

"pork-packers" than he hates the swine; he only regards them as being on a level with the swine, and immeasurably beneath a man of his social rank and culture. His fastidiousness and exclusiveness are supreme. Nothing is good enough for him. A Duke would probably be content, in travelling, with the table at the Fifth Avenue Hotel or the Palmer House; but to the exquisite Sir Lepel, it is no better than the fare of a menagerie. Only one cook in the United States has been found worthy to serve him up a dinner. Once and once only has he met with politeness. What he means by politeness is obsequiousness; and of this he can hardly fail to have betrayed his expectation. The Americans are not social Jacobins: they are as ready as the people of any other country to recognize all real distinctions; and if a man does not seem to claim anything he will generally get from them all that he desires. A thorough conviction, not that all men are equal, which every sensible American knows very well that they are not and cannot be, but that outward differences are accidental, and that worth is the same in every human breast, will form a character and demeanour democratic enough to make a man feel at home, and ensure to him all due civility, in such a community as the United States. As a political observer the author of "The Great Republic" hardly calls for notice. It is strange that a man of talent, as he clearly is, should be able to look upon a great and momentous experiment like American Democracy without feeling any desire to study it in the spirit of De Tocqueville, and with intelligence if not with sympathy. He must have sense enough to know that for America nothing but Democracy was possible; and had he extended his travels, he might perhaps have discovered that things are pretty much the same in commercial colonies which have remained under monarchical institutions. His glance of superficial antipathy does not even detect the real blots; and he embraces in his sweeping anathemas North, East, West, and South, New York, Boston, Charleston, and San Francisco, with an absence of discrimination at which he would himself laugh if it were exhibited by a cockney discoursing about India. The proofs of his prejudice are thickly strewn over his pages; even Englishmen, such as Lord Coleridge and Matthew Arnold, who have been well received in the United States become the objects of his ill-concealed aversion; nor does he abstain from levelling against American liberty the old taunt of Slavery, as though the Conservative classes in England had not to a man espoused the cause of the slave-owner. He may say with truth, that the pile of the American millionaire is sometimes made by gambling; but so are other piles; and the English aristocrat who invests, as some of them are now doing, in American or Canadian land, is not less a speculator than the men who invest in stocks. Let the censor of Republican covetousness think of the days of Hudson and of the crowd of aristocratic courtiers that thronged the palace of the Railway King so long as he bore the Aladdin's Lamp which could make men suddenly rich. With a somewhat suicidal frankness Sir Lepel avows his motive for writing to have been the afflicting fact that the Republic exerts an attraction which is felt in England, and there extends to a large and increasing number of politicians and publicists, many of whom, he might safely add, know a great deal more about the United States than he does. If British statesmen were to take the American Republic as a perfect model for the reorganization of British institutions they would make a grand mistake, as this Presidential election is enough to prove. Yet a study of American institutions is fruitful in guidance as well as in warning. Democracy has come; it has come in Europe as well as in America, as Sir Lepel Griffin will hardly be able to deny; the task of statesmen is to organize it; and England herself would be fortunate if at this moment her political reformers were taking as clear a view of the situation and exercising as much forecast as did the founders of the American constitution.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER winds up his great controversy with Mr. Harrison on the Subject of Religion. The conflict has been fierce, and at the close little is left of either combatant's theory. The Comtean religion of Humanity has been reduced to an enthusiastic philanthropy; the Spencerian religion of the Unknowable has been reduced to a metaphysical blank. Mr. Spencer however maintains his assertion that "the religious consciousness begins among primitive men with the belief in a double belonging to each individual, which, capable of wandering away from him during life, becomes his ghost or spirit after death; and that, from the idea of a being eventually distinguished as supernatural, there developed in course of time the ideas of supernatural beings of all orders up to the highest." A polytheistic pantheon, he contends, is a hierarchy of ghosts, the ghosts of chiefs being superior to the others; and his account of Monotheism is that with the growth of civilization and knowledge the minor supernatural agents become merged in the single, great supernatural agent, which again loses by degrees its anthropomorphic attributes, and will at last merge into a

consciousness of an omnipresent power to which no attributes can be ascribed. Seldom has a theory so improbable in itself and so totally unsupported by evidence been advanced as indisputable truth. In Max Müller's account of the Vedic religion, as in Réville's account of the religion of Mexico and Peru, and in Rénouf's account of the religion of Egypt, we find the luminaries and powers of nature, especially the Sun under various names, clearly indicated as the objects by which the religious sentiment of awe, reverence, and dependence was at first awakened. Fetichism Max Müller considers, and gives good reasons for considering, not to be primæval, while of doubles or ghosts as the origin of religion he makes no mention whatever. How are goddesses such as Here, Athene, Demeter and Aphrodite to be identified with the ghosts of chiefs? Manifestly each of them was the female impersonation of a power or aspect of nature, invested by the plastic and playful fancy of the Greek with the attributes of humanity. The names of the principal Greek deities are derived from the Sanscrit: how then can the deities have been Greek chiefs? Let Christianity be true or false, by what conceivable process can it have been evolved out of the belief in a double or in the ghost of a chief? Max Müller seems even to have discovered an incipient identification of righteousness with the religion of nature in the *Rita*, or semi-moral notion of the regular courses of the heavenly bodies. Whether Mr. Spencer is indebted to Comte or not for his philosophy of the sciences, it is certain that he is indebted to Dr. Tylor for his theory of Animism, and a very strange use he has made of the loan, as, when he explores the real records of primæval religion, he will find. Savage tribes, to which Dr. Tylor's observations apply, are, as was said before, castaways of humanity, whose belief and practises there is no good reason for identifying with those of primæval men; though most even of these tribes seem besides their Animism to have some conception, however vague and faint, of a Superior Power, which is apparently not traceable to an Animistic source.

ENGLISH reviews and magazines still come to us full of Carlyle. Some criticize, others defend, but none of them will much alter the obvious conclusion at which, after reading the Life, readers in general have arrived. The man was one of the greatest of poets in prose, and among the first of sardonic humourists; but he was neither a practical philosopher nor a hero. By one of the reviewers he is called a Norse Rousseau, and, though the phrase is somewhat fantastic, Rousseau himself was hardly more perverse in his judgments or in his conduct less consistent with the lofty sentiments which flowed from his pen. Panizzi refused Carlyle some special privilege in connection with the Reading Room of the British Museum. "Intrinsically," writes Carlyle, "the blame is not in him but in the prurient darkness and confused pedantry and ostentatious inanity of the world which put him there and which I must own he very fairly represents and symbolizes." If there was anything about which all men were agreed it was that Panizzi was the prince of librarians and an organizing mind of first-rate power. When a man could so utterly misjudge his contemporaries, how can we trust his judgment of characters in history? And what was the practical value of a philosophy which could not make the philosopher a better husband and friend, or enable him to bear with more fortitude and dignity the petty ills of life? Compare with Carlyle Johnson! Yet Johnson lived by a creed which according to Carlyle's biographer can no longer be held by any man of sound heart and mind. Carlyle's pictures and satires will delight for ever: but the Chelsea clique, with its Eternities and Veracities, with what Mazzini happily called its platonic love of Science, and with its self-assumed superiority to social decencies, is likely to find in time a lower level than the worshippers at that shrine suppose. A BYSTANDEE.

### HERE AND THERE.

MORAL curiosity in England has lately been fed with two scandals the enjoyment of which the cable extends to our hemisphere. One of them is comic. Mr. Arthur Pendennis, as readers of Thackeray know, fell desperately in love with an actress in the person of the fair Miss Costigan, whose stage *alias* was Fotheringay; but his passion, though violent, soon cooled. The same familiar incident has occurred in the case of the young and green Lord Garmoyle and Miss Finney, whose stage name is Fortescue. Had Arthur Pendennis been heir to a peerage and a great estate, he would not have got off so easily as he did. Lord Garmoyle has had to pay his charmer fifty thousand dollars, besides the costs of a lawsuit. It is difficult to believe that the clever actress loved anything in the brainless young lord but his title and his estate, or to doubt that this is another case of a wounded heart needing to be healed with bank bills. Unfortunately affection is polluted and dishonoured in the eyes of the scoffing world almost as much by these disclosures as it is by the dis-