him, as to so many others, a late and an unavailing compensation for the bloom and brightness of life worn away in uncheered and unrecognised struggle. The world did not, as it has done in so many other instances, suppress its plandits until they could no longer reach the ears or the heart of the poet. Schiller was but a boy when he won renown. One single effort placed him among the foremost of his day, and we need not say that he never lost and never will lose the position he so early reached. Young authors who cannot find enterprising and appreciative publishers the very moment they look for them, may gather encouragement or learn modesty from the fact that Schiller had to print his *Robbers*, even as Goethe did his *Goetz von Berlichingen*, at his own expense. But the awakening spirit of German literature was singularly quick to recognise and generous to honour any new indication of genius; and Schiller found, as Goethe had done, a public not only encouraging but enthusiastic. Indeed, as we have already pointed out, the chief danger which awaited Schiller was that of a public so enraptured with an immature and youthful effort, as to afford what might have been fatal encouragement to a man of more vanity and less self-sustainment. Germany may look back upon the life of her great dramatist with a pride unmingled with bitterness. If his career was short, it was singularly full; and his death was like a hero's at the moment of victory accomplished. He exemplified in his conduct his own noble lesson, and reverenced when a man the dreams of his youth. That love of liberty, that sympathy with humanity, which had been the passion of his boyhood, only grew calmer, deeper, more expansive, with the growth of his intellect. The somewhat extravagant ideas of liberty and emancipated reason into which Schiller plunged from the thraldom of his school-days, scarcely need excuse. Very few generous, high-spirited young men avoid passing through an era, when they are filled with a passionate thirst to set about altering the whole scheme of the world, and to regenerate everything after the Medea-caldron process. Schiller had just arrived at this era, when he broke from his school imprisonment; and it would have been out of all reason to expect from such a youth, under such circumstances, a patient deference to rule and custom. But there never was a man less inclined towards turbulence of any kind than Schiller. The French Revolution appeared to him at first, as it did to so many other enthusiastic and noble natures, a kind of social *renaissance*, a new birth of thought, a new dawn of a better civilisation, like

the advent of Christianity, or the upspringing of the Reformation. It seemed to him, as it did to so many others, the realizing of all his early hopes and dreams of a social condition in which the laws of brotherhood, and morals, and religion, should supersede the governments of Kings, and the authority of mere force. But he soon discovered his mistake. Early in the progress of the Revolution, he saw the ruin which was falling upon his hopes; and he meditated addressing in his own name—one which had its influence then among all followers of liberty—a manly appeal to French men and hearts, against the course of self-destroying madness into which the new freedom was precipitating itself. The wild crash which immediately followed, and the blood-deluge over which in France scarce any mountain top appeared, and scarce any ark of safety bore its burden, soon rendered all thought of any such mild intercession futile and hopeless. It was abandoned, and with it Schiller's love for the French Revolution; but not with it his love for liberty. To the honour both of his intellect and his heart, disappointment did not produce one shade of change in his manly sympathy with the true freedom of humanity. In one of his bitter epigrams, Goethe recommends men to rid the world of a young enthusiast, because inevitable disappointment is sure to convert him into a hypocrite and a villain. This was not written—such satire has no force in regard to hearts and intellects like those of Schiller. Nothing of the best part of his youthful nature but developed and grew better with his growing years. Any regrets which we cannot help feeling, on those grounds more especially affecting religious faith, it would be scarcely becoming at such a period as the present to enlarge upon. It is enough to know that the heart of Schiller always longed for the pure Truth, and to trust that in the end he found it.

ART. VI.—1. *Travels in Morocco.* By the late JAMES RICHARDSON, Author of a 'Mission to Central Africa,' 'Travels in the Desert of Sahara,' &c. Edited by his Widow. Two Vols. Foolscap 8vo. Charles J. Skeet. 1860.

2. *The present State of Morocco: a Chapter on Mussulman Civilization.* By XAVIER DURRIEU, (founded on an Article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*) 12mo. London: Longman and Co. 1854 and 1860.

3. *Spain and the War with Morocco.* By O. C. DALHOUSIE ROSS, Esq., a Resident in Spain for many Years. 8vo. Ridgway. 1860.

Steam navigation has brought us within a few days' sail of Morocco, the most intensely Mohammedan of the once formidable Barbary States. Its geographic extent is at least equal to that of Spain, and its position, as the westerly portion of Northern Africa, is favourable for intercourse with the leading commercial states of Europe and America. The influence of its rulers was at one time felt on the Niger, Timbuctoo itself being for a brief period an outpost of its Empire; and even now it is the key of Western Negritia, by means of which, however, that portion of the interior is not opened, but closed against European travellers. With its Government we have had friendly relations for many generations past, although our intercourse has been mainly confined to a trade of a very limited extent, compared with the population and natural resources of the country. British statesmen seem to have regarded this extensive Empire as a convenient market for the purchase of fresh provisions for our Gibraltar garrison, and nothing more; so that our diplomacy has been represented by consular agents, whose task it has been to keep a series of ignorant fanatical rulers in good humour, at the cost of as small a sacrifice of national character as was possible. This unpleasant post has frequently been occupied by men who, if placed in a more important relationship to the Court of Morocco, would have represented to good purpose the majesty and moral power of the English nation.

It is difficult to account for our past indifference to this part of the world, which has certainly not arisen from any deficiency of interest in the country itself. On the contrary, the utilitarian might be tempted by a soil and climate which favour the growth of the most desirable productions of temperate and tropical regions; while the mere tourist, in search of the picturesque, may find in the gorges and summits of the snow-covered range of Atlas new illustrations of beauty and sublimity. The northern shores of Morocco are within sight of Gibraltar, our great Mediterranean citadel; and only two centuries ago Tangiers and a small portion of Moorish territory became and continued for a generation to be English ground. Thus we have some reason for turning with interest to this part of Africa. Hitherto the great hinderance in the way of intercourse has been the jealous fanaticism both of the rulers and people,—impediments which are found to exist in every Mohammedan country, until the power of the hated infidel has compelled the true believer to treat him with at least outward civility. No influence of this sort has yet been felt in Morocco; and thus, while Mussulmen in Europe, Asia, Egypt, Tripoli,

and Tunis, have entered into intimate relationships with European powers, this country forms a striking exception. No Christian Frank can journey through it in safety, unless under peculiar circumstances, and under special guardianship; and this jealousy of foreigners has earned for it the character of being the China of North Africa. But this repellent policy, which the absurd servility of European powers had so long tolerated, has had its day; and the conquest of Algiers by the French in 1830 was a warning which it had been well for the 'Seedna' (Lord) of Morocco to have profited by. Instead of this, he has since been betrayed into a conflict with France in 1840, and is now at war with Spain; and it is obvious that these repeated collisions with civilized and powerful nations must result in the adoption of a more rational policy—or ruin.

It is this war with Spain which, directing public attention to this part of the world, has called forth the production which heads our article. The name of the late lamented traveller Dr. Richardson disarms criticism. No dates are given; but we infer that the two visits recorded in these volumes, one to Tangier, and the other to Mogador, were made about fifteen or sixteen years ago. As the bearer of a petition from the Anti-Slavery Society to the Emperor, the errand of our traveller was by no means a popular one, and he does not appear to have been permitted to travel into the interior. Much valuable information was obtained from European residents and natives, which is here presented to us without much attempt at either classification or condensation. However, by the additional help of Lempriere, Jackson, Washington, Hay, and, above all, the unpretending but valuable tract of Durrieu, we may form a tolerably correct traveller's notion of the characteristic peculiarities of what in courtesy is called the *Empire* of Morocco.

This north-western corner of Africa, called by the Mohammedan geographers *Mogreb al Aska*, 'the Far West,' as we may freely translate it, is, for the most part, a vast plain, rising gradually from the Atlantic towards the ranges of Atlas, which encircle it as an amphitheatre. The northern border, facing Spain and the Mediterranean, is rugged and barren, being intersected by the western spurs of the lesser Atlas; while a main branch of the higher Atlas, extending from Cape Ghir to a central point in about latitude 31½° north, longitude 4° 50′ west, forms the southern border of this plain. A series of lofty ranges run northward from this central point, and form the boundary between Morocco and Algiers, and are the eastern limit of the plain. Thus the Atlas Mountains, which the oldest profane writer imagined as holding up 'the lofty columns which

separate the earth and the heaven,'* are recognised in our utilitarian age as fulfilling a yet more important position as a barrier to the progress of the great central Desert of Sahara, and as guardians of the fertility of a land which possesses naturally every characteristic of the garden of the Hesperides and the earthly abodes of the blessed. Geographically the territory of the ruler of Morocco extends beyond these barriers; but politically his power is little felt in the plains of Tafilet, which border eastward on Sahara, or in the Sheikdoms of Sus and Wadnoun, which extend southward toward the desert country, where the oases enriched by the gum-bearing forests are found. 'The whole Empire comprises a territory of about 220 leagues in length, by 150 in breadth; it has 900 miles of coast, 600 on the ocean, 300 on the Mediterranean, and a superficial extent of about 219,420 square miles.'† The undulating plain to which we have referred, is that which is best known to us, gradually rising by three great plateaux as so many steps from the sea to its greatest elevation of from 1500 to 2000 feet at the base of the Atlas ranges. It is watered by three of the largest rivers of North Africa, the Wadi-Sabou, the Wadi-bou-Begreb, and the Wadi-oun-er-Begh, which, like most African rivers, are torrents in the winter, and cease to flow in the summer. The testimonies of travellers as to its capabilities are singularly unanimous. 'The plains of the interior uniformly consist of a rich black loam, which render them fertile beyond all calculation.'‡ 'We cannot fail to be struck by the extraordinary capabilities of the soil: from the foot of Atlas to the shores of the Atlantic one vast corn plain. Give but direction to the waters, which are not wanting, and abundance would speedily follow.'§ 'With the exception of the lofty summits of the Atlas, its entire surface, hills, valleys, and plains, are covered with a rich, productive, vegetable soil, composed of ochre, loam, and gypsum, admirably combined with silex and the detritus of the forest. Nowhere are to be seen any traces of subterranean convulsion or volcanic eruption. As in other parts of Africa, the mountains are now almost stripped of their forests. At some distance from the town magnificent woods of oak, beech, juniper, and other trees of a hard and solid wood are still found.'‖ So also the ancients report, 'It has forests of trees of vast size, and the soil produces every thing.'¶ The forests have disappeared, but the fertility of the soil remains; that it abounds in mineral treasures is well known; and the climate is one of the happiest in the world, resembling that of

* *Odyssey*, book i., line 52. † Durrieu. ‡ Lempriere. § Washington. ‖ Durrieu. ¶ Strabo.

Southern Africa, with which we are, by the experience of two generations of British settlers, well acquainted. Nor is the scenery in certain localities less inviting, as described by Washington on approaching the city of Morocco. 'At sunset, splendid view of the sunny peaks of the long looked for Atlas, which we now see in all their glory, lighted up by the western sun: an extensive plain in every direction, and apparently reaching to their feet: the masses of snow before us are magnificent, but detached, as seen from this distance, upwards of a hundred miles.'* And again, describing one of the gardens in which were the quarters allotted to the British Mission during its residence in Morocco, he remarks, 'Sebt el Mahmonia, covering an extent of fifteen acres, planted in the wilderness style with every variety of fruit tree, olive, orange, &c., forming a luxuriant and dense mass of foliage, only broken by the solemn cypress and more stately palm, and through which nothing was to be seen but the snowy peaks of Atlas, rising almost immediately above our heads.'.....'But as a contrast to the bounded view of our garden, the terraced roof of our house commanded a view over the city, the extensive plain boundless to the east and west, and the whole belt of Atlas, girding as it were the country from the south-west to the north-east with a band of snow; and few days passed during our stay in Morocco, that we did not spend the hours of sunrise and sunset gazing on this striking and beautiful object, noting its masses and peaks of snow, and deploring that this mighty range, combining within one day's journey every variety of climate, from the torrid to the frigid zone, and offering such a field to the naturalist, the geologist, and the botanist, should still remain unexplored, and present an impassable barrier to civilization.'

Since Washington visited Morocco, a period of thirty years has elapsed, and no European traveller has been permitted to explore the fastnesses of Atlas. We are left to please our imagination with the poetical description of Pliny.† 'It is from the midst of the sands, according to the story, that this mountain raises its head to the heavens; rugged and craggy on the side which looks towards the shores of the ocean to which it has given its name, while on that which faces the interior of Africa it is shaded by dense groves of trees, and refreshed by flowing streams; fruits of all kinds springing up there spontaneously to such an extent as to more than satiate every possible desire.' So much for the imagination creating paradises in the remote unknown, which sage experience in his day had

* *Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. i. † Book v., chap. i.

not much opportunity of testing, any more than in ours. But our experience in Africa warrants us in believing that the following description may possibly be realised by future travellers. 'Throughout the day-time no inhabitant is to be seen; all is silent, like that dreadful stillness which reigns in the desert..... At night they say it gleams with fires innumerable lighted up; it is then the scene of the gambols of the Ægipans and the Satyr crew, while it re-echoes with the notes of the flute and the pipe, and the clash of drums and cymbals.' The early Carthaginian navigators noticed the stillness of the day, contrasted with the life and animation which prevailed at night among the African tribes; and we have seen mountains in Africa gleaming with fire after sunset, while the very ground has appeared to shake under the feet of the numerous dancers, making the night vocal with their songs and wild music, though during the heat of the day scarcely any signs of population had been visible. The position of Morocco for trade is second to none: capable of producing the desirable staples of the East and West Indies, the most populous and wealthy States of Europe and America are within a moderate distance of its shores, and ready to be its customers. That such natural advantages are disregarded is owing to the singularly intolerant fanaticism of its Government and people, which may be in some measure accounted for by a reference to the past history of this part of Northern Africa.

From the very infancy of the Mohammedan Kaliphat to the present time, the Far West of North Africa has been to the Mohammedan nations what the Far West of America has been to Europe,—a refuge for the discontented, the thwarted, and the more energetic spirits, who, impatient of restraint, find a more suitable sphere for the exercise of their faculties, physical and mental, in regions far removed from the conventionalities of older communities. In European emigration, the Puritan element was for some generations the most influential and successful; but in our day motives of a more secular character direct the flow of emigration to America or Australia. The Mohammedan Puritans, disgusted with the Courts of Bagdad, Kairwan, or Egypt, found a refuge in the far West (Morocco); and the fanaticism of these emigrants and their descendants has kept the whole country in a ferment from the eighth century to the present time. Its history is a record of a series of revolutions, of which zeal for the purity of the religion of Islam has been the pretext, and of which the most horrid cruelties have been the invariable accompaniment. Eight dynasties of this character have succeeded each other up to the commencement of the present one, about the middle of the eighteenth century; and the history

of each race exhibits a singular sameness of origin, rise, decline, and fall. One family, that of the Al-Moravides, A.D. 1070–1180, gave a temporary splendour to this part of Africa, by its rule in Spain, and by its intellectual cultivation. The present dynasty, that of the Sheriffs, began to rule A.D. 1550, and a more brutal list of royal monsters never disgraced the annals of any country. Having obtained power by spiritual pretences, and reigning as the successors of Mohammed, each dynasty in its turn has been accustomed for the last ten centuries to stimulate for political purposes the fanaticism of the population, excluding them as far as possible from intercourse with civilized and Christian nations. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that the races inhabiting Morocco should have received and retained the impress which their rulers have so assiduously laboured to fix upon them. Our own history teaches us how easily nations, which by position seem to be marked out for natural friends, had been taught to consider each other as natural enemies, in spite of the plainest and most obvious teachings of their common Christianity. We need not, therefore, be surprised, that a people, taught by their religion to hate the infidel Frank, have become to a man 'good haters,' especially when we remember how the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and the war with that country and Portugal, must have contributed to increase the ill-will which a certain class of politicians think ought to exist between near neighbours. There is much more blame to be attached to the supineness of the great maritime powers of Europe, who for so long a period permitted the piracies and Christian slavery of Morocco and other Barbary States, and who, influenced by petty jealousies, have up to the present period disgraced their character and lowered their position in Morocco by a truckling policy, for the sake of real or imagined paltry advantages. We and other European nations shall be respected in Morocco when we respect ourselves. Within the last few years there has been some improvement in these matters, but there is ample margin for more; and we trust that this present crisis will be embraced by ourselves and others as a fitting occasion to place this western head of Islamism in a position somewhat similar to that of his brother in the East. It is high time that the barbarous offshoots of a once vigorous but now effete fanaticism should be taught, that while Christian and civilized Europe is willing to tolerate their national existence, and self-government, and religious creed, they on their part must respect the rights and courtesies of civilization, as observed by European nations towards each other. Beyond this, we have no desire to interfere; and unless this change takes place in the administration of Morocco, it is

obvious to the most cursory observer that its existence as an independent state is not likely to last beyond the present generation.

The statistics of all eastern countries, especially when Mohammedan, are matters of conjecture; and as to Morocco we may choose between a population of fifteen millions or six, the latter being the most probable. Some think that the country is being gradually depopulated since the sixteenth century. No union of races constituting by their fusion one common people has taken place here, and the Moor, the Arab, the Berber (Amasigh), and the Shelluck, remain as distinct as they were two thousand years ago. Here are also a large number of Jews and of Negro soldiers, and a sprinkling of Spanish renegades. The Moors are the descendants of the mixed race of Arabs and others, (from the ancient Mauritania,) who conquered Spain in the eighth century, and were expelled in the fifteenth. In some provinces they are so mixed up with the Arabs as to form one people with them. They are chiefly found in the towns; while the Arabs are found in the plains, and follow the nomad customs of their ancestors. The Moors are generally a fine race, of middle stature, complexion of all shades; the darker the colour the finer the men; and we may remark that in this land no prejudice attaches to the darkest skin. The ARABS we need not describe; they encamp on the plains, on the borders of rivers and springs, or near the tombs of their saints; and as their tents are arranged in a circle, (like the Kaffir kraals,) their camps are called *douair*, which signifies 'round.' The BERBERS and SHELLUCKS, branches of the AMAZIGH race, are in possession of the entire range of Atlas, occupying the declivities and spurs of the great chain, with the forests and fertile valleys adjoining. These tribes seldom leave their fastnesses, and scarcely acknowledge any authority but that of their Omzarghis (Chiefs) and old men; living by pillage, they are generally at war with the '*Seedna*' or Lord of Morocco, who finds it convenient to court rather than attempt to chastise them. The Riff pirates, with whom we have made some acquaintance through the newspapers, belong to this race, and are remarkable for their fair skins and light hair. Some of the Berber tribes are partially civilized, and lead almost a settled life, if such be possible in a country where, amid so many races, encamping at random, feuds are continually arising: these issue in civil wars of long duration, fomented rather than checked by the Government, which hopes to find some advantage from the mutual enmity of these tribes. Cultivation is the exception, pastoral pursuits the rule; clothing of the simplest description, so far as these wild races are concerned.

Whatever semblance of civilization remains in Morocco is found in the towns. We read, however, of 'a large market held in the midst of the great plain (of Morocco), camels, horses, mules, asses, rude implements of husbandry, coarse woollen manufactures, corn, vegetables, fruit, dates, almonds, 'hhenna, &c. exposed for sale;'* a proof that even these barbarous hordes are not insensible to the necessity and advantage of exchanges with their neighbours. Negro slaves are found as domestics, and are largely employed by the Moors in the cultivation of the ground: their condition is far superior to that of their brethren in Cuba or the United States; 'for the master has no right to strike his slave, or impose upon him a labour unequal to his strength; and to insure, as far as possible, the execution of these merciful regulations, a special alcalde is appointed,—a Negro, to whom all complaints are made, and who, in concert with the Pacha of the district, takes measures to oblige the master to sell the ill-used complainant.'† Emancipation is very common, and among the nobles, dignitaries, and Pashas are sometimes found true Negroes. All the harshness of the Moors is reserved for their white slaves, some of whom have been cast by shipwreck on their shores. The Jews living in the towns of Morocco, exposed to violent treatment and the most shameful extortions, have nevertheless rendered themselves masters of the trade of the country. No male Jew or child can leave the country without paying four dollars customs' duty, and a Jewess must pay one hundred dollars.‡ Many Jewish tribes dwell among the Berbers and Shellucks of Mount Atlas, governed by their own Sheiks, and living on terms of something like equality with their neighbours: they are said to have been found there when the Arabs conquered the country in the seventh century. What a field of interesting inquiry is here awaiting the labours of our learned travellers, when Morocco is opened to us, either by the conquest of a foreign power, or by some change in the principles of its domestic administration!

Of the family life of the nomad races we know nothing, no European having had the opportunity of personal observation. With the Moors living in the towns we have had some little intercourse: polygamy and slavery being known as constituents upon which the family arrangements are based, we may easily guess the rest. Marriage is a species of barter, and stoutness the test of beauty in the female. The discrepancy of age in married life is frequently very great, girls of nine or ten being married to men of sixty or seventy. Concubines are frequently

* Washington. † Durrieu. ‡ Richardson, vol. i., p. 165.

abandoned by their lords, and even disowned by their children: hence in Morocco a class of degraded women, prostitutes by profession, are found, contrary to the usages of most Mohammedan countries. Women receive no intellectual education, and those of the lower class assist in agricultural pursuits. Private indulgence in intoxicating liquors, though forbidden by the law of Mohammed, is not uncommon both among men and women. The education of boys is confined to the usual training in the schools connected with the mosques, where a sort of system of mutual instruction is professedly carried on, under the care of the officiating imaum, and the result of which is the fixing in the memory of the pupil a few hundred verses of the Koran. Only a few boys, who are needed for the services of the mosque or official positions, are taught writing and arithmetic. The Government is jealous of educational efforts, and suppressed an establishment at Tetuan, founded by European residents there, because they had admitted the children of Jews and Moors. There is nothing to remind us of the ancient learning of the Spanish Moors, and no press is found in the country. It is said that a large collection of Arabic manuscripts is treasured up jealously by private families and in their mosques, although their possessors are unable to read them.

Religion in Morocco supplies the place of that instinctive patriotism which in most European nations is the great element of national feeling. The sect of the Soonites is the established faith of the Empire, and the orthodox believers hate the disciples of Ali, and regard the Turks, Egyptians, and even the Arabs of Algiers, as heretics. It is a common saying, 'Among the Mohammedans are four sects, but the only orthodox sect is that of Morocco.' Agencies well adapted to foster this spiritual pride are not wanting.

'The coasts and cities of Morocco are inundated with saints of every description and degrees of sanctity. Morocco, in fact, is not only the classic land of Marabouts, but their home, and haunt, and sphere of agitation. There are ten thousand Abd-el-Kaders and Bou Mayas, all disputing authority with the high priest, who sits on the green throne of the Shereefs. Sometimes they assume the character of demagogues, and inveigh against the rapacity and corruption of the Court and Government; at others, they appear as prophets, prophets of ill, by preaching boldly the holy war.'—*Richardson*, vol. i., p. 122.

The Grand Marabout of the Empire lives at Wazen, in the province of Azgar and the region of the Gharb.

'This title is hereditary, and is now, or was lately, possessed by the famous Sidi-el-haj-el-Arabi-Ben-Ali, who, in his district, lives in a

state of nearly absolute independence, besides exercising great influence over public affairs. This saint or priest has, however, a rival at Jedda. The two popes together pretend to decide the fate of the Empire. The districts where these Grand Marabouts reside are without governors, and the inhabitants pay no tribute into the imperial coffers: they are ruled by their two priests, under a species of theocracy. The Emperor never attempts or dares to contest their privileges. Occasionally they appear abroad, exciting the people, and declaiming against the vices of the times. His Moorish Majesty then finds himself ill at ease, until they retire to their sanctuaries; and employs all his arts to effect the object, protesting that he will be wholly guided by their counsels in the future administration of the Empire. With this humiliation of the Shereef they are satisfied, and kennel themselves into their *sanctum sanctorum*.'—Vol. ii., pp. 160, 161.

There are, also, in every province of the Empire, two all-powerful families who pretend to trace their descent in a direct line from the Prophet. They are objects of peculiar veneration, their houses are sanctuaries for criminals. In some places they form numerous hordes, and often rush with furious cries through towns and villages, to stimulate the fanaticism of the population. It may be imagined to what excesses they are emboldened by the impunity secured to them by the invincible prejudices of their countrymen.* It is obvious that the religious element is one which seriously interferes with the power of any well disposed Emperor to originate reforms of any sort, either in the home or foreign polity of the Government. However, such a *lusus naturæ* as a benevolent or patriotic *Seedna* is not likely to be found, to put to test the capability of the executive to do good; for, from the want of all fixed rule as to the succession to the throne, it generally happens that the most crafty and ferocious of the sons of the deceased Sovereign becomes his successor; and commences his reign with such exhibitions of severity as are well calculated to convince his nobles and subjects at large, that he does not intend 'to bear the sword in vain.' As *Amir el Mumenin*, ('Prince of the faithful,') *Kalifa el Haligni*, ('Vicar of God on earth,') his power knows no limits; and the government is administered much after the fashion of Ashanti or Dahomey, the only check being the necessity of paying some deference to the Koran, and to the fixed customs of the people, which experience has taught the greatest tyrant to respect. He gives audience on horseback, surrounded by his black guards, and screened from the sun by his umbrella, the sign of sovereignty, which is borne by one

* Durrieu.

of the Kadis. On these occasions, natives and foreigners offer gifts suitable to their stations, varying from the jewels, slaves, horses, &c., of the rich, even to the baskets of eggs given by the humbler class of petitioners. The officers of state have no salaries; but, in their turn, receive presents from parties seeking their good offices. The Pashas who govern the provinces are subject to little control, but seldom enjoy the fruits of their extortions, as, sooner or later, they are stripped of their treasures, and may esteem themselves happy if they escape with their heads. Justice is supposed to be administered gratuitously by the Kadis, but report charges them with the grossest venality. However, litigants have the comfort of speedy decisions. Legal proceedings are prompt, and the knot which the judge cannot untie he cuts; no doubt to the greater benefit of both parties than the long delays which in our minds are inseparably connected with the administration of justice. A sort of police is improvised for the large towns, by the appointment of certain of the more influential inhabitants to watch and ward their respective quarters, and patrol the streets by night. Theft is punished with the utmost severity, no compensation being admitted as in the case of murder and other serious crimes: the culprit is always flogged and mutilated. The various towns, villages, and territories, are made responsible for the thefts committed within their boundaries, and are, on such occasions, mulcted in a heavy fine. The revenue is derived from tithes upon the land, a capitation tax on the Jews, the customs duties, the sale of sundry monopolies, and the results of occasional appeals to the people, for what, in our Tudor and Stuart times, was called 'a benevolence;' a mode of forced voluntaryism which, superintended by the Pashas, &c., is said to be very productive. Some calculate the gross revenue so high as a million sterling. The late Sovereign, Muley Abd-Errahman, has the credit of having left ten millions in his treasury, by which we understand that he is believed to have died extremely rich. The defence of the country is intrusted to an army of about thirty thousand regular troops, and the militia of the provinces, every Moor being a soldier; to say nothing of the wild auxiliaries which might be obtained from the Arabs and Berbers, under the stimulus of a 'holy war' against the infidel. The great deficiency is in artillery; and the few men capable of working such as they do possess are principally Spanish renegades. The navy, once so formidable, is reduced to three brigs and four large gun-boats. Such is the decline of nautical skill, that there is not a single *rais* (captain) capable of conducting a vessel from the port of Mogador to Gibraltar; and at the time of Rich-

ardson's visit, a vessel attempting this voyage 'was blown up and down for months on the coast of Spain and Portugal, being at last driven into the Straits by almost miraculous interposition;' a great change since the time when 'the Salee rovers' were the dread of our commercial marine, and dared even to carry on their piracies as far as the English Channel.

With such a population and Government, no wonder that signs of decline are obvious enough to the passing traveller. Half of the country is a desert; for vast tracts of land, once cultivated, lie waste. Every production is more or less deteriorated from neglect in its culture; all the towns are but the shadow of their former selves, in respect to extent, population, and wealth; the very palaces and harems of the Emperor are perishing for want of timely repairs. In the general stagnation of commerce, the provinces have little intercourse with each other. 'From one district to the other, from one town to the other, the communications often remain interrupted for whole years. If you wish not to fall into the hands of robbers, you cannot venture at all beyond the maritime towns but with a strong and expensive escort. There are no roads, except terrible bad paths, which the weather is every day rendering more impracticable. There are no bridges; of course, no carriages of any kind.'* The secret of all this declension is the general insecurity of property; a cause more or less common to all Mohammedan and Pagan despotisms. Where 'he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction,' and where the display of wealth, or the reputation of possessing it, involves personal danger, there is little stimulus to industry, and no accumulation of capital applicable to agriculture, manufactures, or commerce. The small amount of gold and silver which is found in private hands, is hoarded up and buried in the ground; and as the miserable capitalist trusts no one with the secret of his banking establishment, large amounts are annually lost by the sudden death of the depositors. Agriculture is carried on in the most careless and inefficient manner. The forests of timber, for which Mauritania was so famous, have been recklessly destroyed; and the plantations of olives have mostly shared the same fate. The vine is cultivated in small patches for the fruit, wine not being a permitted manufacture. Pastoral affairs are, however, on a better footing; the rich grassy plains being covered with herds of the finest cattle in the world. The horse is as essential to the Moor and the Arab, as his gun and sword; and both horses and mules merit the praises bestowed upon them by travellers: even the much despised but

* Durrieu.

useful ass is said to be 'lively, gentle, strong, and swift as a stag.'*

Many commodities of great exchangeable value might be produced with a small degree of labour and care. Honey and wax abound; so, also, mulberry trees and silk-worms, but the silk is little cared for. Cotton is produced in small quantities. An insect called 'kermes,' which abounds, furnishes an indelible red dye. Manufactures on a small scale, of silk, leather, paper, and coarse woollen, with a few articles of embroidery and other trifles, are the main products of the industry of the towns. Commerce is destroyed by monopolies. Every branch of trade is a monopoly secured to the Jews; who, obtaining the privilege at a great cost, are compelled to buy the native produce for almost nothing, and sell their imported merchandise at a high price; their reward being, in the end, to be ruined themselves by the exactions and confiscations of the rapacious Government.† The leading monopolies enumerated by Richardson are, leeches, wax, bark, copper money, millet and other small seeds, and cattle. All sorts of merchandise, whether imported or exported, pay enormous duties at the custom-houses. 'In fact, the great object of the Sovereign is to get the whole trade of the Empire into his own hands. In order to effect this, he seeks to involve in debt all the merchants, natives or foreigners; tempting them by offers of profuse credit. The Emperor provides them with commodious houses and stores, gives them at once ten or twenty thousand dollars' worth of credit, and is content to receive in return monthly instalments. These instalments never are, never can be, regularly paid up. The debt progressively and indefinitely increases; and, whilst they live like so many merchant princes, carrying on an immense trade, they are in reality beggars and slaves of the Emperor.'‡ Since Richardson wrote, some change for the better has been effected in the regulations respecting trade monopolies, by the Treaty entered into by our consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, December 8th, 1856. But there is yet ample margin for improvement, and a fine field is open to some future Moorish Sir Robert Peel. While the legitimate gains of commerce are thus interfered with, surreptitious means of obtaining profit are far from uncommon. Robbed by the Government, the merchant sees no harm in robbing others. At Mogador almost every tradesman and every imperial merchant has two sets of weights, one to buy and another to sell with. We need not be surprised that the total amount of exports and imports, to and from Europe, does not

* Durrieu. † *Idem.* ‡ Richardson.

exceed half a million sterling. The caravan trade from Fes to Timbuctu employs one annual caravan, which passes through Tafilet and Touat, and reaches its destination in ninety days. Another from Morocco passes through Wadnoun for the south towards Senegambia. The caravan for Mecca leaves Fez annually, passes through Tafilet and Touat, then turns back northeast to Ghadames, Fezzan, and Angelat, and thence to Alexandria, which it accomplishes in from four to five or six months. The value of the investments in this caravan has been estimated at a million of dollars.*

About ten towns in this large Empire have some claim to be considered as places of consequence. Mequinez, Fez, and Morocco are inland. Three ports are on the Mediterranean,—Tangiers, with a very inconvenient roadstead, Larache, and Tetuan: (Ceuta is in the hands of the Spaniards:) Salee, Rabat, and Mogador are on the Atlantic coast, and the latter may be considered the port of Morocco, the capital city. The European consuls for the northern parts, eleven in number, are confined to Tangiers. The city of Morocco is seven miles in circumference, surrounded by walls, and entered by nine gates; a large portion of this area is covered with ruins, fields, and gardens; the streets are crooked, unpaved, and dirty; the population about 40,000 or 50,000. The imperial palace without the city is well fortified. Fez, the more central city, (supposed by the Spanish critics to be the Put of the prophet Nahum, chap. iii. 9,) contains 700 mosques, 50 of which are very large; the streets are narrow, some of them arched over; population, 50,000. Amid the remains of former splendour seven public schools yet exist. It is the centre of a trade which for Morocco is considerable. Mogador is a modern city, built since A.D. 1760, population 10,000. Tangiers and Tetuan are much like other Mediterranean towns. Mequinez contains the Emperor's treasure, and is the head-quarters of his body guard. Most of these cities and ports have natural advantages of position which, under altered circumstances, would render them places of importance. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries they were flourishing, and far excelled in wealth and population the majority of existing European towns in their neighbourhood. It is an interesting question whether prosperity will ever again revisit these 'peeled and trodden down' cities and countries. We are inclined to anticipate for them a hopeful future, in connexion with that reaction of European power and civilization upon the bordering Mohammedan countries of Asia and Africa

* Richardson.

which has been looming in the distance ever since the consolidation of the great monarchies of Western Europe in the fifteenth century, and which seems likely to be the great fact of the latter half of the nineteenth.

In the great changes which followed the extinction of feudality in the domestic politics of the Western nations, the Sovereigns of Spain, France, and England were raised from the position of first baron among equals, to the possession of substantive authority over their proud nobles and warlike population, for whose energies, hitherto wasted in local dissensions, some safety-valve was obviously desirable. Strange as it may appear to our utilitarian age, the favourite scheme of statesmen, churchmen, scholars, and soldiers, was then the renewal of the Crusades for the re-conquest of Palestine and the expulsion of Mohammedan races from their usurped possessions in the ancient provinces of Eastern Christendom. That wily and astute rulers, like our Henry VII. and others, assumed the cross, without intending seriously to engage in what modern historians, judging of men and events by the standard of their own times, call a foolish and hair-brained enterprise, is a proof of the tendency and strength of the current of feeling in Europe at that time, to which these men, understanding their own age better than we do, deemed it wise to pay homage. The great Columbus was carried away by this grand illusion of the possibility of uniting all Christian princes in the attempt to extend the bounds of Christendom, and to re-plant Christianity in the regions from whence its first missionaries had issued to convert pagan Europe. The power of the Ottoman Turks, which, after the conquest of Constantinople, A.D. 1453, menaced the independence of Italy and Germany, seemed to render some such union of the Western powers not only desirable but necessary. Had it not been for the maritime discoveries of the Portuguese and Spaniards, which suddenly opened out India and America, two new worlds, to European enterprise, the sixteenth century might have exhibited a renewal of the spectacle which so alarmed the Princess Anna Comnena in the eleventh, when it seemed to her that 'Europe, torn up from its foundations,' was 'ready to precipitate itself in one body upon Asia.' India and America, however, diverted the European crusade from the Moslem field; and the Turks, checked and restrained from further aggression, remained unmolested in their recent conquests, and continued to enjoy and abuse the long lease of occupancy which is now evidently about to expire. America and India no longer monopolize the attention, or absorb the whole spare population, of Europe. The former is already the heritage of European races. China and Japan are now theatres of European enterprise;

Australia is to us what America was two centuries ago; and the direct road not only to India, but to China, Japan, and Australia, is through the heart of the Mohammedan world. The legal head of that faith, and the legitimate ruler of its territory, exists by permission of the once despised infidel. He cannot interfere with the right of way claimed by his protectors. His continuance as a nominal power is for the present a political necessity, until his neighbours can agree as to the division of the spoil. That which now hinders, is the natural fear that Russia might possibly obtain a larger share than would comport with the notions of the rival 'protectors.' When the end comes, and the crisis is past, or possibly before then, Morocco will fall into the hands of Spain or France. Our politicians may not like either of these powers as occupants of the coast which faces Gibraltar; but what right have we to interfere with the conquests of Spain or France in Morocco, for which a reasonable pretext will never be wanting while Riff pirates and nomad warriors are the neighbours of civilized states? Quite as much may be said in defence of a Spanish or French Africa as of a British India. Living in a glass house, we are not the people to pelt our neighbours with stones. Besides, with Gibraltar, Corfu, and Malta, as our citadels, and Egypt in possession of a friendly power, what have we to fear? The government of any European power would be a blessing to North Africa, and a gain to us. It is much to be regretted that among our statesmen and senators are found a set of political traditionists, whose antiquated maxims of international polity are as unsuitable in the altered condition of political relationships, as the favourite 'Brown Bess' of our Peninsular warriors would be in this age of Enfield and Minié rifles and of Armstrong and Whitworth guns.

We do not, however, desire the conquest of Morocco by Spain or France, any more than the division of the Turkish Empire among the great powers; though we infer from the records of past experience, that so long as this present imperfect dispensation lasts, this old fashion of introducing civilization by means of conquest, being 'the thing that hath been,' is 'that which shall be.' Conquerors are but instruments in the hands of the Sovereign Ruler, 'the rods of His anger,' who maketh 'the wrath of man to praise Him.' With but few exceptions, history vindicates the doubt of Foster. 'Did you ever listen to the discussion of plans for the civilization of barbarous nations, without the intervention of conquest? I have, with interest and despair.' It is true that Christianity is equal to the task; but how can the Christian teacher obtain access to the population of Morocco? We have reason to believe that great political convulsions are

among the instrumentalities which will be over-ruled for the furtherance of the Gospel; and we may see this clearly without ourselves desiring to do evil that good may come. Durrieu indulges in the bright visions of a literary optimist; and expects from *treaties* the regeneration of Moorish and Arab society. Treaties are to increase commerce, commerce to introduce European manners, then follow 'our ideas and principles;' and these will 'reform the institutions of the Moors.' Foster's incredulous remark upon similar anticipations was expressed in the language of the old proverb, 'When the sky falls, we shall catch larks.'

The immediate occasion of the war between Spain and Morocco is explained in a speech of Marshal O'Donnell, the President of the Council of Ministers, October 22nd, 1859, which at the same time gives us a little information respecting the possessions of Spain in that portion of Africa.

'Our relations with the Empire of Morocco, in connexion with our possessions in Africa, are of two sorts, the first having reference to the fortress of Ceuta; the second, to the prison establishments of Alhucema, Melilla, and El Peñon. By our treaties with the Emperor of Morocco, he is not to be held responsible for any attacks that may be made on the three last named places by the half savage tribes which surround them; and the expression used in these treaties is, that Spain herself is authorized to repel every sort of aggression on the part of the Moors with "*mortars* and *cannon*." But at Ceuta, in virtue of the treaty of 1845, which fixed the limits of the fortress, and the extent of the neutral ground, a Morocco officer has been placed in authority on the spot, and provided with a guard of what are there called *Moros de Rey*, (King's Moors,) and to him is intrusted the protection of the garrison of our fortress from any act of outward aggression. This position has been maintained ever since 1845; our relations with Morocco, with respect to the fortress, have been friendly, and we have not had to deplore any serious misunderstanding. But in the month of August last, some Moors, either a portion of those on guard, or some whom the guard allowed to approach, invaded our territory, and overthrew the stone pillar bearing the arms of Spain, which forms the limits of the Moorish and Spanish camps.' —*Spain and the War. By O. C. D. Ross.*

Then follows a list of insults—sentinels fired upon—attacks by bodies of Moors—retaliation and sundry petty conflicts, in which blood was shed on both sides, followed by an evident unwillingness on the part of the Moorish Government to make reparation. Such is the case of the Spanish Government; but the other reason is that which is given by the author of the pamphlet just quoted, and which he deems by no means the least important.

'It is believed that if once the public mind could be thoroughly engaged with an object of absorbing interest abroad, it would tend greatly to a cessation of the bitter party dissensions at home. The Marquis of Molins, an orator of the Opposition, and a much esteemed poet, expressed these views in the Senate a few days before the declaration of war: "Señor Sierra, he said, has asked, Why all this show of force? Wherefore this increase in our army? What mean all these preparations for war? I answer him, that our history requires them of us, that they are intended to strengthen us abroad and to unite us at home. Can you not see that on the opposite shore to ours, wherever indeed Islamism still exists, in that land where our arms were formerly triumphant, and the sword of Cisneros dazzled and conquered, nothing now remains but empty space, which is fast being occupied by French civilization? Either we must fill that space, or others will do it instead, and all our history signalizes Spain as the country which is destined to drive back the followers of the Prophet, and to replace them. It is thus only that we can aspire to consideration abroad. Foreign nations will respect us when they see that we possess the power to sustain our national character; they will respect us, for action is power, and power is credit, and credit is wealth. Would you wish for riches, and leave injuries unavenged? Not so, indeed! If we would be powerful, if we would be respected, it is necessary that as a nation we should show signs of vitality.

'"And this is not all: not only shall we thus acquire distinction abroad, but even amongst ourselves we shall at the same time gain in reputation. Such is our character: whenever we have not had foreign wars to sustain, we have been consumed with internal discord. Let us but have some great object on which all our energy may be concentrated, something which shall inflame the minds of all parties, and then you will see that the dissensions amongst us will vanish, and we shall become united and great and powerful.

'"Now would you know what is the great object that is capable of inspiring such unanimity? It is the desire to see the banner of Castile float on the towers of Morocco, and to carry the light of the Gospel into Moorish cities. To those who in such a cause would dare to ask the consent of foreigners, I would address one word more: England looks on from Gibraltar, France from Oran, and you are Spaniards. Fight a good fight, and you will conquer the consent of all! and perhaps some day it may be written of us in history that to Isabel I. was due the conquest of America, and Isabel II. contributed to the civilization of Africa."'

Mr. Ross is a warm partisan of the Spanish Government; and enters into the question of the debt of Spain and the arrangements respecting it, in a spirit which will not we think fully satisfy the bond-holders. His defence of the O'Donnell ministry, and his exposition of Spanish finances in connexion with the law of *desamortizacion* passed in 1855, are very ingenious, if not satisfactory. It is, however, obvious that a great change for the

better has taken place since Dr. Arnold eloquently remarked, 'Spain lies like a forsaken wreck on the waves of time, with nothing but the remembrance of the past to ennoble it.'

The history of the Spanish campaign, up to the taking of Tetuan, is well known to our readers. What the conclusion will be, it is difficult to surmise. If it be true that Spain claims the territory from Ceuta to Tetuan, the possession of a port in the Atlantic opposite the Canary Islands, two hundred millions of reals indemnity, and sundry privileges for the Roman Catholic religion, it is not likely that peace will yet be made between the belligerents, unless the new Emperor is sorely pushed by the discontent of the Berber auxiliaries, and the claims of pretenders to his crown and dignity. Whatever, however, may be the immediate result of this war, it must be considered as but the beginning of the end. From henceforth Morocco is the field for Spanish venture and enterprise, the safety-valve against the outbreaks of domestic factions. A Spanish party will be raised up from among the wild tribes of Atlas, who, in the opinion of Durrieu, are open to overtures from any invading power which has the means of purchasing their services; and the issue will be a Spanish or French rule over this most orthodox 'Far West' of the Mohammedan world.

ART. VII.—*Catalogue of the choicer Portion of the magnificent Library formed by* M. GUGLIELMO LIBRI. *Sold by Auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on Monday, the 1st of August, and twelve following Days.* 1859.

THE bibliographical period, says M. Charles Nodier, is evidently the last period in any literature. It is the time when we pack up for posterity all the knowledge that the waning civilization has produced. We do not like to say that English literature has arrived at this melancholy stage of its existence. Yet, we hear repeated on every side, 'There 's nothing new in literature.' The productions of the press are stigmatized as old thoughts in new dresses; thoughts that are familiar to every reader of the literature that has been, but put forward on the chance of being taken for new by the ignorant and the ill-read. Charges like this may or may not be true. All that we have to do at present with the subject is, to note that when the intellect of a people has come to this sort of stand-still, and reached the limit beyond which progress seems impossible, Bibliography comes, notary-like, to take an inventory of the intellectual pos-

sessions handed down from the past; and, arranging his list in the best order that he can, trusts to escape the general wreck of barbarism. Since the days of the Duke of Roxburghe, and his great sale, on the strength of which the Roxburghe Club was founded, and Mr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin was immortalized, bibliography has been in fashion among us. Clearly, if the literary genius of England is dying, it is of a slow disease. Bibliography is a science which ministers to a tender passion, which, when under right direction, is bibliophilism, and when abused is bibliomania. We beg pardon of our readers for firing off these big words; but without them we cannot so well explain the change that has come over the taste of our book-buying public. Bibliography is now cast aside for bibliopegia. Books are no longer sought by amateurs for their usefulness, their rarity, the beauty of their type; but for their 'condition,' for the bindings in which they are clothed. M. Libri, skilful bibliographer as he is, has in the catalogue of books named at the head of this article spent his choicest phrases, his most alluring encomiums, on the 'morocco and gold-tooling, and the gaufré edges,' on the *outside* of the books submitted by him to public auction. And his strategy has been crowned with signal success. Never before, since the days when jewelled caskets held books of priceless value, were such sums given for specimens of old binding. We have noticed many instances in this sale, on the other hand, in which books once valued for their rarity have become depreciated. A few examples will suffice to establish this curious fact,—curious as a manifestation of change in our manners and tastes. *Berni, Orlando Innamorato*, edition 1545, was sold at Mr. Heber's sale for £10. 10*s.*; at M. Libri's for £2. 16*s.* *Ariosto, Orlando Furioso*, 1530, was sold in 1847 for £61; at M. Libri's, for £29. Another edition of 1533, at Hanrott's, for £22; at Libri's, for £11. 5*s.*; and, most striking of all, a *Brusonii Facetiæ* of 1518, though belonging to a class of books the attraction of which, we regret to say, does not diminish, sold only for £2. 18*s.*, while the Duke of Marlborough's copy was sold at Whiteknights for £27. 10*s.* When, however, the binding is the attractive feature of the book, the course of prices, wherever it can be traced, flows in the opposite direction, increasing, not diminishing. To give but one instance at present. The rare Elzevir Cicero of 1642 was sold at Hanrott's sale for £40. 19*s.*; in 1835, for £52. 10*s.*; M. Libri's copy, having been Count Hoym's, and being bound by *De Seuil*, and having the Count's arms stamped in gold on the sides, was sold for £61. No reflective observer of the condition and aspirations of contemporary society can be absolutely indifferent

to the manifestations of taste among the wealthy people of Great Britain. The inspection of a priced copy of M. Libri's catalogue has induced us to offer to our readers some historical details concerning bookbinding,—one of the minor arts,—with a few somewhat startling proofs of the strength of the passion which that art may inspire in the bosom of a collector of *fine copies*.

We almost doubt if the greatest rarity in the world of books, appearing in an ill-conditioned state, would now meet with a purchaser of higher rank than the keeper of a Holborn stall. The famous *Iliad*, written on 120 feet of the entrails of a dragon, and deposited in the Library of Constantinople before the reign of Basilicus, or the still more fabulous *Diphtheræ* of Jove, written by that mythological personage on the skin of the goat that suckled him, would hardly get a bid, unless bound by De Seuil, Le Gascon, Padeloup, or De Rome, and stamped with the arms of La Pompadour, or covered over with the device of Diana of Poictiers.

The mania for rare books had its day in the earlier part of this century. Dibdin outshone himself in his description of the contest, at the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's books in 1812, between Earl Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford, for the Valdarfer Boccaccio of 1471, when the sum of £2260 sterling was paid by the latter nobleman for a volume which his opponent bought seven years later for £918. 15*s*. The Roxburghe sale was, however, the crisis of bibliomania. The disease had reached its highest point; and though the Roxburghe Club was one result of it, and the success of Mr. Dibdin's books another, the malady has slowly diminished in intensity, and the love of the rare is almost superseded by the love of the splendid. In the narrow sphere where the desire of possessing what other people cannot have, usually exhibits itself, a generation or two must pass before the 'collecting' spirit seeks new objects of pursuit. That Valdarfer Boccaccio was bought by the Duke of Roxburghe's grandfather for one hundred guineas, a century before the Marquis of Blandford's purchase. Yet it was known to be almost, if not quite, unique; and nothing but the *exorbitant* price demanded induced the Marquis's ancestor, Lord Sunderland, and that keen collector, Harley, Earl of Oxford, to refuse to buy it. It is, perhaps, the only complete copy in existence, that in the Ambrosian Library being deficient of one leaf, and that in the Imperial Library at Paris wanting three. The sale of the Duke of Marlborough's books at Whiteknights, in 1819, indicated the fall in the price of rare books. Bibliomaniacs were somewhat disenchanted, and the Decameron was sold at a loss of £1341. Since that time, many precious collections have been sold by

auction, notably that of Mr. Heber, a maniac of the purest water; but the prices of the rarest books continued at a lower elevation than was maintained in the memorable year '12. In quite recent years, a slight reaction to dearness has set in, owing to the generous rivalry in forming fine libraries which animates our Transatlantic and Australasian cousins. The Americans have made our common books rare, and our scarce books *introuvable*.

It would seem then that there is another reason above and beside the caprice of fashion for the change in public taste. The passion for collecting solitary specimens of unknown printing-presses, being unable to gratify itself in a market afflicted with dearth, has been compelled to turn for compensation to samples of the skill of unknown bookbinders.

Incredulous readers of this article will probably not take the trouble to visit the respectable book auctioneers who disposed of M. Libri's library, to ascertain for themselves the striking fact that an octavo volume of Machiavelli's *Libro dell' Arte della Guerra*, printed by Aldus in 1540, and ordinarily purchaseable for ten or twenty shillings, was sold on the 9th of August last for £150; yet we feel our inability, by printed words, to carry conviction to any sober-minded person of the truth of the statement. The motive for the extravagant competition thus indicated, is found in the description of the volume at page 198 of the catalogue. It is described as a 'beautiful copy, with the initial letters painted in gold, from the magnificent library of Grollier. It is bound in old citron morocco, gilt edges, the sides covered with elegant scroll tooling in gold. *As a specimen of Grollier tooling, this is as perfect as can be desired.*' The last words, italicized in the catalogue, give the key to the prodigality of the purchasers at M. Libri's sale.

What are the charms of the new aspirant to rich men's favour? A display of grace, artistic skill, and historical association. To have belonged to Grollier, Maioli, Diana of Poictiers, De Thou, or Count Hoym, is enough to secure fame and an exorbitant price. There has been no attempt yet, as far as we know, to collect the *incunabula* of this art. The casket of Darius, in which Alexander deposited the *Iliad*, would become a desideratum to the unhappy creature who should contract this form of the disease, although, in sober truth, a box made to contain scrolls can hardly be said to belong to the bibliopegistic order of things. The Arundel Society, with their collection of diptychs and triptychs, may more fairly be called upon to show us the first models of bookbinding. The diptych, indeed, held merely the tablets of a Roman gentleman, whose library still consisted of *volumina*, in the primitive signification of that term; but it suggested the

form of modern books and the pattern of the earliest bindings. Accordingly, wood, ivory, and metal were the materials first employed in making book covers. In the Imperial Library at Paris may be seen a rich collection of these relics of middle-age literature and art, dating from the time of Charlemagne. Books, being then articles of rare value, for which grants of land, and castles, and flocks of sheep, were not too high a payment,* were often decorated externally with gold and precious stones, while the text within was set off by the most finished miniature paintings. The library of the Louvre contains the celebrated *Book of Hours*, given by Charlemagne to the city of Toulouse. It is written in letters of gold on purple parchment, and covered with red velvet. The spirit which prompted the erection of the feudal castles, seems to have animated the monkish bookbinders, who strengthened the massive wooden covers of their manuscripts with heavy bosses of steel or brass, while they protected the corners of the boards with ornamental fences of the same material. Petrarch's beautiful manuscript of Cicero's *Epistola ad Atticum*, still to be seen in the Laurentian Library at Florence, by frequently falling on his left leg had so wounded him, that he narrowly escaped amputation! The poet was the Renaissance model of a genuine collector. His superb manuscript volumes, while they gave him delight, contributed to the reconstruction of literature and civilization in Europe. His favourite *Virgil* claims our interest, not only for its outward covering, but for other marks of constant familiarity with its leaves, the margins and vacant spaces of which seem to have been the depository and confidant of his sorrow. Much of Petrarch's private and personal character may be discovered among his annotations to this book; his passionate lines to Laura, for instance. The curious miniatures by which the work is illustrated were executed, probably under the poet's directions, by his friend Simon Memmi, the celebrated painter of Sienna. It was not, however, as has been sometimes thought, with this literary treasure, that Petrarch passed the last moments of his life. When he was found dead in his chair, his head bowed down over a volume, and his finger and thumb still holding its leaves, the work was discovered to be his poem of *Africa*, which he was engaged in correcting. We do not know

* A single manuscript, *The Homilies of Aymon of Halberstadt*, was purchased in the tenth century, or rather exchanged, by a Countess of Anjou, for two hundred sheep, fifteen quarters of corn, and a number of marten skins. The *Dante* of 1481, printed on vellum, presented by Landino to the republican government of Florence, procured him in return the grant of a castle. At the very time that the printing-press was in embryo, Anthony Panormita sold an estate in Sicily, in order to buy with the proceeds a Livy, beautifully copied by Poggio.

whether this striking scene has ever been the theme of the artist's pencil. It is surely worthy of a master's hand. Galeas Visconti, fifth Duke of Milan, subsequently became the possessor of the Virgil, which, passing to the Ambrosian Library, escaped pillage once in 1499, but was carried off to Paris in the time of Napoleon, not to be restored till 1815 to its legitimate home. We must turn our attention, however, to volumes of less pretension to historic fame, though, in illustrating the progress of the art of binding, we shall endeavour to communicate to our readers some of the interest we feel in seeing and handling a book that has belonged to any famous personage.

But first of the art of bookbinding and its development. 'I considered,' says M. Libri, in giving his reasons for forming his collection, 'the art of bookbinding as an important branch of the Fine Arts. As a general historical fact, it is certain that whenever Fine Arts attained a high degree of perfection, it was not merely to obtain fine pictures, beautiful statues, or noble buildings, that the development of those arts was directed, but that a stronger *sentiment du beau*, and a refinement of the public taste at large, should be the immediate effect of the perfection acquired in the *arts du dessin*, and, consequently, that everything which came under the senses was made to minister to the gratification of them.'

M. Libri goes on to argue that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the rage for art was at its height in Italy, no created object was too low, as nothing was too high, for the employment of the skill and taste of artists. Andrea del Sarto and Raphael designed models for ornaments in familiar use. Giulio Romano, it is surmised, conceived the pattern of a singular dress embroidered with scorpions, worn by L. Gonzaga on the day of the solemn entrance of the Emperor Charles V. into Mantua. Francia cut letters for the printers. Artists of renown in Florence were employed to paint with cosmetics *(farder)* the ladies who were going to a ball; thus vindicating the title of 'artists' appropriated by our modern hairdressers. Caradosso and Cellini did not disdain the designing of buttons and combs. Then why should we deem it impossible that the various patterns used by binders in ornamenting books were invented and drawn by skilful artists?

We think it highly probable. It is easy to conceive, that those renowned painters and carvers were not always dwelling on the sunny heights of genius; that their greatest works were executed in hours of creative ecstasy, which would visit them but rarely, and make a holiday in their souls; yet that the every-day labour of many among them, the week-day work, the source

which supplied their daily food, was just that kind of humble ornamentation which brings forms of grace and beauty continually before the eye in articles of furniture and utensils in daily use. We believe that Mr. Owen Jones and Mr. Luke Limner could tell us how profitable an occupation it is to make ornamental designs for book covers in the present day; and however little originality there may have been of late years in Christmas books and annuals, there can be no question that for splendour, not to say tawdriness, of outward adornment, they have excelled everything that has ever been produced in England.

Much gilding is not the characteristic of the best days of bookbinding. The coveted Grollier and Maioli volumes are ornamented with a simple and graceful design, the evidence of a really cultivated taste. In the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century, according to M. Libri, 'fine gildings were employed in Italy for the books belonging to the Medici, the Della Rovere, the D'Este, and other wealthy families.' An illustration of this period, a 'Breviary of 1492, in 8vo,' was sold for £47. It was 'in the original, beautifully ornamented morocco binding, richly gilt on the sides in the best Italian style of the end of the fifteenth century, with gilt gaufré (figured) edges and clasps.' In the north of Europe the fashion of bookbinding at this time, proceeding, perhaps, from the scarcity of gold-leaf, permitted only blind-tooling, that is, an impression of the binder's decorative instrument upon vellum or leather, without the intervention of gold. Engraving on wood or metal was sometimes used as ornament to the book cover; and M. Libri throws out a hint that the origin of the art of engraving may perhaps be discovered by researches in this direction, since figures stamped upon leather book backs are to be found before impressions of an engraving were taken upon paper. In describing an *Ovidii Epistolæ* of 1528, he says, it is 'in the original oak boards, covered with leather, and has, stamped on the sides, numerous figures of persons in prayer; those on the obverse surrounded by a grotesque border, exhibiting a capital specimen of French binding at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Dibdin, in his *Decameron*, (vol. ii., pp. 465–467,) has given from this volume a *fac-simile* of the beautiful design of one of the sides of this binding, representing the *Miracle de Sainte Clothilde*, called by him the *Vision of Augustus*. The xylographic blocks, with French inscriptions, used for this binding, seem totally unknown to collectors of ancient engravings on wood, although they must be reckoned among the finest productions of French art at that period. For the history of wood

or metal engraving, the study of ancient impressed bindings would prove most profitable and most important.'

Foremost among the Italian collectors, who, in the time of Lorenzo the Magnificent and Pope Leo X., set the fashion in ornamental bookbinding, were certain members of the Maioli family. Michael must have preceded Thomas Maioli: the quarto *Nausæus* of 1532, from the library of the latter, is a much finer specimen of the art than the folio *Ceremoniale*, 1516, that belonged to Michael, which was sold for £8. 15s., while the lesser volume excited the enthusiasm of the competitors to such a pitch that the biddings rose to the sum of £91, before M. Techener, of Paris, became its owner. The charm of the Maioli binding lies in the finish of the workmanship, so that the leaves of the book lie beautifully together when closed, and smooth and readable when open. The 'tooling' on Maioli books is generally after very simple but elegant designs, consisting of fine straight lines curiously interlaced as borders on the sides of the volume, and a simple sprig repeated five or six times on the back.

In the path of ornamentation the most pure and steadfast lovers of art find themselves often sorely tempted to depart from simplicity. Gracefulness may seduce, but magnificence tyrannizes. Bookbinders are but mortal, and we find the elegance of the Maiolis encroached upon by elaborate gilding, by painting in colours, and by the employment of leathers of various hues in a kind of mosaic work on books. A folio *Missal* of Venice, 1505, that had belonged to Cardinal Gonzaga, was sold at M. Libri's sale for £91, as a splendid sample of contemporary binding. It was bound in old calf, having gilt gaufré edges, the sides and back being exquisitely tooled and painted in compartments, while the interstices between the gold and coloured ornaments were completely filled with golden dots. Gorgeousness again, rather than the gratification of a pure taste, is manifested in the bindings of another Italian collector of the sixteenth century, whose name has not lived so long as his morocco and gold. Two folio volumes and one octavo, that had belonged to this victim of oblivion, were sold for £126 (£78, £42, and £11). They are in old Venetian morocco, with elegant gold borders, and a raised medallion worked in the centre of each side, and heightened with gold, silver, and colours. The subject of the medallion is Apollo driving his chariot across the green waves, towards the rock on which his winged Pegasus is pawing the ground. The forgotten owner probably thought that this elaborate device, and his motto, *ΟΡΘΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΗΛΟΞΙΩΣ*, would have identified him to the end of time; and some diligent

inquirers have made him out to be Mecenate, physician to the Pope, which is all we hear concerning him. As to the difficulty of tracking a device home to the person for whom it stands, M. Libri gives an amusing illustration. Being anxious to discover the original owner of a handsome old quarto, (*Vici Augustarum Imagines,*) in richly ornamented olive morocco, and bearing on its sides the device of a serpent entwining a key; the learned bibliographer had recourse to *Les Devises héroiques* of Paradin, where he had the gratification of reading that this device was borne by Leontychidas, a distinguished Lacedæmonian senator who lived many centuries before Christ!

A long list might be compiled from M. Libri's catalogue of the patrons of fine bookbinding in Italy during the sixteenth century, from the occupant of St. Peter's chair to the ascetic inmates of monasteries, from the sovereigns of 'the Duchies' to the wealthy merchant or the court doctor.

When we turn to France for illustrations, our information grows more precise, and our interest in the gay coats of philosophers, historians, and poets, is proportionately increased. From the days of Francis I. to the present time, France has been the favoured home of decorative art. The library of the chivalrous monarch himself bore traces of the same love of elegance as that which made memorable the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold;' and a book with Francis's device of a salamander is a coveted object with collectors. An octavo volume belonging to this prince, *Ambertani Silvæ*, 1516, is described in the catalogue of M. Libri as bound in brown morocco, gilt gaufré edges, having an inscription 'FR. de Valoys,' with the *fleur de lys* and salamander twice repeated, stamped in gold on both sides. The book was sold for £35, specimens of the kind being rare, as most of the books from Francis's library, singularly enough, are decorated with 'blind tooling,' that is, without the employment of gold. But it was the gallant King's treasurer and ambassador, Grollier, that was the acknowledged prince of collectors of 'fine copies,' and the munificent patron of elegant bindings. Distinguished by his erudition and the favour of his sovereign, intimately connected with the learned men of his time, a friend of Budæus, a correspondent of Erasmus, and the near acquaintance of the Aldus family, he profited by his many opportunities so far as to make one of the largest and choicest collections of books, manuscripts, and medals, that probably ever was made. In his long life of eighty-six years,—he died in 1565,—he amassed treasures of a literary and historical interest that would have been inappreciably valuable could they have been kept together until now. But the law of mortality,

which operates on all human achievements, brought the dregs of Grollier's splendid library 'to the hammer,'—as the auctioneers phrase it,—in 1675. Not only in the binding was this library splendid; but, wherever it seemed possible, copies on large paper, and on vellum paper, were acquired; and the generous owner's intimacy with the famous printers enabled him to secure copies of works in the Aldine press printed on material of his own choosing. D'Argonne (in his *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature par Vigneul Marville*) speaks with regret of having procured only a few volumes at the sale in 1675, 'in which nothing is wanting either for the excellence of the editions, or the beauty of the paper, or the neatness of the binding. To look at them, it seems as though the Muses who have contributed to the compositions within had appropriated the exteriors to themselves, so much art and cleverness appear in the ornaments. They are gilt with a delicacy unknown to the gilders of our day; the compartments are painted in various colours, designed to perfection, and all the figures different. On one side is to be seen the title of the book in gold letters, and underneath, these words, which indicate the amiable character of M. Grollier, *Jo. Grolieri et amicorum*. On the other side of the book appears this pious device: *Portio mea, Domine, sit in terra viventium.*' We think these last traits of the old treasurer's character are delightful. M. Libri has been unusually fortunate in securing so large a number, and such fine specimens, of Grollier books as appeared at his sale. We refer our readers to his catalogue for detailed descriptions of these wonderful monuments of book ornamentation. The style is that of the Maioli binding, enriched, without being overlaid, by flowers, wreaths, &c., and by a sparing and judicious use of painted colours. The prices for which these volumes were sold add to the marvels of the history of binding, and can hardly be explained by the fact, that the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Paris Imperial Library, were competitors at this sale, and that at least two out of the three institutions are forming an illustrative museum of the art of binding. The odd volume of Machiavelli which was sold for £150, was a 'Grollier' book. A folio *Heliodorus*, belonging to this wonderful collector, was purchased for not less than £110. A *Jovius*, in octavo, fell to the lot of a more fortunate buyer for no more than £34. The beauty of the graceful and delicate tracery, stamped in golden lines and points on these book covers, must be seen to be understood or enjoyed. The old treasurer lavished his choicest gifts of ornament on his favourite books without stint, like a lover prodigal of diamonds and pearls, when he can see them hanging

on the form of his loved one. Our readers may remember with some interest at the present time, that Cæsar Grollier, the natural son of our collector, and Alexander, his grandson, both eminent men at the Papal Court, were victims of the tyranny of Gregory XIII. and his nephew Cardinal Guastavilla.

A contemporary collector of fine books which have been always greatly in request for the beauty of their bindings, and are now extremely rare, was the fair and frail Diana of Poictiers, who ruled with absolute sway, not only over the heart of King Francis's son, Henry II., but over the whole kingdom of France. She could have been no ordinary woman; for she maintained her ascendancy over the King till the day of his death, when she was sixty years old,—and this in spite of the attractions of the beautiful Queen Catherine de Medicis. Beza and Pasquier went so far as to say that she owed her influence to magic. It was the magic of her beauty and her talents. The former she preserved by her temperate, not to say hardy, life. The latter is, to some extent, proved by the flatteries of Ronsard and his fellow poets, since we conclude that a dull brain would not have appreciated nor invited the delicate incense of the muses. We are told that her beauty lasted till a late period of her life, that she was never ill, and in the coldest weather washed her face in spring water. Rising at six in the morning, she rode out a league or two on horseback, then went back to bed, where she read till noon. If we are to judge by M. Libri's specimens of her library, her taste in books was as sound as her taste in binding was elegant. One book which, as belonging to Diana, was sold for £37, was an octavo of 1554, *Homeri Ilias, Græcè.* Another volume, which seems to give some colour to Beza's theory, and which she is supposed, according to a note in the catalogue, to have studied in company with King Henry, is a manuscript dated 1552, *Jacques Colas, Livre de Géomancie.* A finer specimen of the binding of her books, (executed, says M. Libri, under the direction of the celebrated artist Le Petit Bernard,) was *Basilii Opera quædam,* in folio, which was sold for as much as £85, while £80 was given for an *Epiphanius* in folio, encased in a similar superb covering. Her books are known by a cipher, the double D interlaced with H, which is scattered in gold over the sides and back of the volume, and is always accompanied by her devices,—the interlaced crescent, moons, and crowned H. On the medals which were struck in her honour as Duchess of Valentinois, we find a device more characteristic of her position than the emblems of the chaste goddess; she is represented as trampling under foot a Cupid, with this motto, '*Omnium victorem vici,*' 'I have conquered the

conqueror of all.' Her patronage of the arts was not confined to one branch. She made the fame of Philibert Delorme, by employing him in the construction of her fine Chateau d'Anet, which the poets celebrated under the name of Dianet. Notwithstanding their partnership in study, the royal lover appears to have had some books bound for himself alone. Examples are, however, rarer than books from Diana's library; and a 'dedication copy' of *Aristoteles de Natur. Ausc.*, folio, 1550, was sold for £60.

The principal wealth of M. Libri's collection lies in specimens from Italian and French libraries; but he offers us also a few illustrations of the state of this ornamental art in England in the sixteenth century. A *Pliny*, printed by Jenson in 1472, was sold for £20. 10*s.*; but rather, we presume, for the painted arms of the original owner, and the 'thirty-seven initials of exquisite design by an artist of the time,' than for the binding in 'old English russia with full gilt back.' The binding ascribed to Henry the Eighth's books, consists of 'oak boards covered with leather, on which are stamped, obverse, the Tudor rose, with a Latin legend, and, on the reverse, the royal arms of England.' Some specimens have the devices stamped in gold; but plainness and solidity seem to have formed the rule, and are as characteristic of 'bluff Harry,' as the bows and crescents of Diana, elegantly wrought in gold, are of a luxurious court.

A more showy specimen of English workmanship of that day was an odd volume of an Aldine Cicero's *Orations*, 8vo, 1541. The sides are covered with gilt and painted arabesques in the Grollier style, having a panther painted on each side. The edges are gilt and figured,—gaufré as it is called. Singularly enough, there is in the British Museum another odd volume of the Aldus Cicero in 8vo, clothed in a similar binding. The volume offered for sale appeared to be, from an autograph inscription on the fly-leaf, a present to Lord Arundel from his aunt. The reader will be gratified to learn that it was not sold but *presented* by M. Libri to the British Museum. The specimens of Queen Elizabeth's books, also, exhibit more ornament than those of her father. 'A perfect blaze of gold' is the language in which M. Libri characterizes one example in his collection. Crescents figure among the ornaments of the volume dedicated to the vestal Queen. Mr. Edwards, in his valuable book on libraries, to which we refer our readers for a most interesting chapter on bookbinding, has given an excellent *facsimile* of the side of a volume that belonged to Elizabeth, now in the British Museum. The volume is the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospels, printed by John Daye in 1571: and this 'was the dedication book presented to the Queene's own hands

by Mr. Foxe,' the martyrologist. The binding is brown calf, the centre block and corners being inlaid with white kid or morocco, and studded with gold. The ornaments stand out in salient relief. We must not omit to notice M. Libri's volume of *Xenophon* in French, which had belonged to Edward VI. It exhibits marks of French taste, Grollier tooling; the royal arms in the centre, and a sprinkling of the Tudor rose on the back and sides, while the blank spaces in the design are painted black. It was sold for £34. 10*s*.

Of German binding there were several specimens sold. Charles the Fifth's books, a volume of Machiavelli among the rest, are decorated in blind tooling. An interest of association with their former possessor seemed to influence the competitors for these books. We naturally expect Maximilian II. to be more magnificent than his politic ancestor; and we find the binding of a volume of *The Laws and Customs of Nuremberg*, that belonged to him, 'covered with gold tooling,' which is heightened by the intervals being filled with various colours. In the splendid royal library at Munich our readers, when on their summer tour, may see some of the finest specimens of book decoration in the world, of all ages and styles, from the jewelled lid and the gold or silver filagree case, to the embroidered velvet and silk of a softer time, or to the stamped and gilt leather of the present day. The Bavarian bookbinders indeed would, probably, if they could, canonize that Albert, fifth of the name, their duke, who, in the sixteenth century, kept so fine an establishment of artists in leather, and gold, and silver, for the express purpose of decorating his books. The *Canisius de Maria Virgine*, which Messrs. Sotheby and Co. sold for £18. 18*s*., has, beside the usual attractions of 'red morocco and gold tooling heightened with colour,' an unusual decorative addition, namely, 'the Madonna and Child, with various representations of birds, elegantly painted' on the gilt edges of the book. Another German specimen has quarterings painted in gold on the blue edges of a book, the side of which is decorated with a three-quarter length portrait of the personage who bore the arms.

But we must not linger over these interesting relics of a past age; for we have something to say on the book collectors and binders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Let us remark in passing, how strange and appalling are the associations to which the cataloguer appeals, when he describes a volume, *Capella, Commentarii*, beautifully bound in the Grollier style, as having belonged to P. I. Orsini, who 'had such good taste in binding, and was the nobleman who strangled his wife (a princess of the Medici family) with his own hands!' or,

again, where a volume of Aristotle's *Ethics*, in red morocco, covered with the interlaced *C* within diamonds, worked in gold, is said to have 'formerly belonged to Charles IX., the author of the execrable Saint Bartholomew massacre!' A love quatrain on the fly-leaf is 'very probably by the King himself.' What a ghastly combination—the flattering voice of love—the sumptuous binding—the ethics of the great philosopher—and the massacre of St. Bartholomew! It is worse than a visit to the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street. May he who gave £17. 10*s*. for the Orsini volume sleep quiet o' nights! and may no ghosts arise in the library to which the 'Bartholomew' Aristotle has been transferred! The *Horæ* of Charles IX., which had also belonged to the brave and pious Philip Duplessis de Mornay, we might have cherished, since with the bane we get the antidote.

It will be seen that we have so far assumed the correctness of the cataloguer, when he describes certain books as belonging to certain great personages, because we think that a coat of arms or a device did, in the early days of printed literature, indicate the possessor of the volumes on which they were stamped. In later times, however, it is certain that at least the royal arms, both in France and England, were stamped on the binding of books printed by royal command.

If all the statements of this kind, contained in the catalogue, were well founded, it would be possible to extract from it descriptions of books, illustrative not only of the workmanship, both English and French, in the reign of every monarch of those countries, from the time of Francis I. and Henry VIII. to the present day, but indicative also of the personal taste of each Sovereign in the art of book decoration. But the assumption of proprietorship is too hastily formed to constitute a safe basis of observation; and, what is of more importance, our readers would weary of an enumeration that, without ocular demonstration, must needs be tedious.

Passing over, therefore, books of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., James I., Charles I. and II., Anne and the Georges, with just one word for Oliver Cromwell, we come to the great collectors, De Thou, Seguier, Colbert, Fouquet, &c. The volume of the great Protector, which sold for £13. 10*s*., was some manuscript music, entitled *John Hingston's Cornet Booke*, bound in old black morocco, with clasps, having the Cromwell arms stamped on each side the covers. Hingston was organist to the Protector, and instructed his daughter in music.

The illustrious De Thou evidently aimed at solidity and excellence of workmanship, rather than elegant decoration, in

the binding of his books, to judge from the thirty specimens that occurred in the sale. They are generally covered with brown calf, or citron morocco leather. The wreathed arms and the Latinized name of the owner, JAC: AUGUST: THUANUS, are stamped in gold on the sides, and on the back his monogram, and sometimes a bee. De Thou was born with the spirit of a collector. The amusement of his boyhood was the illumination of scraps of old vellum, and he certainly formed one of the choicest libraries in Europe. During a period of forty years, amid the pressure of onerous public duties, in the very thick of the troubles and disasters of the wars of the League, he laboured to make his collection the first of its kind, sparing neither pains nor expense. He would purchase several copies of a work, that he might select the best leaves from each, and secure an unblemished specimen. Of works published in his own time he was accustomed, like Grollier, to order an impression on paper manufactured expressly for him.

He expended no less than 20,000 crowns on binding alone. At his death, in 1617, he left strict injunctions that his library should be preserved; but the generation that succeeded him had hardly passed away, when, in 1677, his books were sold to President Menars, and about a century later, in 1788, after having been in the possession of Cardinal de Rohan and Prince Soubise, they were finally dispersed at a public sale, just before the outbreak of the French Revolution. The estimation in which volumes from this collection were held, was marked at Colonel Stanley's sale, by the purchase of *Monstrelet's Chronicles*, three volumes, bound in two, for £136. 10*s*. The personal interest which the great historian took in his books may be gathered from the fact, that we find his autograph in all the volumes which had not been bound under his direction nor received the stamp of his monogram or arms.

One of the curiosities of the Libri catalogue is No. 278, *Le Lyre du jeune Apollon, ou la Muse naissante du Petit de Beauchasteau*, 4to, 1657. It is a collection of French and Italian poems by an extraordinary French boy, who came afterwards to England, and ultimately died, it is supposed, in Persia. This volume, which was sold for £8. 10*s*., is a fine specimen from the library of the famous *Surintendant* Fouquet. It is in the original orange morocco, gilt edges, the sides and back elegantly ornamented with gold tooling. In the centre of each side are let in the Fouquet arms, worked in gold on variegated leathers, the 'squirrel' being *au naturel*. Other specimens of this famous library exhibit a very chaste and elegant decoration, consisting of narrow fillets on the sides, and the Greek Φ placed in the centre and at the angles. Others again may be found where

the squirrel is at large, in a thickly set field of golden *fleur-de-lys* covering both sides of the volumes. The frequent use of the *fleur-de-lys* by the French nobility was probably in compliment to the Sovereign. The squirrel of Fouquet, as is well known, was thought to be a true emblem of the fate of its bearer, the victim of the steadfast pursuit and enmity of the powerful minister Colbert, whose shield aptly presents to view an adder (*coluber*) in an aggressive attitude. Fouquet was a man made to be loved; and although he had at one time held nearly the highest office in the kingdom, when his disgrace and fall came, his friends would not desert him; 'a thing,' says D'Argonne, 'of which there are not many examples.' The men of letters, who owed him so much, were most forward in acknowledging their obligations. The very day after Fouquet's arrest, Loret made known in the *Gazette* how much he owed to that Mæcenas, and lost his pension through his zeal. Pellisson suffered imprisonment on his behalf, and used all his learning and eloquence to justify him. Mademoiselle Scudéry employed all her talent and her credit with the great, to maintain the reputation of her friend and benefactor. Brebeuf, unable to do anything more, died with vexation on seeing him arrested. His physician Pocquet would never be consoled for his loss. St. Evremond, Henault, Gourville, Madame de Sévigné, all laboured in his cause. Even the Jesuits solicited in his behalf, and did not forget him at a time when usually new interests cause old obligations to be forgotten. The unfortunate squirrel, and the motto that accompanied it, *Quò non ascendam?* 'Whither shall I not ascend?' was one cause of the King's suspicion of Fouquet's ambitious designs. This good man and bad financier died in 1680, the nineteenth year of his imprisonment: his books had been sold at the time of his trial, 1667, when all his property was confiscated. His mother, who died a year after his death, aged ninety-one, could have been no common woman. On hearing of his loss of the King's favour, and of the firmness with which he bore adversity, she fell upon her knees, exclaiming, 'Now, my God, I hope for the salvation of my son!'

Colbert and Letellier, the 'artisans of Fouquet's ruin,' as St. Simon styles them, are both names famous among book collectors, though it was not Letellier the chancellor* who distinguished himself in that character, but his son, the Archbishop of Rheims, of whom we shall presently speak.

---

* It was the same Chancellor Letellier who repeated the song of Simeon, as he affixed the State seal to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, thanking God that he had been spared to take part in this, as he thought, final victory over heresy.

Colbert, Louis the Fourteenth's able and energetic minister, displays in the binding of his books something of his uncompromising character. A skin of the thickest and best morocco, with no other ornament than the vigorous adder emblazoned on a shield worked in gold, constitutes the covering of all his books. This extreme simplicity is in excellent taste; and the workmanship being solid, 'Colbert' copies are desirable acquisitions to lovers of good binding. This minister, like De Thou, had charge of the Royal Library, and did good service in its organization and augmentation. In making a treaty with the Empire of Morocco, he took care to stipulate for a certain number of real morocco skins, to be supplied yearly to the French Government from Africa. They were to be used only for the bindings of the Royal Library; but we fancy that the minister who thus characteristically manifested his interest in handsome books was not forbidden to supply himself with skins from the same source.

'I owe everything to you, Sire,' said the courtly Cardinal Mazarin, on his deathbed, to young Louis XIV.; 'but I think I repay you in some measure by giving you M. Colbert.' This is great homage from one who knew mankind so well, and it prepared the way for Colbert's greatness and Fouquet's ruin. The economist took the place of the prodigal and good-natured financier, and by filling the empty exchequer contributed powerfully to the greatness of '*le grand Monarque.*' His desire to have the needful thing, and none other, appeared as clearly in his administration of the property of the State as in the plain morocco cover and single stamp of his books. In a budget which he drew up in 1666, he says to the King, 'Do not spend five *sous* on things unnecessary; throw down millions when your glory' (he meant reputation for fighting) 'is in question. A useless repast, costing 3,000 *livres*, gives me incredible pain; and should millions of gold be wanted for Poland, I would sell all my estate, pawn my wife and children, and go on foot the rest of my life, to supply you.' He more than once, however, urged his vain-glorious master to look at the misery of his people, and to make peace with Europe: his just remonstrances had so much weight with Louis, that the latter hesitated about speaking to him on the subject of a grand fête, to be given after the peace of Nimeguen, and proposed to carry out the least expensive of the plans suggested. The minister professed his unwillingness to undertake any scheme likely to derogate from the King's character for magnificence, and ultimately covered the expense of right royal festivities by the dues derived from the influx of strangers and country people to Paris, to witness the

display. There are not many specimens of the Colbert library in the Libri Catalogue.*

Archbishop Letellier, son of the chancellor, and brother to the famous war minister Letellier Louvois, having received a bequest of books from his tutor, Antoine Faure, made it the nucleus of a very fine library, which he augmented in the course of his travels through Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. Like the two collections last described, these books are bound in morocco, generally red, undecorated save by the owner's arms. Three lizards are represented on Letellier's shield, which were the subject of a singular application of a passage in the Bible, made by a Frenchman in the lifetime of the prosperous old chancellor:—'They are the least of all creatures, and are wiser than the wisest of men. They creep on their hands, and make themselves a dwelling in the house of kings.'

At his death in 1710, the archbishop bequeathed his library to the community of St. Geneviève in Paris, where we hope the bulk of it remains to this day. That a valuable portion has been abstracted from time to time, during and since the three revolutions which have distracted France, we cannot doubt, from the simple fact of the numbers of these books that have been sold in England. We have been informed that, not very long ago, the French police made a foray in the book shops of Paris, and seized many 'Letellier' books which had been purchased from among the effects of a deceased reader at the St. Geneviève library. The heirs, however, of this unscrupulous gleaner had contrived to secure £1000 for the portion of the same crop which was sent to England. M. Siret, the librarian at Rheims, used to say that no man was to be trusted alone with rare or curious books that did not belong to him. 'My dear sir,' said he one day to a collector of whom he had the greatest mistrust, 'when you come to the library, you shall sit at this table close by me; my pen, ink, and paper shall be at your service; I have such a regard for you, I cannot bear you out of my sight.' The gentleman took the hint, and troubled him no more. When Courtois, of the National Convention, so notorious for the abstraction of Marie Antoinette's will, visited the Rheims Library, this same M. Siret, who kept a keen eye on the visitor and his companion, missed a *Florus* of the fifteenth century,—one of the gems of the collection. He said nothing until the two were about to depart, when he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said, 'Gentlemen, have you heard what a suspicious

* We have seen an excellent sample of this and other well-known collections in a modest-looking old-book shop in St. James's Street. The proprietor, Mr. Harvey, is most courteous in showing his treasures to the curious in such matters.

sort of man I am! I have the horrible idea that one of us three is a thief. Pardon me the thought; perhaps it is myself. Let us see, there are my pockets emptied! Now it is your turn, M. Bequet.' This was the companion of Courtois, who submitted with a good grace, while Courtois himself was turning round and round, coughing, grimacing, and stooping down. 'Do not stir, M. Courtois, do not stir, your turn will come.' '*Allons,*' said the thief, '*quel diable d'homme voila!* I see I must give it back,' and he threw the volume on the table. 'Why were you not as careful of your *Concile de Trente?* François de Neufchateau would not have made a trophy of it before the First Consul.' So impudent can the robbery of a public institution become!

Our readers will find a graphic and interesting account of the havoc made among the libraries of France at the time of the First Revolution in Citizen Gregory's report to the National Convention on revolutionary Vandalism, in 1793. After indignantly lamenting the destruction of everything that suggested the thought of an aristocracy, fine buildings, sculpture, carvings, pictures, books, he adds, 'The frenzy of the barbarians was such, that they proposed to tear off all the book covers stamped with arms, all dedications, all *imprimaturs.*' It is amusing to see by what stretch of ingenuity he drags the English into the field of his denunciations. 'Be sure,' he says, 'this fanaticism is very much to the taste of the English. They will pay high for all your fine editions *ad usum Delphini;* and if they cannot have them, they will willingly pay to see them burnt.' At a later period, democratic susceptibilities were soothed by covering the armorial bearings with pieces of leather that were to receive the stamp of the Republic. Examples of this 'improvement' are, however, difficult to find. How vividly this calls to mind the scenes in the *Bibliothèque Nationale,* when the great Van Praet was librarian, when books poured in from all quarters, from suppressed convents, from the libraries of the *Emigrés,* and of decapitated aristocrats! The reigning bibliophilist had but time to select the best of these riches, and place them in order in galleries; no stamp was impressed on the volumes; no catalogue was possible, no inventory; fortunate was M. Van Praet, if he could lay hold of a bare statement to the effect that on such a day so many books were brought in from the house of citizen Conti, or citizeness Orleans, of the Emigrant Grammont, of the wife of the Tyrant, &c. No wonder that in such a time of '*sauve qui peut,*' hundreds of precious volumes disappeared, to re-appear years after in auction rooms.

Even in 1837, M. C. Nodier seems to think it necessary to defend those amateurs who showed a predilection for ancient

bindings with armorial bearings, against the assumption that their sympathies were aristocratic and opposed to social liberty. Such a principle would indeed be formidable. If a man admires the grand red morocco volumes with the 'three turrets' of Madame de Pompadour stamped in gold on the sides, and the 'crowned heart' on the back, is he to be accused of admiring that lady's ways, or sympathizing with her mode of life? We dare to assert that, if the Pyne's *Horace*, which disappeared so mysteriously from her library, where it was the only book not in French, were to make its appearance at a public sale, it would be contested for by some of the most sober-minded men in England. The Libri catalogue includes not more than half-a-dozen Pompadour books, and only two of Madame de Maintenon's, one of which brings up an old anecdote, curiously illustrative of the latter portion of Louis the Fourteenth's reign. It is the favourite's own copy of l'Abbé Choisy's translation of Thomas à Kempis. This unlucky edition of 1692 was dedicated to the King, and illustrated with vignettes, one of which, placed at the head of the second book, represents a lady on her knees, surrounded by some young girls, and is accompanied by the legend, *Audi, filia*, 'Hearken, O daughter,' from Psalm xlv. 10. When it was understood, or assumed, that the lady represented was Madame de Maintenon, surrounded by the girls of St. Cyr, the malicious world continued the unfortunate quotation to the eleventh verse of the Psalm, which caused the immediate and rigid suppression of the edition. M. Libri says he gave £10 for the little duodecimo, and it was sold for £13. 5*s*.

We must pass over the ugly bindings of Lamoignon, and the more choice specimens from Macarthy's library, to come to the Elzevir Cicero in ten volumes 12mo., which was sold for £61, as already stated. The book itself is rare, and the binding that of De Seuil, an almost mythical Abbé and bookbinder, who brought the art to great perfection at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It once belonged to the library of Count Hoym, ambassador from the King of Poland to Louis XIV. He was a connoisseur of the first order; and a book decorated with his arms, (two *fasces* or parallel bands,) generally quintuples its ordinary price. This Cicero is bound in old olive morocco, and lined with the same material coloured red,—a distinctive mark of De Seuil's binding,—the edges of the books are gilt and marbled. Boyet was another great binder employed by Count Hoym, and there is supposed to be still in existence a complete set of the Delphin classics, and another set of Variorum classics in morocco, of Boyet's workmanship. They were disposed of at the sale of the Count's library, which lasted for fifty-nine days, beginning on

the 2nd of May, 1738, and terminating on the 2nd of August following. The collection included many of the fine bindings we have described, Grollier, Henry II., Colbert, &c., and, like that of Richard Heber, abounded in duplicates. His library seems to have been the sole source of Count Hoym's fame; for though an ambassador in troubled times, we can ascertain nothing of his personal history.

But what of the artists themselves, whose works are so much prized? What is the history of the famous binders? Scarcely are their names known. As in other arts, not above two or three binders of genius appear in a century. The 'old masters,' the workers for Maioli, Grollier, and Diana of Poictiers, remain in as much obscurity as the Greek sculptors whose masterpieces are treasured up in the museums of Europe. John de Reynes was binder to our Henry VIII., as was also Joseph Cundall, for whom Holbein is supposed to have drawn designs; but further than their names we know nothing of them. Le Gascon, the first French binder whose name is preserved, exercised his calling in the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. Protected by President De Thou, and under the learned guidance of his librarian Dupuy, Le Gascon produced the most solid and best tooled binding since the days of Grollier. It was a time when trades and artistic handicrafts were kept up to a standard of good workmanship, by rules and laws of the community, enforced by synods who visited and controlled the workshops. One result of the abolition of the old-fashioned guilds and companies is, that cheap and bad workmanship is more common than formerly.

Of De Seuil we have spoken already. He probably worked for Louis XIV., and is thought to have been assisted in his designs by Poussin. Auguerrand, who was *maitre* of the guild of binders in 1725, seems to have copied De Seuil in his style of ornament, which is very pure and elegant. Boyct favoured the less ambitious style, which appears on Colbert's books. He gloried in displaying the fine skins sent direct from Morocco in their unadorned beauty. The Boyet who bound books for Colbert, cannot have been the same man who worked for Count Hoym; but there is no great hardihood in supposing that the talent was hereditary for at least one generation. Padeloup and Derome were contemporaries. The former was binder to King Louis XV., and displayed all the resources of his art on those vast folios describing the 'fêtes' during the reign of *le bien aimé*, which it was the custom to send as presents to foreign princes and distinguished noblemen. There were two Deromes, father and son, of whom the latter, who lived to 1790,

enjoyed the higher reputation. Their style is very simple,—plain fillets of gold on the sides of the book, and in each compartment of the back a pretty sprig or flower surrounded by stars. Derome was binder to *Mesdames* the daughters of Louis XV., and in a note to lot 551 in the Libri catalogue we are carried back to the luxurious boudoirs in the palace of that sumptuous Monarch. The book referred to is splendidly bound in citron morocco, silk linings, gilt edges, with broad borders of the lace pattern by Derome, having the arms of S. A. R. Madame Sophie on each side. 'The books,' we are told, 'that belonged to *Mesdames de France* are all splendidly bound in morocco, with the arms of France on the sides. The volumes belonging to each princess are recognised by the colour of the leather which covers them. Madame Adelaide had her books bound in red morocco; Madame Sophie's were in citron; and Madame Victoire selected green or olive morocco for her library.'

Not till the storms of the first Revolution had subsided did the art of binding revive in France. Bozerian was the most distinguished artist of the Restoration; then came Bauzonnet, 'the Michael Angelo of binding,' as Thouvenin called him; and Thouvenin himself, whose death was the subject of one of Nodier's graceful essays; then Simier, Kœhler, Purgold, and others too numerous to name here.

There is one style of elaborate workmanship from Thouvenin's atelier, styled *à la Fanfare*, an epithet, the origin of which it may be worth while to state. M. Nodier was so much struck with a specimen of the master's art which he had received, that he sent some of his rarest little volumes to Thouvenin to be clad in the same style; among others, a book *Fanfares et Courvées de la Basse Coquaigne*. Having decided a few months later to send this volume to public sale, he was struck with the reception it met with from the bidders, who were so eager to secure it, that the usual price of the work, 20 francs, was raised to the extraordinary sum of 500 francs. From the title of this lucky book, therefore, the makers of catalogues derived their phrase, *à la Fanfare*. In the French poem by Lesné on bookbinding, Thouvenin is called *l'astre de la reliure*. The French certainly are ingenious in praising themselves. For curious details concerning the great English binders, we refer to Mr. Dibdin's books, especially to the *Decameron* and the *Bibliographical Tours*. That extraordinary creature, Roger Payne, was no doubt a genius in the art, and was intrusted with the binding of most valuable books, spite of his squalor and drunkenness; for no one could approach his excellence in workmanship. Lewis, Clarke,

Walther, Hayday, Herring, &c., to our great contemporary Bedford, have all signalized themselves by their works.

We have no high opinion of our binders in the early part of last century, as regards their taste in ornamentation. The Queen Anne volumes, and those of the Georges, in the Libri collection, did not seem to attract eager purchasers. We confess, however, to a great desire to see and handle that copy of Clarke's edition of Cæsar which was presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, and in relation to which we have that pretty anecdote of Topham Beauclerk, one of the distinguished members of the Johnsonian circle. It seems that the widow of an English officer called one morning on Beauclerk, and offered him this superb volume for four guineas, as her necessities had compelled her to part with whatever superfluity she possessed. The ardent collector gladly paid the four guineas, but afterwards requested his bookseller to set a value on the book. The bookseller offered to give seventeen guineas for it, whereupon the upright gentleman finds out the widowed lady, informs her that she had been in error as to the value of the book, pays the thirteen guineas extra, and adds to that a present on his own account.

We think we have said enough to show that bookbinding for some centuries past has not been the least significant among the many outward shows which the things of this world put on. We have not done justice to the subject, nor exhausted our stock of illustrations. We could have wished to dilate on that collection of books which the elder Fox, father of Charles James, had bound in fox's skin. We regret having to omit an account of the curious volumes in Lord Coke's library at Holkham, in the covers of which are to be seen hollow recesses which were used in the time of the civil war as receptacles for money and jewels. Stories of books being employed as banks of deposit are not rare; and some of our readers may recollect hearing of the difficulty of certain executors in administering to the will of a deceased friend, for want of £700, which was noted as being 'in Till.' The defunct not having kept a till, the money was given up for lost, till it was remembered that a folio volume of *Tillotson* was among the books that had been sold. The bookseller's shop was visited in haste, the volume fortunately re-purchased; and though a clergyman had taken it away once for inspection, the sum in bank notes was found intact.

It is Archbishop Tillotson that shall supply us with words apt for the conclusion of our subject. Being asked by Archdeacon Reeves, why a certain shelf in his library contained

books of various sizes, all superbly bound, he replied, 'They are my particular friends, which I have made such by the use to which I have put the thoughts they suggested, and which have been of more advantage to me than the advice of my nearest and dearest friends. As a reward for this, I have enriched them with that fine binding.'

ART. VIII.—*The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D.—Vol. I. *Dialogues of the Socratic School, and Dialogues referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates.* Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

IN the progress of thought it is often as important to overthrow as to establish; and the reformers of philosophy as well as of religion have all been stern iconoclasts. Mr. Emerson has characteristically said, 'Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe, or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned.' The names of Aristotle, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, and of Kant, may be produced in illustration of this position; but by none is it so fully illustrated as by Socrates. Each of these great men commenced his work by a revolt against established authority, and each reached positive conclusions educed by his own method: Socrates instituted a method, but did not build up a doctrine. The one-sidedness of their methods produced provincialisms of science, and by the mixture, in their positive doctrines, of the precious and the vile, gave demonstration of the falsity of the doctrine of Protagoras, that 'the individual is the measure of all things:' but Socrates left little positive teaching; and, on this account, his contribution to the world's thought is the most valuable and perfect. The *vis inertiæ* of man is but too well satisfied to receive a theory well wrought out and plausibly presented; and that man renders the greatest service to humanity who comes only as the searcher and trier of these accepted theories, sounding their depths or shallows, and detecting their inconsistencies, until mind is roused to seek for knowledge more solidly based and in greater harmony with the laws of thought. If man is, according to the description of Pythagoras, 'a hunter of truth;' and if the bracing and development of his intellectual energies by hardy

exercise is his highest earthly function, and his surest method of attaining to a clearer vision and a more accurate acquaintance with all that may be known; it is undeniable, that a method of inquiry like that instituted by Socrates is the greatest boon that mere man can bring to his fellow. To present some view, however inadequate, of this remarkable man, and to indicate his place in the higher departments of human affairs, is the object of the present paper.

For this purpose we gladly seize the opportunity presented by the publication of the volume whose title stands at the head of this article. It is not long since the English public were presented with a translation of Plato's whole works from the press of Mr. Bohn. Various attempts, on a scale of costly magnificence, had been made previously to introduce fragments of the great pupil of Socrates; and various lamentations were uttered over the want of a complete and accurate rendering into English of those precious volumes; but two essentials were wanting,—an adequate scholarship in the translator, and an adequate patronage on the part of the public. Taylor's attempt was praiseworthy, but wanting in taste and correctness. His predecessor, Sydenham, had more scholarship and taste, but was sadly defective in philosophy; without a knowledge of which, no knowledge of Greek will enable any man to present to an English mind an accurate view of the subtle thought of the most acute of Greek philosophers. The translators employed by Mr Bohn have had the advantage of later and better texts of the original, and of a Greek scholarship vastly in advance of anything possessed by any except the very highest men of a century before. But while their version shows extreme care in the critical and literary portions, we are bound to say that they do not seem to have possessed that acquaintance with the philosophical which alone could enable them to transfuse the spirit of Plato's philosophy into our language, and enable the mere English reader to gain a definite conception of the themes discussed. Germany, in the version of Schleiermacher, and France, in that of Cousin, have long enjoyed the advantage of translations made by men in whom the scholar and the philosopher have been eminently combined. Mr. Bohn's translators have been fortunate in coming after them, and having the benefit of their superior correctness in the use and meaning of Plato's nomenclature. But something was still wanting. We required a man of sufficient mark in philosophy, whose mind had long revolved the themes, both physical and moral, with which Plato deals, 'to unsphere his spirit,' and to lead us to a clear perception of his high teaching. Such an editor has appeared in Dr. Whewell,—a

man of encyclopædic knowledge, who for half a century has been known and eminent, holding rightfully the highest place in the first college in one of our great universities,—a man who has laboured in the mine of physical and moral science beyond all his contemporaries, who has worn with unusual grace and dignity the mantle of philosophy, and whose works in these departments have taken a high classic position.

From such a man, if from any, we might justly expect an accurate rendering of the thought of Plato. And we are not disappointed. The volume before us, even in minute matters, displays the competence of the translator far beyond anything we have previously seen. Sometimes a word requires more than a translation,—a paraphrase; and Dr. Whewell gives us a definition as near as can be reached, then uses a word representative of this definition, and thus prepares us to enter into the spirit of the discussion. This is infinitely better than mere dictionary meanings. If, again, in the course of the dialogue, the word has changed its meaning, through that peculiarity which prevails in the Socratic talk, due notice is given to the reader, that he may be on his guard; and the evident aim of the translator throughout is, to put us *en rapport* with the author and his argument. Each dialogue is introduced by a preface, in which we have a view of the circumstances under which it took place, and of the general course and character of the dialogue itself; and followed by notes intended to elucidate such questions as the chronology and genuineness of the piece. In the latter, Dr. Whewell thinks it right sometimes to differ with his predecessors, especially Schleiermacher; whose dogmatic decisions, founded upon supposed internal evidence, he occasionally treats with merited and scornful severity. In all his lucubrations, he displays a remarkably calm and equal judgment, free from prejudice and from dogmatism. But we could have desired, in some parts, a greater fulness in the notes; and with some, perhaps, we shall take occasion to find fault before we close. In addition to the above-mentioned qualities of the translation, there is one which characterizes it. The Doctor apprehends that the 'English reader' may probably fancy Plato somewhat of a *bore;* and to prevent the possibility of young ladies, or young gentlemen, in this age of light reading, turning away from the old terrible talker of Athens before they have said their catechism throughout, he very graciously abridges a good deal of the dialogue, indicating, by a few well-weighed sentences, the drift of the argument; and then, having got over the shoals, allows them to proceed where there is some probability of fair sailing. There is no doubt, that if the classes we have referred to shall be lured to the perusal of those discussions

which once enlivened the Agora of Athens, it must be by such labour-saving tricks; and if the result should be attained, such persons will have reason to thank Dr. Whewell for the invention; and we shall be bound, in all gratitude, for the future to accord to him the veneration and the panegyric awarded by Dr. Johnson to Dr. Watts, when he says, 'Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is, perhaps, the hardest lesson that humility can teach.' It may be, however, that what is gained at one end may be lost at the other; and here we are enabled to estimate fully the amount of Dr. Whewell's self-denial; for it is certain that this very course will infallibly prevent his translation from being regarded as *the* translation for all time. We know that, with the exception of a few enthusiasts, most readers do feel the Dialogues rather tedious; and if they could free themselves from that terrible finger in their button-hole, would think it a just cause of rejoicing; but those who have repressed their impatience and persevered in listening, have always felt that the discipline has amply repaid them. Dr. Whewell's volumes will be a valuable introduction to Mr. Bohn's translation, or, perhaps, to a superior; but they must ever occupy an ancillary position. The full reason for this judgment we shall give by and by; for we must now proceed to give some account of the man, his method, and his influence.

Socrates was born at Athens, on the 5th of the month of Thargelion, about the middle of April or May, in the year B.C. 469. His father was Sophroniscus, a sculptor, and his mother's name was Phænarete, by profession a midwife. He belonged to the tribe of Antiochis, the deme of Alopece, and the gens Dædalidæ. He obtained the usual education of an Athenian youth in grammar, music, and gymnastics; and afterwards seems for a time to have devoted himself to his father's art, as Pausanias reports that the draped group of the Three Graces was pointed out to him in the Acropolis as the work of Socrates. But it was discovered that he possessed powers for higher things; and Crito, a wealthy Athenian, induced him to give up his profession, and follow the bent of his mind in the pursuit of wisdom. Thus set free from the restraints of labour, we learn from his own statements in the *Phædo*, that he devoted himself to the study of physical nature, the usual pursuit of the philosophers of that time. Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras, was his tutor; of the master he seems to have known nothing but from his books. That his pursuit of truth was intense we can well conceive;

and Plato, in the *Parmenides*, makes Zeno of Elea compare his keenness, while yet a youth, in pursuing and tracking out what was asserted, to that of a Laconian hound. From Zeno himself, the most merciless of dialecticians, he must have derived no small impulse to that course which was so congenial to his taste, and which has associated his name with the mode of argument which prevails throughout these dialogues. The art of speaking he learned from Prodicus, a famous Sophist of the time; and he cultivated the acquaintance and enjoyed the conversation of Aspasia, the virtual ruler of Athens during the sway of Pericles, and one of the most accomplished women of the world. He seems to have omitted no opportunity of self-improvement, not even when he sought a wife; for he professes in this also to have had the same end in view. Xenophon, in his *Banquet*, makes Antisthenes to ask, 'What is the reason, Socrates, that, convinced as thou art of the capacity of the female sex for education, thou dost not educate Xanthippe; for she is the worst woman of all that exist, nay, I believe of all that ever have existed, or ever will exist?' 'Because,' replies Socrates, 'I see that those who wish to become best skilled in horsemanship, do not select the most obedient, but the most spirited horses. For they believe that after having been able to bridle these, they will easily know how to manage others. Now as it was my wish to converse and to live with men, I have married this woman, being firmly convinced that in case I should be able to endure her, I should be able to endure all others.' Those who love a quiet home, and would delight to look in upon Socrates as a model paterfamilias, will not feel comfortable in this view of the matter; and, indeed, here we do find the secret of one great defect in the character of the sage, on which a later opportunity for remarking will be found.

He was greatly attached to his native city and to the society of men. His aversion to the country was carried to an extreme so great, that some of his companions were accustomed to say, that they could only get him out of the city by walking backwards and talking all the way. He was remarkable for frugality and abstemiousness, assigning as his reason his desire to resemble, as nearly as possible, the Divine nature. This abstinence, combined with a vigorous constitution, made him capable of much fatigue, and, as his wants were few, and supplied by occasional working at his trade, gave him a consciousness of independence in which he gloried. His personal appearance was by no means prepossessing. In thinking of him we must utterly dismiss from our minds every thought of the Grecian contour of features, and conceive of a sturdy firm-built man, with great

prominent eyes, a nose depressed between the eyes and turned up at its extremity, exhibiting great wide nostrils, and a mouth and lower jaw indicating a marked combination of force of character and sensual coarseness. Such was the outer man of our philosopher,— a person to be gazed on in the streets as he made his way among the crowd of well-dressed, elegant, Athenian youth, clad in a cloak of coarse texture, rather worse for the wear, his only garment in summer and winter, with bare feet, and ever talking as he went. But beneath this unpromising outer man, which some of our moderns would esteem as bearing every mark of degradation, there were precious things of rarer beauty that all Athens beside could supply. Plato, in *The Banquet*, represents Alcibiades as comparing him to the figures of Silenus, representing the form of an old man, with a bald pate and an upturned nose, which, when opened down the middle, contained within the statues of the gods. And, immediately after, he compares him to the satyr Marsyas, both on account of his appearance and his power to charm with the music of his words; 'for,' he says, 'when I hear him, my heart leaps much more than that of the Corybantes; and my tears flow through his discourses. I see too many others suffering in the very same way. But when I hear Pericles and other excellent orators, I think, indeed, that they speak well, but I suffer nothing of this kind; nor is my soul agitated with tumult, nor is it indignant, as if I were in the condition of a slave. But by this Marsyas here I am often so affected, that it appears to me I ought not to live while I am in such a state. You will not, Socrates, say that this is not true. And even now I feel conscious that, were I willing to lend him my ears, I could not bear it, but should suffer in the very same way. For he would compel me to confess, that, being yet very deficient, I neglect my own affairs, but attend to those of the Athenians. By violence, therefore, restraining myself as to my ears, I depart from him, flying, as it were, from the Syrens, lest I should sit there by him until I grew old. And towards him alone of all men, I suffer that which no one would think to be in me, to be ashamed of any one.' (C. 39.) Sometimes the intellectual charm which he bore is not represented under an image so pleasing; for Meno, when suffering under it, compares him to 'that great broad sea-fish, the torpedo,' depriving him of all power to converse and discourse, as he had done before. There must have been a marvellous fascination about him, to enable him to draw around him all the youth of Athens, however wild, ambitious, or aspiring; to cause them to hang upon his words, and subject themselves to his interrogations.

The public life of Socrates, apart from his functions as a

philosopher, contains but few incidents; but such as have been recorded are characteristic of the man. On three out of the five times when we know he left the city of Athens, he went to serve as a hoplite, or heavy-armed foot soldier, at Potidæa, Delium, and Amphipolis. Potidæa was an Athenian colony in Thrace, which had revolted; and the siege was carried on throughout all the rigours of a Thracian winter. While others used all the means in their power to defend themselves against the cold, Socrates moved about bare-footed still, and without any change in his garments; and when the day of battle came, so bravely did he conduct himself in the field, that the prize of courage, conferred on Alcibiades on account of his condition as nephew of Pericles, was declared by him to be the desert of Socrates, who, in the heat of the battle, had saved his life. Another anecdote is told by Alcibiades concerning the same period, which illustrates a characteristic of Socrates belonging to all profound minds,—the power of abstraction. 'For while he was thinking of some question from himself, he stood from the dawn investigating it. It was mid-day, and some persons perceived him, and wondering said, one to the other, that Socrates had been standing from the morning thinking upon something. At length some Ionian soldiers, when it was evening, having supped, brought out their blankets, for it was then summer, and partly slept in the cool, and partly kept watch, whether he would stand there all night. And he did stand until the dawn appeared, and the sun rose; after which he departed, having first offered a prayer to the sun.'* This was when he was about thirty-eight years of age. Subsequently, at the retreat from Delium, he made a remarkable display of courage, which Plato makes Alcibiades thus graphically describe: 'In the first place, then, how greatly did he surpass Laches in caution! and in the next place, he seemed to carry himself loftily, and to throw his eye on every side, to survey quietly both friends and foes; and it was manifest to every one, and even to a person at a distance, that whoever presumed to touch this man would be very vigorously repulsed.'†

But it was not on the field of battle only that the courage of this great man was tried. In his fifty-sixth year he became a senator. The Athenian Senate at this time consisted of five hundred senators, who were elected from the ten tribes established by Cleisthenes. Every month (the Athenian year consisted of ten months) one tribe had the presidency. Its members were called 'Prytanes.' Of these fifty, ten had the

---

* *Banquet*, c. 43. † *Ibid.*

presidency every seven days; and, in order, one of these held the first place each day, under the name of 'Epistates.' He laid every thing before the assembly of the people, put the question to the vote, examined the votes, and conducted all the business of the assembly. No one could be 'Epistates' more than once in the year, and that only for a single day; and it fell to the lot of Socrates to occupy that station on a day which called forth all his principle. In the battle off the islands of Arginusæ, the Athenians had gained a victory under the command of their ten admirals. After the battle a violent storm arose, which prevented the admirals from obtaining the bodies of the slain. They left persons behind them to superintend this work, one of whom was Thrasybulus; who, reaching Athens before the admirals, brought such charges against them for their great impiety towards the dead, that eight of them were cast into prison, and finally brought before the tribunal of the people. Their enemies influenced the populace, and sought to have them all included in one condemnatory vote while the passions of the multitude were roused. But this was contrary to an ancient law of Cannonus; and, accordingly, the Prytanes, with Socrates at their head, refused to put the vote. When, however, all the others yielded to the general clamour, Socrates stood alone, protesting against the injustice. The enemies of the admirals were obliged to wait for another day, when a more pliable president should be found. That day came, the admirals were put to death, and Athens, by that act, struck a blow against her own strength. Socrates lived to see its evil consequences; but we do not wonder that, having tasted such dangerous power, he afterward said to his judges, 'Do you think, then, that I should have survived so many years, if I had engaged in public affairs, and, as became a good man, had taken the side of right on all occasions? Very far from it, O men of Athens; neither I nor any other man could have done so.'*

Socrates had other and higher work to do. The condition of Athens during his life was such as rendered it most desirable that the voice of such a man should be heard in its streets. It had been from an early period the most civilized of the Grecian cities. The province of Attica was not remarkable for fertility; but it produced great men. The wise legislation of Solon had laid the foundation of a growing prosperity; and in the wars with Persia, the Athenians had taken the lead in that grand resistance by which the overwhelming Oriental tide had been rolled back broken to its native shores. The city had been almost ruined;

* *Apology*, c. 21.

but the princely Cimon, son of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, and himself a noble leader in war, had taken advantage of the desolation to re-model its form, and beautify its appearance. His large fortune was liberally bestowed upon this object. Groves were planted, fountains reared, pleasant walks constructed, and the first of the famous porticoes arose by his munificence. To him succeeded the splendid rule of Pericles, who carried out with lavish hand the designs of his predecessor; and although he changed the forms of the government and the administration of justice, as we think, injuriously to the interests of the citizens, yet, by his patronage of Phidias, he gave that architectural and sculptural glory to Athens which have raised it above even the envy of the world. Under his administration the Piræus was united with the city, and a close connexion established with its mercantile port,—at that time the first in Greece. Morality suffered under the united influence of Pericles and Aspasia; but philosophy deserted its Ionic and Italian homes, to come to the place where genius ruled and dispensed its favours. Literature, previously Hellenic, now became Athenian, and commenced during this period its glorious reign, and put forth, in one rich season, its most perfect bloom and fruitage. 'The father of history' visited Athens, and saw the Propylæa yet uncompleted. Thucydides, an Athenian, was ten years the senior of Socrates. Æschylus,—

> 'Athenian Æschylus, Euphorion's son,
> Whose deeds are registered at Marathon,
> Known to the long-haired Medes who met him there,'—

had raised tragedy to a high place. Sophocles and Euripides followed, adding a poetry more refined, and a sentiment more tender. Comedy arose, the sure accompaniment of a corrupt and luxurious refinement, and in that age produced its most perfect examples in the Greek language. Athens seemed destined to be the home of intellect and beauty. Bathed in its clear and brilliant atmosphere, the pale and monotonous olive glowed with a fresher green; and the colours on the marble were so brought out, blended, and subdued, as to exhibit a richness of tone and softness of harmony not realized elsewhere. Such a region could not fail to inspire all lofty minds; and we do not wonder to find that the intellectual status to which it then attained, it still continued to maintain long after it ceased to be the capital of the first of the Grecian States, and threw the golden chain of its genius over the proud power which vainly fancied that Athens had become its slave.

At the time when Socrates commenced his mission, the city had become wealthy. The improvements carried on by Pericles

gave employment to every workman, commerce was stimulated, and the democratic government which he developed and established, gave encouragement to the aspirations of many after political power. The arrangements, too, by which the functions of the Areiopagus had been curtailed, and the duty of administering public justice devolved upon the public, together with the introduction of payment for attending to public affairs,—all tended to produce a state of things new to the citizens, and by their requirements giving birth to new desires of acquisition. When six thousand of the inhabitants were annually elected to fill the office of administrators of the public economy, and to preside in judgment, it became a necessity for those who were aspiring to high position to possess the art of winning popular favour by the appearance at least of superior knowledge, and by the power of eloquence. The latter power became necessary also in self-defence; for in the unsettled state of the democracy no man could feel sure of life or liberty. Under the stern rule of the Areiopagus, no attempt at eloquence was permitted to interfere with the solemnity of judicial deliberation; but when an assembly of some hundreds of citizens was intrusted with the powers of jury and of judge, and no professional advocate was allowed to plead, it behoved every man to possess some power of urging his own cause. Strange methods of moving the judges to mercy were at times adopted, to which Socrates in his *Apology* refers; such as bringing a wife and little children to plead by their helplessness. Self-preservation was thus combined with ambition, in making every man seek to be an orator; and according to the universally recognised law of supply and demand, professors of eloquence, state-craft, and all other knowledge and art, were produced in abundance. From the fact that many of these men professed almost universal wisdom, they were called Sophists,—a word which in its origin had not the sinister meaning which it now universally bears. Yet, even then, it had an undertone of depreciation in it, and Aristotle not long after defines it thus,—'The Sophist is one who trades in unreal wisdom.' Some of them undertook special departments of knowledge. Gorgias professed rhetoric; Hippias, physical science; but all were charged with professing to teach young men the art of ruling their fellows, and of 'making the worse appear the better reason.' With such understood pretensions, it is no matter of surprise that their following was numerous and aristocratic, and that wealth flowed in upon them. In a time when there were no libraries, and few books, oral instruction was the only method of communicating knowledge, and the Sophists rose to a height of influence which better men

have found it difficult to attain. That they did produce a brilliant effect on the minds of their followers we can easily conceive, when we read the account which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates respecting the occasion of a visit of the principal Sophists to Athens. 'Entering, we found Protagoras walking up and down in the portico, and with him walking on one side, Callias, son of Hipponicus, Paralus, and Charmides; on the other side, Xanthippus, son of Pericles, and Philippides, son of Philomelus, and Antimærus of Mende, who is the most famous of the pupils of Protagoras, and is studying with a view to hereafter being a Sophist himself. Others followed behind, to catch what was said, seeming chiefly to be foreigners, whom Protagoras brings about with him from every city through which he travels, charming them with his voice, as Orpheus of old; and they, while they are under the fascination, follow the voice. Some, also, of our countrymen were in the train. As I viewed the band, I was delighted to observe with what caution they took care never to be in front of Protagoras, but whenever he turned, those who were behind, dividing on either side in a circle, fell back so as still to remain in the rear. "Him past, I saw" (to speak in Homeric phrase) Hippias of Elis enthroned beneath the opposite portico; around whom, on benches, sat Eryximachus, son of Acumenus, Phædrus, Andron, and others—alike Athenians and foreigners. They seemed to question Hippias concerning physics and astronomy, while he, reposing upon his throne, resolved each successive difficulty. Presently, I came upon Prodicus of Ceos, who sat retired in a chamber, which Hipponicus had been wont to employ as his store-room; but, in order to receive the stream of gathering guests, Callias had removed the provisions, and had resigned even that corner to their use. There Prodicus, who was not yet risen, lay cushioned among the bed-clothes, and around him several—as Pausanias, Agathon, Adimantus, and others. But the subjects of their discussion I could not gather from without, though extremely anxious to hear Prodicus; for I hold him to be a man of wisdom more than human, but the perpetual reverberation of his voice—an extremely deep one—confused the words in their echoes.' *

This picture, so skilfully wrought, suffices to show the influence of these men. Surrounded by the wealthy and accomplished youth of Athens, who came with various purposes; some to learn what might be useful to the right framing of their own lives, most seeking the arts by which they might attain to the dazzling position of Pericles; all longing for a royal road to knowledge

* *Protagoras*, c. 15–18.

and fame; their position was one of peculiar mark and importance; but we cannot look at the specimens of their teaching which have been handed down to us, without feeling that they abused that position to the purposes of selfish gain, and to the demoralization of those who came under their influence. We do not object to their receipt of pay for the instructions they imparted; they had a right to live by their profession; and there never was a time in any State when it was less disreputable than at that time in Athens. But their whole pretensions were unfounded, the tendency of their teaching was to exalt success at the expense of truth, and the principle of Protagoras, to which we have already referred, 'that man—the individual—is the measure of all things,'—by which that which appeared to the individual to be truth was truth to him, and that which appeared to another to be truth was truth to him, however contrary the propositions might be to each other,—was a principle destructive of all permanence of truth, leaving no invariable criterion by which it may be ascertained, but exposing it to all the variation of human feeling and passion. Apply the same principle to virtue, and the conduct of mankind must be determined by laws more changeful than the clouds. From such teaching, what but scepticism and immorality could spring? Our space will not allow us to follow this subject further. Mr. Grote has done what he could to make the Sophists appear more respectable characters; but certainly not with the success which his charity and chivalry deserve.

Through the midst of this Athens, full of indefinite longings after wisdom, and well defined aspirations after political eminence, and thus amply supplied with professors of every politic art, walked Socrates, with naked feet and old thread-bare cloak, talking and questioning. Wherever men, but especially young men, were to be found, he was almost sure to be: wherever a Sophist had set up his stall, to exhibit his showy wares for sale to the idle and ambitious, there he appeared in the character of a learner, but in reality as the plague of the pretender. If any man professes to be wise, Socrates is but too happy to make his acquaintance, that he too may be wise; for he only knows this, that he knows nothing; and that professor is wise and wary indeed who can escape being drawn into a conversation by his simple-seeming pupil, which will end in his total discomfiture. Question follows question, until all that seemed to be solid and well-compacted knowledge melts away; or theories which had appeared to dwell in perfect harmony separate from each other as contradictions, and can never embrace again; but stand scowling at each other in irreconcilable opposition. Or, perhaps,

he may meet a young man longing for distinction, and in great conceit of his abilities; and by a little graceful flattery of his spirit and pursuits draw him into conversation, and expose his ignorance, as in the case of Euthydemus. Whatever may be the character of the person questioned, the one thing Socrates wishes to ascertain respecting him is, Does he know anything? And the one effect which he wishes to produce in him is a conviction of his ignorance. There was, no doubt, much in this congenial to his nature, which was originally not characterized by tenderness or suavity; but he himself asserts a higher cause of his devotion to a course which involved the abandonment of all the quiet of a well-ordered home, and made him a servant of the public, without the dignity of being its ruler, or the emolument of its rewards.

In the *Apology* of Plato, which contains, if not the exact words, yet certainly the sentiments used before his judges, he gives the following account of his dedication to this office. 'And now, Athenians, do not take it amiss if I seem to desire something extraordinary; for I shall not make the claim on my own authority, but shall refer to an authority which you will allow to be sufficient. I shall refer you to the deity who gives oracles at Delphi, to testify whether I have any wisdom, and of what kind it is. You know Chærephon. He has been my companion from my youth up, and is known to most of you. He was driven into exile with you, and was restored with you. You know the character of Chærephon, how earnest he is in all that he gives his mind to. He, upon a time, ventured to go to Delphi, and to propound this question to the oracle—and, O judges, do not be offended!—he asked whether any one was wiser than I was. The Pythoness answered that no one was wiser. His brother, who is here, can testify this to you, for he himself is dead.'*

He then proceeds to describe his perplexity on hearing this, and the mode in which he resolves to test its truth. His first trial was on one of the wise statesmen; but, on conversing with him, he made the discovery that the man was counted wise by others and by himself, but in reality was not wise at all. However, on attempting to show him this, he became odious to him, and to many others who were present. He then tried his method on the politicians, the poets, and the tragedians, with the same result. Resolved not to leave anything undone, he turned to the artisans; but only to reach one conclusion from the whole,—'that the deity who gave the oracle is really wise; and that the oracle means this: that human wisdom is worth little

* Page 301.

or nothing; and that the oracle did not mean me, Socrates, in particular, but used my name as an example; as if it had said, He, O men, is most wise, who, like Socrates, knows that, in truth, he has no wisdom that is of any value.'

'And still I go on,' he proceeds, 'asking, as the oracle suggests, of all persons, citizens and strangers, if any one is thought to be wiser; and when I find that he is not, I add this to the proofs that the oracle is in the right. And I have been so occupied with this inquiry, that I have no time to attend to any business, public or private, and have remained very poor, as the consequence of this kind of Divine service.'*

In the course of this cross-examining mission, undertaken, as we have seen, under a consciousness of Divine direction, and therefore possessing the sacredness of a religious service, he encountered much opposition. It was not easy for statesmen, and orators, and renowned professors, to allow themselves to be so mercilessly pulled to pieces; and it is our private opinion, that if Socrates came amongst us to-morrow, he would find his circumstances little changed. When men of note would come to learn his inveterate habit of questioning every thing and every one, they would fight rather shy of such an impertinent intruder, and wonder where the fellow had learned his manners. He would find it difficult to obtain introductions to respectable society; and we can fancy that his presence would empty our fashionable clubs before a month, if, indeed, he did not long before that period suffer an ignominious expulsion. As it was, he often provoked anger, sometimes received the sharp retort of blows, and every day was laying up an increased store of wrath to fall on some future occasion upon his head. But it is impossible to mark his course, to look at the motives which actuated him, and to see the influence he exerted, without feeling that such a phenomenon had never been witnessed in the world before, nor has been ever since. That a man should voluntarily give up everything that sweetens life, and, without pecuniary reward, devote himself to the most thankless of labours with an assiduity that never paused, that he should bear the ridicule of the comic wits, the frowns of men in power, the impertinence of upstarts, the superciliousness of young men whom he longed to train to self-knowledge and to usefulness, and the deep-seated, undiscriminating hatred of the lower classes, is, to say the least of it, very extraordinary; to our minds not otherwise comprehensible than on Socrates' own ground, the conviction of a Divine mission.

---

* Page 304, *Apol.*, c. 5–9.

He was in the habit of referring to another species of direction, which he received from what has been too commonly called his *Dæmon*, and sometimes his *Genius*, or, as Dr. Whewell prefers, his *Monitor*. We do not find, however, that Socrates speaks of it under the form δαίμων, but rather uses the terms, τὸ δαιμόνιον, or, δαίμονιόν τι, or, θεῖόν τι καὶ δαιμόνιον, 'a divine or supernatural somewhat.' In the *Apology* he speaks of it as 'a voice' warning and restraining. It warned him not to take any part in public affairs, and for a time restrained him from entering into any intimate connexion with Alcibiades. In the flight from Delium, in consequence of the warning, he took a different way from others, and was saved, together with those who accompanied him. In the *Memorabilia*, Xenophon tells us that 'Socrates would frequently forewarn his friends what might be well for them to do, and what to forbear.' In the *Theages*, the genuineness of which Dr. Whewell defends against Schleiermacher and the host of critics, we have the fullest account of this remarkable monitor, in what Socrates himself distinctly says: 'This is a voice which, whenever it comes to me, always stops me from doing something which I was thinking of doing; never draws me forward. And the voice operates too for any of my friends who are in the habit of associating with me, and interposes to prevent their doing something.' (P. 170.) He then proceeds to tell his friends how, under its direction, he had dissuaded Charmides from entering the lists at Nemea, and Timarchus from killing Nicias; and how he warned against the Sicilian expedition, together with the unhappy results of each; and, advancing still farther, gives them a case not yet determined, by which they might judge when the event should occur. In every action of this monitor, except in the words of Xenophon which we have quoted, its influence is declared to be negative; and in some instances this characteristic is carefully guarded. We need not, however, find any contradiction between Plato and Xenophon in this, as Dr. Thirlwall's explanation of the words of the latter is perfectly satisfactory: 'There is really no inconsistency between the passage in Xenophon, and the assertion in the *Apology* and in the *Phædrus*. For it is evident, that a sign which only forbade, might, by its absence, show what was permitted; and thus a positive kind of guidance might not improperly be ascribed to it.'* This, indeed, completely harmonizes with what Socrates himself says in the *Apology*, (chap. 31,) where he argues from the fact, that in all the proceedings in relation to his trial, his monitor had not once stopped

* *Philological Museum*, No. vi., p. 583.

him, even on the smallest occasion; from which he concludes that what has taken place is a good thing for him:—'For the accustomed signal would not have failed to warn me, if I was not on my way to what is good.' Are we to think of this Monitor as conscience? as some in all ages have done; or shall we, with Tertullian, declare it to be the devil (*pessimum*)? Shall we follow Dacier in proclaiming it a guardian angel? or shall we not acknowledge that here is a servant of God, not fully knowing Him who leads him, having, indeed, but dim and occasional glimpses of His perfections; knowing nothing of the freedom of sonship, and subject ever to the often repeated 'Thou shalt not' of a darksome law; but withal treading in obedience his allotted path; and approaching nearer and nearer, as life passed on, to the dawn of a brighter day? Though the *Second Alcibiades* must, we fear, be abandoned as spurious; yet may not its singular course of thought have been originated by the actual voice of Socrates, uttering one of those 'unconscious prophecies' which so often break the gloom of Heathenism, as the Aurora animates with its light the polar winter? *

Before entering upon the consideration of the method and teaching of Socrates, it is necessary to settle one preliminary. The question is often asked by those who have approached the outskirts of the subject, 'To which Socrates do you refer—the Socrates of Plato or of Xenophon?' It is supposed that there is some irreconcilable difference between the accounts of his two able disciples; and owing to the prevalence of this opinion, which has been too much patronized by even respectable writers,

* The passage to which we refer is contained in this volume, pp. 159, 160, and is as follows:—Socrates had met Alcibiades on his way to offer prayer to the gods, from which he dissuades him by the argument that it may be injurious to him to pray, seeing he is ignorant of what to ask with the certainty that it is good. Alcibiades acknowledges himself convinced, and Socrates continues:—

Soc.—'It is necessary to wait till we can learn how we are to be disposed towards gods, and towards men.'

Alc.—'And when will this time come, Socrates? and who will be my teacher? I long to know who is to be this man.'

Soc.—'One who loves you. As Homer says, that Minerva took away the mist from the eyes of Diomede,

'"That he might well discern if the shape were a god, or a mortal;"'

so he must remove the mist which now enwraps your mind, that you may know what is good and what evil, which, at present, it seems you cannot.'

Alc.—'May he take it away; mist or whatever it is! I will obey him without reserve, if he will make me better.'

Soc.—'In truth, he has a wonderful affection for you.'

Can we read these strange words and not feel that they speak the language of a man who has felt the insufficiency of Heathenism, and whose brow has been touched with some ray of the coming glory of the Son of Man,—the bringer of Light and Love? If Socrates did not originate those thoughts, what great unknown in Heathendom did? Comparing him with all other Heathens, we are compelled to pronounce concerning these words, *Aut Socrates, aut Christianus.*

Socrates has become little better than a mythical character. After long and diligent inquiry, we must confess that we have formed no such estimate of the difference. On a superficial view of the writings of his disciples, discrepancies seem to arise. Xenophon seems to make his hero somewhat more reverent toward the gods than Plato does. His argument in the former is not so terribly stringent and merciless as in the latter, and is more directed toward utility. Perhaps, also, the whole impression of his character is more tender and amiable, with less of that terrible irony which, in Plato's representation, is so galling to his opponents. But when we have said this, we have said all that appears. In both we have the same theological and ethical character of inquiry, the same cross-questioning process, the same irony, the same inductive method of arriving at a truth. The whole difference which appears may be easily accounted for by the different characters of the biographers. Plato, one of the most acute and profound of thinkers, sees the speculative side of Socrates, and feels the overwhelming power of his method of eliciting truth, or of baffling an adversary. He seizes that aspect of the man, photographs it, and colours it with the hues of his own speculative intellect and radiant fancy, elaborated with his perfect literary skill. Xenophon, on the other hand, was a practical man, of strong moral tendency, given to business, and with an eye to objective details, with a genius whose coruscations were beautiful, but milder in their brilliancy; and consequently his picture exhibits the characteristics of the artist. It must be remembered, too, that the *Memorabilia* is one long apology for Socrates, in which the more severe and irritating aspects of his master's character would naturally retreat into the background. Yet, notwithstanding this difference, the careful reader will detect the same man in both; and if any outstanding difficulty may maintain its ground for a time, we have no doubt it will yield to a similar process of investigation to that instituted above. The two sides of the character of Socrates, so far from rendering him a myth, give us but a higher conception of his greatness, and a surer warranty of his existence and influence; and, if we may venture a comparison with a familiar case, but one which must be approached with reverence, we may ask, 'Have we not a more full and distinct conception of our great Master from the four-fold record of His disciples?' Is not the Jesus of John different from the Jesus of Matthew, and of Mark, and of Luke? Have not poor dry-brained sceptics thought to make some little capital out of their seeming discrepancies? But to the student who carefully ponders these records of salvation, do not the Jewish aspect of His teachings in Matthew, and

the Gentile aspect in Luke, the artist touches of the pen of Mark, and the profound spiritual and all-Divine revelations of John, harmonize in one exquisite result,—to originate a conception of a personality Divine yet human, many-sided in that humanity, the Saviour of Jew and Gentile, with a love for every detail of natural scenery, and yet an eye that ever rests upon the throne of God? Let the student of Plato and Xenophon so enter into the inquiry; and he will discover a character, less indeed, as all must be, but consistent and harmonious; and if he will rightly use the critical faculty, he need not fear that he shall be misled even by the dazzling genius of a Plato. Socrates must have been a greater man than Xenophon could represent, before he could have inspired Plato with that profound reverence which has led him to make him the principal interlocutor in all his dialogues; and he must have been a more practical man than Plato represents, to have won so completely the love of his other disciple, and so thoroughly engaged his pen. Xenophon Boswellized him, just as Boswell did Johnson. He records his talk with inferior men, and on particular affairs; but just as Boswell omits all the conversations which Johnson held with Burke, in which the mind of the great lexicographer and moralist would be strained beyond its usual bent, and drawn into an arc of speculation, so Xenophon does not record those higher combats with Protagoras, Parmenides, or Zeno, to the representation and perfecting of which the powers of Plato were fully adequate. Johnson had only a Boswell, Socrates had a Plato beside.

Permitting the two artists to balance each other's representation, let us now proceed to indicate the method of Socrates; briefly, as our space demands. And here we have no hesitation in declaring, that this method was inductive. Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his brilliant but often misleading *Biographical History of Philosophy*,* has demanded a revision of this opinion, and, with great adroitness, confounding the object-matter of a science with its method, has decided that Socrates must not be regarded as entitled to the praise of having preceded Bacon in that walk. His argument may be reduced to this simple form: 'Bacon pursued physical science, Socrates turned away from it; therefore, Socrates did not proceed inductively.' We need not stop to point out the fallacy of such an argument. It is true that he afterward finds fault with the method *per se*, which he represents as 'reasoning by analogy,' and illustrates by a foolish argument of Aristippus; but almost immediately he returns

* Vol. i., pp. 215, 216.

upon his old track, by asserting, as the ground of his denial, that the Baconian induction 'is an interrogation of Nature;' and therefore, as Socrates turned away from such studies, he could not have followed the inductive method. It seems never to have occurred to Mr. Lewes, that Physical Nature is not the only Nature, that physical facts are not the only facts, nor physical laws the only laws; and that mind and morals may be the objects of science pursued inductively, as well as those which furnish the object-matter of the 'dirt-philosophy.' Mr. Lewes, however, may have seen these things treated by others; but being, when he wrote, in his anti-metaphysical stage of positivism, he could not be expected to be very accurate in his estimate of such nonentities as metaphysics or morals. Happily for our view of the matter, it is confirmed by higher authorities. Bacon himself thus represents his inductive method of procedure, as distinguished from the false method attributed by Mr. Lewes to Socrates,—the *inductio per enumerationem simplicem:* 'The induction which proceeds by simple enumeration is puerile, leads to uncertain conclusions, and is exposed to danger from one contradictory instance, deciding generally from too small a number of facts, and those only the most obvious. But a really useful induction for the discovery and demonstration of the arts and sciences, should separate nature by proper rejections and exclusions, and then conclude for the affirmative, after collecting a sufficient number of negatives:'—and then proceeds to say: 'Now this has not been done, nor even attempted, except perhaps by Plato, who certainly uses this form of induction in some measure to sift definitions and ideas.'* Plato certainly advanced his master's method, and rendered it more perfect; but in the conversations with Euthydemus, in the *Memorabilia*,† we have all the elements of the method as fully as in the most developed dialogue of Plato. Dr. Whewell also assigns to Socrates the same position; and he may be admitted to possess a little acquaintance with 'the Inductive Sciences.' And Aristotle, who had some right to speak, says of him, 'Two things are justly ascribed to Socrates,—induction, and the definition of universals.'‡ With these testimonies, and inviting the reader's attention to the facts in the extant remains of the Socratic thought, we may leave the matter at present; only remarking, that by claiming for Socrates the merit of being the originator of induction, we do not pluck one leaf from the wreath of Bacon. We accept the *dictum* of Paley in relation to the adjudication of such crowns,—'He only discovers, who proves.'

* *Novum Organum*, book i., aphorism 105. † Book iv. ‡ *Metaphysics*, xiii., 4.

According to the just-cited testimony of Aristotle, we owe to Socrates the definition of universals. With reference to this his inductive inquiries were prosecuted, as he himself informs us that the conferences which men held were 'in order to examine into things, and to distinguish them according to their kinds.'* He sought out wherein the peculiar property of things consisted; or, as Aristotle has it, 'sought with a rational aim what a thing is.' With this view he conversed with men, that he might find out the true character of things, distinguish them according to their nature, classify them, and define them by some common conception. When he came upon the stage, he found all things at sea. Previous inquirers (especially those of the Ionic school) had chiefly sought the first principle (ἀρχή) of all things, and had given forth their ingenious guesses, which they as ingeniously sustained. Pythagoras had aimed at something higher; and his disciples had attempted, according to Aristotle, a few definitions; but while some precious truths had been reached by diligent inquiry or happy guess, there was up to this time no *organon* of the sciences, and, strictly speaking, no science at all. The Sophists had produced a singular jumble of unrelated things, drawn from very different regions of the universe; and, with the impudence which attends pretension, had professed the power of answering all questions, teaching all sciences, and overthrowing all conclusions. To discriminate the things that differed, and to unite those which agreed under a common and fixed definition, appeared to Socrates all-important; and he pursued that end. Xenophon informs us that 'he always discoursed about human affairs, seeking what was pious, what impious; what was honourable, what base; what was just, what unjust; what was wisdom, what folly; what was courage, what cowardice; what was a state, what a political community; what was the government of men, and what the qualifications for such government.'† Such topics of discussion leave us in no doubt as to the scientific and abstract character of the discourse of Socrates; and the fact, that Xenophon is our informant to this effect, should leave us free to regard the high representations of Plato as not so much overstrained as we have been wont to suppose. To discourse successfully upon such subjects, abstract as they are, required no small measure of analytic and synthetic exercise. In the former we know that Socrates excelled; the latter he seems more to have left to his disciples, aiming only to call out their own faculties, and strengthen them for higher efforts.

The peculiar form in which he conducted the process has

* *Mem.*, iv., 5, 12. † *Ibid.*, i., 1, 16.

been already incidentally mentioned, but demands a separate consideration. Both his biographers represent him as an interrogator; both show that he loved to deal at close quarters, and with short weapons. While the eminent Sophists generally declaimed at length, as having something to communicate; Socrates asked questions, as having everything to learn. Generally he proceeds direct to the object of his inquiry, after a little by-play of talk which introduces us to the parties in the dialogue. If the principal is a man of eminence, or very vain, he is usually treated to a small measure of flattery, or banter, in which the comic side of Socrates makes its appearance. If the person with whom he converses boldly answers the question, which is usually the case, Socrates commends him, but has a little doubt; that solved, all will be smooth and easy. The attempt is boldly made, but only to fix the hapless respondent more thoroughly in the dialectical net which is now gathering round him; until, by successive operations of the same nature, he is hopelessly and and helplessly caught. But it is not over yet. Socrates, with an easy grace, and the expression of a hope that he may succeed better the next time, releases his unsuspecting prey, and commences the process of questioning again from a different point of view, perhaps as far away as possible from the point in hand, so that you wonder what he is at, and how he will ever return. The respondent is now more cautious, and answers more guardedly; but vain is all caution when once he has committed himself to a conversation with such a man. Again he falls into a contradiction, and the dialogue comes to a stand-still. Sometimes he grows angry at this point; but the ever ready Socrates is not unprepared for this,—he was too familiar with it, and he makes a number of propositions, any of which his antagonist may choose. He himself will submit to be questioned; and perhaps the bait takes; but, quick as thought, he has the question on his side again. There must be no long speeches; for he is troubled with a defect of memory, and 'surely,' he says, 'so great a man can speak in short sentences as well as long.' Sometimes an imaginary third person is introduced, to play off his artillery upon both. No quarter is given. If his opponent is willing to let something be taken for granted,—as Euthyphro, when pressed about the nature of service to the gods, which Socrates construes into a sort of bargain with them, says, 'Why, yes, you may call it a bargain, if you like to do so;' he finds that even this will not conciliate, and receives for reply, 'I do not like to do so, unless it be true. But tell me what use can our gifts be to the gods?' From such a man there is no escape; and such a method

vindicates itself as infallible for beating down all sham and pretence, and not without its value for the discovery of truth. We cannot altogether justify some points of the process which we have described. The 'irony' of Socrates is sometimes such as would test a conscience of any fair measure of tenderness to use. We will not say that Socrates or Plato do not use it a little sophistically; but when we reflect that perhaps their own views were not quite settled, we may hold a more favourable opinion of men making their way toward truth, by the aid of a tentative method, which could not fail in their hands at least to strangle error.

We set no little value upon this system of cross-questioning, as the means of clearing and invigorating the mind. We have already indicated our doubt as to the advantage of Dr. Whewell's method of abridging the dialogue, and stating the result in a few words. If we read Plato only for results of thought, we might easily have the whole fused down into a neat volume, not larger than the present; but it would not be Plato. Dr. Whewell, when about to make his abridgment, sometimes says that what he is going to reduce is eminently Socratic or Platonic, and then proceeds with his hydraulic press work. Now, we submit that this is hardly fair,—to leave out what is so characteristic, and to give us only a result, upon which his own reflections are not always very comfortable. If the whole contribution of Socrates to philosophy is represented in the first part of this volume, which contains the 'Dialogues of the Socratic School,' and if the charm of the conversational method is so unmercifully taken away from them, the question will be no longer mooted as between the Socrates of Plato and Xenophon, for the latter will stand vastly higher than the former. Does not this process proceed quite too much on the current theory of the present day, that education shall be a cram of knowledge cut and dried, instead of a discipline of all the faculties, which may prepare them for exercise in every direction? It is for intellectual discipline we read Plato; we regard his works as the palæstra of the mind; and we regard his minutest question and answer as leading us onward, even if it only detains us upon the thought, and compels us to a longer gaze. *Festina lentè* is a command which Plato obliges us to obey; he reins in our impetuosity, and obliges us, if we have been inattentive, to return again upon the argument, until we have mastered its details. No doubt the system of condensation adopted by Dr. Whewell, is dictated by that love of a royal road, which, existing in all time, peculiarly characterizes our own. But it is not a deed worthy of him who commits it; and we regret that his fine scholarship, extensive

learning, and matured judgment, have been engaged in a work from which, he cannot but see, only secondary advantages can be obtained. The work is admirable for the positive element which it contains; but the reader of Plato who cannot master the original, must still resort to another English translation, if he would enjoy the full advantage of his author. If such a reader will take the *Euthyphro* in Dr. Whewell's and Mr. Cary's translations, and compare the result of the perusal upon his mind, he will find that, in the one case, he has more rapidly gained a clear perception of the meaning of the dialogue; but, in the other, he has been led along the various steps of a process of reasoning, which has, it is true, been more tedious, but which better prepared him for investigating the question for himself. The positive result, as to ascertained truth, is absolutely *nil*, though the view of its object presented by Dr. Whewell, apart from the dialogue, is peculiarly interesting.

The statement made respecting this dialogue leads to a question upon which it is now time to enter. 'What positive teaching did Socrates give to the world?' We have already intimated that he had devoted his attention, at an early period, to physical studies, under the personal teaching of Archelaus, and the instruction of the books of Anaxagoras; but he did not continue devoted to these studies. On the contrary, he seems to have found no rest in them—no solidity; and he ultimately came to regard some portions of the study as a profane seeking after what was hidden and unlawful. Of geometry he came to think, that it was mainly useful for measuring the land; and he would think of astronomy only in its practical aspects. His whole strength was thrown into inquiries, ethical, political, and religious. Aristotle tells us that 'in the time of Socrates definition took the place of inquiry into nature, which philosophers deserted in favour of moral and political speculation:'* and again, that 'Socrates was engaged about the formation of a system of ethics, and that he broached no theory with regard to the entire of Nature, seeing that he was searching, doubtless, in morals for the universal, and was the first to apply his understanding to the subject of definitions:' † and Cicero, in a well known passage, describes him thus: 'But Socrates called down philosophy from heaven, and placed it in cities, and introduced it even into homes, and compelled men to inquire concerning life and morals, concerning things good and evil.' ‡ These testimonies are sufficient for those who have not studied the works of his disciples; those who have attended to them do not need any. The whole tone of his

* *De Part. Anim.*, i., 1, 44. † *Meta.*, i., 6, 1. ‡ *Tusc. Disputat.*, v., 4, 10.

teaching was ethical, if we can call that teaching which is a perpetual endeavour to learn, and to get others to unlearn. His inquiries were such as these,—as they are well expressed by Dr. Whewell in his Introduction,—'What is right? What is wrong? What is good? or what is bad? What advantage has right over wrong? good over bad?' and again, 'How are we to teach men—men, young men, young women, children—what is right and what is wrong? How are we to make them good, prevent them being bad?' (Page 10.) In accordance with this object, we find him asking, 'Are the virtues different from virtue? Are they parts of virtue—parts homogeneous or diverse?' ever seeking after some fixed standard of virtue, some 'common notion,' some universal definition. Sometimes he finds it in knowledge, or science, or wisdom;* sometimes he seems to find it in utility, but at least in coincidence with utility. Out of the former of these theories arises one of the most serious errors of the Socratic system, the doctrine that 'no man willingly acts wickedly,' that a man does what he knows he ought to do, and does not do what he knows he ought not to do.† This is a pervasive principle of the Socratic ethics; and it is clearly opposed to the whole testimony of conscience and the revelation of Scripture. If this principle were true, there is no sin; and hence arises the peculiarly proud and intellectual bearing of that whole philosophy which followed the guidance and adopted the principle of Socrates. As it knew nothing of sin, so it preached no repentance, and sought no Saviour. It stimulated constantly to intellectual exercises, and to those only. It knew nothing of evils of the heart, but only of errors of the understanding.

Closely connected with this, was the next question, 'Can virtue be taught?' To this, various answers are given; sometimes to the effect that virtue can be taught, which alone is logically consistent with its identification with wisdom or science; and sometimes, that it cannot be taught. Xenophon seems to regard more than teaching as necessary to its production, and mentions practice or exercise (*ἀσκητόν*)‡ as among the means resorted to; while the contradictory conclusions of the *Meno*, and the close of the drawn battle of the *Protagoras*, in which Socrates describes the curiously contradictory results at which they had arrived, both bear melancholy testimony to the powerlessness of the mightiest unaided minds to deal with such high themes. We often strongly suspect, when we hear our modern sceptics talk so largely of what has been achieved in these

* He identifies also *σοφία* and *ἐπιστήμη*, *Mem.*, iv., 6.
† *Xen. Mem.*, iv., 6; *Protagoras*, c. 103, 104. ‡ *Mem.* i., 2, 19.

realms by the ancient philosophers, that said sceptics talk so largely because they are destitute of the Socratic virtue of knowledge. In their case, ignorance is very like vice. But can we contemplate this self-contradiction, alike witnessed by Xenophon and Plato, and, therefore, undeniably Socratic, without sadness? and do we not feel that in his heart, who knew it and felt it, sadness must have dwelt, as again and again the same questions arose to meet only the same contradictory solution? But here, again, we are led to the same result to which we found ourselves led before: where the eyes of man can see no further by their unaided power, there does his soul look for the Divine light. Hearken to the close of the *Meno*, in which the argument is most elaborately wrought out. We give it in Dr. Whewell's translation.

'"But now we are come to the answer to the inquiry with which we began, and which we have been so long pursuing; and it appears that virtue is conveyed to those who have it, neither by nature, nor by teaching; but by a Divine accident, in which reason does not operate; without that intuition of principle which is the basis of science. This is true in all cases, except there be any one who possesses virtue in such a way as to be able to teach it to others. But if there be such a person, what is he like? He is like nothing less than a substance in a realm of shadows. He would be among the living what Homer describes Tiresias as being among the dead. *He alone is a breathing man; the rest are fleeting forms.* Just so, such a man is related to others, in their connexion with virtue, as a true thing is to a shadow." Meno says, "You seem to me, Socrates, to speak excellently well." Socrates then resumes his former conclusion. "From our reasoning it follows, Meno, that virtue comes to those to whom it *does* come, by a Divine lot."' (Pp. 250, 251.)

Such language shows how that great soul, wandering in darkness, and seeking to compass itself about with sparks of its own kindling, felt after God, if haply it might find Him. Here was human reason in its feebleness, stretching out its hand and seeking for some one to lead it. He who indeed was the living breathing Man amongst the fleeting forms of the dead did come, and by His Spirit did breathe virtue into souls. The eyes of Socrates were not favoured to behold Him; but may we not regard these words as a sigh which was answered by His advent, and by the gift of the Holy Ghost?

We shall not tarry long in our account of the political teaching of Socrates. In this department, his fundamental principle was justice; while his discovery of an *unwritten* law, recognised in the practice of societies and nations, and his attributing it to

the direct teaching of the Deity, makes his political system of great interest in connexion with what has preceded. This is fully exhibited by Xenophon.* By some of his views of political matters, he gave no little offence to the ruling powers, and no doubt hastened his own end. The first which we shall quote shows implicitly in what light he regarded the Athenian constitution and its working; the second shows what he thought of the rulers. 'Kings and rulers are neither those who hold the sceptre, nor those elected by the vulgar, or singled out by lot, nor those who owe their position to force or fraud; but those, and those only, who are acquainted with the science of government.'† 'After the Thirty had put to death many of the citizens, and some of them of the best rank, and had given up the reins to all manner of violence and rapine, Socrates said somewhere, 'that it would astonish him much, if he who lost part of his herd every day, while the rest grew poorer and weaker under his management, should not confess that he was a bad herdsman; but it would astonish him still more, if any one were the governor of the city, and if he acted so that the citizens became fewer and worse, he did not blush, and think himself a bad governor.'‡ This free speech brought him before Critias and Charicles, two of the Thirty; and, after various commands to cease from teaching the young men, to which he replied in his usual style of puzzling interrogation, drew forth a definite threat, that if he continued to talk of the herdsmen of the city, he should take care that the herd were not reduced one fewer by himself. Critias was not to add that to his other enormities; but Socrates was fast wearing out the patience of all by his faithfulness.

The religious views of Socrates concerning God and Divine things demand a moment's consideration. We find some difficulty in reaching a correct view of these things, because we have no chronological notes by which to determine the period of the conversations, and thus trace the progress of his thoughts on these high themes; and another difficulty arises from the views of the reporters. But it is evident, from even the most cursory view, that Socrates believed in one God,—immaterial, omniscient, the Maker and Governor of man. Xenophon, defending him against the charge of irreverence, speaks of his predictions, and his confidence in their fulfilment; and, in conclusion, asks, 'But in what other could he place this full confidence than in God; and how could one who thus confided in the gods, be said to acknowledge no gods?' 'He was persuaded that the gods watch

* *Mem.*, iv., 4, 19, *et seq.* † *Ibid.*, iii., 9, 10. ‡ *Ibid.*, i., 2, 32.

over the actions and the affairs of men in a way altogether different from the notions of the vulgar; for while these limited their knowledge to some particulars only, Socrates, on the contrary, extended it to all; firmly persuaded that every word, every action, nay, even our most retired deliberations, were open to their view; that they were everywhere present, and communicated to mankind all such knowledge as related to the conduct of human life.'* It is impossible not to see how the polytheism of the writer tinges the whole of his account. Let the reader mark the singular use of the name, 'God,' in the first quotation, and with what an unconscious logical absurdity he immediately after argues reverence for the gods from confidence in God; and he cannot fail to be impressed with the conviction, that the disciple had not risen to the same high standing ground with his master, and that only by looking critically can we separate the true from the untrue. But the most striking passage in Xenophon, on this subject, occurs in the conversation with Aristodemus. He introduces it in these words, 'I will now relate the manner in which I once heard him discoursing with Aristodemus, surnamed the Little, concerning the Deity (δαιμονίου).' After he has proceeded with a lengthened argument, which seems as if the condensed essence of all books of Natural Theology; in which he describes God as 'He who at the beginning made man, and endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears, to hear whatever was to be heard;' and, proceeding from this ground of the adaptation of all things, demonstrates that the world is the work not of chance, but of wisdom and design; he concludes with this argument: 'If thine eye hath the power to take in many objects, and these placed at no small distance from it, marvel not if the eye of God (τοῦ Θεοῦ) can at one glance comprehend the whole! And as thou perceivest it not beyond thy ability to extend thy care, at the same time, to the concerns of Athens, Egypt, Sicily; why thinkest thou, my Aristodemus, that the providence of God (τοῦ Θεοῦ) may not easily extend itself throughout the whole universe?'† Whoever will take the trouble to read the whole will perceive that the thought in the mind of Socrates is only of one being; and that as often as possible, in different forms, he puts it forward; while, when the plural is used, it is a manifest misconception on the part of the writer, or an accommodation on the part of Socrates to the low religious intelligence of his auditor. We cannot fail to be struck, too, with the frequent use of the singular in the

* *Mem.*, i., 1, 5, 19. † *Ibid.*, i., 4, 2, 17.

Apology by Plato, when Socrates was on his trial, in part, on the charge of irreverence toward the gods, and the almost silent carelessness with which he treats that charge. Yet we know that he did use the plural phraseology, that he did recommend his friends, in matters surpassing their own knowledge or wisdom, to consult the oracles; and we have it on the authority of Xenophon, that he sacrificed to the gods of his country. What then must we say concerning him, but that this mixture of light and darkness belonged to a new and an old man; the light had come from Heaven, the darkness was of his age and education? He seems to have been struggling out of the darkness; with only partial certainty, uttering but a partial testimony; acknowledging local gods as only local; and perhaps feeling that it was better for his countrymen to worship them than not to worship at all. We must not judge him by a Christian rule; but, while thankfully and without selfish self-complacency acknowledging the light and the truth of which we are by grace partakers, recognise in him one who in his day bore a brave testimony, according to the light vouchsafed to him; and in his closing hours received the assuring testimony of God in a brighter view of that future world to which he was passing than ever illumined any other pagan soul. This was but in harmony with that great principle of our Divine Master, 'To him that hath shall be given,'—a principle of whose action Socrates seems to have got more than a glimpse when he utters to Aristodemus words that have been thus beautifully and correctly paraphrased: 'As therefore among men we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbour by showing him kindness; and discover his wisdom by consulting him in our distress; do thou, in like manner, behave towards the gods: and if thou wouldst experience what their wisdom, and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those Divine secrets which may not be penetrated by man; and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey, the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound; extended to all places, extending through all time; and whose bounty and care can know no other bounds than those fixed by His own creation.'

Socrates had reached his seventieth year when the long pent up wrath of several parties began to manifest itself, and the low mutterings of discontent and threat were condensing into the distinct peal of near destruction. He had long been a thorn in the side of the Athenians; or, to use his own illustration, like a rough-rider upon a horse powerful and of good blood, but heavy

and sluggish, and needing to be roused by the spur. The spur had taken effect, and the rider's doom was sealed. The widely diffused feeling of opposition to Socrates was very varied in its degree and its causes. A part would be the natural effect of ignorance, prejudice, and misrepresentation; another would arise from religious zeal prompted by the priests; some from political excitement; and perhaps most from personal animosity. Twenty-five years before, when the generation then conducting the affairs of the State were young men, and, according to the arrangement of Pericles, all the citizens had a free ticket for the theatre, Aristophanes had prepared his Comedy of *The Clouds*; in which he had represented Socrates as a flagrant Sophist, teaching men how to cheat their creditors; and corrupting the youth, by tempting them to outwit and beat their parents. The whole had been displayed with inimitable wit, dashed with uproarious fun, and a large seasoning of grossness. The personal appearance of Socrates, his earlier physical studies, his attachment to young men, his power of confounding his opponents, were all blended together to produce an effect of the broadest caricature. Two characters are represented on the stage contending for the education of the young man whose extravagance has led his father to resort to the 'thinking-shop.' These are *Just Cause*, and *Unjust Cause*. The former pleads for the old method of education, which made the youth obedient, and formed the men who fought at Marathon. The latter pleads for luxury, and show, and pleasure, and carries off the youth to receive the instructions of Socrates. The result of the instruction is, that he beats his father; who in his turn takes revenge on Socrates by burning 'the thinking-shop.' After weighing all the arguments in favour of Aristophanes, we cannot withhold our decided condemnation of the spirit of this Comedy. It is true that Socrates had been devoted to physical inquiries; but it cannot be true that at forty-five years of age he was a 'measurer of flea-leaps,' or any thing bordering on it. It is true that he had studied the heavenly bodies; but he must then have abandoned the fruitless practice of 'air travelling and questioning the sun.' Young men had been trained by him who had turned out badly; but he had never professed to teach them the vile things which Aristophanes represents, and their badness was a grief to him: his real object in their instruction was to make them independent of outward restraint, that when that restraint was removed, or they had outgrown it, they might be able to act like men of principle. It was not true that he ever did make Vortex to reign in the stead of Jupiter. The misrepresentation took, however; but it would be absurd to think that after the lapse

of twenty-five years it would have any very preponderating influence; and the mention of it by Socrates in *The Apology* proves nothing, for we know that men are always more sensitive to public ridicule than its importance warrants. Combined, however, with other things, it did its part in the work of his destruction. Of the agencies at work from the religious side, we know little; but we know the power in any land or age of the cry, 'The Church in danger,' whether the report be true or false. The political grievances could not be easily forgotten. When president of the Prytanes, he had, in defence of the law, opposed the will of the people, in the case of the admirals. When at another time the Thirty Tyrants had commanded him to bring Leon of Salamis to Athens from his voluntary exile, he refused, and went to his home. These very Tyrants passed a law, evidently aimed at Socrates, forbidding any man to teach philosophy in Athens. After their expulsion, it was remembered by the common people, that the chief evils to the community had arisen from amongst his familiar friends; 'Alcibiades, the most insolent and overbearing in the democracy, and Critias, by far the most avaricious and violent among the oligarchy.' Add to this, that just as he had compared the bad rulers to the cow-herd, whose herd was dwindling away; so he attacked the favourite democratic government in its vital part, asserting 'that it was absurd to appoint the rulers of the city by the bean ballot, when no one would like to have a pilot chosen in that way, or a builder, or a flute-player, or the like, where a mistake in the election is far less mischievous than a mistake in choosing public officers.' No one who knows how all democracies love and cherish this immoral and unmanly mode of expressing, under the shelter of secresy, their petty hatred and pretentious assumption of wisdom, can wonder that this was almost the worst thing Socrates had ever spoken against his own safety.

The personal reasons for his prosecution are not far to seek. Anytus, a politician, and in power, was one of the assailed; and, besides, he had a private grudge, because Socrates had advised him to train up his son for some other profession than his own, which was that of a leather-dresser; and Plato shows us that he had gone away in fierce rage from the conversation recorded in the *Meno*. Lycon was a public orator, and Meletus a bad poet, who had come in for a share of the ridicule of Aristophanes; and both had had their full share of exposure from Socrates, as he went his rounds searching for wise men. The indictment was fixed in a public place called the King's Portico; and, on one morning, Athens had a new theme for talk, as a crowd of the

citizens, with various emotions, stood around a tablet on which were the following words:—

'Meletus, son of Meletus, of the deme of Pitthis, lays this charge against Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus, of the deme of Alopecè.

'Socrates is guilty of crime. He does not acknowledge the gods whom the state acknowledges, and he introduces other and new gods. He is also guilty of corrupting the youth. The penalty—Death.'

The day of trial soon came. The friends of Socrates, who had urged him to prepare beforehand, were present; and it is even said, that one had prepared a speech for him, and also that Plato had commenced a defence, but was not permitted to proceed. But Socrates had been warned by his Monitor to abstain from preparation; from which it appeared to him that it was good to be undefended. His accusers opened the pleadings against him, by expanding the charges in the indictment, and urging some of those arguments to which we have referred above; and then came that noble reply, which in substance, if not in the exact words, Plato has given us. After enumerating all the sources of discontent against him that occurred to his mind, Socrates proceeds to refute the charges by positively denying the justice and truth of the representations of Aristophanes, and assigning the voice of the oracle as the reason of that peculiar course of life which he had led. Then turning to Meletus, he proceeds by his usual course of cross-questioning to prove that his charges of corrupting the youth, and irreverence towards the gods, are contradictory and absurd, and goes on to declare, that he will not desist from his course, even with the doom of death before his eyes. He then refers to the acts of his public life, and calls to witness against him, if they will, those whom he has trained, but who are all at his side as friends. One passage in this grand defence reminds the Christian of another scene, enacted nearly four centuries and a half subsequently in the council-chamber at Jerusalem; and though we hasten to close, we must not withhold a brief extract. He supposes his judges to set him free on condition that he shall cease from his accustomed course, and thus replies:—

'If, I say, you should dismiss me on this condition, I should reply:—O Athenians, you I love and cherish, but I must obey the God rather than you; and so long as I breathe and have my faculties, I cannot desist from seeking for wisdom, and exhorting you, and arguing to those of you who come in my way, and saying what I have been accustomed to say: O excellent friend, can you, being an Athenian, a citizen of the first and most

famous of cities for wisdom and power, help being ashamed while you make riches your highest aim, and reputation, and distinction; and give no thought nor care to the pursuit of truth, and the improvement of your soul? And if any one argues with me, and says that he does care for these things, I shall not go away, nor quit my hold of him; but I shall examine him and test him; and if he does not appear to me to have acquired virtue, but only to say that he has, I shall reproach him as thinking most of the smallest things, and least of the greatest. This I must do to all, young and old, who come in my way; and to strangers and citizens; but to the citizens most, as being more nearly connected with me. For this is what the God orders me to do, ye well know. And I do not think that any greater good can be given to the city than my obedience to the God.' (Pp. 313, 314.)

The closing words of his defence, in which he deprecates all supplication to his judges, as an endeavour to persuade them to violate their oaths, and thus effectually teach them that there were no gods, are thus nobly uttered:—'I believe in the gods as none of my accusers does; and I leave it to you, and to God, to judge concerning me as may be best for me and for you.' Such a grand and unbending style of defence could not succeed, and accordingly we find that, when the votes were taken, there were 281 for a verdict of guilty; the minority was 275; so that he was condemned by an excess of six votes. Another course of defence might have saved him; but no other would have been suitable to his character. According to their law, he was then required to propose an alternative penalty; and here again his conviction of his being a benefit to the city makes its appearance. He proposes that he shall be supported in the Prytaneum at the public expense, as the due return from the city for all his self-denying labours for its welfare. But then, thinking that this might appear too proud, he passes others in review, such as imprisonment, or fine, or exile, or keeping quiet, and speedily rejects them all. Plato and a few others, however, induce him to propose a fine of thirty minæ; which is done, and again the votes are collected for the penalty, when the sentence of death is carried by the majority. Socrates, nothing moved, addresses to his judges a few more words, in which he discourses on whether death is an evil or not, urging some probable reasons why it should appear to him a good, expressing the conviction that it is better for him to die, and have done with the things of this world; yet intimating in his closing words, that no certain conviction to this effect was wrought in his soul. 'And now it is time that we separate; I go to die, you remain to live;

but which of these comes to the better result, is hidden from every one but the God.'

'When he had finished his defence,' Xenophon informs us, 'he went away with a radiant look, and a steady step, such as suited the tone which he had taken.' He comforted all around him, assuring them that his death was only what must be at some time. Under ordinary circumstances the execution would have followed soon after the sentence, but the festival of the Theoria, in which a sacred vessel was sent to Delos, intervened; during which, until the return of the vessel, it was not lawful to put any one to death. Socrates was, therefore, imprisoned for thirty days; and this time was spent in his first efforts at poetry, and in conversations with his friends. One of the latter, the *Crito*, is translated in this volume, showing that a man should obey the laws, even when they seem to be against him. It professes to be an argument of Socrates in reply to his friend Crito, who urges him to escape. We have not time to dwell upon it; but hasten to the closing scene. At length the vessel returned; and on that morning many of his friends assembled to see him, and converse with him for the last time. They found his wife there, whose passionate lamentations soon led to her removal; when Socrates, full of cheerfulness, entered into conversation with his friends; the results of which (perhaps, with much addition) Plato has left to us in the *Phædo*. The entire discourse turns upon the question, which was so doubtful when he last addressed his judges, the immortality of the soul, and its final destiny. We cannot enter into a description of this argument now, or attempt even the most condensed analysis; but refer the reader to the volume before us, from which he will obtain a clear and compressed view of the whole. It is a singular kind of discourse to occupy a man on the day of his death; but it has a parallel in Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*. Both display the same keenness of logic, and severity of metaphysical argument, each suited to the style of the time. One of the chief arguments used to prove the soul's continued existence is, the supposition of its pre-existence; an argument which most writers regard as purely Platonic, and not such as Socrates could admit. But are we so sure of this? Is not that doctrine of reminiscence, by which Plato proves the pre-existence, contained in germ in the profession of Socrates, that he followed the art of his mother; that he was not a bringer of truths to men, but simply assisted at their delivery of truths of which they were already pregnant? If Socrates did not treat the doctrine of reminiscence as Plato has expounded it, at least the disciple had the suggestion of the master. And if any one shall object, as some

have done, that there is too strong a tinge of enthusiasm in it; let him but reflect, and he will find such an enthusiasm to be a characteristic of all the highest order of minds. We have no objection to allow that Plato expands and polishes his master's thoughts; but we have the strongest objections to allow, without more authority than has yet appeared, that all must be Plato's except the barest, baldest common-place. This doctrine of pre-existence, whether true or false,—and we certainly are not its advocates,—is a main pillar in this argument, and in the arguments afterwards adduced on the same subject by Cicero, in the *Tusculan Questions*. Nothing can exceed the calm certainty with which Socrates, in this conversation, expresses his conviction of the soul's immortality, and that it is good for him to die. It does not lie in particular passages, but pervades the whole. When Crito asks about his burial, he playfully replies, 'Even as you will, if only you can catch me, and I do not give you the slip;' and after he had taken a bath, bidden farewell to his wife and children, and drunk the poison, still cheerfully talking with his friends, until he felt the death-cold reaching his heart, he said to Crito, 'Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge it, and do not neglect it;' and then breathed his last. By these last words he conveyed his undying conviction, that he was leaving behind him a world of trouble, and a body of disease, to realize unmingled health and felicity; using for illustration the custom of persons on recovery from sickness, to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius, the god of health. No other interpretation of these words is in harmony with the whole context; no other possesses the slightest rational claim to our regard.

Thus died this great man, favoured by God in his last moments with a light of immortality never, so far as we know, vouchsafed to any other pagan man. We have diligently searched for a testimony, in all pagan antiquity, of that living hope, blooming in the season of distress, and affording increasing comfort as the hour for its realization draws near. Poets sang it, and Socrates tells us it was the belief of some; but where are the thinkers who had a firm conviction of it? Aristotle speaks of death as 'most terrible, as putting an end to all things;' that 'neither good nor evil can happen to any man after it;'* and that 'it is absurd to say that a man can be happy after death, since happiness consists in activity.'† Cicero, who argues from the ground of Socrates respecting the pre-existence of the soul, but goes further, and speaks of it as unoriginate and

* *Nic. Ethic.*, lib. iii., c. 6. † *Ibid.*, lib. i., c. 10.

unborn, reaches but a trembling conclusion, calling the doctrine of immortality 'the surmise of future ages;' and declares that what he shall speak of it has only the likelihood of truth, and that he would deliver nothing as fixed and certain; and after adducing the opinions of several philosophers, he concludes by saying, 'Which of these is true, some god must tell us; which is most like to truth, is a great question.'* But even this shadow of a shade of conviction, formed amidst the amenities of his Tusculan Villa, and the circle of admiring friends, forsakes him when the day of calamity falls upon him, and leaves him, as his letters to his friends abundantly prove, utterly helpless and comfortless.† Seneca speaks of immortality as 'that which wise men promise, but do not prove;'‡ and Pliny, who perished, A.D. 79, in the eruption of Vesuvius, says, 'that neither soul nor body hath any more sense after death than before it was born;' and after some sad remarks on the miseries of man, he adds, 'The vanity of man, and his insatiable longing after existence, have led him also to dream of a life after death. A being full of contradictions, he is the most wretched of creatures; since the other creatures have no wants transcending the bounds of their nature.' 'Man is full of desires and wants that reach to infinity, and can never be satisfied. His nature is a lie, uniting the greatest poverty with the greatest pride. Among these so great evils, the best thing God has bestowed on man is, the power to take his own life.'§ Plutarch, his contemporary, says, that 'to restrain men from evil ways, they must be kept under the superstition of the dread of hades;' but to those who have cast off their fears must be proposed 'the fabulous hope of immortality;' and that it is one great benefit of philosophy, that it helps to look upon death, which so many fear, 'as nothing to us.' Such expressions of thinkers the most eminent in all pagan antiquity, successors too of Socrates and Plato, prove but too clearly that philosophy has failed to strengthen or sustain man's natural convictions or spontaneous aspirations after immortality; that the arguments even of the Platonic Socrates were insufficient to that end; and naturally lead us to the conclusion that He who 'brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel,' 'who lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and whose increase of gifts is in proportion to the improvement already made, had, by His foregleaming rays, touched the soul of this faithful man in his unjust imprisonment with the light of that grandest consolation, and

---

* *Tusc. Quæst.*, lib. i., *passim*. † *Epist.*, lib. v., 21; vi., 3, 4, 21.
‡ *Epist.* 102. § *Nat. Hist.*, lib. ii., c. 4; lib. vii., c. 1.

led him to welcome death as the passage from sickness to health, from trouble to repose and joy.

There yet remains but one thing. We have indicated what we conceive to be the true relation of Socrates to the Lord Jesus. It is well known that, by some of our sceptical teachers, this relation is reversed, either in their explicit statements or implicit suggestions. We need not linger long on such a theme, as no evidence of Christ's borrowing has ever been adduced. It is true that some of the moral teachings of Socrates bear striking resemblance to those of Christ; but we have seen how Socrates himself regards his whole teaching as springing from a source higher than himself; and how he felt the utter inefficacy of his teaching to produce that virtue whose existence he recognised, but whose intimate nature he so dimly perceived. And in his confessions do we not see a perfect accordance with those profound words of Augustine in relation to this subject? He is replying to those who say, 'Pythagoras said this, Plato said this.' 'Therefore if any one is discovered to have said that which Christ also said, we congratulate him, but we do not follow him. For is he or Christ the earlier? If any thing is said truly, did it precede the Truth itself? O man, attend to Christ, not when He comes to thee, but when He *made* thee.'* But it is not in morals, but in salvation from sin, that the peculiarity of the Gospel consists; and here the teachings of Jesus stand alone and unapproached. What infinite difference, too, between the sturdy dialectician, questioning and puzzling men of all ranks, making the conceited writhe under his terrible irony, and with well-dissembled ignorance exposing the ignorance of others, but leading to little positive result,—and Him who, in the fulness of Divine knowledge, pours out the treasure of His heavenly wisdom in a gentle stream of compassionate instruction, exhortation, entreaty, and promise! What a difference between him who sought out young men of wealth and position as his companions, although with no selfish aims, and Him who called unlettered fishermen, took little children up in His arms, and blessed them; but who, when the rich young ruler came to Him, humbly seeking His instruction, imposed on him a command so severe, that he went away sorrowful! The common people heard Him gladly; and, by His loving and healing words, sinners rose into the dignity and peace of children of God. But where, in all his life, did the sage of Athens staunch a wound of sorrow, or minister effective consolation to a soul overwhelmed with a sense of sin? The want of tenderness, exhibited in the dismissal

* *Enar. in Psalm cxliv.* 6.

of his wife and children on the day of his execution, was a fixed element in his character. In what a contrast does the scene beneath the cross, and the deep affection which spoke in the words,—'Mother, behold thy son: son, behold thy mother,'—present the character of Jesus! The other aspects of their respective deaths have been so exquisitely exhibited by the pen of even the infidel Rousseau, in a well-known passage, that we may here omit them. Sceptics have uttered many a hasty decision, and made many a foolish assertion; but rarely, amidst all the extravagance of their folly, have they given expression to a judgment so marked by all the characteristics of absurdity, as when they ventured on a comparison of Socrates with the Divine Author of Christianity. Let them, if they will, compare him with Elijah, though wanting his Divine power, his lofty consciousness of a Divine commission, and his unearthly character; for he endeavoured to do much the same kind of work for Athens which Elijah did for Israel, but with widely different result to himself and to others. Let them, and let us, speaking after the manner of Paul on Mars' hill, and in his Epistle to Titus, call him 'a prophet' of the Gentiles. But those who have studied well his doctrine, manner of life, and real worth to the world, will never again allow his protruding shadow to intercept one beam of the glory of that universal crown which rests on the head of Jesus. His place of honour is infinitely different and remote. He was the brightest star of antiquity, and lingered longest in the dawn of Christian truth; but now, in order to see and to appreciate his glory, we must go down into the well of heathen speculation, and seclude ourselves from all the side-lights of revealed religion. Then, indeed, we may look up with admiration, and own that the light in him was pure, though unutterably cold and feeble.

ART. IX.—1. *A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.* By CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. Murray.
2. *The Career of Franklin.* By CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE.
3. *The North-West Passage and the Plans for the Search for Sir John Franklin.* By JOHN BROWN, F.R.G.S. Stanford.

The latest tidings from the Arctic Seas have been received in England with an amount of interest and enthusiasm which has rarely been equalled; but which is fully justified, whether we consider the value of the discoveries which have been made, or the perseverance and heroism of the discoverers. It is some-

thing, at least, to have to say of an Arctic Expedition, that it has added materially to our geographical knowledge; that it has solved a great problem; and that these results have been accomplished without sacrifice of life, and without exposing the brave men who undertook the task to any great or unexpected privations. The voyage of the 'Fox' has done this, and we believe that hereafter it will take rank with the most notable of that long series of expeditions which is for the present closed. The occasion appears to us to be a favourable one for a brief review of the progress of geographical discovery in the Northern Seas, and a summary of the results of Franklin's Expedition, as they have at length been ascertained.

Except in so far as our intercourse with the Danes and with Norway, and a slender and intermittent trade with Iceland, had familiarized English people with a vague notion of the Northern Seas, very little interest seems to have been felt in inquiries respecting them until the magnificent discovery of Columbus, and the scarcely less important voyage of De Gama, had served to rouse the maritime enterprise of Englishmen, and excite a general desire to make further geographical discoveries. The fact, that Columbus sought a way to India by crossing the Atlantic, sufficiently indicates the misconceptions as to the real size and conformation of the globe which prevailed up to his time. And when it was discovered, only six years after Columbus's first voyage, that there was no nearer way southwards to India and the East than by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, the attention of Portuguese, Spanish, and especially of English seamen was naturally directed to the higher latitudes of the North, in the hope that a nearer sea-passage might yet be found to China, either by the North-East or the North-West.

But this idea was only slowly evolved, and at first our navigators, under the energetic direction of the two Venetians, John and Sebastian Cabot, were content, under the patent granted by Henry VII. to those seamen, 'to sail to all parts and seas of the East, the West, and the North, and to discover and to possess all lands previously unknown.' Mr. Kingsley, in his *Westward Ho*, has indicated, with probably little exaggeration, the spirit of adventure and of hardihood which was generated among English sailors of the Tudor times by the discoveries of their countrymen, by the strong national jealousy of the Spaniards, and by the success which had attended some of these roving and indefinite enterprises. There is great difficulty in determining the utmost northern limit reached by the Cabots; but it was certainly not higher than 63°, and the claim which has been put forth for Sebastian, that he anticipated

Martin Frobisher's discovery of the sea which was subsequently known as Hudson's Bay, has been very imperfectly substantiated.

The idea of seeking a North-West Passage to the east of Asia, appears to have been first suggested by Robert Thorne, a Bristol merchant, who addressed a memorial, or letter explanatory of his theories, to Henry VIII., in the year 1527. His father had been one of Cabot's companions, and had shared in the discovery of Newfoundland. The immediate result was not encouraging. Two ships were duly equipped and sent out, but they scarcely got further than the shores of Newfoundland; one was lost, and the captain of the other was able to add nothing on his return to the knowledge previously possessed as to the geography of the neighbouring seas. Perhaps, it was the result of the check thus received, that the attention of navigators was turned into a new direction; and that the next expedition sent out under the sanction of the Government, had for its object the discovery of a North-*East* Passage to China, by coasting along the north of Europe and of Asiatic Russia.

Read in the light of subsequent events, few stories are more touching than that of the sailing of this little fleet under Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1553; and of all the pomp and demonstration which attended its departure. The commander himself is described by Clement Adams as a most valiant gentleman and well born, remarkable for his goodly person, his tall stature, and his singular skill in the services of war. He was accompanied by picked men; and the three vessels, whose united crews amounted to more than a hundred, and which were amply supplied and expensively equipped, made a gallant show as they passed down the river, under the eyes of the young King Edward VI., who, though ailing and weak, encouraged them with smiling tokens of his sympathy from the windows of his palace at Greenwich. The commander's own ship bore a name of good omen, the *Bona Speranza*. But the vessels soon separated; two of them were wrecked, and Willoughby and his own crew perished miserably in the White Sea; while Chancellor, the commander of the third vessel, lived to make another but scarcely more successful enterprise. On his second voyage he contrived to set on foot a negotiation with the northern merchants, which resulted in the establishment of a gainful monopoly, called the 'Muscovy Company or Mystery of Merchants,' which long held in its own hands the trade in the northern seas; but Chancellor himself perished on his return. Eventually, our own navigators seem to have abandoned all researches beyond Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla to the enterprise of Dutch sailors, who, in their turn, were outstripped by their Russian

rivals. A North-East Passage by Cape Severo and New Siberia, though geographically possible, has long ceased to have any practical value for purposes of navigation; and Arctic enterprise has therefore been mainly diverted into the direction of the northern shores of America, in the hope of finding a navigable channel there.

In the years 1576–7–8, Martin Frobisher made three voyages, with the sole view of discovering this North-West Passage. It is true that he did not proceed far. The Straits which still bear his name, and Queen Elizabeth's Foreland, represent the utmost limit of his explorations. Nevertheless he was, as Hakluyt informs us, 'highly commended of all men for his great and notable attempt, but specially famous for the great hope he brought of the passage to Cathaya;' and the Queen condescended to name the islands on both sides of the Strait *Meta incognita*. A piece of black stone brought home by one of the company was said, on analysis, to have yielded a grain of gold; and the cupidity of sailors and merchants being thus greatly stimulated, the second and third voyages were prosecuted rather with a view to the discovery of treasure than to the solution of geographical problems. This hope proved entirely fallacious. On the third voyage, however, Frobisher visited the coast of Greenland, and took possession of a part of that country, which he named West England. He was, probably, the first who had landed on the Greenland shore since the Scandinavian settlements had perished. He may be considered as having made the first important contribution to our knowledge of the great sea which lies between Greenland and the group of large islands now known to lie to the north of the American continent. He and his companions might, at least, claim the right to be regarded as the pioneers of the remarkable series of adventures which have made the waters to the west of Greenland so famous.

'They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.'

A still further incursion into these desolate regions was made ten years after by John Davis, who was commissioned and equipped by a company of London merchants, and after whom the southern portion of this important sea is still named Davis's Straits. He verified Frobisher's observations, named the islands north of Frobisher's Strait after the Earl of Cumberland, and advanced along the coast of Greenland to latitude 72° 14′, a point considerably further north than his predecessor. He brought back strange news. He had seen, on the 30th of June, the sun five degrees above the horizon, at midnight. He had gone westward from the coast of Greenland, thinking to discover the north parts of America; and 'after I had sailed forty leagues,

I fell upon a great bank of yce, the wind being north blew much, and I was constrained to coast the same towards the south, not seeing any shore west from me, neither was there any yce towards the north, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth.' He had, nevertheless, seen fair and promising lands to the south-west. In latitude 60° 40′ he had seen a coast 'altogether free from the pester of ice, and anchored in a fair sound, under a brave mount, the cliffes whereof are orient as gold.' This mount he named after Sir W. Raleigh; and the names of Walsingham, Exeter, and Warwick, which he assigned to the spots which he explored, still attest the zeal and enterprise of this skilful commander, and his respectful homage to the great men at home.

After Davis, Henry Hudson was the next to distinguish himself by the endeavour to explore the circumpolar regions. He conceived the somewhat ambitious design of crossing the Pole, and with that view sailed to the east of Iceland and Greenland, in hope to find a northern shore of the latter country, and an open sea beyond, stretching to the North Pole itself. He passed within sight of Spitsbergen, and actually crossed the eighty-first parallel of latitude, and sighted land in latitude 82°, but was unable to proceed further on account of the ice. This point is, with the exception of that subsequently reached by the American expedition of Mr. Grinnell, at the head of Smith's Sound, the highest northern latitude ever reached by any discoverer. Hudson afterwards made a voyage of great geographical importance through the Straits and into the Bay which bear his name, determined its limits at Capes Wolstenholme and Sir Dudley Digges, and made a minute and careful exploration of the western coast of Labrador. His end was an unfortunate one. His crew mutinied, and placed him and his son with five or six others in an open boat, which they abandoned. No tidings were ever heard of these sufferers. The mutineers themselves were attacked by Esquimaux at Cape Dudley Digges, and very few survivors ever reached England.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, the desire to prosecute the search into these seas continued active amongst English mariners; and, in 1612, Button, Bylot, and Prickett sailed by way of Hudson's Straits; while Baffin and Hall busied themselves in seeking on the west shores of Greenland for a gold mine, which tradition said had once been advantageously worked by the Danes. It was not until they had become convinced of the uselessness of such a search, that the able and spirited navigators last named betook themselves to the task of exploring the great sea which so worthily bears Baffin's name. It was in 1618 that they coasted along its shore, and came to the con-

clusion that it was a great bay, with no outlet in any direction. It was true, they had seen openings to the west. Sir J. Lancaster's Sound, Alderman Jones's Sound, and others, were duly recognised as prolongations of the bay, the entrances of which were barred with ice; but were supposed to be mere inlets or harbours. It is strange to record, that two hundred years elapsed since the entrance of Lancaster Sound was observed, before it was even suspected that the North-Western Passage really lay in that direction, or at least before any attempt was made to test the accuracy of Baffin's hypothesis concerning it. Baffin's voyage is further remarkable as being the first recorded in which a method was adopted for determining the longitude by observation of the heavenly bodies.

Captain Luke Foxe, who gave himself the sobriquet of 'North-West-Foxe,' and was very proud of the title, distinguished himself, in 1631–2, by discoveries in the neighbourhood of Hudson's Strait and Southampton Island; and especially by confirming the belief that the so-called Hudson's Bay was really a bay with no opening to the west. His name indicates a break in the long historical chain of Arctic discoveries; for nearly a century elapsed before any material advance was made, or any new expedition undertaken. The civil wars of the Stuart times, and the great continental contest which marked the reign of Queen Anne, combined to force the energies of Englishmen into another channel, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that new expeditions began to be undertaken, under the vigorous auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. Barlow, Vaughan, and Middleton were amongst the most successful explorers of the sea coast to the north-east of the Company's territory; while Hearne, a fur trader, aided by Matonabbee, a North-American Indian chief, made his way overland to the mouth of the Copper Mine River. But towards the end of the century, several expeditions of discovery to distant parts of the world were sent forth under the express command of the government, and in ships fitted out by the Admiralty authorities. Up to this time, all the enterprises had been more or less of a private nature; the Sovereign had in several cases contributed largely to the equipment of the ships, but always rather in the character of patron, shareholder, or contributor, than in that of originator or director. Captain Middleton's voyage to Repulse Bay was the first of a series of enterprises conducted in the name and under the express sanction and direction of the British Government. The names of Cook, Byron, Carteret, and Wallis will occur to our readers as among the most notable examples of the spirit which animated

the advisers of George II. and III. before the outbreak of the American and French Revolutions. It is to Captain Cook especially that we owe that careful exploration of Behring's Strait, which ended in setting at rest the theory of a probable channel connecting the Arctic Ocean with the Pacific, and passing south of Icy Cape. He asserted that there was no such channel, and his conclusions were amply verified by the accurate survey of Vancouver in 1790. With the exception of the discovery by Sir A. Mackenzie, a member of a Canadian fur company, of the river which bears his name, and which he traced to its mouth in the Arctic Ocean; we have no fact of importance to chronicle until the Peace of 1815 once more rendered the new discoveries possible.

For, as it has been well pointed out by Mr. Lushington, in an admirable and lucid summary of the results of modern Arctic enterprise, which has recently appeared in the pages of a monthly contemporary,* the real history of discovery in the Northern Seas may be said to date from the Peace in 1815. For many previous years all the energies of our seamen had been devoted to other and less peaceful enterprises than geographical discovery; and the idea of a North-West Passage remained almost as hazy and uncertain in the minds of men, as in the days of Columbus himself. As to the western side of the American continent, it was by no means certain that Behring's Strait was a Strait at all. No evidence existed that the coasts of America and of Asia did not meet somewhere to the north; while the inlets from the Atlantic had scarcely been more accurately explored. Baffin's Bay, it is true, had been found, on nearer examination, not to furnish a continuous coast line; and a few of its inlets towards the west had been observed, but not penetrated. In the year 1771, Hearne had seen sea in latitude 70° and longitude 110° W.; and in 1789, Mackenzie had found water 25° further west. But both had reached their destination overland from Hudson's Bay; and whether the ocean of which these waters formed a part was the Atlantic or Pacific could only be dimly and remotely conjectured.

A very remarkable disappearance of large masses of ice from the Greenland seas in 1816–17 is attested by a communication from Mr. Scoresby to Sir Joseph Banks. He says, 'I observed in my last voyage (1817) about two thousand square leagues (18,000 square miles) of the surface of the sea, included between the parallels of 74° and 80°, perfectly void of ice.' He had visited the same spot before, and declared that the whole had disappeared within

* Macmillan's Magazine, February, 1860.

two years. There is reason to believe that when the early Danish settlements had been made in Old Greenland, the climate was far less severe; and that, for nearly four hundred years, a large portion of the Greenland coast, including the site of several Danish and Norwegian colonies, had been shut up by an impenetrable barrier of ice. The ill-fated colonies themselves had become inaccessible and had perished; but tradition preserved the memory of clement seasons, when *Green*-land had deserved its name, and when Iceland had been covered with vast groves of trees. It is certain, that in the summers of 1815, 1816, and 1817, islands of ice of unusual number and magnitude were observed drifting in the Atlantic Ocean even as far south as the fortieth parallel. An unusual chilliness was observed in the atmosphere of our own islands during these three summers; and it was the general opinion of scientific men, that the vast fields and mountains of ice which had thus been disengaged and broken up were the accumulations of centuries. There can be no doubt that this circumstance concurred with the establishment of European peace to encourage Arctic enterprise; and to direct renewed attention to the old problem of the discovery of the North-West Passage—'that one thing yet left undone by which,' in the words of old Samuel Purchas, the author of the *Pilgrimage*, 'a great mind may become notable.' The publications of Dr. Scoresby, and the personal influence of Sir John Barrow, contributed still further to influence public opinion; and from the year 1818, a long series of enterprises has testified to the interest which has been felt in the question by the people, and to the intelligent and enlightened zeal of the English Government.

Parry, Franklin, and John Ross, were the first to break in upon the long silence of the Arctic Seas, after the interval which we have described. Parry's second voyage, in 1819, confirmed the testimony of Baffin as to the general conformation of the northern part of the Bay which bears his name, and also revealed the existence of the long channel, since so often traversed, forming the prolongation of Lancaster Sound, to which he gave the honoured name of Barrow. He even penetrated as far west as Melville Island; and after being beset by the ice for ten months, and making gallant and fruitless efforts to proceed further, the Expedition returned to England. Nevertheless, the boldness of the enterprise, the skill with which all its subordinate details were managed, and the remarkable preservation of the health of the men, gave considerable and deserved reputation to Parry, who was regarded thenceforth as the pioneer of modern Arctic discovery, and whose achievements certainly entitle him to a very high place in the list of the wor-

thies who have distinguished themselves in that field. The inscription which he left on a monument erected in Winter Harbour, remains one of the most interesting of all the silent records which that dreary region contains. More than once that solitary monument has proved a beacon of hope to Parry's successors, and has been chosen as a place of deposit for important records.

While Parry was seeking a passage though the Arctic Archipelago, Franklin was diligeutly engaged in surveying the northern shores of America. We have not space to enumerate the results of the iuvestigatious which this indefatigable explorer made during the next five or six years. It will suffice to say that, in conjunction with Beechey, Dr. John Richardson, and others, the whole coast from Behring's Strait to Point Barrow, and the course and outlets of the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, were carefully examined, and that the map of Northern America thus received important additions. Even in 1825 it was clear that in point of longitude the channel from the Atlantic which had been penetrated by Parry, and that from the Pacific which had been explored by Franklin, more than overlapped each other, and that a channel connecting the two from north to south, if discovered, would suffice to solve the North-West problem. It was not, however, to be so easily discovered. The two or three succeeding voyages of Parry in the 'Hecla' and 'Fury' served but to amplify the map of Hudson's Straits, of the small bay known as Fury and Hecla Sound, and of that large southern sea extending from Lancaster Sound, to which the name of Prince Regent's Inlet was appropriated. When, in 1829, Sir John Ross and his nephew James went out at the expense and under the auspices of Sir Felix Booth, they selected this latter route, giving to the land on their right, as they sailed southwards, the name of Boothia Felix; and afterwards extending their observations, by sledging and on foot, as far south as Lord Mayor or Brentford Bay; crossing the isthmus so as to reach the magnetic pole and King William's Land. Thus this party approached still nearer than any of their predecessors to the accomplishment of the end so long desired. They descended the Gulf of Boothia, and, after crossing a few miles of land, found themselves within the waters already discovered by Franklin and his companions. Had they fallen upon the discovery of the little strait leading westward from Brentford Bay, and since named after Lieutenant Bellot, there would at least have been an end to the controversy, as to the possibility of a passage; although we cannot suppose that so narrow and ice-choked a channel would have been deemed enough to satisfy

all the hopes and speculations which had been formed on the subject. This region was, however, still further investigated in 1845–7 by Dr. John Rae, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, after a very diligent search, was only able to certify that the bottom of Regent's Inlet was separated by an isthmus, four degrees of longitude wide, from the eastern sea. In 1844, the return of Sir James Ross with the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' from a most successful voyage to the Antarctic regions, gave a new impulse to the enterprise. Two distinguished and successful explorers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company had mapped out the north-eastern shore of Russian America, Barrow's Straits had been passed, and Melville Sound reached from the east; but, as we have seen, the link of communication remained to be discovered.

The late Sir John Barrow, then Secretary to the Admiralty, —himself an energetic explorer, who had always taken the greatest interest in the solution of the question,—contributed much by his influence and experience to setting on foot preliminaries for a Government Expedition on a large scale. The Presidents of the Royal and of the Geographical Societies, the Marquis of Northampton, and Sir Roderick Murchison, also pointed out, in strong terms, the scientific advantages which might be expected, and urged the resumption of the search; and it was at length determined that energetic measures should be taken to set the question at rest.

We cannot recall without sadness the names of the many gallant men who volunteered to go on this honourable service; nor the enthusiastic emulation which was aroused among officers and men who sought to be elected, and the pride and delight with which those who were chosen regarded their coming enterprise. The chiefs were picked men. Crozier and Gore had recently returned with Ross from his successful Antarctic Expedition; Fairholme had been in the Niger Expedition; and Fitzjames had seen excellent service. The spirit of Sir John Franklin himself, who claimed the right to command the Expedition, though in his sixtieth year, was characteristic of that which animated the whole crew. He had already done work which fully entitled him to repose. He had been many years afloat; and he had just returned from conscientiously discharging the onerous and somewhat uncongenial duties of Civil Governor of Van Diemen's Land. His services were thankfully accepted by the Government; and by May, 1845, the 'Erebus' and the 'Terror,' the latter under the command of Captain Crozier, who had been in three voyages with Parry, in 1821, 1824, and 1827, were ready to sail.

The map which was supplied to Sir J. Franklin clearly indi-

cated the nature of the problem which he was required to solve. It showed a clear channel stretching westward from Baffin's Bay, along Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, as far as Melville Island; the whole sea, as then explored, running nearly along the seventy-fourth parallel, and as far west as longitude 115°. Wellington Channel opened doubtfully to the north; while, between five and six degrees farther south, the discoveries of Dease and Simpson had revealed a passage from the Pacific extending to the western shore of Boothia Felix in longitude 95° west. The east shore of Boothia had been explored; but its west shore from Barrow Strait southward remained unknown, and the map presents a complete blank in that direction. If Boothia Felix were then but a narrow peninsula, there must be a passage down its western side from Barrow Strait into Dease's Strait. 'If I can but get down there,' said Sir John, pointing to the latter place on the map, 'it will all be plain sailing to the westward.' It is evident that on the part of Franklin and Crozier, and all the officers of the Expedition, there existed a very clear perception of the nature of the course to be taken. It was more than probable that the current which set round the Icy Cape, after continuing along the northern coast of America, discharged itself through the Fury and Hecla Strait of Parry into the Atlantic; and the verification of this probability was one of the objects to be aimed at. It was suggested that the existence of this current pointed to the probability of a southern channel at the bottom of the Gulf of Boothia, directly connecting Dease's and Sir James Ross's Straits with that of the Fury and Hecla; but this probability was felt to be too vague and remote to justify Franklin in attempting to accomplish his object by sailing down Prince Regent's Inlet and the ice-closed Gulf of Boothia. In the words of Sir Roderick Murchison, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1845, 'The question of a passage is now almost narrowed to a definite line of route. The route by Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait leads nearly in a direct line about west-south-west to Behring's Strait, and is therefore apparently the proper and, as far as our knowledge hitherto extends, the only maritime route to be pursued on the passage to that Strait. There is, indeed, an opening which issues from the northern side of Barrow's Strait, called by Parry Wellington Inlet, and which in appearance is little inferior to Lancaster Sound; but its direction points towards the Pole, and the only chance of its becoming available for the North-West Passage would be, that it leads into the open sea, and that the cluster of islands in that direction will be found to cease. The track, however, expected to be pursued on

this occasion, is through the now well-known Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Strait, as far as Cape Walker, on the southern side of the latter, between which and Melville Island the Expedition is to take a middle course by the first opening that presents itself after passing the Cape; and steering to the southward, and half-way between Banks's Land (if such exist) and the northern coast of America, proceed directly, or as far as the ice will admit, for the centre of Behring's Strait. The distance to this, from the centre point between Cape Walker and Melville Island, is about nine hundred miles.'

The opinion thus expressed originated with Sir John Barrow. In accordance with it the instructions to Franklin contained the following directions:—

'Lancaster Sound, and its continuation through Barrow's Strait, having been four times navigated without any impediment by Sir Edward Parry, will probably be found without any obstacles from ice or islands; and Sir Edward Parry having also proceeded from the latter in a straight course to Melville Island, and returned without experiencing any, or very little difficulty, it is hoped that the remaining portion of the passage —about nine hundred miles—to Behring's Strait may also be found equally free from obstruction; and in proceeding to the westward, therefore, you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward in that Strait; but continue to push to the westward, without loss of time, in the latitude of about 74½°, till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point we desire that every effort be used to endeavour to penetrate to the southward and westward, in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit.'

In these instructions we observe a tone of confidence, which, alas! was scarcely justified by the result. The truth is, that abundantly as the ships were provided, the real dangers of the Expedition had been somewhat underrated. Perhaps the remarkable success of Parry, who had made all his most important discoveries—including that of Prince Regent's Inlet, and extending over 30° of longitude—in a brief run of thirty-three days; and the very general belief, in which Franklin himself shared, of the existence of a Polar Ocean; diminished the apparent necessity for any other precautions than those which were actually made. But looking back in the light which subsequent events have cast, there seems good reason to regret that no arrangement was made for rendezvous, nor for the establishment

of depôts of provisions, nor for sending out a relieving Expedition in case of accidental or unexpected delay. It would be idle to award blame to any one for these things. The officers of the Expedition themselves would, probably, have despised such precautions. They had desired that their letters should be addressed to the Sandwich Islands, and the Russian Settlements of North West America.* They did not doubt that they should reach the Pacific long before their provisions were exhausted; and, like enthusiastic soldiers, cared little about making good a retreat.

The 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were accompanied as far as the Whalefish Islands by a store-ship, which parted from them on the 12th of July. In a letter of that date addressed to the Admiralty, Sir John expressed himself most hopefully. He had provision on board for three years, besides five bullocks; stores of all kinds, and fuel in abundance. He speaks with generous warmth of the 'energy and zeal of Captain Crozier, Fitzjames, and the officers and men with whom he has the happiness of being employed. Our prospect is favourable,' he adds, 'of getting across the barrier and as far as Lancaster Sound without much obstruction.' The 'Erebus' and 'Terror' were seen by the 'Prince of Wales' whaler, under the command of Captain Dannett, on the 26th of July, 1845, moored to an iceberg in latitude 74° 48′ north, and longitude 66° 13′ west, waiting a favourable opening of the middle ice to cross to Lancaster Sound. That was the last occasion on which the ships were seen. Of the perils and sufferings of the gallant men, who on that day severed the last link of the chain which connected them with home and friends, news, comfort, and civilization, we can only faintly conjecture. But of their manful hope, and the high-hearted courage with which they entered the desolate regions in which they were all destined to find an icy grave, we have abundant proof. Even at this distance of time the eye which seeks to trace their uncertain career becomes dimmed with tears; and the task of conjecturing their route, and estimating their probable fate, is one of the saddest which can be undertaken. We pick up from the journals of later voyagers, and from the frank, straightforward, and affectionate narrative of Captain Sherard Osborne, a few facts which throw, alas! but a dim light on the subsequent adventures of the crews.

In the autumn, large masses and floes of ice are carried by the

* Fitzjames had said, indeed, in a private letter to a friend, 'I do hope and trust that if we get through we shall land at Petropaulowski, and that I shall be allowed to come home through Siberia. I shall do all in my power to urge Sir John Franklin to let me go.'

current eastward along Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, and furnish very serious impediments to navigation. It is probable, therefore, that the ships proceeded cautiously along near the south shore of North Devon, until their arrival at Beechey Island, which, for its convenient position at the entrance of the unexplored Wellington Channel, and almost midway between Prince Regent's Inlet and Cape Walker opposite, was fixed upon as the best spot for wintering in. The aspect of this region is thus vividly described by Captain Osborne:—

'No glaciers stretch from the interior, and launch their long, projecting tongues into the sea; no icy cliffs reflect there the colours of the emerald and turquoise; Arctic vegetation, wretched as it is, does not gladden the eyesight in even the most favoured spots. They have passed from a region of primary rock into one of magnesian limestone. Greenland is paradise, in an Arctic point of view, to the land they have now reached; it is desolation's abiding place; yet not deficient in the picturesque. The tall and escarped cliffs are cut by the action of frost and thaws into buttresses and abutments, which, combined with broken castellated summits, give a gothic-like aspect to the shores of North Devon. Valleys and plains are passed, all of one uniform dull colour: they consist simply of barren limestone. The barrenness of the land is, however, somewhat compensated by the plentiful abundance of animal life upon the water; the seal, the whale, and the walrus abound, whilst wild fowl in large flocks feed in the calm spots under beetling cliffs or in shallow lakes, which can be looked down upon from the mast-head.'

The winter, however, had not yet arrived; and there was still some time left, before the quarters at Beechey Island needed to be taken up. Yet the much desired channel west of North Somerset and southwards from Cape Walker proved utterly impenetrable, and it was resolved to try the open sea which stretched northwards between the Parry Islands. The crew were not without great hope that a passage might even be discovered through into the open ocean, and through another channel leading northward in a still higher latitude than Lancaster Sound; but this hope proved fallacious; and after passing along the east of Cornwallis Island to about latitude 77°, they were forced to return; and a slight change of course revealed the existence of a channel between Bathurst Island and the western side of Cornwallis Island.

'The fortnight, however, which had been spent in Wellington Channel, was the short period of navigation common to the ice-choked seas within Lancaster Sound. September and an Arctic autumn broke upon them. Who that has ever navigated those seas can ever forget the excitement and danger of the autumn struggle with ice, snowstorms, and lee

shores? We see those lonely barks in the heart of a region which appears only to have been intended to test man's hardihood, and to show him that, after all, he is but a poor weak creature. Channels surround them in all directions, down and up which, let wind blow from any quarter, an avalanche of broken floes and ugly packed ice rolls down, and threatens to engulph all that impedes its way, checked alone by the isles which strew Barrow's Straits, and serve, like the teeth of a harrow, to rip up and destroy the vast floes which are launched against them. Around each island, as well as along the adjacent coasts, and especially at projecting capes and headlands, mountains of floe pieces are piled mass on top of mass, as if the frozen sea would invade the frozen land. The "Erebus" and "Terror," under the skilful hands of their noble ships' companies, flit to and fro; seek shelter first under one point, and then another. Franklin, Fitzjames, and Crozier, are battling to get into Peel Channel, between Capes Walker and Bussy. The nights are getting rapidly longer, the temperature often falls fifteen degrees below freezing point; the pools of water on the great ice-fields as well as on the land are again firmly frozen over. The wild fowl and their offspring are seen hastening south, the plumage of the ptarmigan and willow grouse are already plentifully sprinkled with white, the mountain tops and ravines are already loaded with snow, which will not melt away for twelve long months. Enough has been done to satisfy the leaders that a further advance this season will be impossible. Winter quarters must be sought; there is none nearer, that they know of, than Beechey Island; the "Erebus" and "Terror" bear away for it. Fortune favours them, they are not caught in the fatal grip of the winter pack, and drifted out into the Atlantic, as many subsequent voyagers have been. Their haven is reached, and with hearty cheers the ships are warped into Erebus and Terror Bay, and arrangements rapidly made to meet the coming winter of 1845–1846.'—*Sherard Osborne.*

We are not left wholly to conjecture respecting the mode in which the winter was passed. Captains Austin and Penny, who visited the spot in 1851, found abundant evidences in Beechey Island of the industry of the men, and of the hope and courage with which they had been animated in their first winter. There is a shooting gallery; there are rude seats of stone, and an observatory carefully constructed of stones and earth doubly embanked. Spots are still visible which bear traces of having been the sites of magnetic observations; and others which have evidently been carefully visited and ransacked by the naturalists in search of specimens. There is a pyramid composed of old meat-tins filled with gravel, which is eight feet high and six feet square at the base. There are relics strewed about on the spots in which the little sledging-parties had encamped; and three graves, rudely but carefully paved and ornamented, mark the spots in which were buried the comrades who were spared the

suffering to come. Within a range of twenty miles from their quarters at Beechey Island, the whole of the mainland appears to have been carefully and thoroughly explored. But the art of equipping sledges so as to get the maximum of effectiveness with the minimum of weight and encumbrance, had received little attention from Franklin's party. The experience and skill which have subsequently been gained by M'Clintock, have sufficed to render practicable journeys over the ice extending to nearly four hundred miles, and occupying many weeks. Perhaps in a later stage of the career of the crew of the 'Erebus' and the 'Terror,' more mechanical skill and better knowledge on this point might have availed them much; but it is idle now to speculate on possibilities. It suffices for us to know the few brief but significant facts which have since been brought to light. After sailing away from Beechey Island southwards down the Channel below Cape Walker and the island of North Somerset, they were beset by the ice in latitude 70°, on the 12th of September, 1846: they were, therefore, obliged to winter there in the pack, under far less favourable circumstances than the year before. On the 24th of May, 1847, two officers and six men left the 'Erebus,' and deposited a record in a cairn on the shore of King William's Island, in which it was stated that all was well in the imprisoned ships, and that Sir John Franklin was still in command. Within three weeks from that date, however, another commander had taken his place; for the brave captain of the expedition was no more. The summer of 1847 brought but little relief. It would seem that the ice had parted enough to permit the ships to move a few miles to the south; and then had closed hopelessly around them, condemning them to another dreary winter in the pack. How this winter was passed, and with what forebodings the crew saw the spring of 1848 open upon them, we can only conjecture. Failing provisions and diminished numbers warned them of the absolute necessity for taking some decisive step; yet no prospect appeared of any movement in their iron bonds; and it was therefore judged expedient to abandon the ships finally on the 12th of April; and endeavour, as a forlorn hope, to reach some settlement overland, or at least to find deer or salmon. They took with them forty days' provision. They left behind them on Cape Jane Franklin all unnecessary encumbrances, and added a few brief words to the written record which had been deposited in the cairn a year before; and then started on their perilous journey towards the Great Fish River, and the distant settlements of the Hudson's Bay Company.

'Poor lost ones,' says Captain Osborne; 'we mark them

day by day growing weaker under the fearful toil of dragging such ponderous sledges and boats, as well as their disabled comrades, through the deep snow, and over rugged ice: we hear the cheering appeal of the gallant officers to the despairing ones; the kind applause, heartily bestowed, to the self-sacrificing and the brave. Bodily endurance has its limits, devotion to one's brother-man its bounds; and half-way between Cape Victory, where they landed, and Cape Herschel, it becomes apparent that, if any are to be saved, there must be a division of the party, and that the weak and disabled must stay behind, or return to the ships. One of the large boats is here turned with her bow northwards; some stay here, the rest push on. Of those who thus remained, or tried to return, all we know is, that in long years afterwards two skeletons were found in that boat, and that the wandering Esquimaux found on board one ship the bones of another "large man, with long teeth," as they described him. On the fate of the rest of the sick and weak—and they must have formed a large proportion of the original party of 106 souls that landed on Cape Victory—we need not dwell. The rest push on: they have tried to cheer their shipmates with the hope that they will yet return to save them. Vain hope! Yet we see them with bending bodies, and with the sweat-drops freezing upon their pallid faces, straining every nerve to save sweet life: they pass from sight into the snow-storm, which the warm south wind kindly sends to shroud the worn-out ones, who gently lie down to die; and they died so peacefully, so calmly, with the mind sweetly wandering back to the homes and friends of their childhood, the long remembered prayer upon their lips, and their last fleeting thoughts of some long treasured love for one they would some day meet in heaven. The cairn on Cape Herschel was reached. No one had been there since "Dease and Simpson," in 1839, except themselves. Here the last record was placed of their success and sad position; and then this forlorn hope of desperate men pushed on towards the Great Fish River; and if we needed any proof of Franklin's Expedition having been the first to discover the North-West Passage, or of the utter extremity to which this retreating party was reduced, we need but point to the bleaching skeleton which lies a few miles southward of Cape Herschel. That silent witness has been accorded us, and he still lies as he fell, on his face, with his head towards his home. His comrades had neither turned nor buried him.'

Of the fate of these men we have no other intelligence than is furnished by a few such skeletons, and by a few vague and uncertain reports, picked up from the Esquimaux. That the large

party had been seen painfully striving to drag a boat and sledges along the shore of King William's Land; and that groups of men had been seen toiling along, and dropping down one by one to die, are all the facts which the diligence of Dr. Rae and Sir Francis M'Clintock have been able to gather. It is hard to picture death in a more terrible form than that in which it came to these miserable wanderers, as one by one succumbed to the combined forces of disease, hunger, and despair. Not one of the 106 men ever reached even an Esquimaux village, or entered the warm precincts of the cheerful day again; and the story of their sufferings remains, and will for ever remain, in all probability, untold, and hardly imagined. Yet, that the great object for which this fearful sacrifice of life and courage and skill was made, was actually accomplished, is now beyond a doubt. Franklin had carried his ship within the limits of Sir James Ross's Explorations in 1830; and within the entrance of a channel, since proved to be a navigable one, connecting Barrow Strait with Victoria Strait, and therefore with Behring's Straits. Point Victory, on Cape Jane Franklin, was the farthest point northward which Sir James Ross had reached; and it was opposite this headland that the ships had been abandoned, and on it that the records were deposited by Fitzjames and his companions. In the history of geographical discovery it will ever remain, therefore, a notable fact, that the North-West Passage, so long the desideratum of men of science, and the dream of enthusiastic mariners, was first disclosed by Franklin and his companions, in 1846; and finally and completely verified by such remnants of his party as reached the mouth of the Great Fish River, and laid themselves down to die on its inhospitable banks.

The facts which we have here pieced together, have only come to light slowly, and little by little; as one expedition after another has returned with its fragment of news and conjecture; or brought negative evidences, which have sufficed to set doubt at rest in particular directions, and thus to narrow the field of search for their successors. It will be interesting to trace briefly the history of these searching Expeditions, and to enumerate the results of each.

The year 1846 passed without the betrayal of any remarkable anxiety as to the fate of Franklin; but in February, 1847, the Lords of the Admiralty addressed an official letter to the late Sir Edward Parry, requesting communications and advice from him. 'Their Lordships having unlimited confidence in the skill and resources of Sir J. Franklin, have as yet felt no apprehensions about his safety; but, on the other hand, it is obvious that

if no accounts of him should arrive by the end of this year, or, as Sir John Ross expects, at an earlier period, active steps must then be taken.' Sir Edward's opinion is also asked respecting the probability of any depôts having been established, the employment of vessels, the period of sailing, and the places it would be expedient to visit. In reply, Sir E. Parry speaks hopefully, and without any apprehension; but thinks the time has arrived for the preparation of measures for active search, in case no information should be received by the autumn. He suggests the preparation of an entirely new expedition, to follow Franklin along Barrow Strait; and also recommends that a small ship should be sent up Behring's Straits from the Pacific. Intelligence from the American coast, he thinks, should be sought through the Hudson's Bay Company.

Accordingly, it was determined, in the beginning of 1848, to send out the 'Plover,' under Moore, to Behring's Strait, there to be joined by the 'Herald,' Captain Kellett. The instructions were, to proceed along the American coast as far as possible; and having found a harbour for the 'Plover,' two boats were to proceed along the coast in search of the expedition, and to communicate with the party which was to descend the Mackenzie River under Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae. Meanwhile, rewards were offered by the Government to the whalers visiting Lancaster Sound; and Lady Franklin offered £2000 for the exploration of Prince Regent's Inlet, or Jones's or Smith's Sound. Sir J. Richardson and Dr. Rae left England on the 25th of March, 1848, with instructions to examine the coast between the Mackenzie and Copper Mine Rivers. Soon after, Sir James Ross in the 'Enterprise,' and Captain E. J. Bird in the 'Investigator,' sailed for Lancaster Sound and Barrow Straits. In the May of 1849 the 'North Star' was fitted out and instructed to follow Sir James Ross, and to urge upon him the exploration of Wellington Channel and its neighbourhood. During the interval many consultations had been held; and it had begun to be insisted on by more than one eminent authority, that, in spite of his instructions, Franklin had privately expressed a strong wish to find a passage north of Lancaster Sound. Sir G. Back, Sir Edward Belcher, Captain Beechey, and Colonel Sabine, all appear to have shared this impression; and the instructions conveyed to Sir James Ross by the 'North Star' were prepared accordingly. Even when in March, 1849, the Government offered £20,000, and Lady Franklin £3000, to any exploring party which should have rendered efficient assistance to Sir John Franklin, his ships, or their crews, attention was particularly directed to the same

quarter, and to the Gulf of Boothia, and Regent's Inlet. It seems unaccountable that the simpler course of giving a copy of the instructions which had been furnished to Franklin, and leaving them to be interpreted by the aspirants to the reward, was not adopted. These directions were founded on a supposed *arrière pensée* of Franklin in favour of a route to the northward, and *not* on the simple hypothesis that he would obey his instructions, and endeavour to sail south or south-west from Cape Walker. Their effect was therefore to put discovery on a false scent. In July intelligence arrived from Sir J. Richardson, announcing that he had explored the whole coast confided to his scrutiny, and had discovered no traces of the missing Expedition; and in November Sir James Ross unexpectedly returned, having explored the north coast of North Somerset, and actually passed along its western shore down Peel Sound, on what we now know to have been Franklin's track, as far south as lat. 72° 38′. But he had not thought this a likely or promising direction, and had sought with much more hope, though with as little success, for traces of the party to the west of Melville Island. On the suggestion of Sir F. Beaufort, the hydrographer to the Admiralty, the 'Enterprise' and 'Investigator' were again dispatched on the 20th of January, 1850. This time they were commanded by Collinson and M'Clure, and the course determined on was by way of Behring's Straits. In April, the 'Lady Franklin,' Captain Penny, was commissioned by Government to follow the unsuccessful course of Sir James Ross, along Barrow Strait; and in May, Austin, Ommaney, Sherard Osborne, and Cator, all sailed in the same direction. Meanwhile, another Expedition was equipped about the same time by public subscription, under the command of Sir John Ross, who sailed with the 'Felix' and the 'Mary' on the 20th of April. The American Government, also, fired with a generous emulation, and prompted by the appeal of Lady Franklin, and by the munificence of Mr. Grinnell, a New York merchant, who equipped two ships, the 'Advance' and the 'Rescue,' at his sole cost, claimed a share in the enterprise; and there were thus in the summer of 1850 no fewer than *ten* ships in Barrow's Straits, all engaged in the search, and severally commanded by Austin, Penny, Ross, and the American commander De Havre. The 'North Star' returned in September, having landed its provisions at Wollaston Island, but having failed to communicate, as we have seen, with Sir James Ross or Captain Bird.

It was in August, 1850, that the first traces of the missing Expedition were found. Captain Ommaney and the officers of

the 'Assistance' and 'Intrepid' had landed on Point Riley and Beechey Island, and had discovered the evidences that Franklin had wintered there in 1845–6. The news was brought home by the 'Prince Albert,' the smallest vessel which had taken a share in the search; and the account of the trip, with a description of the graves and marks at Point Riley, which was read by Commander Forsyth before the Geographical Society, excited very great attention and aroused new hopes. It was found that the first part of Franklin's instructions, that which indicated the suitableness of Beechey Island for wintering, had been scrupulously carried out; but the conjectures of many still pointed to the north and west as his probable subsequent course. These conjectures were partly strengthened by the report which arrived in January, 1851, from Kellett and Moore, who had swept Behring's Straits as far as Cape Barrow without any success. In May of this year, Lady Franklin's vessel, the 'Prince Albert,' under the command of Captain Kennedy, who was accompanied by the chivalrous and unfortunate Lieutenant Bellot, sailed on her second voyage, with a view to the complete exploration of Regent's Inlet. In September, the 'Resolute' and 'Assistance' and the 'Lady Franklin' returned home, and their commanders, Austin, Ommaney, and Penny, were unable to report any progress, or to contribute any new fact of importance. Yet a large area of coast had been visited, and Lieutenants M'Clintock and Sherard Osborne, with others, had distinguished themselves by the skill and thoroughness of their overland explorations, particularly in Melville Island and the coasts of Melville or Parry Sound.

A deep gloom was cast over all concerned in the investigation, by the complete failure of these well equipped and admirably managed Expeditions. It now became the general opinion, that it was scarcely possible that any one of the party could have survived; and a feeling of despair began to take the place of all plans and speculations. Some of the ablest of the Arctic navigators who were consulted by the Government on the subject, gave it as their opinion that the search was a hopeless one, and discouraged all attempts to renew it. Sir J. Richardson, Messrs. Penny, Kellett, and Scoresby, however, held another view. Some vague reports of two ships having been lost in the ice, and afterwards burnt by a ferocious band of natives, received little credit. Before the close of 1851, the American Expedition returned to New York, having done little more than verify the discoveries of Ommaney and others, and having drifted in the pack of ice for the extraordinary distance of 1050 miles. In April, 1852, Dr. Rae's report reached the Admiralty through the Hudson's Bay Company. This persevering and judicious

explorer had made his way northwards, by Victoria Strait, as far as lat. 70° 2′; and had actually set up a cairn and left a record opposite to the spot on which it was afterwards ascertained that the ships had been abandoned. Had Rae crossed the strait to the opposite shore of King William's Island, he would have found the record left by the crew of the 'Erebus' in 1848; and the difficulty would once for all have been solved. Yet his energy and determination were not wholly unrewarded. Two pieces of wood, the one with a clasp or band of iron, and the other with two nails on it, bearing the Government mark, were found drifting in Parker Bay. Little doubt was entertained that these were fragments of the missing vessels; and the question which then excited the greatest interest, related to the direction in which they had been borne by the current. At any rate, here was, in fact, (supposing that the wood had really belonged to one of the ships,) the first proof that a North-West Passage existed; for the ships had entered the Polar regions by the east, and here were two pieces floating in the channel which opened to the west. A strange interest attaches, in the history of Arctic enterprise, to the humble shreds of pine and oak which first made the memorable voyage, and were destined to become the bearers of such important intelligence, and the sources of so many conjectures.

It was in April, 1852, that Sir E. Belcher, in the 'Assistance,' and Captain Kellett, in the 'Resolute,' set out together on a renewed Expedition, under instructions from the Admiralty. But here again it is curious to notice how resolutely the official theories continued to incline towards the north and west, rather than to the south or south-west. In October of this year, Kennedy returned with the 'Prince Albert,' and contributed to our geographical knowledge the important fact, that there was in all probability a strait leading from Brentford Bay, in the Gulf of Boothia, westward to the sea explored by Rae. At any rate, there was an inlet running westward, and beyond it the open sea had been descried. But the most extraordinary event of the year was the brief voyage of Commander Inglefield, in the 'Isabel,' who, in the course of only a four months' absence from England, had visited Wolstenholme Sound, passed through Glacier Strait into Jones's Sound, and subsequently visited Beechey Island, having discovered in all six hundred miles of new coast. The same officer undertook another Expedition in May, 1853, in the 'Phœnix,' in which he was accompanied by Lieutenant Bellot, who volunteered for active service. A second American Expedition also left New York in this month, under the direction of Dr. Elisha Kane.

Its object was the exploration of Smith's Sound, and the northern outlets from Lancaster Sound. This intelligent traveller had been in the former Expedition of Mr. Grinnell, and had prepared the graphic and interesting account of that voyage which is so familiar to English readers. The experience he had gained led him to look hopefully to the circumpolar ocean which he believed to exist, and to suppose that there was a higher temperature and a more open sea further north than any part hitherto explored. Accordingly, he proposed to 'pass up Baffin's Bay to its utmost northern attainable limit, and thence pressing on toward the Pole, as far as boats or sledges could carry us, examine the coast line for traces of the lost party.' Here, again, we observe the prevalence of the impression that Franklin had passed up Wellington Channel, and should be sought for to the north, rather than the south, of Barrow Strait.

The month of October, 1853, was rendered memorable in Arctic story, by the intelligence which was brought by Commander Inglefield, who returned in the 'Phœnix' with dispatches from Sir E. Belcher, Captain Kellett, and Commander M'Clure. We need not dwell on the narrative of Sir E. Belcher, interesting as it is: it suffices for us to know, that diligently and conscientiously as his task was executed, he had been engaged in the wrong direction; making very interesting and important researches to the north of Bathurst Island and North Devon, verifying spots which had been visited by the explorers of the Grinnell Expedition, and proving the existence of a channel connecting Wellington Channel with Jones's Sound. To geographical science these results were undoubtedly valuable; but on the great object which now absorbed more interest and attention than ever, it threw no light. Meanwhile Captain Kellett had conducted the 'Resolute' and 'Intrepid' westward as far as Melville Island and Banks's Strait. Exploring parties were sent in different directions in March and April, 1853: M'Clintock and his companions undertook Prince Patrick and Melville Islands to the north and west; Lieutenant Hamilton to the north-east, in which direction it was hoped that Belcher and his party would be met; while Lieutenant Pim undertook a southward journey across Banks's Land. This last party proved to be the most fortunate. To their great delight, they encountered Captain M'Clure, and a party from the 'Investigator.' This ship had entered Behring's Strait in 1850; and after wintering in the pack, near Prince Albert Land, a party had made its way northward from it along the shores of the Prince of Wales's Strait; and the following important but simple statement had been made in the ship's log:—

'October 31st, 1850.—The Captain returned at 8.30 A.M., and at 11.30 A.M. the remainder of the party, having, upon the 26th inst., ascertained that the waters we are now in communicate with those of Barrow's Strait, the north-eastern limit being in lat. 73° 31′ N., long. 114° 39′ W., thus establishing the existence of a North-West Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.'

M'Clure and the 'Investigator' had been compelled to spend not only the winter of 1850–1 in the ice, but also the two following years. During this time, very diligent search had been made in Banks's and Prince Albert's Land for traces of the missing Expedition, but without success. The conjecture that Sir J. Franklin had made large westing, and taken a course not indicated by his instructions, was thus set at rest. No tidings could be heard, and not a fragment of evidence discovered, to prove that the 'Erebus' or 'Terror' had ever gone further west than Cape Walker. This negative conclusion would of itself have been a very slender reward for the three years of labour and endurance which M'Clure and his associates had passed. But it was a great triumph to have actually navigated the 'Investigator' from the Pacific into a sea which was proved to be a continuation of Barrow Strait, and thus to have demonstrated the possibility of a navigable communication between the two great oceans. Until the recent revelations respecting the actual success of Franklin in the solution of this problem four years before, M'Clure enjoyed the reputation of being the first discoverer of the Passage. That reputation will not be diminished by the facts which have since been brought to light. M'Clure's was a perfectly new discovery. The channel by which he contrived to pass was far to the west of that which had been traversed by Franklin. The skill, perseverance, and intrepidity by which the enterprise was marked, will always remain conspicuous, even in Arctic annals. We can barely picture the delight with which the crew of the 'Investigator,' after three years' isolation and imprisonment, welcomed the arrival of Lieutenant Pim and the party which had been dispatched by Captain Kellett. 'All description,' says Captain M'Clure in a letter to that officer, 'must fall below the reality. The heart was too full to articulate; the sick forgot their maladies, the healthy their despondency. Such a scene can never be forgotten; all was now life, activity, and joyful astonishment. In the twinkling of an eye the whole crew were changed.' After much consideration it was found necessary to abandon the 'Investigator,' and the whole crew were transferred to the 'Resolute' or 'Intrepid' under Kellett. We cannot follow here the story

of the painful and laborious researches which these men subsequently made in all the neighbouring seas which were at all accessible; but it is worthy of note, that these two vessels were both subsequently abandoned, and that in the following year Sir E. Belcher also was obliged to leave his own vessels, the 'Assistance' and the 'Pioneer,' and to return with the crews in the auxiliary vessel, the 'North Star,' which had been sent out for their relief. Among the incidents of Arctic exploration, few are more interesting and melancholy than that of the abandonment of a vessel by its crew. Sir E. Belcher, in describing such a scene, says with touching truthfulness:—'Our hearts were too full, no cheers escaped; but, turning our backs on the ships, we pursued our cheerless route over the floe, leaving behind our home. There is a something, a pang, touchingly painful in forsaking one's old ship; long association has endeared her to you, in calm and in storm, in the time of trial she has been faithful and true. You hence have learned to estimate and rely on her qualities. Again, she is your home, not fixed to one spot, immobile and inert, but at your call she unfolds her wings and bears you to new climates and scenes; for she is a thing of life! Fire and ice are her most implacable enemies.'

But of all the intelligence brought back by Captain Inglefield, that which related to the young French volunteer, Lieutenant Bellot, perhaps excited the greatest interest in England. This gallant officer had undertaken to make his way with the dispatches to Sir E. Belcher, and with that view had gone up Wellington Channel with a small party. On the 17th, having reached a spot not very distant from Cape Grinnell, and wishing to get in shore to encamp, he had sent part of his men ashore with the dispatches; but a gale of wind prevented him from landing, and he and two men found themselves on a floe which drifted away from the shore. While reconnoitring from the top of a hummock, poor Bellot was blown off by a violent gust into a crack in the ice, and was drowned. The two men, after drifting about for thirty hours without food, contrived at length to escape. But the death of their enthusiastic young comrade threw a deep gloom over the crew; and the impression made by the story of his daring, and his frankness, and of his sad fate, when the facts were known in England, was profound. The Earl of Ellesmere, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society, worthily represented the national sentiment, when he said, 'The tidings of his loss rang like a knell through England; and the narrative of that catastrophe will be studied so long as men shall seek in the annals of Christian heroism and self-devotion, of active but modest and unostentatious philan-

thropy, examples how to live and how to die.' We are glad to know that this touching episode in the maritime history of England is worthily commemorated by a monument at Greenwich.

It was in 1854, when M'Clure returned, and when Sir E. Belcher and Captain Kellett had also brought before the Government the final result of their researches, that the Admiralty authorities determined to remove the names of the officers of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror' from the Navy List, and to consider them as having died in Her Majesty's service. It was also felt by the authorities that all further search was hopeless, and that the Government would not be justified in sanctioning any more perilous and profitless Expeditions. We do not share the feelings of those who imputed blame to the Admiralty in this matter. Eight years had elapsed, it was scarcely reasonable to suppose that any one of the party survived; authorities had been consulted, diligent and repeated search had been made; and the public opinion of the country—rarely guilty of inhumanity or want of generosity towards sailors—had reluctantly acquiesced in the conclusions of the Government respecting the uselessness of further search.

The return of Dr. Rae from his second overland Expedition in October, 1854, gave rise to new conjectures. He had penetrated to the Great Fish River, and northward to the west coast of Boothia. He had obtained from some Esquimaux particulars, and purchased from them a number of articles, which left no doubt of the terrible fate which had overtaken some at least of Franklin's crew. The substance of the information which had thus been gained amounted to this:—Four winters ago, (1850,) a party of about forty white men had been seen travelling southwards, and dragging a boat with them. None of them could speak the Esquimaux language, but by signs they made it evident that their ships had been crushed by the ice, and that they were going where they hoped to find deer to shoot. At a later date, the bodies of about thirty men had been found on the continent; some of these had been buried; some were in tents, others under a boat, and others lay scattered about. Of the mutilated remains, one skeleton was supposed to have been that of an officer, as he had a telescope and a double-barrelled gun near him. A great deal of ammunition also was found; and the broken fragments of watches, telescopes, guns, and some articles of plate. The wretched men had evidently died of exhaustion and hunger; and their equipments and clothes had been ransacked by the plundering Esquimaux. Painful as this intelligence was, it was received in England with profound

interest; and the Government awarded to Dr. Rae and his companions the sum of £20,000, which had been promised in 1850 to any one who should succeed in ascertaining the fate of Sir J. Franklin's Expedition. After the return of Captain Collinson all efforts for the recovery of the lost Expedition were relinquished; all the ships employed in the Expedition had been previously abandoned or withdrawn; and the clue furnished by the relics brought home by Rae was not deemed of sufficient value to justify any attempt to follow it up.

We have been largely indebted for this very brief summary of the searching Expeditions, to the work of Mr. Brown, the title of which we have prefixed to the head of this article. That work, published towards the end of the year 1848, does not appear to us to have received the attention it deserves. It contains an elaborate and trustworthy account of all the expeditions which had sailed from England in search of Franklin; and its contents furnish an admirable compendium of materials for the future historian of Arctic enterprise. But the book is chiefly remarkable as a sustained and earnest protest against the theory on which the instructions of the authorities had been founded. Mr. Brown contends in his book, as he had done several years before its publication, that the direction in which the quest ought to be prosecuted, was south-west of Cape Walker, down Peel Sound, and not either to the north in Wellington Channel, or to the west by Melville Island. Mr. Brown's hypothesis, consistently and strenuously maintained throughout his book, is that Franklin was too good an officer to disobey orders; and that, therefore, he was most likely to have made his way in the direction just pointed out. A map is prefixed to the work, in which a line is conjecturally drawn, indicating the opinion of the author as to the probable course and position of Franklin's ships. It is but just to Mr. Brown to say, that the wisdom of his conjecture has been remarkably verified by M'Clintock's discoveries; that the spot indicated in the map coincides most curiously with that in which it has since been ascertained that the 'Erebus' and the 'Terror' were abandoned; and that the whole book, read in the light of the recent revelations, furnishes a most creditable proof of the judgment and foresight of its author. It is too late now to express a wish that his counsels and warnings had been more extensively heeded; but it is nevertheless worth while to draw attention to the fact, that at least five-sixths of all the effort and enterprise which have been expended in the search, have been directed to regions *which Franklin was not desired to explore, and which, it is now evident, he never intended to visit.*

We have seen that in 1857 the Government and the people of this country had abandoned all hope, and had resolved to prosecute no further search. There was one British subject, however, whose courage and patience were inexhaustible, and who, after rare sacrifices of fortune, and rare proofs of perseverance in the cause, remained undaunted, and was determined to institute a search in the only one spot which had been left untraversed by former Expeditions, and which seemed to be indicated by the researches of Dr. Rae as the probable destination of the ships. That person, as our readers are aware, was the noble-minded widow of Franklin, who, with the scanty residue of her fortune, purchased the little steam yacht, 'Fox,' and dispatched it in July, 1857, to make a final effort to solve the long-vexed question. Of the many hues which the chequered history of northern enterprise presents to us, not the least bright is that phase of the story which is adorned with Lady Franklin's name. A worthier example of a sailor's wife will not easily occur to the readers of maritime history. Her anxiety about her husband's fate, and her determination to spare no efforts while the faintest chance remained of saving his life, are sufficiently praiseworthy; but in these there is nothing which those who know what Englishwomen are, will feel to be remarkable. It is the deep and sustained solicitude about his fame, and the determination to afford evidence, at any cost, of the success with which the great object of the Expedition had been attained, which gives to Lady Franklin's efforts their peculiar and touching interest. She had caught all her husband's enthusiasm about the solution of the great problem of a North-West Passage; and she has always shown an interest far higher and wider than the merely personal one in the cause of geographical investigation: all her energies and resources have been spent in the endeavour to secure the identification of her husband's name with a great scientific discovery. We are thankful to know that she has not only succeeded in this endeavour, but has identified her own name not less honourably and not less permanently with the same great work. It has been well said by Sir F. Baring, in the House of Commons, that on the monument which has thus been raised to Franklin's fame, might be written,—

'*Non patria, non imperator, sed conjux posuit.*'

Lady Franklin's final search was undertaken mainly at her own cost; the subscriptions to the fund having only amounted to a small portion of the required sum. The little steam yacht, the 'Fox,' of 177 tons' burthen,—a mere cock-boat, compared with the vessels employed in former Expeditions, and, we believe,

the smallest ship which had ever sailed on such a voyage,—sailed, under Captain M'Clintock, with a crew of twenty-two men, in July, 1857. His directions from Lady Franklin were similar to those which had been given to Captain Kennedy in 1852. He was, after calling at Beechey Island, to try the course down Peel Sound; or, if that proved impracticable, to move southwards down Regent's Inlet, and find a way across, if possible, by Bellot Strait, to seek the neighbourhood of the Great Fish River. But the spirit in which the instructions were given, will be best understood on reading the following extract from a document which has now acquired a sort of historic interest.

'As to the objects of the expedition and their relative importance, I am sure you know that the rescue of any possible survivor of the "Erebus" and "Terror" would be to me, as it would be to you, the noblest result of our efforts.

'To this object, I wish every other to be subordinate; and next to it in importance is the recovery of the unspeakably precious documents of the Expedition, public and private; and the personal relics of my dear husband and his companions.

'And, lastly, I trust it may be in your power to confirm, directly or inferentially, the claims of my husband's Expedition to the earliest discovery of the Passage; which, if Dr. Rae's report be true, (and the Government of our country has accepted and rewarded it as such,) these martyrs in a noble cause achieved at their last extremity, after five long years of labour and suffering, if not at an earlier period.

'I am sure you will do all that man can do for the attainment of all these objects: my only fear is that you may spend yourselves too much in the effort; and you must therefore let me tell you how much dearer to me, even than any of them, is the preservation of the valuable lives of the little band of heroes who are your companions and followers.

'May God, in His great mercy, preserve you all from harm, amidst the labours and perils which await you, and restore you to us in health and safety, as well as honour! As to the honour, I can have *no* misgiving; it will be yours as much if you fail (since you *may* fail, in spite of every effort) as if you succeed; and be assured, that, under *any and all circumstances whatever*, such is my unbounded confidence in you, you will possess and be entitled to the enduring gratitude of your sincere and attached friend,—JANE FRANKLIN.'

The Expedition met with no remarkable adventures until towards the end of August, when the drifting ice of Baffin's Bay met and encircled the little vessel, and carried it slowly southwards. For eight months the crew and their vessel were thus helplessly soldered in, and unable in any way to control the movements of the vessel. Yet the crew were not daunted. In the prospect of a winter in the pack, the Captain writes:—

'Notwithstanding such a withering blight to my dearest hopes, yet I cannot overlook the many sources of gratification which do exist. We have not only the necessaries, but also a fair portion of the luxuries of ordinary sea-life; our provisions and clothing are abundant, and well suited to the climate. Our whole equipment, though upon so small a scale, is perfect in its way. We all enjoy perfect health; and the men are most cheerful, willing, and quiet.'

Accordingly, plans were laid for the profitable occupation of the time. A reading, writing, and navigation school was commenced for the men, in which the surgeon, Dr. Walker, and the two officers, Lieutenant Hobson and Captain Allen Young, took great interest. From the graphic narrative of the latter officer we take a glimpse of the monotonous yet not wholly inactive or cheerless life which is passed by a crew in such strange circumstances.

'December 21st.—The winter solstice. We have about half an hour's partial daylight, by which the type of *The Times* newspaper may be just distinguished on a board facing the south, where, near noon, a slight glimmer of light is refracted above the horizon; while, in the zenith and northward, the stars are shining brilliantly. In the absence of light and shade we cannot see to walk over the ice, for the hummocks can scarcely be distinguished from the floe; all presents a uniform level surface, and, in walking, one constantly falls into the fissures, or runs full butt against the blocks of ice. We must now, therefore, be content with an hour or two's tramp alongside, or on our snow-covered deck under housing; and, during the remainder of the day, we sit below in our little cabin, which has now been crystallized by the breath condensing and freezing on the bulkheads, and we endeavour to read and talk away the time. But our subjects of conversation are miserably worn out; our stories are old, and oft repeated; we start impossible theories, and we bet upon the results of our new observations as to our progress, as we unconsciously drift and drift before the gale. At night we retire to our beds, thankful that another day has passed; a death-like stillness reigns around, broken only by the ravings of some sleep-talker, the tramp of the watch upon deck, a passing bear causing a general rousing of our dogs, or a simultaneous rush of these poor ravenous creatures at our cherished stores of seal-beef in the shrouds; and as we listen to the distant groaning and sighing of the ice, we thank God that we have still a home in these terrible wastes.'

We take two more entries from the Captain's diary.

'November 3rd.—I remained up the greater part of last night taking observations; for the evening mists had passed away, and a lovely moon reigned over a calm, enchanting night. Through a powerful telescope she resembled a huge frosted-silver melon, the large crater-like depression answering to that part from which the footstalk

had been detached. Not a sound to break the stillness around, excepting when some hungry dog would return to the late battlefield to gnaw into the bloodstained ice. On the 1st, the sun paid us his last visit for the year, and now we take all our meals by lamplight. 5th.—In order to vary our monotonous routine, we determined to celebrate the day; extra grog was issued to the crew, and also, for the first time, a proportion of preserved plum-pudding. Lady Franklin most thoughtfully and kindly sent it on board for occasional use. It is excellent.

'This evening a well got-up procession sallied forth, marched round the ship with drum, gong, and discord, and then proceeded to burn the effigy of Guy Fawkes. Their blackened faces, extravagant costumes, flaming torches, and savage yells, frightened away all the dogs; nor was it until after the fireworks were let off, and the traitor consumed, that they crept back again. It was school night, but the men were up for fun, so gave the doctor a holiday.

'December 27th.—Our Christmas was a very cheerful, merry one. The men were supplied with several additional articles, such as hams, plum-puddings, preserved gooseberries and apples, nuts, sweetmeats, and Burton ale. After Divine Service they decorated the lower deck with flags, and made an immense display of food. The officers came down with me to see their preparations. We were really astonished! Their mess-tables were laid out like the counters in a confectioner's shop, with apple and gooseberry tarts, plum and sponge cakes in pyramids, besides various other unknown puffs, cakes, and loaves of all sizes and shapes. We bake all our own bread, and excellent it is. In the back-ground were nicely-browned hams, meat-pies, cheeses, and other substantial articles. Rum and water in wine-glasses, and plum-cake, were handed to us: we wished them a happy Christmas, and complimented them on their taste and spirit in getting up such a display. Our silken sledge-banners had been borrowed for the occasion, and were regarded with deference and peculiar pride.'

It was not until the following April that the ship was released, and that the breaking up of the pack enabled it to escape. The process was a difficult and perilous one, for the sea was in a state of wild commotion; enormous floes of ice were being driven against each other in all directions, and 'a blinding snow-drift distorted and magnified every surrounding object.' The distance of the vessel from the edge of the pack was twenty-two miles; waves were dashing in the lanes and channels of water to the height of nearly fourteen feet. Good seamanship, however, conducted the little craft through this peril; and the crew seem to have entered on the season of 1858 with high hope and enthusiasm, notwithstanding their wearisome delay. We cannot enumerate the interesting particulars respecting the animals, the vegetable productions, the scattered Esquimaux, and the physical phenomena observed in these regions during

the summer expedition. The modest and truthful story of M'Clintock, evidently not originally intended for publication, will amply repay the perusal of all readers who desire to realize to themselves a picture of Arctic scenery and life. For our present purpose it will suffice to say that, by the middle of August an attempt was made to get down Peel Sound, and thus to follow the track which was rightly suspected to be Franklin's; but on finding this passage hopelessly ice-blocked about twenty-five miles to the south, it was determined to return and to try Prince Regent's Inlet and Bellot Strait. At the eastern entrance of this Strait, in the harbour known as Brentford Bay, the ship was duly housed for the coming winter, after making an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate the entire length of Bellot Strait. During the winter plans were matured for a complete exploration of the whole of the neighbouring region. It was arranged that the captain, accompanied by Petersen the Danish interpreter and a small party, should explore the eastern side of King William's Land, proceed southwards to the shore of the Great Fish River, and return along the other side of King William's Land, so as to make a complete circuit of that and of Montreal Island. Lieutenant Hobson undertook to examine the shores of Boothia as far as the magnetic pole, and Captain Allen Young to travel along the shores of Prince of Wales Land. It was in the execution of this plan that M'Clintock's skill and judgment were, perhaps, most conspicuously shown. By a judicious equipment of the sledges, by economizing the stores and materials to be carried, and by adjusting the weight in the manner least likely to burden the dogs, or encumber the men, he contrived to provide each party with the means of making a sixty or seventy days' search. How those days were spent will be best understood from the following passage:—

'Our equipment consisted of a very small brown holland tent, macintosh, floor-cloth, and felt robes; besides this, each man had a bag of double blanketing, and a pair of fur boots to sleep in. We wore mocassins over the pieces of blanket in which our feet were wrapped up; and, with the exception of a change of this foot-gear, carried no spare clothes. The daily routine was as follows:—I led the way; Petersen and Thompson followed, conducting their sledges; and in this manner we trudged on for eight or ten hours without halting, except when necessary to disentangle the dog harness. When we halted for the night, Thompson and I usually sawed out the blocks of compact snow and carried them to Petersen, who acted as the master-mason in building the snow-hut: the hour and a half or two hours usually employed in erecting the edifice was the most disagreeable part of the day's labour; for, in addition to being already well-tired and desiring repose, we became thoroughly chilled whilst standing about. When the hut was

finished, the dogs were fed, and here the great difficulty was to insure the weaker ones their full share in the scramble for supper; then commenced the operation of unpacking the sledge, and carrying into our hut everything necessary for ourselves, such as provisions and sleeping gear, as well as all boots, fur mittens, and even the sledge dog-harness, to prevent the dogs from eating them during our sleeping-hours. The door was now blocked up with snow, the cooking-lamp lighted, foot-gear changed, diary written up, watches wound, sleeping bags wriggled out, pipes lighted, and the merits of the various dogs discussed, until supper was ready; the supper swallowed, the upper robe or coverlet was pulled over, and then to sleep. Next morning came breakfast, a struggle to get into frozen mocassins, after which the sledges were packed, and another day's march commenced.'

Of the three parties Hobson's was the most successful, as far as the immediate object of the search was concerned. Each of the other parties, indeed, contributed important facts to our geographical knowledge, and helped to lay down much new coast on our maps. The captain also found a skeleton and a few fragments of clothing, which identified it as that of one of Franklin's crew. But it was Hobson's good fortune to find in a cairn, on the western shore of King William's Land, the record which had been deposited there by Fitzjames.

Upon it was written, the first part apparently by Lieutenant Gore, as follows:—

'28th of May, 1847. { H.M. ships "Erebus" and "Terror" wintered in the ice at lat. 70° 05′ N., long 98° 23′ W.

Having wintered in 1846–7 at Beechey Island in lat. 74° 43′ 28″ N., long. 91° 39′ 15″ W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77° and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

'Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition.

'All well.

'Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday, 24th May, 1847.

GM. GORE, *Lieut.*
CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, *Mate.*'

'April 25th, 1848.—H.M. ships "Erebus" and "Terror" were deserted on 22nd April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37′ 42″ N., long. 98° 41′ W. Sir John Franklin died on 11th of June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the Expedition has been to this date, 9 officers and 15 men.

'(Signed)
'F. R. M. CROZIER,
'*Captain and Senior Officer.*

'(Signed)
'JAMES FITZJAMES,
'*Captain H.M.S "Erebus."*'

'And start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River.'

Besides this record, Lieutenant Hobson had found quantities of clothing and articles of all kinds lying about the cairn, as if these men, aware that they were retreating for their lives, had thus abandoned every thing which they considered superfluous. A large boat also was discovered, mounted on a sledge, but without oars or rudder. It had evidently been intended to drag this heavy weight of not less than fourteen hundred weight overland to the Great Fish River, as the last hope of saving life.

'The only provisions we could find, were tea and chocolate; of the former very little remained, but there were nearly 40 pounds of the latter. These articles alone could never support life in such a climate, and we found neither biscuit nor meat of any kind. A portion of tobacco, and an empty pemmican-can, capable of containing 22 pounds' weight, were discovered. The tin was marked with "E;" it had, probably, belonged to the "Erebus." None of the fuel originally brought from the ships, remained in or about the boat; but there was no lack of it, for a drift-tree was lying on the beach close at hand, and had the party been in need of fuel they would have used the paddles and bottom-boards of the boat. In the after-part of the boat, we discovered eleven large spoons, eleven forks, and four tea-spoons, all of silver; of these twenty pieces of plate, eight bore Sir John Franklin's crest.'—*M'Clintock.*

That the records and relics thus found were reverently preserved and brought home, and that they have since been examined with deep interest by many hundreds of persons, is only what might have been expected. The bleached scraps of clothing, the tarnished plate, battered sextants and telescopes, and the broken cases in which the food had been preserved, are, in the absence of all other sources of information, mute and significant memorials of the weary path which the crew traversed, and of the sufferings which they underwent. A still more sacred interest attaches to the fragments of Bibles, Testaments, prayer books, and hymn books, which have been recovered after ten years' exposure to the frost and snow. With the single exception of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Bibles and devotional books are the only volumes of which even the torn pieces have been recovered. It is an affecting thing to see the underscoring and the marginal lines which abound in these books, and to recognise in them tokens of the source from which proceeded the last rays of hope which shone on the hearts of these unhappy men. We cannot doubt that, in the icy solitude in which they dropped down to die, many a spirit was cheered by a sense of the Divine presence and tenderness, and was enabled to rejoice in the hope of an eternal resting-place, after the toils of life, in a haven of peace and of love.

In looking back on the long history of Arctic enterprise, we cannot repress a feeling of pride and exultation, when we reflect that, with one or two exceptions, the whole of the discoveries which we have thus epitomized have been the work of our own countrymen. Englishmen will always have a special interest in the question of a North-West Passage; for it has been sought diligently, and found after many days by the energy and perseverance of British sailors. The narrative of the successive steps in this great undertaking deserves, and we trust will long maintain, a conspicuous place in the annals of England, and of the world. We cannot share the opinion of those who regret the treasure and the labour which have been expended in this search. It has been said that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, and that the discovery is not worth the price we have paid for it in the time and the toil of so many gallant men. But it ought to suffice, in reply, to state the simple fact, attested by authority, that with the exception of the unhappy case of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' Arctic Expeditions have *not* involved a greater sacrifice of life and of health than the average of other maritime adventures. The proportion of deaths in ships which have been exploring the Polar Seas has not been higher than in other ships in her Majesty's service; and it is a remarkable fact, that the per-centage of men on the sick-list has been even lower than that which is found to prevail in our own harbours at home. The fact is, that Englishmen can endure severe cold with far less danger to health than extreme heat; and that although our imagination is more influenced by the thoughts of the regions of long-continued frost than by the pictures of tropical climates, with all their abounding life and luxurious products, the former are far less fatal to the constitution than the latter. There is, therefore, a very natural but entirely erroneous conception in the popular mind, as to the price which the nation has paid for the geographical discoveries which these various Expeditions have made. We do not desire to under-estimate that price. The amount of physical endurance, of patience, of bodily suffering and mental anxiety, demanded from the Arctic navigators, is very large. But it is by a crucial test like this that the spirit of a maritime nation is to be measured, and that the character of its sons is to be sustained. The Polar Seas have been a nursery for British seamen, and a school in which the highest lessons which brave men need to learn have been signally and effectively taught. In all departments of human effort, the average standard of excellence can never be very lofty. It is only by exceeding that average, and constantly keeping before the workers examples of exceptional daring and exceptional

skill, that the average can be kept at its highest attainable pitch. Very few men in Oxford can pull an oar well enough to entitle themselves to a place in the University eight; but every man in the University who can handle an oar at all handles it better, and pulls more vigorously, because the athletic lords of the Isis perform prodigies of skill and strength on great occasions. And in like manner, we believe, that the maritime power of England is greater, and the enterprise of the whole body of her sailors maintained at a higher level, because a few picked men have gone forth from time to time to the Northern Seas, to do all that can be done, and to dare all that could be dared. These Expeditions have illustrated a form of heroism quite peculiar in its character, differing altogether from that courage which is required in war, and which may not unfrequently be the result of blind impulse or momentary excitement. There is required here rare calmness, and that steadfast patience and endurance which is often the sternest form of trial. The Arctic sailor must deliberately look months of misery, isolation, and physical discomfort in the face, and make preparation for them. Yet his is not the brutal and purposeless hardihood which seeks danger for its own sake, and goes forth to encounter difficulties in the mere wantonness and triumph of physical strength. Mere adventure, without a worthy aim to guide it, would not of itself be entitled to any high admiration, and would not have produced the effect which we believe has been thus indirectly wrought upon the character of the people of this country. The object aimed at from the first has, we are convinced, been a noble and a laudable one.

Arctic explorations have, it is true, served no immediately practical or commercial ends; but they have with few exceptions resulted in important contributions to our scientific knowledge, and have been steadily and intelligently conducted with that purpose in view. Whatever be the value of the facts thus contributed to science, we are sure these Expeditions have played an important part in the education of the English nation; and that the brave men who have just accomplished this final search, and have been so worthily rewarded by the Sovereign, are entitled to congratulate themselves not only on the success which has attended their special effort, but on the incidental benefit which is conferred on a whole people by the story of their gallant and chivalrous exploit.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Memoir of Emma Tatham, Author of the Dream of Pythagoras and other Poems. By Benjamin Gregory. Hamilton and Co. 1859. —We are happy to bespeak the attention of our young readers to the subject of this memoir. Nothing can exceed the purity and intensity of religious feeling which breathes in many of Miss Tatham's letters, and which gives an elevation of sentiment to all the effusions of her muse. We believe it is the sweetness of her piety which is most likely to embalm this memorial of an accomplished and lamented poetess. It contains many new pieces of melodious verse, but hardly any of merit equal to that which we were among the first to welcome in her earliest volume. Much of the poetry is monotonous to read, and most of it very difficult to remember. Mr. Gregory has done his part well; but he has not entirely escaped the temptation which so often betrays the biographer, and especially when that character is assumed by friendship. A slight tendency to exaggeration is apparent in his general tone and estimate, and this bias is made more obvious by a certain rhetorical warmth of language which seldom comports with the sobriety of such memorials. We believe that no impartial reader of Miss Tatham's poetry could seriously adopt the following language: 'There is also in many of her songs a mountain majesty of idea,—a magnificent and boundless expansion of thought,—a purity, precision, felicity, and force of expression, and, above all, an outgushing fulness of intense and universal charity, which should endear them to all who have a feeling for nature, the beautiful, and the good.' This is pretty well for the substance of her poetry; but on its form and motion the biographer is still more eloquent. 'Her mastery of measure, the freedom and ease of her versification, her unerring feeling of the laws of resonance between thoughts and words, is equally remarkable. We never hear the clanking shackles of her verse. She moves in metre as an Amazon in armour, or a priestess in her sacred robes.' We are sure that if Mr. Gregory had met with poems of similar merit, accompanied by an eulogium like that which we have quoted, he would have felt such language to be singularly inappropriate,—something too high, indeed, if applied even to the masterly and vigorous

muse of Dryden. We are warranted in saying that such would be the impartial judgment of Mr. Gregory, because many evidences of his taste and discernment are scattered through the pages of this interesting memoir.

The Book of Ecclesiastes: its Meaning and its Lessons. By Robert Buchanan, D.D. Blackie and Son.—This volume was first preached by its esteemed author to his congregation in Glasgow. He is a bold man, now-a-days, who will print sermons; and Dr. Buchanan has therefore given us his discourses in the form of chapters. Some of our Scotch divines have frequently of late attempted this transformation. It is not easily done; and in the present instance it is not done with any marked success. The strain still preserves the idiom of the pulpit, and is not seldom verbose and extemporaneous, with frequent alliterations which become wearisome to the reader. The topics are also occasionally spun out; and the insertion of long Scripture passages compels us to pay for our Bibles over again, at a higher rate than seems fair.

Apart from these defects, we have a good and useful book, specially adapted to these times. Its excellence is its practical aim. Those who read it will feel the greatly needed check which it supplies to the ever craving, exquisite, overdone worldliness of the age. Well will it be for all who here learn to see things as they are, with open eyes; who with the clear insight of reality discover and know the vanity of the world. Worldliness may not imply a love of 'fashionable life,' that tiresome humdrum of glitter and dandyism, that round of stupidity and meanness, which is made up of mere fools. There is a worldliness of earnest busy men. It has brought to pass an intense mammon-worship, and it is energetically evil. Under the plea of commercial enterprise, it absorbs and exhausts the soul, and soon proceeds into forgetfulness of God, self-pampering, extravagance, sumptuous display, and the blinding of the moral sense. It literally fulfils what Burke wrote, that 'the merchant has no faith but in his banker; his ledger is his Bible, the exchange is his church, the desk is his altar, and his money is his God.' Meanwhile its course throughout is drudgery and vexation. It is neither noble nor satisfying. Our forefathers had a proverb, that 'gout cannot be cured by an embroidered slipper;' and the ills of life are little mended by a lavish style. The maximum of expense is commonly joined with the minimum of comfort. And that is not the worst of it; for the vulgar splendour which people now affect everywhere has been repeatedly proved wanting in all honesty. At this hour, the grand dash of multitudes is utter roguery, and is certain to end in shame. It is a real service to be shown these things; and the word of God lifts up a faithful, rational voice to all who will hear. If ever the wisdom and experience of the inspired preacher were fitly spoken, they are pre-eminently the lesson of this generation.

Ultimate Civilization and other Essays. By Isaac Taylor.—We are glad to receive another volume from this Christian philosopher. It is somewhat in the shape of a basket of fragments, but it is a

basket full of good things. The principal Essay, called 'Ultimate Civilization,' is highly complimentary to the British Constitution. It argues that in the social and political conditions of Great Britain, actually, there is that happy balance of different forces, whose operation at all requires a contribution from every one of them; that the middle classes, comprising the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and trading population, form not only the great social centre to which the highest and the lowest classes adhere; but, that those two classes are themselves created,—the one by the settling-down of the grosser qualities upon the sediment below, the other by the mounting up of the finer portions of the very centre itself. Thus, our condition is one of perpetual fusion and change; but, the deposit below becoming proportionately less, the change is for the better. Mr. Taylor is as conscious as any one else of the importance of religious, educational, commercial, and governmental influences to civilization; but he has preferred, and wisely, to name many other and smaller means of civilization, the atomic particles of which may be inappreciable, but being universally diffused, their cumulative force becomes immensely potent.

In contrast with the grave reasoning of this Essay, is another of a gay character; like a *scherzo* after an *adagio* movement in music. 'Epidemic whims!' Yes; a whim, distinguishable from a 'hobby,' or from a 'crotchet,' or from a 'fashion,' or from 'quackery.' Whims in theology, philosophy, medicine; whims in education, literature, legislation; whims in trade, housekeeping, dress,—*may be* the outsteppings of original minds, hooted at to-day, and will be hailed to-morrow; but, as a rule, whims are to be checked and avoided as vices. 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour.' Upon the whole, this is a very judicious and useful book, worthy of its admired author. If it moves not with the youthful freedom of style in which his earlier works appeared, it is nevertheless fraught with definite, good thinking; and is a rare specimen of that familiar observation of the ways of Divine Providence, so essential to an enlightened and happy journey through this life.

New Exegesis of Shakspeare: Interpretation of his principal Characters and Plays on the Principle of Races. Edinburgh. A. and C. Black. 1859.—This book belongs to rather an unprofitable class; but it is written with rather extra ingenuity. Our readers know that everything may be—and has been—affirmed of Shakspeare on the evidence of his works. He was a lawyer, a tailor, a butcher, a carpenter; his designs were deeply political; he owed a grudge to the Jews; he was born a Gypsy, and died a Papist; he got Ben Jonson or Lord Bacon to write his plays. The author of this handsome volume will have his theory too; and pray why not? He maintains that the dramas and characters of Shakspeare are all constructed on his 'Principle of Races.' Hamlet was a Teuton, Macbeth a Celt, and Shylock (certainly) a Jew. Well, there is nothing profound in this discovery. Shakspeare composed all his characters on the principle of common sense, and with the intuition of uncommon genius; and

if his works have the all-inclusive truth which is sometimes ascribed to them, then they will be in harmony with the principle of races, and every other principle which obtains in nature and society. Take, for example, the character of Iago, which is the first adduced by the author of this Exegesis. He is properly classed as a type of the Romano-Italic race. Those who have read Lord Macaulay's Essay on Machiavelli, will not fail to see that Shakspeare could hardly have drawn a true Italian of the fifteenth century without his characteristic features of treachery and craft; and the purpose of the dramatist required those features in Iago to be strongly marked. So, too, it must necessarily be with Hamlet and Macbeth: these leading characters must not offend against historical truth or national consistency. If our author means more than this,—if he seriously believes that Shakspeare sat down to illustrate Races as Miss Baillie did to illustrate the Passions—then we will venture to say that he is not quite right.

Dureisani-Tamil-Puttagam. The Ladies' Tamil Book, containing the Morning and Evening Services, and other Portions of the Book of Common Prayer, in Romanized Tamil, accompanied by the English Version in Parallel Columns, together with an Anglo-Tamil Grammar and Vocabulary. By Elijah Hoole, D.D., M.R.A.S., &c.—It is a striking fact, that while our great philologists are too ready to ignore the testimony of Moses as an historian, they have on grounds purely philological come to conclusions decidedly confirmatory of his statements. We are informed by these learned inquirers, that the most ancient languages, which they call Turanian or Scythic, are those spoken by sundry widely-dispersed tribes and nomad races, which in a period of remote antiquity peopled the greater portion of the five continents,—Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia,—where traces of their footmarks remain, even where the races may have perished. These languages, remarkable for their verbal disparities and for their agglutinized grammatical forms, are probably the best representations of the various tongues which originated at Babel, when 'the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.' (Gen. x. 9.) The subsequent predominance of Shemitic and Indo-European (Aryan) races and languages is that which constitutes the history of the world, as presented to us by sacred and profane authorities; while of the prehistoric or Turanian period we know nothing except what may be inferred from the analogies of language. Professor Max Müller, in his 'Last Results of the Researches respecting the non-Iranian and non-Semitic Languages of Asia and Europe, or the Turanian Family of Languages,' (see Bunsen's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Universal History*, vol. i., pp. 480–482,) professes to 'translate these grammatical conclusions into historical language;' and infers, that 'the *first* migration from the common centre of mankind proceeded eastward, where the Asiatic language was arrested at the first stage of its growth, and where the Chinese, as a broken link, presents to the present day a reflexion of the earliest consolidation of human speech: the *second* dispersion was that of the Turanian tribes:' and the *last*

colony of these races 'in the south was the Tamulic, in the north the Finnic, both at an early period advanced to a high degree of civilization, of which we find the traces even now in the wise economy of their languages, and in the few remains of their early institutions and literature. Both were crushed by the later conquest of Aryan nations.' The Rev. R. Caldwell, in his 'Grammar of the Dravidian or South Indian Family of Languages,' arrives at the same results, and accepts the conclusions of Max Müller. We quote his natural reflections on this singular fact of relationship between races geographically so widely separated from each other. 'How remarkable that the closest and most distinct affinities to the speech of the Dravidian of inter-tropical India should be these that are discovered in the languages of the Finns and Lapps of Northern Europe, and of the Ostiaks and other Ugrians of Siberia! and, consequently, that the pre-Aryan inhabitants of the Dekkan should be proved by their language alone, in the silence of history, in the absence of all ordinary probabilities, to be allied to the tribes that appear to have overspread Europe before the arrival of the Goths and the Pelasgi, and even before the arrival of the Celts! What a confirmation of the statement, that "God hath made of *one* blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth!"' The term 'Dravidian' applied to these languages by the Sanscrit geographers is nearly synonymous with our word *outlandish*, when taken, as Jeremy Bentham would say, in a *dislogistic* sense; and was used by Brahmins just as the Greeks in after ages applied the offensive epithet *barbarians* to all that was not Hellenic. Ten millions of the population of Southern India speak the Tamil variety of this class of languages, in which Dr. Hoole has provided *The Lady's Tamil Book*. This is one of the most useful publications in the new and rational system of representing the Indian languages in Roman character. Its object is briefly stated in the introduction. 'The following lessons, attentively studied, will, it is hoped, be found to be a sufficient and easy introduction to the reading of the Tamil language in English characters. They present a method by which a colloquial knowledge of Tamil may be improved to the valuable purpose of reading the Holy Scriptures and conducting domestic worship, without the severe labour of learning the language in the native characters. They are recommended to the attention of the many persons who, although residing among the Tamil people, have hitherto been deterred from attempting to instruct them in the great truths of Christianity, by their inability to read to them in their own tongue. Ladies who have Tamil servants, officers serving in the Madras Presidency, and British soldiers in the Indian army generally, as well as missionaries and others in those Colonies which have received Tamil labourers from India, may now qualify themselves to instruct the Pagan idolaters, whom hitherto they have only regarded with Christian commiseration.'

The grammar is comprised in twenty-two pages, brief, it is true, but sufficiently copious and comprehensive to give a notion of the leading forms of the language, and of its peculiar construction. We wish we

had similar grammars of the principal language of the Shemitic and Aryan, as well as of the Turanian families; as such would be of priceless value to our philologists and ethnologists, to say nothing of the saving of their time and eye-sight, now necessarily wasted upon the many alphabets and syllabifications of the dialects they are compelled to study. Dr. Hoole is well known as a Tamil scholar of no ordinary mark, and of more than thirty years' standing; and this labour of love, as we doubt not it has been to him, comes with peculiar grace from a returned missionary and missionary secretary.

Theory of Compound Interest and Annuities, with Logarithmic Tables. By Fedor Thoman. London: Lockwood and Co.—We hope no one will be deterred from the purchase of this little work by the ominous announcement on the title page, which describes its author as 'of the Société Crédit Mobilier of Paris.' It is by no means a speculative book. It gives, in clear and concise language, the theory of compound interest and that of annuities,—the latter with great fulness and accuracy, and with a special recognition, not only of *immediate* and *deferred annuities*, but also of those for which the entrance is *past*. Two sets of logarithmic tables are added, of which the first shows the amount of £1 at the end of any number of years, from one to a hundred years; and the second, the annuity of £0 per annum, which £1 will purchase for any term of years within the same limit. The rules are well expressed, and are in every case illustrated by one or two examples which are worked in full; while many of the formulæ employed in the solution of problems are characterized by great simplicity, as well as by ingenuity and skill.

Papers on Teaching, and on Kindred Subjects. By the Rev. William Ross, B.A. Longmans.—In the dearth of really good treatises on the art of teaching, it is not unlikely that the title of this volume, and the fact that its author is a clergyman, may beguile some unsuspecting persons into a purchase which they are sure to regret. We do not say that the book is absolutely destitute of useful matter. The two chapters which are translated from De Gerando's *Cours Normal des Instituteurs Primaires*, those from Fenelon and M. Eugene Rendu, and the long and somewhat clumsy epitome of Mr. David Stow's well-known book, *The Training System*, possess undoubtedly some interest to teachers. But Mr. Ross's own contributions to the book are absolutely worthless. It is seldom that anything more feeble and inane has passed through our hands.

The Graduated Series of Lesson-Books for all Classes of English Schools. In five Books. Book the Fourth. Longmans.—It is generally understood that this series of reading books, of which the present volume has recently been put forth as a specimen, has been prepared under the direction of one of Her Majesty's inspectors of schools. We can only testify, however, that the volume bears internal evidence, not only of great judgment and good taste on the part of the compiler, but also of what is still rarer, an intimate knowledge of the real wants of the school-room. The volume consists entirely of prose extracts from our best English authors, which appear to us

to be, both in form and substance, admirably adapted for the purpose intended. School reading-books generally are characterized by one of two opposite faults. Either they are wholly miscellaneous extracts from standard writers, arranged without sequence or connexion, and therefore unsuited to aid in any systematic course of instruction; or, being compiled with a view to a regular system of lessons, they are mere summaries of facts, and are thus bald and common-place in style, and deficient in all those graces of language by which a proper style of reading is to be cultivated. In the former case, the book is apt to encourage desultoriness in reading: in the latter, to vitiate the taste. The present volume is remarkable for the skill with which both of these errors are avoided. It comprises a systematic course of reading under the several heads of biography, descriptive travel, history, natural history, and physical science; yet since the lessons are all taken from good authors, the readers cannot fail to become familiarized with good models of expression, and to acquire, though unconsciously, an acquaintance with good English, and a fondness for it. We think the book deserves to be known in all those schools and private families in which intelligent instructors are not content to teach the art of reading, without at the same time conveying knowledge, and cultivating taste.

A School and College History of England. By F. C. Curtis, B.A. London, 1860.—The plan of this history differs in one feature from most of its competitors. The text is restricted to a summary account of the political transactions of each reign, while supplemental chapters in smaller type give particulars respecting the religion, trade, and habits of the people. The history is carefully compiled, and very few points of real interest are left unnoticed; but many important topics are touched upon in a brief and unsatisfactory manner. Of course, this fault lies against all historic summaries of the kind; their practical value therefore will much depend upon the teacher into whose hands they come. The epitome of English history is for him a mere text, upon which he may so enlarge as to gain the deepest interest of pupil or of class. The style of Mr. Curtis is susceptible of improvement.

Horæ Subsecivæ. Locke and Sydenham, with other occasional Papers. By John Brown, M.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh. 1860. —In this collection of papers there is much that demands the attention of that rare personage, the thoughtful reader. Dr. Brown is a lively, vigorous writer, and his *dicta* on medical topics will, no doubt, be received with respect by his professional brethren. In our estimation the Preface (consisting of thirty-two pages) is the best part of the book, with the exception of the exquisitely pathetic story of *Rab and his Friends*, which has since been published in a separate form. When we weigh the merits of this simple tale of a dog and an old woman, we regret that its author has not favoured us with more of the same quality. A few such actual experiences of life, narrated with an equal admixture of humour and tenderness, might well have superseded several of the lengthier effusions which Dr. Brown has thought proper to preserve in this portly volume. We wish fitting honour to be paid to that

talented and excellent young man, Arthur H. Hallam; but surely the immortal *In Memoriam* of Tennyson might have sufficed for the purpose, without our author's filling out his pages with the privately circulated Memoir. Then, again, as the book purports to be by JOHN BROWN, M.D., we decidedly object to some thirty pages of it being occupied by his *cousin's* theological treatise, however acute that estimable relative may be in his discernment of 'St. Paul's Thorn in the Flesh.' The worthy physician, who, we presume, is a great man in his own country, seems to think that so long as the writer is a Brown, he will pass unquestioned into general circulation.

Abroad: and how to live there. A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Germany and Switzerland. By Mrs. Best, Author of 'New Testament Histories,' &c. Seeley. 1860.—The sensible writer of this valuable and unpretending volume gives the result of her experience abroad for the benefit of her numerous friends, who desired domestic details of every day life, and information respecting foreign education,—topics ignored by the generality of tourists. Mrs. Best arrived with her family at Bonn in the autumn of 1854, and we give in her own words the history of her endeavours and success.

'The first act of importance was to endeavour to find a residence; for although families, who come for a few months merely for change of air or scene, often prefer taking apartments in the hotels, such a plan is too expensive for persons with only moderate incomes, or who wish for occasional retirement. Accompanied, therefore, by a kind friend who had long dwelt in Bonn, I set forth on a search which afforded at a glance a curious insight into the domestic habits of the people. In England, every man's house is his castle, out of which he tenaciously keeps all whom he looks upon as intruders; but not so in Germany: there the people almost universally share their abode with others. The inhabitants dwell in flats, comprising as many chambers as they may require, including the kitchen, which is often found as a part of the suite of rooms. No wonder, therefore, that the principal staircase often exhibits a terrible necessity for a brush and soap and water, and that English ladies, remembering their own nicely carpeted stairs, at first shrink from the disagreeable necessity of treading those presented in a German house; but custom reconciles even to this, and in time carpetless rooms and carpetless stairs are objects of no importance. After a fruitless search we returned to the hotel; and the discouraging account we had to give of our morning's toil, for such it was in reality, had the good effect of preventing any over-wrought anticipations on the part of my companions, and perhaps a secret sigh over what they began to fear could no longer be found.

'Early the next day, our kind and indefatigable friend again made her appearance. "We have tried the streets," said she; "now let us see what the alleys will present to us."

'There are two magnificent avenues of horse-chestnuts, one of them reaching from the château of Poppelsdorf, the other branching off towards the Baumschüler Hotel, whose redoubtable landlady,

Madame Schüler, played so conspicuous a part in the history of "The Female Jesuit." A row of houses has recently been erected on one side of each of these avenues, and presents charming abodes for the many strangers who wish to reside in Bonn. At a distance from the nuisances of the town, protected from the burning heat of the summer sun, and tolerably free from dust, these surburban villas are most desirable; and truly we rejoiced in finding one in the last stage of completion, the owner's family having just taken possession of the lower apartments, and *le bel étage* at my service. This consisted of a very small dining-room, a pretty drawing-room, six bed-rooms, *en suite*, a very small kitchen down stairs, with a cellar, the terms 35 thalers, or £5. 5*s*. a month. Had the furniture been good, it would have been moderate; but we had a most scanty supply of a very common description, no carpets, saving a square piece under the tables, and muslin curtains. But these very minor affairs presented themselves with little or no importance, when contrasted with the newly painted or papered rooms, the fresh-laid floors, and neatly ornamented ceilings; and I hastened to conclude the bargain, and get the lease drawn out, in order to secure a residence I saw was so exactly suitable to our requirements.

'When a protracted sojourn is anticipated, it is absolutely necessary to have a lease, and, if possible, it should be drawn up in English; for it is an undeniable fact, that in many instances foreign landlords are over-reaching and extortionate. Our lease appeared most straightforward and satisfactory, although an acquaintance, to whom I subsequently showed it, tried to persuade me to the contrary. He declared that no Germans were to be trusted; that he had been involved in one difficulty after another with his landlord; and that it was well known that no justice was ever awarded to foreigners, with much more to the same purpose. All this was sufficient to alarm a new resident; and I confess I felt uneasy, and determined upon paying the rent punctually every month, in order to prevent unforeseen demands. Whether this arrangement was particularly agreeable to the Professorine, or whether she discovered that we gave her little trouble, I know not; be it as it may, the two years we passed under the roof of Professor N. was a period of uninterrupted peace.

'We found the whole family uniformly kind, obliging, and attentive; and, whenever we had company, their plate, china, ornamental books, and even their choicest flowers, were placed at our disposal; none of the extra charges, with which we were threatened by our discontented compatriot, were ever made; and it is impossible to speak too highly of their kindness and civility. But candour obliges me to add, that such is not always the case, as the following fact will prove:—A friend of ours, who rented an *étage* near to us, was charged for the use of china, every time she gave a party, notwithstanding her having included the landlord and his wife in her invitations; and when she left the house, they told her she was expected to buy a new carpet, because her children had been taught dancing in the drawing-room! from which imposition she only escaped by threatening to put her

case into a lawyer's hands. Others, again, have been compelled to re-paper the sitting-rooms, and submit to similar extortions; for there is no English person who lives abroad who does not become sensible of the unwelcome fact, that they are marked objects for the exercise of foreign cupidity. We were continually told in Bonn that there were three prices—one for the natives, another for the French, and a third for the *rich* English, who have quite destroyed it as a desirable abode for persons of small or even moderate incomes; consequently, every one who goes there for the *sole* purpose of economy, is sorely disappointed. Six years ago, prices were *one*-third less than at present, and ten years ago, *two*-thirds less; house rent is becoming excessive, and in a short time the ostentatious Englishman will be charged to his heart's content. The following circumstance will explain my meaning:—The fee for physicians was originally fixed by Government at fifteen groschen the visit (1*s.* 6*d.*); having occasion to employ one, I mentioned that I understood such was the case, to which he bowed assent. A short time after, we were informed the same physician was in attendance upon a wealthy family, staying at one of the hotels, who, when he made his modest demand, declared "the price was absurd," they "should not think of giving less than a thaler (3*s.*); he ought to take a thaler," and so on.

'At the same time, money can undoubtedly be saved by a residence abroad, even in Bonn, Berlin, or elsewhere, not in the prices of individual articles, (for the necessaries of life, meat, bread, grocery, &c., are as dear as in England, and dress *very much dearer*,) but in the style of living. People find themselves just as happy and as much appreciated in their uncarpeted rooms, as if they trod the most magnificent production of the loom. Visitors do not look whether the window-curtains are muslin, chintz, or damask, for perhaps in their own apartments they have none; they learn to laugh at the multifarious imaginary wants of an English home, and to feel that happiness is not derived from externals or from show. The last luxury peculiarly English that must be relinquished is the cheerful open grate, with its bright coal fire. In Germany, almost every room is furnished with a stove, which, unless properly managed, is both disagreeable from its suffocating heat, as well as troublesome from the attention required. We were very fortunate in being early initiated in the mysteries of making a stove fire, and which few strangers understand. The slack employed is of the very worst kind, which is thrown down in a heap, then spread so as to form a kind of trench, into which a certain quantity of water is poured, while about a quarter of clay or loam is gradually moistened and worked in the same way as bricklayers make mortar. When sufficiently mixed, women carry it in baskets to the cellar, when it is fit for use, a little water being added previously to its being put into the stove.

'Having taken two servants with us, who remained during the whole time of our sojourn abroad, we were independent, and knew only by report of the discomfort of many of our acquaintances. For the sake of language, they really seemed to undergo a kind of perpetual

martyrdom; and we heard continual complaints of slovenliness and disorder, of stoves going out, or dinners badly cooked, or not cooked at all, unless the lady exerted herself to prevent it; in short, *everything* obliged to be ordered, if they would have *anything* done. It is a considerable source of annoyance to the Germans, that so many English take their people for servants; for they say they receive so much higher remuneration from the foreigners, that they are no longer satisfied with the wages they can afford to pay.'—Pp. 2–7.

Memoirs of a Banking House. By the late Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, Bart., Author of the Life of Dr. Beattie. W. and R. Chambers. 1860.—This contribution to the archæology of Banking is full of interest to readers of all classes. The private banking house of Sir W. Forbes originated in the early part of the last century, and its genealogy is traced through the firm of John Coutts and Co. to Patrick Coutts, who lived in the reign of William III. Coutts and Co., Strand, and Herries and Co., St. James's Street, are offshoots of this concern, which, since 1838, has been merged in the Union Bank of Scotland.

'The earlier part of the narrative exhibits banking in its original condition as a graft upon ordinary merchandise. The goldsmith, the corn-merchant, the commission agent, were the first who gave bills of exchange or discounted private notes; and such were the only bankers known even in England till near the close of the seventeenth century. The house of John Coutts and Co. was entirely of this nature, and it had several rivals in Edinburgh. It is curious to trace the banking part of their business as rising, from a subordination to corn-dealing and other traffic, to be the principal, and finally the sole business, and to learn that the banker, in consequence of early connexions, long continued to supply distant correspondents with articles which would now be ordered from the family grocer and oilman. It has strangely come about in our own time, that banking companies have, in some instances, been drawn once more into what might be called merchandise, or more properly mercantile speculation, in consequence of over great advances to private traffickers. But of this vice, which we have lately seen productive of such wide-spread ruin, there was little or no appearance during a long middle period embraced by this Memoir. And here lies, as the editor apprehends, one of the chief points of interest involved in the present volume. It depicts a banking-house limiting its transactions to its own proper sphere of business—yielding once or twice to temptations to do otherwise, and suffering from it, till at length it put on the fixed resolution *to be a banking-house only*, and neither directly nor indirectly a mercantile speculator, and thriving accordingly. The Memoir is, however, something more than this; for it exhibits a fine example of what prudence, care, and diligence may achieve with small means in one of the most exalted branches of commerce. None of the men concerned in raising up this bank were rich, and we have details showing us that their transactions and profits were at first upon a very limited scale. But the business was conducted on an appropriate scale of

frugality; the simple tradesman-virtues of probity, civility, and attention to business were sedulously cultivated. All extravagance and needless risk were avoided. The firm was accommodated in a floor of the President's Stairs in the Parliament Close, and one of the partners seems to have dwelt on 'the premises.' The whole affair thus reminding us not a little of those modest out-of-the-way banking-houses on the continent, which we have sometimes such difficulty in finding when we are in search of change for a circular note. These unostentatious merits, which we see every day raising humble traffickers to wealth and eminence, had precisely the same effect in the case of this banking-house. The well-descended Sir William tells the lesson with great simplicity and candour, and it is one which can never be repeated too often.'—Pp. ii., iii.

Sir William, the writer of this Memoir, was born in 1739; by his diligence and business talent he succeeded in recovering all the fortunes lost or squandered by former generations of his family, and died in 1806. His character as a man and as a Christian is well known, and has been celebrated by Boswell in his *Tour to the Hebrides*, and by Sir Walter Scott in his *Marmion*.

The suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England in 1797 caused a great commotion in Scotland, and the run upon the banks which ensued upon the determination of the Scotch houses to follow the precedent of the Bank of England was of an alarming character. We give in full the account of the crisis, and commend the book to the attention of our commercial readers.

'The instant this resolution of paying no more specie was known in the street, a scene of confusion and uproar took place, of which it is utterly impossible for those who did not witness it to form an idea.

'Our counting-house, and indeed the offices of all the banks, were instantly crowded to the door with people clamorously demanding payment in gold of their interest-receipts, and vociferating for silver in change of our circulating paper. It was in vain that we urged the order of Council—which, however, applied merely to the Bank of England—and the general resolution adopted by all other banks in Edinburgh. They were deaf to every argument, and although no symptom, nor, indeed, threatening of violence appeared, their noise, and the bustle they made, was intolerable; which may be readily believed when it is considered that they were mostly of the lowest and most ignorant classes, such as fishwomen, carmen, street-porters, and butchers' men, all bawling out at once for change, and jostling one another in their endeavours who should get nearest to the table, behind which were the cashier and ourselves endeavouring to pacify them as well as we could.

'Of our interest-receipts we were prompt in payment; but instead of giving our own circulating notes, as heretofore, we paid the value in notes of the public banks, of which we had an ample supply, and by doing this we were in our own minds satisfied that we fulfilled every obligation, for the sums had been deposited with us, not in specie, but in such notes as we now gave back to the holders. With regard to

our circulating notes the case was different. And we felt the hardship on the holders, who were deprived of the means of purchasing with ready money the necessaries of life, as there were no notes of less value than twenty shillings, and it was with the utmost difficulty they could get change anywhere else; for the instant it was known that payments in specie were suspended, not a person would part with a single shilling that they could keep, and the consequence was that both gold and silver specie was hoarded up and instantly disappeared. It was not the want of specie, therefore, that occasioned the distress, but want of confidence, the same as had occasioned the demands on the Bank of England and every other banking society in the kingdom.

'Saturday was the day on which we had the severest outcry to encounter; for on that day we had always been accustomed to the largest demands for silver to pay wages, and our situation was then really distressing, as many master tradesmen requested in the most earnest manner to have a little silver for enabling them to pay their work-people. All we could do, when sensible that their demand proceeded from *real* necessity, was privately to change a note or two by taking them into a separate room; for we durst not do it openly in the counting-house for fear of raising a riot. In this manner we contrived to keep the people quiet for the first week or so; in the course of which many expedients were thought of; among others that of issuing tallies of half-a-crown or five shillings' value, which there was every reason to believe would have been highly useful, and most thankfully received by the public. But it was discovered that the doing so was contrary to law, as the Act of Parliament passed in the year 1764 for correcting the evil of notes for trifling sums, with which the country had been deluged, prohibited the issuing of any substitute for money of less value than twenty shillings.

'At length a partial remedy was found. There chanced to be in London at that time a great quantity of Spanish dollars, worth about four shillings and sixpence each. On these a stamp was affixed at the Mint, by Government, which gave them a currency; and as every person issuing notes took care to obtain a supply of these, they answered tolerably well the purpose of change. Quarter guineas, too, were coined at the Mint; and in a short time an Act of Parliament was passed to permit such banking-companies as had been in the practice of issuing circulating paper, to issue notes of five shillings' value during a limited time. Of this permission, the Royal Bank and several country banks availed themselves; and I have no doubt they were considerable profiters by the measure. For as these notes mostly passed into places of the lowest traffic, they soon became so torn and ragged that they would scarcely hang together; and many of them must doubtless have been entirely destroyed, so as never to return for payment on the issuers. We did not issue any notes of that description; being convinced that there was no real scarcity of specie in the country, and that it would again make its appearance when the panic should wear off, as actually proved to be the case.'—Pp. 83–85.

Pictures of the Chinese, drawn by themselves. Described by Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M.A., Rector of Broseley, Salop, late Archdeacon of Ningpo. London: John Murray. 1860.—We fear that some of our readers are by this time tired of China, which has been almost 'done to death,' in books of travel, parliamentary debates, and the buffooneries of Egyptian Hall. If it be so, this is exactly the book to recall their attention to a subject which, unless some great convulsion take place in our dietetic arrangements, must ever be of stirring importance to such a tea-drinking nation as ourselves. In no recent volume that lies within our ken, has there been given so living a portraiture of the curious Chinaman in the various phases of his crowded city life. The basis of the work is a series of illustrations copied from the pen-and-ink etchings of a Chinese artist employed by Mr. Cobbold. Though these are mere and bare outlines, they are much more effective than if they had been converted by an English wood engraver into those masses of light and shade which are so attractive to the eye, but leave such ill-defined pictures on the brain. These illustrations, notwithstanding their limner's peculiarly heterodox theory of perspective, would of themselves form a valuable and entertaining book: but they serve to furnish the text for a series of descriptions which are alike admirable for liveliness and accuracy, right feeling, and happy expression. The circle of subjects sketched by the graphic Chinese is ample enough in its verge; embracing a variety of occupations that ranges from the Priest and the Physiognomist to the Barley-Sugar Man and the Scavenger. The first sketch, styled 'The Infallible Remedy,' refers to a matter painfully interesting to this tooth-achey generation. We need not apologize for presenting our readers with the greater part of what Mr. Cobbold has to say on this point of woe, but merely premise that we have heard of female practitioners in the northern parts of our own country who achieved results equally mysterious.

'These female quacks maintain that the usual cause of toothache is a little worm or maggot, which has its nest in the gum under the root; and if this little offender can be driven or coaxed out, the gnawing pain will immediately cease. But how he is to be driven or coaxed out is the secret of their trade, the knowledge of which they confine most rigidly to those of their own profession.

'We had not been resident many years in the country before we heard talk of these women and their wonderful performances, and as my friend and I took our customary walks together, our conversation not unfrequently turned their way. My friend stoutly maintained that it was all imposture; it was impossible, he said, that maggots in the gums or teeth should have escaped the observation of our dentists, who had examined hundreds of thousands, not merely of teeth, but of mouths for so many years. "So convinced am I" (he went on) "of the imposture, that I would not believe it even were I to see the maggots with my own eyes crawling forth from the gums." "Come, come," I said, "I am not such a sceptic as all that; if I really see a thing, and know there is no collusion, I believe it; besides, other

great discoveries" (here my friend smiled) "have lain hid for ages, and have quite unexpectedly been brought to light; and still more, how is it that some two thousand of these women find a livelihood in this Ningpo plain? are people such fools as to consult them when they are not suffering? and are they such dolts as to pay their much-loved money for what does them no good?" So we argued on, but our words were as light as the gossamer in their effect; neither of us yielded to the other's arguments. Soon after this we heard that the aid of these women had been called in by foreign residents: one lady especially, who had consulted a surgeon of H.B.M.'s ship ——, and had received no benefit, ready, in her distress, to try any remedy, *fortunately* heard of the fame of these women, engaged one of them to come to her house, and in a few minutes several of the little offenders were safely deposited in a wine glass; and, what was more remarkable, the toothache ceased for the time to trouble her. Still my friend would not be convinced. Others again, moved by curiosity, pretended to have the toothache, and these women plied their trade most profitably, drawing, as I was informed, at least twenty of these insects from the mouth of a good-natured captain of a merchant vessel, whose teeth, from eating hard biscuit all his life, were as sound as a child's of ten years old. The women quacks were not in the least disconcerted when they heard that the gentleman had never been troubled with the toothache in his life; they obviated this objection by saying that the teeth, decayed or not, had maggots in them, and that it was best to extract them at once for fear of after consequences. In order that no collusion should be possible, the precaution was taken of only admitting one woman at a time, who was previously searched all over by the mistress of the house. When called upon to exercise her skill, her arms were bared up to the elbow, and her hands were always carefully washed before operating. The same results followed, and still my friend would not be convinced.

'A medical man in the place collected several of the finest specimens, and preserved them carefully in spirits of wine, intending to send them shortly to the United States for inspection. I heard one of Her Majesty's consuls assert with great vehemence that there could be no imposture in the matter, he could not possibly be deceived, for he had seen it with his own eyes. Still my friend would not give up his point, he would not be convinced.

'One day we were sitting in our rooms, which were opposite each other, puzzling over the intricate symbols of the native literature, with our respective pundits, or *sien sangs*, when we heard the well-known cry of these women—"*Che ngaw gong, che ngaw gong.*" I at once called to the servant, "Ask her to come in." We gladly threw aside our books, and both rejoiced at the prospect of an experiment; for we had never yet seen these wonderful practitioners. The first to be operated upon was one of our teachers, suffering from an inflamed *eye;* for the same mischievous little worm causes both the teeth to ache, and the eyes to be inflamed. "This honourable teacher," we began, "wishes to consult you; we will be answerable for the reward of your

skill. Look at his eye—do you know what causes that inflammation?" "Yes, it is a worm." "Can you cure him?" "I can." The teacher sat down, and the woman, having taken a bright steel pin, about the size of a large knitting needle, from her hair, and having borrowed an ordinary bamboo chopstick from the cook, proceeded to her business. We watched her narrowly. We were indeed much interested in the experiment; chiefly because we hoped to set at rest our controversy, and also because we had promised her the munificent sum of threepence per head for all the live stock she captured. She held one of her sticks, the bamboo one, on the corner of the eye, and tapped it lightly with the other, changing occasionally its position. After a few seconds she called our attention with the well-known *naw!* and turning back the eyelid with the steel pin, she took up triumphantly a fat specimen of the tribe, about the size and description of a cheese maggot. This was, I confess, far from satisfactory. I thought to see the little creatures forcing their way out of the flesh; instead of this, the one now shown us lay quietly reposing on the surface of the eye-ball, certainly without motion, if not without life. My friend then said he had many decayed teeth, and wished to know whether he were a subject to exercise her skill upon; she said, "Decidedly; your teeth are very bad." He sat down, and I watched every motion of the hand and arm; and as one stick held on the tooth was tapped gently with the other, I was reminded of the way in which, as a boy, I used to get my worms for fishing. I found that by simply putting the spade deep in the ground, and by working it quickly backwards and forwards, if there were any worms within a yard of the place, they would all crawl out of their holes and lie on the surface, and so I obtained them, with a tenth part of the ordinary trouble and dirt of digging. Well, before half a minute, the singular sound so well known in China, "*naw!*" came again, and this being twice repeated, my friend was rid of two intruders. It now came to my turn; the lady was driving a thriving trade, and an old hollow tooth was not to be resisted: so my friend now took his turn to stand and watch, while I submitted to the bamboo and steel tapping. His eyes were not better than my own; the "*naw*" again showed that prey had been taken. My friend, now almost in despair, and with that determination which despair alone, perhaps, imparts, armed himself with a pocket handkerchief, and with Argus eye watched each time that either of the sticks was withdrawn, and carefully wiped it; he did this so pertinaciously, sometimes almost pugnaciously, when the good lady attempted, after a series of taps, to introduce the instrument again without being cleansed, that no more maggots would come out, and the quack doctress drew herself up and said, quite authoritatively, "That gentlemen has no more." "Indeed," I said, "I thought to have given you an opportunity of making a fortune." We tried in vain to induce her to try her skill on others of our household. No, she was immovable; the kerchief was too much for her; she persisted in saying that our mouths were all perfectly free from disease, and that we should never have the toothache again in our

lives. But now we had to pay, according to promise, threepence per head for each maggot in the glass; there should have been four, viz.: teacher with inflamed eye, one; my friend, two; myself, one; but instead of four, behold, there were *six* in the cup! As she saw we were rather angry, she was well content with her shilling; maintaining stoutly, however, that on two occasions a brace had come out together, which we had not noticed.'—Pp. 2–8.

So much for this branch of the healing art. But these ladies are poachers on the preserves of the regular Chinese *medico*, who is astoundingly scientific, and devoutly believes that 'the heart of man is where every one thinks it ought to be,—in the centre; and the other organs range themselves round it, like ministers of state attending on their sovereign.' However, this obliquity of vision is compensated for, to the calculating eye of an Englishman, by the extreme moderation of the celestial doctor's charges. In this paradise of hypochondriacs, the lowest fee is about *twopence* for a single visit; and a physician of the highest celebrity will very seldom charge you more than *sixpence* for a visit and a prescription, you being expected, however, to pay his cab-hire, *i.e.*, the charges of his sedan-bearers. It is necessary, moreover, for the poor patient to have a wide throat; for our author himself was ordered to take a trifle of '150 pills twice a day;' and he describes a dose of Chinese medicine as being 'about the size of half a pound of moist sugar, and consisting of twenty separate little packets, four or five kinds of bark, a little orange peel, some walnuts, some gentian and half a dozen other roots, a black treacly mass, not unlike a small cake of blacking. These are all boiled together, and a good half pint of the decoction is to be taken, *quite hot*.'

There is a brief but interesting section on 'the Collector of Paper Scraps.' In this bustling land of ours, many persons are in great haste to make away with written or printed papers which they consider as of no importance. Election squibs, party pamphlets, political broadsides, which twenty years after would probably fetch a high price, are devoted to the flames, and the owner thinks himself well rid of such lumber. It is so, but too often, with family letters. The playful epistles of a sister, the rambling scrawls of a son, happy in his first grasp of the pen, are consigned to oblivion, to be longed after in future years with bitter remorse, when the much loved writers are cold in the tomb. We might fairly in this respect adopt the principle of the Chinese, and improve upon their practice: for they 'venerate so highly the gift of a written language as not to endure that a single word of it should be profaned;' and employ men with large baskets to go round the streets and collect even the smallest bit of paper which has been privileged to bear a jot of writing on its surface. The scraps thus gathered have the honour of a special incremation in the fire-place of a temple; and by some of the stricter scholars even the ashes are sent, under charge of a trusty servant, down some tidal stream, and emptied into the waters, that they may be rescued from all possibility of profanation.

Our limits will not allow us to dwell on the merits and humours

of the Street Singers and Beggars, the itinerant Cook-Shopman, (whose ingenious apparatus and tempting wares the native draughtsman has delineated, in four etchings, with special gusto,) or those interesting females, the Match-Makers. These last are not manufacturers of congreves, lucifers, or the old-fashioned brimstone chips; but persons who save bashful youths and maids much trifling conversation, pocket-money, and trouble of mind, by smoothing the difficulties incidental even to a state of courtship.

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism, considered in its different denominational Forms and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Vols. I. and II. New York.—Some of our readers may be surprised at the American date and authorship of this work. Yet it is peculiarly appropriate that the most able and comprehensive history of Methodism should come to us from the scene of its greatest power and of its largest promise. No one can duly understand the nature and results of the religious movement of the eighteenth century, who is unacquainted with its effects upon the British Colonies and the United States of America. It would seem that the vitality and energy of this Protestant communion are such that it takes lead in all those lands where the churches are without patronage and without impediment. If this be so, the friendly attitude which the Wesleyans assume towards the Established Church of this country is at least to be respected as a disinterested and generous feeling.

The work of Dr. Stevens is adapted for readers of almost every class; and its literary merits are of a very high order. It is especially remarkable for the comprehensiveness of its plan and the excellence of its arrangement. The author's scheme is wide enough to embrace the whole subject of Methodism—all the circumstances of its origin, all the features of its character, all the scenes and agents of its early triumphs, and all the fortunes of its subsequent career; and these topics are so skilfully disposed in the general plan as greatly to facilitate both author and reader. The entire work is first divisible into two great portions—the history of British and the history of American Methodism. Of the three volumes destined to the former portion, the first extends to the death of Whitefield, the second closes with the death of Wesley, and the third, yet unpublished, will complete the history of Methodism during its first century in the British Islands and dependencies. The remaining portion of the work will be devoted to the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

Of the two volumes now before us the first may be said to be of very general interest. All earnest Churchmen, and Methodists of every class, may here find traces of their spiritual ancestry. Here are admirable pictures of that great body of revivalists which included Moravian, Churchman, Calvinist, Arminian,—of Zinzendorf, the Wesleys, Whitefield, Romaine, Berridge, Fletcher, and many others. The greatest prominence is given to George Whitefield, no doubt because Calvinistic Methodism was to be lost sight of in the future volumes, and because the narrative of his last triumphs forms the

appropriate climax of this. In the second volume the scene enlarges on every side, and the organizing genius of John Wesley emerges into view. Some of the clerical heroes disappear, and humbler evangelists take their places. Nothing can be finer than the characters which Methodism then developed. In Ireland it could boast of Thomas Walsh, a prodigy of learning as well as labour, zealous for the souls of others, and merciless to his own body. In the army it stood up in the persons of John Evans and John Haime, who with many other Methodists fought at the Battle of Fontenoy, where Evans, when both of his legs were carried off by chain-shot, and he was laid across a cannon to die, 'continued to praise God and exhort all around him.' In the Isle of Wight it fell like dew upon the path of Elizabeth Wallbridge, whose story furnishes our author with the lovely episode of 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' For the rest we must refer our readers to the work itself. We have not indicated a quarter of its valuable contents. The many marvellous qualities of John Wesley, the poetical genius of his brother Charles, and the growth and consolidation of the Wesleyan economy, are treated in the ablest manner. It will give our readers a fair conception of this important history, if we say that Dr. Stevens is here doing for the Methodist Revival of Christianity what Dr. D'Aubigné has done for the Great Reformation. We should like to see it free from a few literal and verbal errors. The u is dropped out of *honour*, *humour*, and the like; but that appears to be in accordance with a settled system. There is no reason, however, why we should spell 'The Tatler' with two t's; for it is a fixed historic title, and cannot now be affected by the analogy of tittle-tattle. In matters of fact the author is careful and precise; but he twice mis-states the place of George Whitefield's birth, which occurred, not in the city of Bristol, but in the city of Gloucester.

Three Months' Rest at Pau, in the Winter and Spring of 1859. *By John Altroyd Wittitterly. Bell and Daldy.* 1860.—We do not hesitate to say that the author of this clever book is no gentleman. Indeed, we are at a loss to understand why the name of *Mr.* Wittitterly should appear upon the title-page, when another authorship is indicated by the motto, which runs thus: 'Mrs. Wittitterly forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects.' The contents of this volume are in the form of a diary, and, in spite of some contrivance to the contrary, betray a delicate and feminine touch—as though the glove of undressed kid had slipped from the hand of Jacob. A residence at Pau is marked by very little incident; but our traveller has a shrewd faculty of observation, and glances quietly upon 'an immense variety of subjects.' It gives no adequate notion of this variety to mention church-rates, prayer-meetings, and Thomas à Becket; for a rather liberal ecclesiasticism would include them all. There are, also, some capital remarks on old age, red beards, and self-denial. A vein of pleasant satire runs through all the volume, which is evidently the work of an original and independent mind, as well as of a person of sound religious principle.

LONDON:—PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS, 25, LONDON WALL.