

there are copies of a pamphlet exposing the childishness of his reasonings in his over-praised work "On Liberty."

Carlyle publicly opposed the attempt, and the fairplay Radicals, and the public generally, rallied to his side.

The end of all this discreditable persecution was, that English magistrates dismissed the charges against Eyre, a Metropolitan Grand Jury threw out a bill, and the Liberal Government paid all his expenses and costs. The public at large sided with him. This is not saying that every subordinate official had, in all respects, acted wisely and justly. There were excesses on the Government side. This is almost invariably the case when suppressing dangerous insurrections with inadequate forces.

#### THE RESULT OF EYRE'S PROMPTITUDE.

During the succeeding four year Jamaica prospered in every way. Far different would have been the case if the insurrection and attendant horrors had been allowed to spread all over the island as in St. Domingo. The blacks and professional agitators understood the stern lesson and there has been no trouble since.

It is the almost universal rule that in insurrections innocent people suffer, and often there is little discrimination between different degrees of guilt. In Paris, after the troops had (1871) recaptured the city, hundreds of prisoners—Communards say thousands—were shot in cold blood, in reprisal for crimes committed, including the murder of the Archbishop and priests. But it is reasonably certain that some of those unfortunate men had also, as in Jamaica, been coerced into joining the insurgents.

If there had been a Governor Eyre to command the Swiss on August 10th, 1792, Bonaparte—then an onlooker—would have been spared his sneer about imbecility, some of the ruffian leaders who—like Gordon—skulked, would have been summarily justiced; the monarchy would have been saved; the worst horrors of the French Revolution prevented; and the loss of millions of lives have been prevented. There was no leader like him with the necessary moral courage to assume responsibility.

So in the case of the Indian mutiny in 1857. If a man like Eyre had commanded at Meerut the mutiny would have been stamped out at the commencement. There were sufficient British troops actually present, but no man like him with the necessary brains and energy. Probably a hundred lives would have been promptly sacrificed—but that would have saved 100,000. Of course a Jamaica-howl would have been raised at home.

#### A FORECAST.

With the lassitude of one who in the political world has so often seen the brightest dawn overcast, Mr. Goldwin Smith observes "society may be at the opening of a new era and on the eve of a complete reconstruction." Time alone will show whether this highly probable forecast is a true one.

Personally I hopefully look forward to a time when a great discovery will materialize. One of its numerous indirect results will be the foundation of new schools of biography and history. Much that passes for such at present is unsatisfactory. Biography and history should "hold the mirror up to nature," and not, as is often the case, heroise second and third rate men.

Few have the gifts and acquirements of Mr. Goldwin Smith for history—this is not saying that he never makes mistakes, for I have shown that he has heedlessly made such. He would be the last man to claim such immunity.

#### CONCLUSION.

It is very difficult to set forth history. He who journeys along that road meets with so many pitfalls, quagmires, and misleading side-ways; he encounters so many who unintentionally or intentionally misinform him, that it is a great task to arrive at the true goal. History is a progressive science, that which passes as such during one era, will be bettered and laid aside at another.

The Manchester School did valuable work in its time; also some that was the reverse. It has had its day and henceforth will serve "to point a moral," and to benefit statesmen by its lessons.

#### FAIRPLAY RADICAL.

Next week I propose to criticise Mr. Gladstone's mis-statements in the *North American Review* previously referred to.

## A Passage from Maxime du Camp's "RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE."

TRANSLATED FOR THE WEEK BY R. E. K.

LOVE is a commonplace sentiment doubtless, so in conversation they (Bouilhet and Gustave Flaubert) always derided it, perhaps because they had never experienced it. They wished to devote themselves exclusively to art; therefore they claimed from life neither the best nor the worst it has to give, and were lacking in one of the most fruitful sources of artistic inspiration. When everything has crumbled into ruin around us, when we have realized the vanity of human ambition, lost faith in ourselves, recognized the uncertainty of all things, and the certainty of disillusion, then if we look back upon the past and count the dead fallen by the way, one form only still lives and stirs and smiles upon us. *C'est toi qui dors dans l'ombre, ô sacré souvenir!*

Bouilhet had no such memory: in his hour of darkness he could never borrow from the past the courage and vitality which had failed him in the present. Those only among the poets who understood love were great. It matters little who inspired the love, Ninette or Semiramis; not the object of the affection but the sentiment interests us, because it is a vitalizing force, and makes a man "the equal of the gods."

Late in the day, too late, Bouilhet learned this lesson. In the evening of his life, he put his finger upon the weak spot, probed the wound, took counsel with his vanished dreams and asked himself the question: why his wings had not borne him over the summits he had beheld in early youth. An inward voice replied and inspired Bouilhet with the beautiful verses I shall quote here for they contain an explanation as well as a confession:

Toute ma lampe a brûlé goutte à goutte  
Mon feu s'éteint avec un dernier bruit;  
Sans un ami, sans un chien qui m'écoute,  
Je pleure seul dans la profonde nuit.

Derrière moi—si je tournais la tête  
Je le verrais—un fantôme est placé:  
Témoin fatal apparu dans ma fête,  
Spectre en lambeaux de mon bonheur passé.

Mon rêve est mort sans espoir qu'il renaisse;  
Le temps m'échappe, et l'orgueil imposteur  
Pousse au néant les jours de ma jeunesse,  
Comme un troupeau dont il fut le pasteur.

Pareil au flux d'une mer inféconde  
Sur mon cadavre au sépulchre endormi,  
Je sens déjà monter l'oubli du monde  
Qui tout vivant m'a couvert à demi.

Oh, La nuit froide? Oh, La nuit douloureuse!  
Ma main bondit sur mon sein palpitant;  
Qui frappe ainsi dans ma poitrine creuse  
Quels sont ces coups sinistres qu'on entend?

Qu'es-tu? Qu'es-tu? Parle, ô monstre indomptable  
Qui te débats en mes flancs enfermé?  
Une voix dit, une voix lamentable;  
Je suis ton cœur et je n'ai pas aimé.

#### TRANSLATION.

All my lamp now drop by drop doth burn  
With one last flickering sigh I lose its light.  
Without a friend, a dog, to whom to turn  
I weep alone in shade of darkest night.

Behind, if I but turned my head that way  
I'd see, for there a phantom doth stand fast  
A fatal witness of a bygone day  
Spectre in rags of youthful bliss long past.

My dream is dead—no hope it may revive  
Time passeth—that impostor Pride  
All my young days to nothingness did drive  
As they the flock and he their shepherd guide.

Like rising wave of useless Dead Sea tide  
Over my corpse in quiet tomb asleep  
Doth steal forgetfulness of all the world outside  
And over me while still alive doth creep.

Oh, cold the night! Oh, night how drear!  
My hand doth press a palpitating breast  
What are those sounds ill-omened that I hear?  
What knocks so loudly in my hollow chest?

Who art thou, speak—oh Being hard to tame  
Who frettest thus shut up in mortal frame?  
A voice replies—a voice with mournful tone:  
I am thy heart—Love I have never known.

R. E. K.