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THE MAID OF SKER—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—FISHERMAN DAVY A FISH OUT OF WATER.

I AM but an ancient fisherman upon the coast of Glamorganshire, with work enough of my own to do, and trouble enough of my own to heed, in getting my poor living. Yet no peace there is for me among my friends and neighbors, unless I will set to and try—as they bid me twice a-day, perhaps—whether I cannot tell the rights of a curious adventure which it pleased Providence should happen, off and on, amidst us, now for a good many years, and with many ins and outs to it. They assure me, also, that all good people who can read and write, for ten, or it may be twenty, miles around the place I live in, will buy my book—if I can make it—at a higher price, perhaps, per lb., than they would give me for sewin, which are the very best fish I catch: and hence provision may be found for the old age and infirmities, now gaining upon me, every time I try to go out fishing.

In this encouragement and prospect I have little faith, knowing how much more people care about what they eat than what they read. Nevertheless I will hope for

the best, especially as my evenings now are very long and wearisome; and I was counted a hopeful scholar, fifty years agone perhaps, in our village school here—not to mention the Royal Navy; and most of all, because a very wealthy gentleman, whose name will appear in this story, has promised to pay all expenses, and £50 down (if I do it well), and to leave me the profit, if any.

Notwithstanding this, the work of writing must be very dull to me, after all the change of scene, and the open air and sea, and the many sprees ashore, and the noble fights with Frenchmen, and the power of oaths that made me jump so in his Majesty's navy. God save the King, and Queen, and members of the Royal Family, be they as many as they will—and they seem, in faith, to be manifold. But His power is equal to it all, if they will but try to meet Him.

However, not to enter upon any view of politics—all of which are far beyond the cleverest hand at a bait among us—I am inditing of a thing very plain and

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simple, when you come to understand it ; yet containing a little strangeness, and some wonder, here and there, and apt to move good people's grief at the wrongs we do one another. Great part of it fell under mine own eyes, for a period of a score of years, or something thereabout. My memory still is pretty good ; but if I contradict myself, or seem to sweep beyond my reach, or in any way to meddle with things which I had better have let alone, as a humble man and a Christian, I pray you to lay the main fault thereof on the badness of the times, and the rest of it on my neighbors. For I have been a roving man, and may have gathered much of evil from contact with my fellow-men, although by nature meant for good. In this I take some blame to myself ; for if I had polished my virtue well, the evil could not have stuck to it. Nevertheless, I am, on the whole, pretty well satisfied with myself ; hoping to be of such quality as the Lord prefers to those perfect wonders with whom he has no trouble at all, and therefore no enjoyment.

But sometimes, taking up a book, I am pestered with a troop of doubts ; not only about my want of skill, and language, and experience, but chiefly because I never have been a man of consummate innocence, excellence, and high wisdom, such

as all these writers are, if we go by their own opinions.

Now, when I plead among my neighbors, at the mouth of the old well, all the above, my sad shortcomings, and my own strong sense of them (which perhaps is somewhat over-strong), they only pat me on the back, and smile at one another, and make a sort of coughing noise, according to my bashfulness. And then, if I look pleased (which for my life I cannot help doing), they wink, as it were, at one another, and speak up like this :—

“ Now, Davy, you know better. You think yourself at least as good as any one of us, Davy, and likely far above us all. Therefore, Davy the fisherman, out with all you have to say, without any French palaver. You have a way of telling things so that we can see them.”

With this, and with that, and most of all with hinting about a Frenchman, they put me on my mettle, so that I sit upon the side-stones of the old-well gallery (which are something like the companion-rail of a fore-and-after), and gather them around me, with the householders put foremost, according to their income, and the children listening between their legs ; and thus I begin, but never end, the tale I now begin to you, and perhaps shall never end it.

CHAPTER II.—HUNGER DRIVES HIM A-FISHING.

In the summer of the year 1782, I David Llewellyn, of Newton-Nottage, fisherman and old sailor, was in very great distress and trouble, more than I like to tell you. My dear wife (a faithful partner for eight-and-twenty years, in spite of a very quick temper) was lately gone to a better world ; and I missed her tongue and her sharp look-out at almost every corner. Also my son (as fine a seaman as ever went aloft), after helping Lord Rodney to his great victory over Grass the Frenchman, had been lost in a prize-ship called the *Tonner*, of 54 guns and 500 Crappos, which sank with all hands on her way home to Spithead, under Admiral Graves. His young wife (who had been sent to us to see to, with his blessing) no sooner heard of this sad affair as in the Gazette reported, and his pay that week stopped on her, but she fell into

untimely travail, and was dead ere morning. So I buried my wife and daughter-in-law, and lost all chance to bury my son, between two Bridgend market-days.

Now this is not very much, of course, compared with the troubles some people have. But I had not been used to this sort of thing, except in case of a mess-mate ; and so I was greatly broken down, and found my eyes so weak of a morning, that I was ashamed to be seen out of doors.

The only one now to keep a stir or sound of life in my little cottage, which faces to the churchyard, was my orphan grandchild “ *Bunny*,” daughter of my son just drowned, and his only child that we knew of. *Bunny* was a rare strong lass, five years old about then, I think ; a stout and hearty-feeding child, able to chew every bit of her victuals, and mounting a

fine rosy color, and eyes as black as Archangel pitch.

One day, when I was moping there, all abroad about my bearings, and no better than water-ballasted, the while I looked at my wife's new broom, now carrying cobweb try-sails, this little Bunny came up to me as if she had a boarding-pike, and sprang into the netting hammocks of the best black coat I wore.

"Grand-da!" she said, and looked to know in what way I would look at her; "Grand-da, I must have sumkin more to eat."

"Something more to eat!" I cried, almost with some astonishment, well as I knew her appetite; for the child had eaten a barley-loaf, and two pig's feet, and a dog-fish.

"Yes, more; more bexfass, grand-da." And though she had not the words to tell, she put her hands in a way that showed she ought to have more solid food. I could not help looking sadly at her, proud as I was of her appetite. But recovering in a minute or two, I put a good face upon it.

"My dear, and you shall have more," I said; "only take your feet out of my pocket. Little heart have I for fishing, God knows; but a-fishing I will go this day, if mother Jones will see to you."

For I could not leave her alone quite yet, although she was a brave little maid, and no fire now was burning. But within a child's trot from my door, and down toward the sandhills, was that famous ancient well of which I spoke just now, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, where they used to scourge themselves. The village church stood here, they say, before the inroad of the sand; and the water was counted holy. How that may be, I do not know; but the well is very handy. It has a little grey round tower of stone domed over the heart of it, to which a covered way goes down, with shallow steps irregular. If it were not for this plan, the sand would whelm the whole of it over; even as it has overwhelmed all the departure of the spring, and the cottages once surrounding it. Down these steps the children go, each with a little brown pitcher, holding hands and groping at the sides as the place feels darker. And what with the sand beneath their

feet, and the narrowing of the roof above, and the shadows moving round them, and the doubt where the water begins or ends (which nobody knows at any time), it is much but what some one tumbles in, and the rest have to pull her out again.

For this well has puzzled all the country, and all the men of great learning, being as full of contrariety as a maiden courted. It comes and goes, in a manner, against the coming and going of the sea, which is only a half a mile from it; and twice in a day it is many feet deep, and again not as many inches. And the water is so crystal-clear, that down in the dark it is like a dream. Some people say that John the Baptist had nothing to do with the making of it, because it was made before his time by the ancient family of De Sandford, who once owned all the manors here. In this, however, I have no faith, having read my Bible to better purpose than to believe that John Baptist was the sort of man to claim anything, least of all any water, unless he came honestly by it.

In either case it is very pretty to see the children round the entrance on a summer afternoon, when they are sent for water. They are all a little afraid of it, partly because of its maker's name, and his having his head on a charger, and partly on account of its curious ways, and the sand coming out of its "nostrils" when it first begins to flow.

That day with which I begin my story, Mrs. Jones was good enough to take charge of little Bunny; and after getting ready to start, I set the thong of our latch inside, so that none but neighbors who knew the trick could enter our little cottage (or rather "mine" I should say now); and thus with conger-rod, and prawn-net, and a long pole for the bass, and a junk of pressed tobacco, and a lump of barley-bread, and a may-bird stuffed with onions (just to fine off the fishiness), away I set for a long-shore day, upon as dainty a summer morn as ever shone out of the heavens.

"Fisherman Davy" (as they call me all around our parts) was fifty and two years of age, I believe, that very same July, and with all my heart I wish that he were as young this very day. For I never have found such call to enter into the affairs of

another world, as to forget my business here, or press upon Providence impatiently for a more heavenly state of things. People may call me worldly-minded for cherishing such a view of this earth; and perhaps it is very wrong of me. However, I can put up with it, and be in no unkindly haste to say "good-bye" to my neighbors. For, to my mind, such a state of seeking, as many amongst us do even boast of, is, unless in a bad cough or a perilous calenture, a certain proof of curiosity displeasing to our Maker, and I might even say of fickleness degrading to a true Briton.

The sun came down upon my head, so that I thought of bygone days, when I served under Captain Howe, or Sir Edward Hawke, and used to stroll away upon leave, with half a hundred Jacks ashore, at Naples, or in Bermudas, or wherever the luck might happen. Now, however, was no time for me to think of strolling, because I could no longer live at the expense of the Government, which is the highest luck of all, and full of noble dignity. Things were come to such a push that I must either work or starve; and could I but recall the past, I would stroll less in the days gone by. A pension of one and eightpence farthing for the weeks I was alive (being in right of a heavy wound in capture of the Bellona, Frenchman of two-and-thirty guns, by his Majesty's frigate Vesta, under Captain Hood) was all I had to hold on by, in support of myself and Bunny, except the slippery fish that come and go as Providence orders them. She had sailed from Martinique, when luckily we fell in with her; and I never shall forget the fun, and the five hours at close quarters. We could see the powder on the other fellows' faces while they were training their guns at us, and we showed them, with a slap, our noses, which they never contrived to hit. She carried heavier metal than ours, and had sixty more men to work it, and therefore we were obliged to capture her at last by boarding. I, like a fool, was the first that leaped into her mizen-chains, without looking before me, as ought to have been. The Frenchmen came too fast upon me, and gave more than I bargained for.

Thus it happened that I fell off, in the very prime of life and strength, from an able-bodied seaman and captain of the fore-top to a sort of lurcher along shore, and a man who must get his own living with nets and rods and such like. For that very beautiful fight took place in the year 1759, before I was thirty years old, and before his present most gracious Majesty came to the throne of England. And inasmuch as a villainous Frenchman made at me with a cutlash, and a power of blue oaths (taking a nasty advantage of me, while I was yet entangled), and thumped in three of my ribs before a kind Providence enabled me to relieve him of his head at a blow—I was discharged, when we came to Spithead, with an excellent character in a silk bag, and a considerable tightness of breathing, and leave to beg my way home again.

Now I had not the smallest meaning to enter into any of these particulars about myself, especially as my story must be all about other people—beautiful maidens, and fine young men, and several of the prime gentry. But as I have written it, so let it stay; because, perhaps, after all, it is well that people should have some little knowledge of the man they have to deal with, and learn that his character and position are a long way above all attempt at deceit.

To come back once again, if you please, to that very hot day of July, 1782—whence I mean to depart no more until I have fully done with it—both from the state of the moon, I knew, and from the neap when my wife went off, that the top of the spring was likely to be in the dusk of that same evening. At first I had thought of going down straight below us to Newton Bay, and peddling over the Black Rocks towards the Ogmore river, some two miles to the east of us. But the bright sun gave me more enterprise; and remembering how the tide would ebb, also how low my pocket was, I felt myself bound in honor to Bunny to make a real push for it, and thoroughly search the conger-holes and the lobster-ledges, which are the best on all our coast, round about Pool-Tavan, and down below the old house at Sker.

CHAPTER III.—THE FISH ARE AS HUNGRY AS HE IS.

To fish at Sker had always been a matter of some risk and conflict; inasmuch as Evan Thomas, who lived in the ancient house there, and kept the rabbit-warren, never could be brought to know that the sea did not belong to him. He had a grant from the manor, he said, and the shore was part of the manor; and whosoever came hankering there was a poacher, a thief, and a robber. With these hard words, and harder blows, he kept off most of the neighbourhood; but I always felt that the lurch of the tide was no more than the heeling of a ship, and therefore any one free of the sea, was free of the ebb and flow of it.

So when he began to reproach me once, I allowed him to swear himself thoroughly out, and then, in a steadfast manner, said, "Black Evan, the shore is not mine or yours. Stand you here and keep it, and I will never come again;" for in three hours' time there would be a fathom of water where we stood. And when he caught me again, I answered, "Evan Black, if you catch me inland, meddling with any of your land-goods, coneys, or hares, or partridges, give me a leathering like a man, and I must put up with it; but dare you touch me on this shore, which belongs to our lord the King, all the way under high-water mark, and by the rod of the Red Sea I will show you the law of it."

He looked at me and the pole I bore, and heavy and strong man as he was, he thought it wiser to speak me fair. "Well, well, Dyo, dear," he said in Welsh, having scarce any English, "You have served the King, Dyo, and are bound to know what is right and wrong; only let me know, good man, if you see any other rogues fishing here.

This I promised him freely enough, because, of course, I had no objection to his forbidding other people, and especially one vile Scotchman. Yet being a man of no liberality, he never could see even me fish there without following and abusing me, and most of all after a market-day.

That tide I had the rarest sport that ever you did see. Scarcely a conger-hole

I tried without the landlord being at home, and biting savagely at the iron, which came (like a rate) upon him; whereupon I had him by the jaw, as the tax-collector has. Scarcely a lobster-shelf I felt, tickling as I do under the weeds, but what a grand old soldier came to the portcullis of his stronghold, and nabbed the neat-hide up my fingers, and stuck thereto till I hauled him out "nolus-woluss," as we say; and there he showed his purple nippers, and his great long whiskers, and then his sides, hooped like a cask, till his knuckled legs fought with the air, and the lobes of his tail were quivering. It was fine to see these fellows, worth at least a shilling, and to pop them into my basket, where they clawed at one another. Glorious luck I had, in truth, and began to forget my troubles, and the long way home again to a lonely cottage, and my fear that little Bunny was passing a sorry day of it. She should have a new pair of boots, and mother Jones a good Sunday dinner; and as for myself, I would think, perhaps, about half a glass of fine old rum (to remind me of the navy), and a pipe of the short-cut Bristol tobacco—but that must depend upon circumstances.

Now circumstances had so much manners (contrary to their custom) that they contrived to keep themselves continually in my favour. Not only did I fetch up and pile a noble heap of oysters and mussels just at the lowest of the ebb, but after that, when the side was flowing, and my work grew brisker—as it took me by the calves, and my feet were not cut by the mussels more than I could walk upon—suddenly I found a thing beating all experience both of the past and future.

This was, that the heat of the weather, and the soft south wind prevailing, had filled the deep salt-water pools among the rocks of Pool Tavan, and as far as Funnon Gwyn, with the finest prawns ever seen or dreamed of; and also had peopled the shallow pools higher up the beach with shoals of silver mullet-fry—small indeed, and as quick as lightning, but well worth a little trouble to catch,

being as fine eating as any lady in the land could long for.

And here for a moment I stood in some doubt, whether first to be down on the prawns or the mullet; but soon I remembered the tide would come first into the pools that held the prawns. Now it did not take me very long to fill a great Holland bag with these noble fellows, rustling their whiskers, and rasping their long saws at one another. Four gallons I found, and a little over; and sixteen shillings I made of them, besides a good many which Bunny ate raw.

Neither was my luck over yet, for being now in great heart and good feather, what did I do but fall very briskly upon the grey mullet in the pools; and fast as they scoured away down the shallows, fluting the surface with lines of light, and huddling the ripples all up in a curve, as they swung themselves round on their tails with a sweep, when they could swim no further—nevertheless it was all in vain, for I blocked them in with a mole of kelp, weighted with heavy pebbles, and then baled them out at my pleasure.

Now the afternoon was wearing away, and the flood making strongly up channel by the time I came back from Funnon Gwyn—whither the mullet had led me—to my headquarters opposite Sker farmhouse, at the basin of Pool Tavan. This pool is made by a ring of rocks sloping inward from the sea, and is dry altogether for two hours' ebb, and two hours' flow of a good spring-tide, excepting so much as a little land-spring, sliding down the slippery sea-weed, may have power to keep it moist.

A wonderful place is here for wild-fowl, the very choicest of all I know, both when the sluice of the tide runs out and when it comes swelling back again; for as the water ebbs away with a sulky wash in the hollow places, and the sand runs down in little crannies, and the bladder-weeds hang, trickling, and the limpets close their valves, and the beautiful jelly-flowers look no better than chilblains—all this void and glistening basin is at once alive with birds.

First the seapie runs and chatters, and the turnstone pries about with his head

laid sideways in a most sagacious manner, and the sanderlings glide in file, and the green shanks separately. Then the shy curlews over the point warily come, and leave one to watch; while the brave little mallard teal, with his green triangles glistening, stands on one foot in the fresh-water runnel, and shakes with his quacks of enjoyment.

Again, at the freshening of the flood, when the round pool fills with sea (pouring in through the gate of rock), and the waves push merrily onward, then a mighty stir arises, and a different race of birds—those which love a swimming dinner—swoop upon Pool Tavan. Here is the giant grey gull, breasting (like a cherub in church) before he douses down his head, and here the elegant kittywake, and the sullen cormorant in the shadow swimming; and the swiftest of swift wings, the silver-grey sea-swallow, dips like a butterfly and is gone; while from slumber out at sea, or on the pool of Kenfig, in a long wedge, cleaves the air the whistling flight of wild-ducks.

Standing upright for a moment, with their red toes on the water, and their strong wings flapping, in they souse with one accord and a strenuous delight. Then ensues a mighty quacking of unanimous content, a courteous nodding of quick heads, and a sluicing and a shovelling of water over shoulder-blades, in all the glorious revelry of insatiable washing.

Recovering thence, they dress themselves in a sober-minded manner, paddling very quietly, proudly puffing out their breasts, arching their necks, and preening themselves, titivating (as we call it) with their bills in and out the down, and shoulders up to run the wet off; then turning their heads, as if on a swivel, they fettle their backs and their scapular plume. Then, being as clean as clean can be, they begin to think on their dinners, and with stretched necks down they dive to secure a luscious morsel, and all you can see is a little sharp tail and a pair of red feet kicking.

Bless all their innocent souls, how often I longed to have a good shot at them, and might have killed eight or ten at a time with a long gun heavily loaded! But all these birds knew, as well as I did, that I had no gun with me; and

although they kept at a tidy distance, yet they let me look at them, which I did with great peace of mind all the time I was eating my supper. The day had been too busy till now to stop for any feeding; but now there would be twenty minutes or so ere the bass came into Pool Tavan, for these like a depth of water.

So, after consuming my bread and may-bird, and having a good drink from the spring, I happened to look at my great flag-basket, now ready to burst with congers and lobsters and mullet, and spider-crabs for Bunny (who could manage any quantity), also with other good saleable fish; and I could not help saying to myself, "Come, after all now, Davy Llewellyn, you are not gone so far as to want a low Scotchman to show you the place where the fish live." And with that I lit a pipe.

What with the hard work, and the heat, and the gentle splash of wavelets, and the calmness of the sunset, and the power of red onions, what did I do but fall asleep as snugly as if I had been on watch in one of his Majesty's ships of the line after a heavy gale of wind? And when I woke up again, behold, the shadows of the rocks were over me, and the sea was saluting the calves of my legs, which up to that mark were naked; and but for my instinct in putting my basket on a rock behind me, all my noble catch of fish must have gone to the locker of Davy Jones.

At this my conscience smote me hard, as if I were getting old too soon; and with one or two of the short strong words which I had learned in the navy, where the chaplain himself used to stir us up with them, up I roused and rigged my pole for a good bout at the bass. At the butt of the ash was a bar of square oak, ffigged in with a screw-bolt, and roven

round this was my line of good hemp, twisted evenly, so that if any fish came who could master me off the rocks almost, I could indulge him with some slack by unreeling a fathom of line. At the end of the pole was a strong loop-knot, through which ran the line, bearing two large hooks, with the eyes of their shanks lashed tightly with cobbler's ends upon whipcord. The points of the hooks were fetched up with a file, and the barbs well blackened, and the whole dressed over with whale oil. Then upon one hook I fixed a soft crab, and on the other a cuttle-fish. There were lug-worms also in my pot, but they would do better after dark, when a tumbling cod might be on the feed.

Good-luck and bad-luck has been my lot ever since I can remember; sometimes a long spell of one, wing and wing, as you might say, and then a long leg of the other. But never in all my born days did I have such a spell of luck in the fishing way, as on that blessed 10th of July 1782.

What to do with it all now became a puzzle, for I could not carry it home all at once; and as to leaving a bit behind, or refusing to catch a single fish that wanted to be caught, neither of these was a possible thing to a true-born fisherman.

At last things came to such a pitch that it was difficult not to believe that all must be the crowd and motion of a very pleasant dream. Here was the magic ring of the pool, shaped by a dance of sea-fairies, and the fading light shed doubtfully upon the haze of the quivering sea, and the silver water lifting like a mirror on a hinge, while the black rocks seemed to nod to it; and here was I pulling out big fishes almost faster than I cast in.

CHAPTER IV.—HE LANDS AN UNEXPECTED FISH.

Now, as the rising sea came sliding over the coronet of rocks, as well as through the main entrance—for even the brim of the pool is covered at high water—I beheld a glorious sight, stored in my remembrance of the southern regions, but not often seen at home. The day

had been very hot and brilliant, with a light air from the south; and at sunset a haze arose, and hung as if it were an awning over the tranquil sea. First, a gauze of golden color, as the western light came through, and then a tissue shot with red, and now a veil of silvery

softness, as the summer moon grew bright.

Then the quiet waves began—as their plaited lines rolled onward into frills of whiteness—in the very curl and fall, to glisten with a flitting light. Presently, as each puny breaker overshone the one in front, not the crest and comb alone, but the slope behind it, and the crossing flaws inshore, gleamed with hovering radiance and soft flashes vanishing; till, in the deepening of the dusk, each advancing crest was sparkling with a mane of fire, every breaking wavelet glittered like a shaken seam of gold. Thence the shower of beads and lustres lapsed into a sliding tier, moving up the sands with light, or among the pebbles breaking into a cataract of gems.

Being an ancient salt, of course I was not dismayed by this show of phosphorus, nor even much astonished, but rather pleased to watch the brightness, as it brought back to my mind thoughts of beautiful sunburnt damsels whom I had led along the shore of the lovely Mediterranean. Yet our stupid landsmen, far and wide, were panic-struck; and hundreds fell upon their knees, expecting the last trump to sound. All I said to myself was this: “No wonder I had such sport to-day; change of weather soon, I doubt, and perhaps a thunderstorm.”

As I gazed at all this beauty, trying not to go astray with wonder and with weariness, there, in the gateway of black rock, with the offing dark behind her, and the glittering waves upon their golden shoulders bearing her—sudden as an apparition came a smoothly gliding boat. Beaded all athwart the bows and down the bends with drops of light, holding stem well up in air, and the forefoot shedding gold, she came as straight toward this poor and converted Davy as if an angel held the tiller, with an admiral in the stern-sheets.

Hereupon such terror seized me, after the wonders of the day, that my pole fell downright into the water (of which a big fish wronged me so as to slip the hook and be off again), and it was no more than the turn of a hair but what I had run away head over heels. For the day had been so miraculous, beginning with starvation, and going on with so much

heat and hard work and enjoyment, and such a draught of fishes, that a poor body's wits were gone with it; and therefore I doubt not it must have been an especial decree of Providence that in turning round to run away I saw my big fish-basket.

To carry this over the rocks at a run was entirely impossible (although I was still pretty good in my legs), but to run away without it was a great deal more impossible for a man who had caught the fish himself; and beside the fish in the basket, there must have been more than two hundredweight of bass that would not go into it. Three hundred and a half in all was what I set it down at, taking no heed of prawns and lobsters; and with any luck in selling, it must turn two guineas.

Hence, perhaps, it came to pass (as much from downright bravery, of which sometimes I have some little) that I felt myself bound to creep back again, under the shade of a cold wet rock, just to know what that boat was up to.

A finer floatage I never saw. And her lines were purely elegant, and she rode above the water without so much as parting it. Then, in spite of all my fear, I could not help admiring; and it struck me hotly at the heart, “Oh, if she is but a real boat, what a craft for my business!” And with that I dropped all fear. For I had not been able, for many years, to carry on my fishing as skill and knowledge warranted, only because I could not afford to buy a genuine boat of my own, and hitherto had never won the chance without the money.

As yet I could see no soul on board. No one was rowing, that was certain, neither any sign of a sail to give her steerage-way. However, she kept her course so true that surely there must be some hand invisible at the tiller. This conclusion flurried me again, very undesirably, and I set my right foot in such a manner as to be off in a twinkling of anything unholy.

But God has care of the little souls which nobody else takes heed of; and so He ordained that the boat should heel, and then yaw across the middle of the pool; but for which black rocks alone would have been her welcome.

At once my heart came back to me ; for I saw at once, as an old sailor pretty well up in shipwrecks, that the boat was no more than a derelict ; and feeling that here was my chance of chances, worth perhaps ten times my catch of fish, I set myself in earnest to the catching of that boat.

Therefore I took up my pole again, and finding that the brace of fish whom I had been over-scared to land had got away during my slackness, I spread the hooks, and cast them both, with the slugs of lead upon them, and half a fathom of spare line ready, as far as ever my arms would throw.

The flight of the hooks was beyond my sight, for the phosphorus spread confusion ; but I heard most clearly the thump, thump of the two leaden bobs—the heavy and the light one—upon hollow planking. Upon this I struck as I would at a fish, and the hooks got hold (or at any rate one of them), and I felt the light boat following faster as she began to get away on the land ; and as I drew her gently toward me, being still in some misgiving, although resolved to go through with it.

But, bless my heart, when the light boat glided buoyantly up to my very feet, and the moon shone over the starboard gunwale, and without much drawback I gazed at it—behold ! the little craft was laden with a freight of pure innocence ! All for captain, crew, and cargo, was a

little helpless child. In the stern-sheets, fast asleep, with the baby face towards me, lay a little child in white. Something told me that it was not dead or even ailing ; only adrift upon the world, and not at all aware of it. Quite an atom of a thing, taking God's will anyhow ; cast, no doubt, according to the rocking of the boat, only with one tiny arm put up to keep the sun away, before it fell asleep.

Being quite taken aback with pity, sorrow, and some anger (which must have been of instinct), I laid hold of the bows of the skiff, and drew her up a narrow channel, where the land-spring found its way. The lift of a round wave helped her on, and the bladder-weed saved any chafing. A brand-new painter, (by the feel) it was that I caught hold of ; but instead of a hitch at the end, it had a clean sharp cut across it. Having made it fast with my fishing-pole jammed hard into a crevice of rock, I stepped on board rather gingerly, and, seating myself on the forward thwart, gazed from a respectful distance at the little stranger.

The light of the moon was clear and strong, and the phosphorus of the sea less dazing as the night grew deeper, therefore I could see pretty well ; and I took a fresh plug of tobacco before any further meddling. For the child was fast asleep ; and, according to my experience, they are always best in that way.

CHAPTER V.—A LITTLE ORPHAN MERMAID.

By the clear moonlight I saw a very wee maiden, all in white, having neither cloak nor shawl, nor any other soft appliance to protect or comfort her, but lying with her little back upon the aftmost planking, with one arm bent (as I said before), and the other drooping at her side, as if the baby-hand had been at work to ease her crying ; and then, when tears were tired out, had dropped in sleep or numb despair.

My feelings were so moved by this, as I became quite sure at last that here was a little mortal, that the tears came to mine own eyes too, she looked so purely pitiful. "The Lord in heaven have mercy on the little dear !" I cried, without ano-

ther thought about it ; and then I went and sat close by, so that she lay between my feet.

However, she would not awake, in spite of my whistling gradually, and singing a little song to her, and playing with her curls of hair ; therefore, as nothing can last for ever, and the tide was rising fast, I was forced to give the little lady, not what you would call a kick so much as a very gentle movement of the muscles of the foot.

She opened her eyes at this, and yawned, but was much inclined to shut them again ; till I (having to get home that night) could make no further allowance for her, as having no home to go to ; and

upon this I got over all misgivings about the dirtiness of my jacket, and did what I had feared to do, by reason of great respect for her; that is to say, I put both hands very carefully under her, and lifted her like a delicate fish, and set her crosswise on my lap, and felt as if I understood her; and she could not have weighed more than twenty pounds, according to my heft of fish.

Having been touched with trouble lately, I was drawn out of all experience now (for my nature is not over-soft) towards this little thing, so cast, in a dream almost, upon me. I thought of her mother, well drowned, no doubt, and the father who must have petted her, and of the many times to come when none would care to comfort her. And though a child is but a child, somehow I took to that child. Therefore I became most anxious as to her state of body, and handled her little mites of feet, and her fingers, and all her outworks; because I was not sure at all that the manner of her yawning might be nothing more or less than a going out of this world almost. For think, if you can see it so, how everything was against her. To be adrift without any food, or any one to tend her, many hours, or days perhaps, with a red-hot sun or cold stars overhead, and the greedy sea beneath her!

However, there she was alive, and warm, and limp, to the best of my judgment, sad though I was to confess to myself that I knew more of bass than of babies. For it had always so pleased God that I happened to be away at sea when He thought fit to send them; therefore my legs went abroad with fear of dandling this one, that now was come, in a way to disgrace a seaman; for if she should happen to get into irons, I never could get her out again.

Upon that matter, at any rate, I need not have concerned myself, for the child was so trim and well ballasted, also ribbed so stiff and sound, that any tack I set her on she would stick to it, and start no rope; and knowing that this was not altogether the manner of usual babies (who yaw about, and no steerage-way), I felt encouraged, and capable almost of a woman's business. Therefore I gave her a little tickle; and verily she began to

laugh, or perhaps I should say by rights to smile, in a gentle and superior way—for she always was superior. And a funnier creature never lived, neither one that could cry so distressfully.

"Wake up, wake up, my deary," said I, "and don't you be afraid of me. A fine little girl I've got at home, about twice the size that you be, and goes by the name of 'Bunny.'"

"Bunny!" she said; and I was surprised, not being up to her qualities, that she could speak so clearly. Then it struck me that if she could talk like that I might as well know more about her. So I began, very craftily, with the thing all children are proud about, and are generally sure to be up to.

"Pretty little soul," I said, "how old do you call yourself?"

At this she gathered up her forehead, not being used to the way I put it, while she was trying to think it out.

"How old are you, deary?" said I, trying hard to suck up my lips and chirp, as I had seen the nurses do.

"I'se two, I'se two," she answered, looking with some astonishment; "didn't 'a know that? Hot's 'a name?"

This proof of her high standing and knowledge of the world took me for the moment a good deal off my legs, until I remembered seeing it put as a thing all must give in to, that the rising generation was beyond our understanding. So I answered, very humbly, "Deary, my name is 'old Davy.' Baby, kiss old Davy."

"I 'ill," she answered, briskly. "Old Davy, I likes 'a. I'll be a good gal, I 'ill."

"A good girl! To be sure you will. Bless my heart, I never saw such a girl." And I kissed her three or four times over, until she began to smell my plug, and Bunny was nobody in my eyes. "But what's your own name, deary, now you know old Davy's name?"

"I'se Bardie. Didn't 'a know that?"

"To be sure I did;" for a little fib was needful from the way she looked at me, and the biggest one ever told would have been a charity under the circumstances.

"Please, old Davy, I'se aye hungry," she went on ere I was right again, "and I 'ants a dink o' yater."

"What a fool I am!" cried I. "Of course you do, you darling. What an atomy you are to talk! Stop here a moment."

Setting her on the seat by herself (like a stupid, as I was, for she might have tumbled overboard), I jumped out of the boat to fetch her water from the spring-head, as well as the relics of my food from the corner of the fish-basket. And truly vexed was I with myself for devouring of my dinner so. But no sooner was I gone, than feeling so left alone again after so much desertion, what did the little thing do but spring like a perfect grasshopper, and, slipping under the after-twart, set off in the bravest toddle, for the very bow of the boat, in fear of losing sight of me? Unluckily, the boat just happened to lift upon a bit of a wave, and, not having won her sea-legs yet in spite of that long cruise, down came poor Bardie with a thump, which hurt me more than her, I think.

Knowing what Bunny would have done, I expected a fearful roar, and back I ran to lift her up. But even before I could interfere, she was up again and all alive, with both her arms stretched out to show, and her face set hard to defy herself.

"I 'ont ky, I 'ont, I tell 'a. 'Ee see if I does now, and ma say hot a good gal I is."

"Where did you knock yourself, little wonder? Let old Davy make it well. Show old Davy the poor sore place."

"Nare it is. Gardy lâ! nare poor Bardie knock herself."

And she held up her short white frock, and showed me the bend of her delicate round knee as simply and kindly as could be.

"I 'ont ky; no, I 'ont," she went on, with her pretty lips screwed up. "Little brother ky, 'e know; but Bardie a gate big gal, savvy voo? Bardie too big enough to ky."

However, all this greatness vanished when a drop of blood came oozing from the long black bruise, and still more when I tried to express my deep compassion. The sense of bad-luck was too strong for the courage of even two years' growth, and little Bardie proved herself of just the right age for crying. I had observed how clear and bright and musical her voice

was for such a tiny creature; and now the sound of her great woe, and scene of her poor helpless plight, was enough to move the rocks into a sense of pity for her.

However, while she had her cry out (as the tide would never wait), I took the liberty of stowing all my fish and fishing-tackle on board of that handy little boat, which I began to admire and long for more and more every time I stepped from the rock into her foresheets. And finding how tight and crank she was, and full of spring at every step, and with a pair of good ash skulls, and, most of all, discovering the snuggest of snug lockers, my conscience (always a foremost feature) showed me in the strongest light that it would be a deeply ungracious, ungrateful, and even sinful thing, if I failed to thank an ever-wise Providence for sending me this useful gift in so express a manner.

And taking this pious and humble view of the night's occurrence, I soon perceived a special fitness in the time of its ordering. For it happened to be the very night when Evan Thomas was out of the way, as I had been told at Nottage, and the steward of the manor safe to be as drunk as a fiddler at Bridgend; and it was not more than a few months since that eminent Scotchman; Sandy Macraw (a scurvy limb of the coast-guards, who lived by poaching on my born rights), had set himself up with a boat, forsooth, on purpose to rogue me and rob me the better. No doubt he had stolen it somewhere, for he first appeared at night with it; and now here was a boat, in all honesty mine, which would travel two feet for each one of his tub!

By the time I had finished these grateful reflections, and resolved to contribute any unsold crabs to the Dissenting minister's salary (in recognition of the hand of Providence, and what he had taught me concerning it no longer ago than last Sabbath-day, when he said that the Lord would make up to me for the loss of my poor wife, though never dreaming, I must confess, of anything half so good as a boat), and by the time that I had moored this special mercy snugly, and hidden the oars, so that no vile wrecker could make off with her feloniously, that dear little

child was grown quiet again, being unable to cry any more, and now beginning to watch my doings as much as I could wish, or more.

She never seemed tired of watching me, having slept out all her sleep for the moment; and as I piled up fish on fish, and they came sliding, slippery, she came shyly, eyeing them with a desire to see each one, pushing her mites of fingers out, and then drawing them back in a hurry as their bellies shone in the moonlight. Some of the congers could wriggle still, and they made her scream when they did it; but the lobsters were her chief delight, being all alive and kicking. She came and touched them reverently, and ready to run if they took it amiss; and then she stroked their whiskers, crying, "Pitty, pitty! jolly, jolly!" till one great fellow, who knew no better, would have nipped her wrist asunder if I had not ricked his claw.

"Now, deary," said I, as I drew her away, "you have brought poor old Davy a beautiful boat, and the least that he can do for you is to get you a good supper." For since her tumble the little soul had seemed neither hungry nor thirsty.

"Pease, old Davy," she answered, "I 'ants to go to mama and papa, and ickle bother and Susan."

"The devil you do!" thought I, in a whistle, not seeing my way to a fib as yet.

"Does 'ee know mama and papa, and ickle bother, old Davy?"

"To be sure I do, my deary—better than I know you, almost."

"'Et me go to them, 'et me go to them. Hot ma say about my poor leggy peggy?"

This was more than I could tell; believing her mother to be, no doubt, some thirty fathoms under water, and her father and little brother in about the same predicament.

"Come along, my little dear, and I'll take you to your mother." This was what I said, not being ready, as yet, with a corker.

"I'se yeady, old Davy," she answered; "I'se kite yeady. Hen'll 'e be yeady? Peshy voo."

"Ready and steady: word of command! march!" said I, looking up at the moon, to try to help me out of it. But the only thing that I could find to help

me in this trouble, was to push about and stir, and keep her looking at me. She was never tired of looking at things with life or motion in them; and this I found the special business of her nature afterwards.

Now, being sure of my boat, I began to think what to do with Bardie. And many foolish ideas came, but I saw no way to a wise one, or at least I thought so then, and unhappily looked to prudence more than to gracious Providence, for which I have often grieved bitterly, ever since it turned out who Bardie was.

For the present, however (though strongly smitten with her manner, appearance, and state of shipwreck, as well as impressed with a general sense of her being meant for good-luck to me), I could not see my way to take her to my home and support her. Many and many times over I said to myself, in my doubt and uneasiness, and perhaps more times than need have been if my conscience had joined me, that it was no good to be a fool, to give way (as a woman might do) to the sudden affair of the moment, and a hot-hearted mode of regarding it. And the harder I worked at the stowing of fish, the clearer my duty appeared to me.

So by the time that all was ready for starting with this boat of mine, the sea being all the while as pretty as a pond by candle-light, it was settled in my mind what to do with Bardie. She must go to the old Sker-house. And having taken a special liking (through the goodness of my nature and the late distress upon me) to this little helpless thing, most sincerely I prayed to God that all might be ordered for the best; as indeed, it always is, if we leave it to Him.

Nevertheless I ought never to have left it to Him, as every one now acknowledges. But how could I tell?

By this time she began to be overcome with circumstances, as might happen naturally to a child but two years old, after long exposure without any food or management. Scared, and strange, and tired out, she fell down anyhow in the boat, and lay like a log, and frightened me. Many men would have cared no more, but, taking the baby for dead, have dropped her into the grave of the waters. I, however, have always been of a very dif-

ferent stamp from these; and all the wars, and discipline, and doctrine I have encountered, never could imbue me with

the cruelty of my betters. Therefore I was shocked at thinking that the little dear was dead.

CHAPTER VI.—FINDS A HOME OF SOME SORT.

However, it was high time now, if we had any hope at all of getting into Sker-house that night, to be up and moving. For though Evan Thomas might be late, Moxey, his wife, would be early; and the door would be open to none but the master after the boys were gone to bed. For the house is very lonely; and people no longer innocent as they used to be in that neighborhood.

I found the child quite warm and nice, though overwhelmed with weight of sleep; and setting her crosswise on my shoulders, whence she slid down into my bosom, over the rocks I picked my way by the light of the full clear moon, towards the old Sker-Grange, which stands a little back from the ridge of beach, and on the edge of the sand hills.

This always was, and always must be, a very sad and lonesome place, close to a desolate waste of sand, and the continual roaring of the sea upon the black rocks. A great grey house, with many chimneys, many gables, and many windows, yet not a neighbor to look out on, not a tree to feed its chimneys, scarce a firelight in its gables in the very depth of winter. Of course, it is said to be haunted; and though I believe not altogether in any stories of that kind—despite some very strange things indeed which I have beheld at sea—at any rate, I would rather not hear any yarns on that matter just before bedtime in that house; and most people would agree with me, unless I am much mistaken.

For the whole neighborhood—if so you may call it, where there are no neighbors—is a very queer one—stormy, wild, and desolate, with little more than rocks and sand and sea to make one's choice among. As to the sea, not only dull, and void it is of any haven, or of proper traffic, but as dangerous as need be, even in good weather, being full of draughts and currents, with a tide like a mill-race, suffering also the ups and downs which must be where the Atlantic Ocean jostles with

blind narrowings: it offers, moreover, a special peril (a treacherous and shifty one) in the shape of some horrible quicksands, known as the "Sker Weathers;" these at the will of storm and current change about from place to place, but are for the most part, some two miles from shore, and from two to four miles long, according to circumstances; sometimes almost bare at half-tide, and sometimes covered at low water. If any ship falls into them, the bravest skipper that ever stood upon a quarter-deck can do no more than pipe to prayers, though one or two craft have escaped when the tide was rising rapidly.

As for the shore, it is no better (when once you get beyond the rocks) than a stretch of sandhills, with a breadth of flaggy marsh behind them all the way to the mouth of Neath river, some three leagues to the westward. Eastward, the scene is fairer inland, but the coast itself more rugged and steep, and scarcely more inhabited, having no house nearer than Rhwychyns, which is only a small farm nearly two miles from Sker-Grange, and a mile from any other house. And if you strike inland from Sker—that is to say, to the northward—there is nothing to see but sand, warren, and furze, and great fields marked with rubble, even as far as Kenfig.

Looking at that vast lonely house, there were two things I could never make out. The first was, who could ever have been man enough to build it there?—for it must have cost a mint of money, being all of quarried and carried stone, and with no rich farm to require it. And the second thing was still worse a puzzle: how could any one ever live there?

As to the first point, the story is, that the house was built by abbots of Neath, when owners of Sker-manor, adding to it, very likely, as they followed one another; and then it was used as their manor-court, and for purposes more important, as a place of refectation, being near good fisheries, and especially Kenfig Pool,

stocked with all fresh-water fish, and every kind of wild fowl.

But upon the other question all that I can say is this: I have knocked about the world a good bit, and have suffered many trials, by the which I am, no doubt, chastened and highly rectified; nevertheless I would rather end my life among the tombstones, if only allowed three farthings' worth of tobacco every day, than live with all those abbots' luxuries in that grey old house.

However, there were no abbots now, nor any sort of luxury, only a rough unpleasant farmer, a kind but slovenly wife of his, and five great lads, notorious for pleasing no one except themselves; also a boy of a different order, as you soon shall see.

Thinking of all this, I looked with tenderness at the little dear, fallen back so fast asleep, innocent, and trustful, with her head upon my shoulder, and her breathing in my beard. Turning away at view of the house, I brought the moonlight on her face, and this appeared so pure, and calm, and fit for better company, that a pain went to my heart, as in Welsh we speak of it.

Because she was so fast asleep, and that alone is something holy in a very little child; so much it seems to be the shadow of the death itself, in their pausing fluttering lives, in their want of wit for dreaming, and their fitness for a world of which they must know more than this; also, to a man who feels the loss of much believing, and what grievous gain it is to make doubt of everything, such a simple trust in Him, than whom we find no better father, such a confidence of safety at the very outset seems a happy art unknown, and tempts him back to ignorance. Well aware what years must bring, from all the ill they have brought to us, we cannot watch this simple sort without a sadness on our side, a pity, and a longing, as for something lost and gone.

In the scoop between two sandhills such a power of moonlight fell upon the face of this baby, that it only wanted the accident of her lifting bright eyes to me to make me cast away all prudence, and even the dread of Bunny. But a man at my time of life must really look to the main chance first, and scout all romantic

visions; and another face means another mouth, however pretty it may be. Moreover, I had no wife now, nor woman to look after us; and what can even a man-child do, without their apparatus? While on the other hand I knew that (however dreary Sker might be) there was one motherly heart inside it. Therefore it came to pass that soon the shadow of that dark house fell upon the little one in my arms, while with a rotten piece of timber, which was lying handy, I thumped and thumped at the old oak door, but nobody came to answer me; nobody even seemed to hear, though every knock went further and further into the emptiness of the place.

But just as I had made up my mind to lift the latch, and to walk in freely, as I would have done in most other houses, but stood upon scruple with Evan Thomas, I heard a slow step in the distance, and Moxy Thomas appeared at last—a kindly-hearted and pleasant woman, but apt to be low-spirited (as was natural for Evan's wife), and not very much of a manager. And yet it seems hard to blame her there, when I come to think of it, for most of the women are but so, round about our neighborhood—sanding up of room and passage, and forming patterns on the floor every other Saturday, and yet the roof all frayed with cobwebs, and the corners such as, in the navy, we should have been rope-ended for.

By means of nature, Moxy was shaped for a thoroughly good and lively woman; and such no doubt she would have been, if she had had the luck to marry me, as at one time was our signification. God, however, ordered things in a different manner, and no doubt He was considering what might be most for my benefit. Nevertheless, in the ancient days, when I was a fine young tar on leave, and all Sunday-school set caps at me (perhaps I was two-and-twenty then), the only girl I would allow to sit on the crossing of my legs, upon a well-dusted tombstone, and suck the things I carried for them (all being fond of peppermint), was this little Moxy Stradling, of good Newton family, and twelve years old at that time. She made me swear on the blade of my knife never to have any one but her; and really I looked forward to it almost be-

yond a joke; and her father had some money.

"Who's there at this time of night?" cried Moxy Thomas, sharply, and in Welsh of course, although she had some English; "pull the latch, if you be honest. Evan Black is in the house."

By the tone of her voice I knew that this last was a fib of fright, and glad I was to know it so. Much the better chance was left me of depositing Bardie somewhere, where she might be comfortable.

Soon as Mrs. Thomas saw us by the light of a home-made dip, she scarcely stopped to stare before she wanted the child out of my arms, and was ready to devour it, guessing that it came from sea, and talking all the while, full gallop, as women find the way to do. I was expecting fifty questions, and, no doubt, she asked them, yet seemed to answer them all herself, and be vexed with me for talking, yet to want me to go on.

"Moxy, now be quick," I said; "this little thing from out the sea——"

"Quick is it? Quick indeed! Much quick you are, old Dyo!" she replied in English. "The darling dear, the pretty love!" for the child had spread its hands to her, being taken with a woman's dress.

"Give her to me, clumsy Davy. Is it that way you do carry her?"

"Old Davy tarry me aye nicely, I tell 'a. Old Davy good and kind; and I 'ont have him called kumsy."

So spake up my two-year-old, astonishing me (as she always has done) by her wonderful cleverness, and surprising Moxy Thomas that such clear good words should come from so small a creature.

"My goodness me! you little vixen! wherever did you come from? Bring her in yourself, then, Dyo, if she thinks so much of you. Let me feel her. Not wet she is. Wherever did you get her? Put her on this little stool, and let her warm them mites of feet till I go for bread and butter."

Although the weather was so hot, a fire of coal and drift-wood was burning in the great chimney-place, for cooking of black Evan's supper; because he was an outrageous man to eat, whenever he was drunk, which (as the doctor told me once) shows the finest of all constitutions.

But truly there was nothing else of life,

or cheer, or comfort, in the great sad stony room. A floor of stone, six gloomy doorways, and a black-beamed ceiling—no wonder that my little darling cowered back into my arms, and put both hands before her eyes.

"No, no, no!" she said. "Bardie doesn't 'ike it. When mama come, she be very angry with 'a, old Davy."

I felt myself bound to do exactly as Mrs. Thomas ordered me, and so I carried Miss Finical to the three-legged stool of firwood which had been pointed out to me; and having a crick in my back for a moment after bearing her so far, down I set her upon her own legs, which, although so neat and pretty, were uncommonly steadfast. To my astonishment, off she started (before I could fetch myself to think) over the rough stone flags of the hall, trotting on her toes entirely, for the very life of her. Before I could guess what she was up to, she had pounced upon an old kitchen-towel, newly washed, but full of splinters, hanging on a three-legged horse, and back she ran in triumph with it—for none could say that she toddled—and with a want of breath, and yet a vigor that made up for it, turned up her little mites of sleeves, and began to rub with all her power, but with a highly skilful turn, the top of that blessed three-legged stool, and some way down the sides of it.

"What's the matter, my dear?" I asked, almost losing my mind at this, after all her other wonders.

"Dirt," she replied; "degustin' dirt!" never stopping to look up at me.

"What odds for a little dirt, when a little soul is hungry?"

"Bardie a boofley kean gal, and this 'tool degustin' cochong!" was all the reply she vouchsafed me; but I saw that she thought less of me. However, I was glad enough that Moxy did not hear her, for Mrs. Thomas had no unreasonable ill-will towards dirt, but rather liked it in its place; and with her its place was everywhere. But I, being used to see every cranny searched and scoured with holystone, blest, moreover, when ashore with a wife like Amphitrite (who used to come aboard of us), could thoroughly enter into the cleanliness of this Bardie, and thought more of her accordingly.

While this little trot was working, in the purest ignorance of father and of mother, yet perhaps in her tiny mind hoping to have pleased them both, back came Mrs. Thomas, bringing all the best she had of comfort and of cheer for us, although not much to speak of.

I took a little holland's hot, on purpose to oblige her, because she had no rum; and the little baby had some milk and rabbit-gravy, being set up in a blanket, and made the most we could make of her. And she ate a truly beautiful sup-

per, sitting gravely on the stool, and putting both hands to her mouth in fear of losing anything. All the boys were gone to bed after a long day's rabbiting, and Evan Black still on the spree; so that I was very pleasant (knowing my boat to be quite safe) toward my ancient sweet-heart. And we got upon the old times so much, in a pleasing, innocent, teasing way, that but for fear of that vile black Evan we might have forgotten poor Bardie.

CHAPTER VII.—BOAT VERSUS BARDIE.

Glad as I was, for the poor child's sake, that black Evan happened to be from home, I had perhaps some reason also to rejoice on my own account. For if anything of any kind could ever be foretold about that most uncertain fellow's conduct, it was that when in his cups he would fight—with cause, if he could find any; otherwise, without it.

And in the present case, perhaps, was some little cause for fighting; touching (as he no doubt would think) not only his martial but manorial rights of plunder. Of course, between Moxy and myself all was purely harmless, each being thankful to have no more than a pleasant eye for the other; and of course, in really serious ways, I had done no harm to him; that boat never being his, except by down-right piracy. Nevertheless few men there are who look at things from what I may call a large and open standing-place; and Evan might even go so far as to think that I did him a double wrong, in taking that which was his, the boat, and leaving that which should have been mine—to wit, the little maiden—as a helpless burden upon his hands, without so much as a change of clothes; and all this after a great day's sport among his rocks, without his permission!

Feeling how hopeless it would be to reason these matters out with him, especially as he was sure to be drunk, I was glad enough to say "Good-night" to my new young pet, now fast asleep, and to slip off quietly to sea with my little frigate and its freight, indulging also my natural pride at being, for the first time in my life,

a legitimate ship-owner and independent deep-sea fisherman. By this time the tide was turned, of course, and running strong against me as I laid her head for Newton Bay by the light of the full moon; and proud I was, without mistake, to find how fast I could send my little crank bark against the current, having been a fine oarsman in my day, and always stroke of the captain's gig.

But as one who was well acquainted with the great dearth of honesty (not in our own parish only, but for many miles around), I could not see my way to the public ownership of this boat, without a deal of trouble and vexation. Happening so that I did not buy it, being thoroughly void of money (which was too notorious, especially after two funerals conducted to everybody's satisfaction), big rogues would declare at once, judging me by themselves, perhaps, that I had been and stolen it. And likely enough, to the back of this, they would lay me half-a-dozen murders and a wholesale piracy.

Now I have by nature the very strongest affection for truth that can be reconciled with a good man's love of reason. But sometimes it happens so that we must do violence to ourselves for the sake of our fellow-creatures. If these, upon occasion offered, are only too sure to turn away and reject the truth with a strong disgust, surely it is dead against the high and pure duty we owe them, to saddle them with such a heavy and deep responsibility. And to take still loftier views of the charity and kindness needful towards

our fellow-beings—when they hanker for a thing, as they do nearly always for a lie, and have set their hearts upon it, how selfish it must be, and inhuman, not to let them have it! Otherwise, like a female in a delicate condition, to what extent of injury may we not expose them? And to make other people believe, the way is not to want them to do it; only the man must himself believe, and be above all reasoning.

And I was beginning to believe more and more as I went on, and the importance of it grew clearer, all about that ill-fated ship of which I had been thinking ever since the boat came in. Twelve years ago, as nearly as need be, and in the height of summer—namely, on the 3rd of June, 1770—a large ship called the 'Planter's Welverd,' bound from Surinam to the Port of Amsterdam, had been lost and swallowed up near this very dangerous place. Three poor children of the planter (whose name was J. S. Jacket), on their way home to be educated, had floated ashore, or at least their bodies, and are now in Newton churchyard. The same must have been the fate of Bardie but for the accident of that boat. And though she was not a Dutchman's child, so far as one could guess, from her wonderful power of English, and no sign of Dutch build about her, she might very well have been in a Dutch ship with her father and mother, and little brother and Susan, in the best cabin. It was well known among us that Dutch vessels lay generally northward of their true course, and from the likeness of the soundings often came up the Bristol instead of the English Channel; and that this mistake (which the set of the stream would increase) generally proved fatal to them in the absence of any lighthouse.

That some ship or other had been lost, was to my mind out of all dispute, although the weather had been so lovely; but why it must have been a Dutch rather than an English ship, and why I need so very plainly have seen the whole of it myself (as by this time I began to believe I had done), is almost more than I can tell, except that I hoped it might be so, as giving me more thorough warrant in the possession of my prize. This boat, moreover, seemed to me to be of foreign

build, so far as I could judge of it by moonlight; but of that hereafter.

The wonder is, that I could judge of anything at all, I think, after the long and hard day's work, for a man not so young as he used to be. And rocks are most confusing things to be among for a length of time, and away from one's fellow-creatures, and nothing substantial on the stomach. They do so darken and jag and quiver, and hang over heavily as a man wanders under them, with never a man to speak to; and then the sands have such a way of shaking, and of shivering, and changing colour beneath the foot, and shining in and out with patterns coming all astray to you! When to these contrary vagaries you begin to add the loose unprincipled curve of waves, and the up and down of light around you, and to and fro of sea-breezes, and startling noises of sea-fowl, and a world of other confusions, with the roar of the deep confounding them—it becomes a bitter point to judge a man of what he saw, and what he thinks he must have seen.

It is beneath me to go on with what might seem excuses. Enough that I felt myself in the right; and what more can any man do, if you please, however perfect he may be? Therefore I stowed away my boat (well earned both by mind and body), snugly enough to defy, for the present, even the sharp eyes of Sandy Macraw, under Newton Point, where no one ever went but myself. Some of my fish I put to freshen in a solid mass of bladderweed, and some I took home for the morning, and a stroke of business after church. And if any man in the world deserved a downright piece of good rest that night, with weary limbs and soft conscience, you will own it was Davy Llewellyn.

Sunday morning I lay abed, with Bunny tugging very hard to get me up for breakfast, until it was almost eight o'clock, and my grandchild in a bitter strait of hunger for the things she smelled. After satisfying her, and scoring at the "Jolly Sailors" three fine bass against my shot, what did I do but go to church with all my topmast togs on? And that not from respect alone for the parson, who was a customer, nor even that Colonel Lougher of Candleston Court might see me, and feel inclined to discharge me, as an ex-

emplary Churchman (when next brought up before him). These things weighed with me a little, it is useless to deny ; but my main desire was that the parish should see me there, and know that I was not abroad on a long-shore expedition, but was ready to hold up my head on a Sunday with the best of them, as I always had done.

At one time, while I ate my breakfast, I had some idea perhaps that it would be more pious almost, and create a stronger belief in me, as well as ease my own penitance with more relief of groaning, if I were to appear in the chapel of the Primitive Christians, after certain fish were gutted. But partly the fear of their singing noise (unsuitable to my head that morning after the hollands at Sker-house), and partly my senses that after all it was but fore-castle work there, while the church was quarter-deck, and most of all the circumstance that no magistrate ever went there, led me, on the whole, to give the preference to the old concern, supported so bravely by royalty. Accordingly to church I went, and did a tidy stroke of business, both before and after service, in the way of lobsters.

We made a beautiful dinner that day, Bunny and I, and mother Jones, who was good enough to join us ; and after slipping down to see how my boat lay for the tide, and finding her as right as could be, it came into my head that haply it would be a nice attention, as well as ease my mind upon some things that were running in it, if only I could pluck up spirit to defy the heat of the day, and challenge my own weariness by walking over to Sker-Manor. For of course the whole of Monday, and perhaps of Tuesday too, and even some part of Wednesday (with people not too particular), must be occupied in selling my great catch of Saturday ; so I resolved to go and see how the little visitor was getting on, and to talk with her. For though, in her weariness and wandering of the night before, she did not seem to remember much, as was natural at her tender age, who could tell what might have come to her memory by this time, especially as she was so clever ? And it might be a somewhat awkward thing if the adventures which I felt really must have befallen her should happen to be

contradicted by her own remembrance ! for all I wanted was the truth ; and if her truths contradicted mine, why, mine must be squared off to meet them ; for great is truth, and shall prevail.

I thought it as well to take Bunny with me, for children have a remarkable knack of talking to one another, which they will not use to grown people ; also the walk across the sands is an excellent thing for young legs, we say, being apt to crack the skin a little, and so enabling them to grow. A strong and hearty child was Bunny, fit to be rated A.B. almost, as behoved a fine sailor's daughter. And as proud as you could wish to see, and never willing to give in ; so I promised myself some little sport in watching our Bunny's weariness, as the sand grew deeper, and yet her pride, to the last declaring that I should not carry her.

But here I reckoned quite amiss, for the power of the heat was such—being the very hottest day ever I knew out of the tropics, and the great ridge of sand-hills shutting us off from any sight of the water—that my little grandchild scarcely plodded a mile ere I had to carry her. And this was such a heavy job among the deep dry mounds of sand, that for a time I repented much of the over-caution which had stopped me from using my beautiful new boat at once, to paddle down with the ebb to Sker, and come home gently afterwards with the flow of the tide towards evening. Nevertheless, as matters proved, it was wiser to risk the broiling.

This heat was not of the sun alone (such as we get any summer's day, and such as we had yesterday), but thickened heat from the clouds themselves, shedding it down like a burning-glass, and weltering all over us. It was, though I scarcely knew it then, the summing-up and crowning period of whole weeks of heat and drought, and indeed of the hottest summer known for at least a generation. And in the hollows of yellow sand, without a breath of air to stir, or a drop of moisture, or a firm place for the foot, but a red and fiery haze to go through, it was all a man could do to keep himself from staggering.

Hence it was close upon three o'clock, by the place the sun was in, when Bunny

and I came in sight of Sker-house, and hoped to find some water there. Beer, of course, I would rather have; but never was there a chance of that within reach of Evan Thomas. And I tried to think this all the better; for half a gallon would not have gone any distance with me, after ploughing so long through sand, with the heavy weight of Bunny, upon a day like that. Only I hoped that my dear little grandchild might find something fit for her, and such as to set her up again; for never before had I seen her, high and strong as her spirit was, so overcome by

the power and pressure of the air above us. She lay in my arms almost as helpless as little Bardie, three years younger, had lain the night before; and knowing how children will go off without a man's expecting it, I was very uneasy, though aware of her constitution. So in the heat I chirped and whistled, though ready to drop myself almost; and coming in sight of the house, I tried my best to set her up again, finding half of her clothes gone down her back, and a great part of her fat legs somehow sinking into her Sunday shoes.

CHAPTER VIII.—CHILDREN WILL BE CHILDREN.

The "boys of Sker," as we always called those rough fellows over at Newton, were rabbiting in the warren; and according to their usual practice, on a Sunday afternoon. A loose unseemly lot of lads, from fifteen up to two-and-twenty years of age, perhaps, and very little to choose between them as to work and character. All, however, were known to be first-rate hands at any kind of sporting, or of poaching, or of any roving pleasure.

Watkin, the sixth and youngest boy, was of a different nature. His brothers always cast him off, and treated him with a high contempt, yet never could despise him. In their rough way, they could hardly help a sulky sort of love for him.

The seventh and last child had been a girl—a sweet little creature as could be seen, and taking after Watkin. But she had something on her throat from six months up to six years old; and when she died some three months back, people who had been in the house said that her mother would have sooner lost all the boys put together, if you left Watkin out of them. How that was I cannot say, and prefer to avoid those subjects. But I knew that poor black Evan swore no oath worth speaking of for one great market and two small ones, but seemed brought down to sit by himself, drinking quietly all day long.

When we came to the ancient hall (or kitchen, as now they called it), for a moment I was vexed—expecting more of a rush, perhaps, than I was entitled to. Knowing how much that young child

owed me for her preservation, and feeling how fond I was of her, what did I look for but wild delight at seeing "old Davy" back again? However, it seems, she had taken up with another and forgotten me.

Watkin, the youngest boy of Sker, was an innocent and good little fellow, about twelve years old at that time. Bardie had found this out already; as quickly as she found out my goodness, even by the moonlight. She had taken the lead upon Watkin, and was laying down the law to him, upon a question of deep importance, about the manner of dancing. I could dance a hornpipe with anybody, and forward I came to listen.

"No, no, no! I tell 'a. 'E mustn't do like that, Yatkin. 'E must go yound and yound like this; and 'e must hold 'a cothes out, same as I does. Gardy là! 'E must hold 'a cothes out all the time, 'e must."

The little atom, all the time she delivered these injunctions, was holding out her tiny frock in the daintiest manner, and tripping sideways here and there, and turning round quite upon tiptoe, with her childish figure poised, and her chin thrown forward; and then she would give a good hard jump, but all to the tune of the brass jew's-harp which the boy was playing for his very life. And all the while she was doing this, the amount of energy and expression in her face was wonderful. You would have thought there was nothing else in all the world that required doing with such zeal

and abandonment. Presently the boy stopped for a moment, and she came and took the knee of his trousers, and put it to her pretty lips with the most ardent gratitude.

"She must be a foreigner," said I to myself: "no British child could dance like that, and talk so; and no British child ever shows gratitude."

As they had not espied us yet, where we stood in the passage-corner, I drew Bunny backward, and found her all of a tremble with eagerness to go and help.

"More pay," said little missy, with a coaxing look; "more pay, Yatkin!"

"No, no. You must say, 'more play, please, Watkin.'"

"See voo pay, Yatkin; I 'ants—more pay!" The funny thing laughed at herself while saying it, as if with some comic inner sense of her own insatiability in the matter of play.

"But how do you expect me to play the music," asked Watkin, very reasonably, "if I am to hold my clothes out all the time?"

"Can't 'a?" she replied, looking up at him with the deepest disappointment; "can't 'a pay and dance too, Yatkin? I thought 'a could do anything. I 'ants to go to my dear mama and papa and ickle brother."

Here she began to set up a very lamentable cry, and Watkin in vain tried to comfort her, till, hearing us, she broke from him.

"Nare's my dear mama, nare's my dear mama coming!" she exclaimed, as she trotted full speed to the door. "Mama! mama! here I is. And 'e mustn't scold poor Susan."

It is out of my power to describe how her little flushed countenance fell when she saw only me and Bunny. She drew back suddenly, with the brightness fading out of her eager eyes, and the tears that were in them began to roll, and her bits of hands went up to her forehead, as if she had lost herself, and the corners of her mouth came down; and then with a sob she turned away, and with quivering shoulders hid herself. I scarcely knew what to do for the best; but our Bunny was very good to her, even better than could have been hoped, although she came of a kindly race. Without standing

upon ceremony, as many children would have done, up she ran to the motherless stranger, and, kneeling down on the floor, contrived to make her turn and look at her. Then Bunny pulled out her new handkerchief, of which she was proud, I can tell you, being the first she had ever owned, made from the soundest corner of mother Jones's old window-blind, and only allowed with a Sunday frock; and although she had too much respect for this to wet it with anything herself, she never for a moment grudged to wipe poor Bardie's eyes with it. Nay, she even permitted her—which was much more for a child to do—to take it into her own two hands and rub away at her eyes with it.

Gradually she coaxed her out of the cupboard of her refuge, and sitting in some posture, known to none but women children, without a stool to help her, she got the little one on her lap, and stroked at her, and murmured to her, as if she had found a favourite doll in the depth of trouble. Upon the whole, I was so pleased that I vowed to myself I would give my Bunny the very brightest half-penny I should earn upon the morrow.

Meanwhile, the baby of higher birth—as a glance was enough to show her—began to relax and come down a little, both from her dignity and her woe. She looked at Bunny with a gleam of humour, to which her wet eyes gave effect.

"'E call that a ponkey-hankerchy? Does 'a call that a ponkey-hankerchy?"

Bunny was so overpowered by this, after all that she had done, and at the air of pity wherewith her proud ornament was flung on the floor, that she could only look at me as if I had cheated her about it. And truly I had seen no need to tell her about mother Jones and her blind. Then these little ones got up, having sense of a natural discordance of rank between them, and Bunny no longer wiped the eyes of Bardie, nor Bardie wept in the arms of Bunny. They put their little hands behind them, and stood apart to think a bit, and watched each other slyly. To see them move their mouths and fingers, and peep from the corners of their eyes, was as good as almost any play without a hornpipe in it. It made no difference, however. Very soon they

came to settle it between them. The low-born Bunny looked down upon Bardie for being so much smaller, and the high-born Bardie looked down upon Bunny for being so much coarser. But neither was able to tell the other at all what her opinion was, and so, without any further trouble, they became very excellent playmates.

Doing my best to make them friends, I seized the little stranger, and gave her several good tosses-up, as well as tickles between them; and this was more than she could resist, being, as her nature shows thoroughly fond of any kind of pleasure and amusement. She laughed, and she flung out her arms, and every time she made such jumps as to go up like a feather. Pretty soon I saw, however, that this had gone on too long for Bunny. She put her poor handkerchief out of sight, and then some fingers into her mouth, and she looked as black as a dog in a kennel. But Bardie showed good nature now, for she ran up to Bunny, and took her hand and led her to me, and said very nicely, "Give this ickle gal some, old Davy. She haven't had no pay at all. Oh, hot boofley buckens oo's got! Jolly, jolly! Keel song grand!"

This admiration of my buttons—which truly were very handsome, being on my regulation coat, and as good as gilt almost, with "Minotaur" (a kind of grampus, as they say) done round them—this appreciation of the navy made me more and more perceive what a dear child was come ashore to us, and that we ought to look alive to make something out of her. If she had any friends remaining (and they could scarcely have been all drowned), being, as she clearly was, of a high and therefore rich family, it might be worth ten times as much as even my boat had been to me, to keep her safe and restore her in a fat state when demanded. With that I made up my mind to take her home with me that very night, especially as Bunny seemed to have set up a wonderful fancy to her. But man sees single, God sees double, as our saying is, and her bits of French made me afraid that she might after all be a beggar.

"Now go and play, like two little dears, and remember whose day it is," I

said to them both, for I felt the duty of keeping my grandchild up to the mark on all religious questions; "and be sure you don't go near the well, nor out of sight of the house at all, nor pull the tails of the chickens out, nor throw stones at the piggy-wiggy," for I knew what Bunny's tricks were. "And now, Watty, my boy, come and talk to me, and perhaps I will give you a juneating apple from my own tree under the Clevice."

Although the heat was tremendous now (even inside those three feet walls), the little things did as I bade them. And I made the most of this occasion to have a talk with Watkin, who told me everything he knew. His mother had not been down since dinner, which they always got anyhow; because his father, who had been poorly for some days, and feverish, and forced to lie in bed a little, came to the top of the stairs, and called requiring some attendance. What this meant I knew as well as if I had seen black Evan there, parched with thirst and with great eyes rolling after helpless drunkenness, and roaring, with his night-clothes on, for a quart of fresh-drawn ale.

But about the shipwrecked child Watty knew scarce anything. He had found her in his bed that morning—Moxy, no doubt, having been hard pushed (with her husband in that state) what to do. And knowing how kind young Watty was, she had quartered the baby upon him. But Watkin, though gifted with pretty good English (or "Sassenach," as we call it) beyond all the rest of the family, could not follow the little creature in her manner of talking; which indeed, as I found thereafter, nobody in the parish could do except myself and an Englishwoman whose word was not worth taking.

"Indeed and indeed then, Mr. Llewellyn," he went on in English, having an evident desire to improve himself by discourse with me, "I did try, I did try; and my mother, she try too. Times and times, for sure we tried. But no use was the whole of it. She only shakes her head, and thinks with all her might, as you may say. And then she says, 'No! I'se not hot you says. I'se two years old, and I'se Bardie. And my papa he be very angry if 'e goes on so with me. My mama yoves me, and I yove her, and pa-

pa, and ickle brother, and everybody. But not the naughty bad man, I doesn't.' That isn't true English now, I don't think; is it then, Mr. Llewellyn?"

"Certainly not," I answered, seeing that my character for good English was at stake.

"And mother say she know well enough the baby must be a foreigner, On her dress it is to show it. No name as the Christians put, but marks without any meaning. And French leather in her shoes, and fal-lals on her underclothes. Rich people mother do say they be; but dead by this time, she make no doubt."

"Boy," I replied, "your mother, I fear, is right in that particular. To me it is a subject of anxiety and sorrow.

And I know perhaps more about it than any one else can pretend to do."

The boy looked at me with wonder and eagerness about it. But I gave him a look, as much as to say, "Ask no more at present." However, he was so full of her that he could not keep from talking.

"We asked who the naughty bad man was, but she was afraid at that, and went all round the room with her eyes, and hid under mother's apron. And dreadful she cried at breakfast about her mama, and her own spoon. To my heart I feel the pain when she does cry; I know I do. And then of a sudden she is laughing, and no reason for it! I never did see such a baby before. Do you think so, Mr. Llewellyn?"

(From the London Quarterly Review.)

ECONOMIC FALLACIES AND LABOR UTOPIAS.

WE have no objection to Utopias frankly set forth as such, whether in prose or verse. The ideal aim of one age may become the realized possession of an age following. Nor have we any objection to an enthusiasm which knows itself, and knows the workday world. Without enthusiastic motive-power, no great moral or social enterprise was ever accomplished. But there is an Utopianism which counts its chickens before they are hatched, nay, cackles over chickens it expects to hatch from eggs that are addled. There is an enthusiasm which a writer before us, who yet avows himself an enthusiast, describes with great justice as follows:—

“The besetting sin of enthusiasts, and notably of enthusiastic philanthropists, is a proneness to anticipate events, a desire to legislate as if mankind were already what it is barely conceivable that they may become, and to force upon them institutions to which they can only be fitted by long ages of training, instead of beginning by endeavoring to educate them into fitness for the institutions.”

This is excellent sense, and we could only have wished that all the Utopianisms of the writer, as well as those of all his fellow-“enthusiasts” amongst contemporary economists, resembled the preceding extract in sobriety of sentiment and expression.

A former generation of political economists laid themselves more or less open to the charge of assigning to individual activity, exclusively occupied in the pursuit of wealth, the lion's share in the entire economy of nations. Thence in part the reaction which in these days we witness. Thence, in quarters where one would least have been prepared to look for them, the tendencies in a socialistic direction would have been very perceptible in some of the most remarkable economical publications of late years.

The school of political economists at

present in the ascendant, seem to have an implicit faith in legislative omnipotence, whenever it thinks fit to exert itself, to remodel all industrial and social relations in the supposed interest of the laboring classes. If Mr. Mill, the recognized leader of that school, is to be designated as an economical “enthusiast”—or perhaps more properly as the founder and propagator of economic enthusiasm amongst the junior apostles of the philanthropic agrarianism he preaches (Mr. Thornton will scarcely rank as a junior, but rather as a senior prophet of that creed)—he has earned that designation more by the excessive exercise of the dialectical than of the imaginative faculty, and does not so much body forth to himself the forms of things unknown, as suggest to his disciples revolutions, unrealised even in imagination, of all existing relations between classes and sexes—as *logically* admissible, and not to be set aside as practically chimerical without actual experiment. His enthusiasm is the speculative passion of starting ever fresh game in the wide field of abstract social possibilities—philosophically indifferent to all objections drawn from the actual conditions of men, women, or things in the concrete. Mr. Mill would be very capable, like Condorcet, of deriving from the doctrine of human perfectibility the inference that there was no demonstrable reason why the duration of human life might not be prolonged indefinitely by discoveries (hereafter to be made) in hygiene. And to all objections drawn from universal human experience of the growth and decay of vital power within a limited period, it would be quite in the character of his mind and temper to reply calmly that the life of man, like the genius of woman, had not hitherto been developed under such conditions

as to draw out its capabilities to the full extent. Like Condorcet, too, while dealing perturbation all around him, Mr. Mill is imperturbable, and might be described as he was, as "*un mouton enragé—un volcan couvert de neige.*"

There is a curious playing at cross-purposes between the recent economical champions of the claims of labor to rank as something else than labor, and to receive as its reward something that shall not be called wages, and the practical assertors for their class, so far as combined in Trades' Unions, of the simpler claim of a maximum of wage for a minimum of work. The former (we borrow the words of Mr. Mill) "cannot think that the working classes will be permanently contented with the condition of laboring for wages as their ultimate state. They may be willing to pass through the class of servants in their way to that of employers, but not to remain in it all their lives." On the other hand, the whole action of the latter—the Trades' Unionists—tacitly assumes for all who enter their combinations (and rightly assumes in the great majority of cases) the position of life-long wage-receivers. If Unionism is an authentic expression of the views and wishes of the more stirring section of the working classes, it is an expression contradictory of the views and wishes which the school of political economists, headed by Mr. Mill, think those classes must entertain.

Never did a pair of poor correlative terms become the subject of such unreasoning or wrong-reasoning animosity as those of *Labor for Wages*. In the novel vocabulary of national and international labor-leagues, work for wages by manual laborers in the employ of capitalists is denounced as a badge of slavery, and political economists who swear by Mr. Mill are taking up the same strain in milder language. Whereas the only man who works *not* for wages, as M. Edmond About justly observes, is *the slave*. Labor for wages—for pay received as the equivalent of work done—as the same lively and acute writer says with perfect truth—is the general rule of service, public or private, in the whole social hierarchy; and the one class incited by some who should know better, to revolt against that

rule as a special injustice and indignity to itself, is precisely the class whose simple manual service comes most distinctly under it.

If wage-receiving labor, according to the new doctrine, is the slave, wage-paying capital (according to the same doctrine) is the tyrant of the modern organization of industry. Here, again, that doctrine is precisely the reverse of truth. Everywhere, and at all times, capital is labor's most submissive "help" or servant. Everywhere, and at all time, the advances of capital are at the service of the effective worker; and to give proof of possession of the qualities of the effective worker is to command the power of the purse. The tyranny of capital is only true in the sense that, by laws as old as the world, those must obey who have not qualities to command; those must be soldiers who are not fit to be officers in the army of industry. Mr. Mill has said that "the laborer needs only capital, not capitalists." Like most smart sayings of the social-revolutionary sort, this is quite beside the mark. What laborers need, speaking generally, is neither capital nor capitalists, so much as the qualities which inspire confidence in capitalists, or even confidence in each other. Capital is always, at least as eagerly as labor, in quest of employment; and, so far from tyrannizing over labor, is always willing to serve it at the lowest living wages, if only coupled with security. It is that security which the ordinary manual laborer is unable to afford. He must look somewhere above him, not so much for capital as for guarantee and guidance. Somebody must be found, whom the capitalist, not himself employing his capital, can feel himself morally safe in trusting with funds to employ profitably in his stead. That somebody is not the hand-worker, but the head-worker—the "captain of industry" in the now well-worn Carlylian phrase. He it is who can alone afford a moral guarantee to the capitalist, that the funds entrusted to him shall be employed with a discretion ensuring their replacement with a profit. And everywhere the man who can be trusted with capital is the man whom capital helps to wealth. Working men may organize trades-unions against him, abuse

him as their tyrant, echo Mr. Mill's dictum that they want capital only, not capitalists; but work under him they must, if they would have their hand-labor facilitated in its processes, and forwarded to its markets, by the aid of capital, machinery, and commercial knowledge and connection.

As to Mr. Mill's notion that the working classes generally are not likely to be permanently contented with the condition of labouring for wages as their ultimate state, it may be replied, firstly, that men and classes are seldom contented with any state in which they happen to find themselves; but, secondly, that what men or classes may be "willing," and what they may be able for, are apt to be two different things. Few people, perhaps, at the outset of life, would be found exactly willing to accept what, nevertheless, proves to be their ultimate place in it.

No anticipated organization of the labour of the future can be more ungrounded on any induction from the past than that which imagines the main body of the employed as merely passing through the class of servants in their way to that of employers. These latter must always be the *élite* of their class, in industrial and intellectual faculties. While there is a mass of manual labor to be done, those must continue to do it, whose economical circumstances or intellectual culture raise them least above their work. Certainly the lowest stratum in the social order should not be *caste*; and when Mr. Mill talks of "two hereditary classes, employers and employed," he assumes the existence of that which does not exist in any free country—some impassable barrier of caste forbidding the ascent of superior minds to superior positions. But there always must remain a lowest social stratum naturally forming the manual laboring class, the reward of whose labor may as well be called wages as by any other name—the thing to be named requiring to be distinguished in degree, if not in nature, from the profits of capital, or the payment of managerial direction and superintendence.

We have said, in *degree* if not in *nature*, since, in truth, of no class in a free coun-

try can it be said with accuracy that it is a class exclusively devoted to labor, and destitute of capital. As the exertion of the comparatively rare faculties required for the superintendence of industrial establishments, and the conduct of commercial transactions, entitles capitalist employers (or employers whose credit commands the use of capital) to the title of laborers of the most elevated and the most indispensable order, so the fact of having more savings, or acquired skill, at more or less cost of training, entitle provident and skilled laborers to the designation of capitalists. It is one of the most weighty and serious accusations brought against Trades' Unionism, that it is an actual, if not avowed part of its system to prevent such men from earning or saving as much as they otherwise might do, in comparison with the less skilled or provident, and therefore, from rising to that position in the social scale due to their individual energies, were those energies left unshackled.

"It seems inaccurate," says Sir William Erle, in his "Memorandum on the Law relating to the Trades' Unions," "to contradictly distinguish laborers or working men from capitalists or employers, as if they were separate classes; for both classes labor; and the labor of the brain for the employing class may be immeasurably more severe than the labor of the muscles of motion for the working class. The accumulated stores of the mental labor of past ages exceed in value all money capital, or past labor accumulated. These stores must be used by the employer in the degree required by his business; but muscular action may be supplied with very slight recourse to accumulated knowledge in many departments of labor."

We are not amongst those who regard Trades' Unionism as a monstrous and portentous birth from its very origin. Nothing can be more natural in its first growth than union in some shape amongst men employed in one common occupation, and sensible of one common interest. And nothing could be more certain, in the modern progress of industry, to give concentrated force to that principle of union amongst the working population than the operative multitudes assembled in vast establishments at our great seats of industry. A mill or foundry, collecting work-people by the thousand within

one enclosure, may be said to constitute a Trades' Union in itself,* and all the artificial extension and elaborate officialism of the later Union organization, seeking to embrace whole trades, nay, to constitute national and even international federations, can add little or nothing to the power possessed already by the operative masses on the spot where employed, by the mere fact of their conscious indispensableness to keep profitably at work the capital engaged in large concerns, and sunk in buildings, machinery, and material. That there will always be union in their common interest amongst masses of work-people we hold to be as certain as that no ambitiously extended organization of that union can give it a force which does not already belong to it in the nature of things. And it would really seem as if the great body of work-people were of the same opinion. "As yet," says Mr.

* On this point we are able to cite the testimony, unexceptionable to that purpose, of Mr. George Potter, who probably did not perceive the inference which the following words must at once suggest to the reader:—

"Take the case of one master on one side, and a thousand men on the other; his position as proprietor, capitalist, and employer, gives him a power which, if not quite equal to the united power of his thousand men, is immensely too great for any one among the thousand to cope with single-handed; whereas let the whole number combine in one demand for what they conceive to be no more than their due, and then the parties would be equally matched."—*Contemporary Review*, June, 1870, p. 400.

It is not very easy to understand what more can be wanted in the shape of effective representation of the feelings and interests of employed and employers than such an agency as has for years been supplied by the Boards of Conciliation established in Nottingham, the Staffordshire Potteries and Wolverhampton, of the satisfactory working of which full evidence was given to the Trades' Union Commissioners by Mr. Mundella, M.P., Mr. Hollins, and Mr. Rupert Kettle, "These Boards," say the Commissioners in their Final Report, "require no complicated machinery, no novel division of profits, no new mode of conducting business; they need no Act of Parliament, no legal powers or penalties. All that is needed is that certain representative employers and workmen should meet at regular stated times, and amicably discuss around a table the common interests of their common trade or business. There is not a trade or business in the United Kingdom in which this system might not at once be adopted; and we see no reason why, in every case, results should not follow from the establishment of Boards of Conciliation, as satisfactory as those at Nottingham and in the Potteries, to which we should look hopefully for a peaceful, prosperous future for the interests of this country."

Thornton, "there are very few trades in the United Kingdom in which more than 10 per cent. of the men employed are Unionists; there is but one, that of the plasterers, in which as many as half are. In counting up their future conquests they are decidedly reckoning without their hosts. Their progress hitherto has been due less to their own strength than to their opponents' weakness of purpose."

Mr. Thornton, in his last publication "On Labor," &c., which has attracted more attention from its dashing style of moral paradox and social prophecy than his "Plea for Peasant Proprietors" did, some score and odd years back, till Mr. Mill endorsed its most hazarded and amazing statements (of which more anon), somewhere likens himself to Saul sitting at the feet of Mill, his Gamaliel. In this last publication the modern Saul requires in a singular manner the flattering acceptance by his Gamaliel of his former agrarian lucubrations, by taking into his hands the task of showing up the baselessness of a theory on which Mr. Mill (with other economists) had founded his doctrine of wages, and his disbelief of the power of Trades' Unions to effect their artificial elevation. Now, Mr. Thornton has taken it into his head to turn champion of Trades' Unions—though on grounds upon which they certainly would not accept his championship. In assuming it, however,—with ulterior objects which we shall presently see—he had first of all to disarm Mr. Mill of his wage-fund theory. Very opportunely he found that theory already demolished, and had only to appropriate a demonstration already done to his hand.

We think we hear the unsophisticated reader exclaim, "What on earth is a *wage-fund* theory?" Let the unsophisticated reader rejoice with us: a Wage-fund theory is a thing—or unthing (to borrow a German idiom)—which is henceforth shunted fairly out of the way of future discussion of all questions affecting labor and labor's wages.

Mr. Longe, the barrister, in a pamphlet published four or five years back, which, at the time of its appearance, received less notice than it deserved—none at all at the hands of political economists,

one of whose fundamental doctrines it refuted—has the merit of having first methodically exposed the so-called Wage-fund theory. Mr. Thornton, in the first edition of his above cited work "On Labor," adopted without acknowledgment Mr. Longe's previously published refutation of that theory, using that refutation as the basis of his own apology for Trades' Unions. And Mr. Mill, in two review-articles from his pen on Mr. Thornton's first edition, accepted with a good grace his second-hand refutation of that theory, but equally ignored its source. There seems a sort of Japanese etiquette in the matter. It is only to his own hand, aided by that of a selected and sympathizing friend, the illustrious convict can consent to owe his "happy despatch.*"

* If we decline to stand by, simply assisting as spectators of that Japanese etiquette, it is because we consider Mr. Longe's refutation of the "Wage-fund theory as having exploded, together with that theory, much more of the economical doctrines previously inculcated as orthodox than the most authoritative teacher of those doctrines. Mr. Mill, even now has seen fit to acknowledge. But, in mercy to the general reader, we place the following details of that exploded theory at the foot of our pages, instead of inserting them in the text.

The theory, now exploded, once looked fairly in the fact, is as absurd in a degree to which nothing could have so long blinded its promulgators but the habit of reliance on abstract reasoning unverified by recurrence to facts. We extract, as follows, Mr. Mill's own enunciation of that theory made in the act of renouncing it:—

"There is supposed to be, at any given instant, a sum of wealth, which is unconditionally devoted to the payment of wages of labor. The sum is not regarded as unalterable, for it is augmented by saving, and increases with the progress of wealth, but it is reasoned upon as at any given moment a predetermined amount. More than that amount it is assumed that the wages-receiving class cannot possibly divide among them; that amount, and no less, they cannot but obtain. So that, the sum to be divided being fixed, the wages of each depend solely on the divisor, the number of participants."

That is—we quote the words of Mr. Longe—"we are to regard *capital* as wealth which has been destined by its owners to the definite object of carrying on production by the employment of laborers in their own country, just as money subscribed to some charity is destined for the objects of such charity. It may have to lie idle for weeks, months, or years, while mercantile or foreign undertakings offer their 10 per cent. profits for its use. Its owners are never to change their minds. It can never be directed from its original object. It cannot be spent unproductively. It cannot be lost, either to its owner, or to the country, or to the laborers, for the purchase of

In the preceding foot-note the reader will find in brief compass the substantial refutation of the so-called Wage-fund theory—a theory which formed the foundation, down to the date of Mr. Mill's imperfect palinode, of the orthodox economic creed on the whole subject of wages of labor. Had any rash champion of plain good sense ventured at an earlier period to question the solidity of that foundation, he would doubtless have been consigned to the *limbus infantum* of immature inquirers, cut off ere they had well crossed the threshold of economic existence, or even perhaps stigmatized by Mr. Fawcett with the epithet of "practical man" or "man of business."* The modern economist has never thought he could get far enough from the old-fashioned practical man. It must be owned the latter personage was

whose labor it has been destined, while its owners were as yet ignorant in what trade, in what production, it should be actually employed."

The "aggregate capital," predestined exclusively and irreversibly to the function of wage-fund, will, it was assumed, with equally predestined certainty, be distributed to the last farthing, by the process of competition, among the different classes of laborers making up the collective entity of the "general laborer." This is the crowning absurdity of a theory absurd at all points. Mr. Longe asks—

"How could the shoemakers compete with the tailors, or the blacksmiths with the glass-blowers? Or how should the capital which a master shoemaker saved, by reducing the wages of his journeymen, get into the hands of a master tailor? Or why should the money, which a reduction in the price of clothes enables the private consumer to spend in other things, go to pay or refund the wages of any other class of laborers belonging to his own country? It would clearly be just as likely to be spent in the purchase of foreign wine or in a trip to Switzerland.

"The notion of all the laborers of a country constituting a body of *general laborers* capable of competing with each other, and whose 'general' or 'average' wage depends upon the ratio between their number and the 'aggregate' wage-fund, is just as absurd as the notion of all the different goods existing in a country at any time, *e.g.*, the ships and the steam-engines, and the cloth, &c., constituting a stock of general commodities, the 'general' or 'average' price of which is determined by the ratio between the supposed quantity of the whole aggregate stock and the total purchase-fund of the community."

* "The business man," says Mr. Fawcett, "assuming a confidence which ignorance alone can give, contemptuously sneers at political economy, and assumes that he is in possession of superior wisdom which enables him to grapple with all the practical affairs of life, unhampered by theories and unfettered by principles."—"The Economic Position of the British Laborer," p. 1.

too apt to confound inference with fact, and to claim for illegitimately drawn conclusions from observation and experience the credit due to these latter only. One important advantage, however, the despised practical man has always had over the man of closet-science and "paper logic." The former has always had *some* basis of fact, the latter has often had none. We do not hesitate to say that for every error or fallacy which "scientific" economists would superciliously lay to the account of "practical men," we should be able to charge to those same economists another error or fallacy, destitute of any even seeming foundation in fact or experience, and which practical knowledge of the subject-matter of their subtle reasonings would have enabled them to avoid. The editor of the new Oxford edition of the "Wealth of Nations," Mr. Thorold Rogers, justly observes in his preface that, "to be scientific, political economy must be constantly inductive. Half, and more than half, of the fallacies into which persons who have handled the subject have fallen, are the direct outcome of purely abstract speculation." In no exercise of human intellect, indeed, is it more indispensable that the athlete, from time to time, Antæus-like, should touch earth.

A logical deduction—a deduction expressly drawn by Mr. Mill, in which also he was implicitly followed by Mr. Fawcett—from this henceforth exploded wage-fund figment of a certain predetermined portion of national wealth—exclusively to be distinguished by the title of capital—and constituting a fund inalienably predestined by capitalists to the employment of labor (apparently for labor's own sake) is that this *wage-fund* constitutes the sole effective demand for labor, and that—as Mr. Mill has expressly affirmed—"demand for commodities is not a demand for labor."

As Mr. Longe was the first demolisher of the doctrinal foundation for this prodigious paradox, so he was the first to contrast with the real course of facts in this workday world the paradoxical superstructure reared, as we have seen, on that foundation. We extract as follows, the main points of his answer to Mr. Mill's proposition that *demand for commodities is not a demand for labor*, referring our

readers to this pamphlet for detailed illustrations drawn from the actual system on which the different industrial trades of this country are commonly conducted:—

"The demand for commodities *which could be got without labor* would certainly be no demand for labor; but the demand for commodities which can only be got by labor is as much a demand for labor as a demand for beef is a demand for bullocks. Assuming the goods for which there is a demand to have been already produced, the demand for such specific goods would certainly not be a demand for labor; but if such specific goods would not satisfy the demand, the demand for such kind of goods would be a demand for the labor required to increase the supply. It is not 'labor' that the employer buys, but the laborer's 'work' (*opus* as distinguished from *labor*); and it is the self-same thing that the consumer wants, and the purchaser of commodities buys, whether it is embodied in the materials which the capitalist supplies or not, and whether he buys it directly of the laborer himself, as in the case of the independent workman or working tradesman, or whether he buys it of a manufacturer, merchant, or retail dealer, at a price which includes, together with the laborer's wages, the profits which those intervening dealers require as remunerative for their trouble, and interest on their capital, which has been advanced either in the purchase of materials or in the payment of wages, or, in the case of the merchant and retail dealer, in the purchase of the finished goods for resale. In the case of the large manufacturing trades, the wages of the workmen employed in producing goods might be, and, probably are, often paid, at least partly, out of the funds supplied by the merchants who purchase the goods which they have made. The funds supplied by the merchant and the manufacturer are certainly *capital*, according to the common meaning and use of that term; but they clearly form no part of that 'capital' in which, according to Mr. Mill's theory, the 'wage-fund' of the laborer consists, for they are not employed in the *maintenance of labor*, but in the *purchase of its products*. Whatever may be the use of the merchant's capital to the manufacturer and laborer, it is clear that neither he nor his capital come within Mr. Mill's theory of the causes which determine the wages of productive labor."

It would be interesting to know whether, having unconditionally surrendered the "Wage-fund theory," Mr. Mill elects to surrender or adhere to the above cited deduction from that theory. The one, in our judgment, has been as thoroughly exposed as the other, and, indeed, the superstructure must logically fall with the foundation.

In the meanwhile a rising disciple and zealous champion of Mr. Mill has endeavoured to effect a diversion in his master's favour by charging Mr. Longe, whom he curtly designates as "an assailant of Mr. Mill's theory of wages," with having fallen into the fallacy that "*all the funds expended upon commodities of whatever kind are expended on labor.*" If Mr. Longe had fallen into that fallacy, he would simply have furnished a pendant to the fallacy he had exposed—viz., Mr. Mill's fallacy that demand for commodities was *no* demand for labor. The one fallacy would have been neither less or greater than the other. But Mr. Longe, as our foregoing extracts have sufficiently shown, expressly guarded his position of demand for commodities being equivalent to demand for labor by the proviso that such commodities should be obtained only by setting labor at work. And he further guarded himself by anticipation against any such construction as that fastened on him by Mr. Leslie—of having asserted that "*all the funds expended on commodities are expended on labor*"—by stating expressly that the price paid for such commodities must include, together with the laborer's wages, the profits of the intervening dealers between laborer and consumer. To what purpose then of convicting Mr. Longe of a counter-fallacy (which might keep in countenance the prodigious paradox he exposed) does Mr. Leslie cite the case of the cabinet-makers of East London, whom, as he alleges, the furniture dealers screw down to iniquitously low wages? Suppose they do—how does that impugn the position that demand for chairs is a demand for the labor by which chairs are made? How does it palliate the paradox that demand for those chairs is no demand for that labor?

In all fields of human study and speculation one extreme is apt to provoke its opposite. It was a currently received doctrine, within living memory, that the spending class, the more lavish their expenditure, were the more pre-eminently the benefactors of national industry. In eschewing this error, the reigning school of economists have embraced an opposite one of at least equal grossness. From the old fallacy, the *fruges consumere nati*

were the most effective encouragement of native industry, they have rushed to the new fallacy, that a class of wealthy consumer are no encouragers of native industry at all. The Irish absentees, for example, may expend the rents they draw from poor Ireland entirely in foreign countries, without making Ireland any the poorer, was an economical paradox, stated by the late Mr. McCulloch, and adopted by Mr. Mill and his school, who have otherwise no particular respect for Mr. McCulloch's doctrines. In combating that paradox, the late Lord Rosse, in his pamphlet on Ireland, carefully guarded himself against "being supposed to place productive and unproductive expenditure on the same footing. The former has a tendency to increase the wealth of the country, the latter to keep things as they are; but even in the latter case, as many who are engaged in providing the objects of unproductive expenditure make fortunes, the wealth of the country is somewhat increased." The same late noble author says, in another place, with perfect truth, "The common expression that landlords *consume* a definite proportion of the produce of their estates conveys a very erroneous idea. What a landlord *consumes*, be his estate large or small, is very much what other men consume. The word should be *distribute*."

That the distribution of wealth secured by the presence of the propertied classes in a country in no manner benefits the producing classes in that country is a proposition, whether advanced in the concrete or the abstract, simply insulting to common sense. It follows, as a consequence, however, and an accepted consequence, from the doctrine propounded, as we said, by Mr. Mill, and echoed unhesitatingly by Mr. Fawcett, that *demand for commodities is no demand for labour*. We repeat, it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Mill is now content to let that doctrine fall with its previously supposed 'scientific' foundation, or thinks it still susceptible of—and still worth—some other logical underpinning. It is hard to the logical mind to let go a long-cherished paradox. 'In pure mathematics,' said Lord Rosse, in the pamphlet above cited, 'in solving a problem, it is useful to consider whether the result is

probable. In applied mathematics, it is still more necessary to appeal to common sense. How much more necessary it is in political economy, where the reasoning is often loose and obscure! A learned philosopher, willing to determine trigonometrically the height of Nelson's Pillar, having obtained the necessary data with a tape and sextant, worked out the problem, and found that the top of the Pillar was ten feet below the surface of the ground. He was a wise man, and not resting satisfied with the result, he returned to his figures and found them wrong.

When Mr. Fawcett implicitly follows Mr. Mill's leading through labyrinths of abstraction, where there is no footing of solid fact, he frequently does a service to economical service, which we are far from undervaluing, by setting himself, in good faith, to illustrate by individual cases Mr. Mill's abstract positions,—a process by which the best possible *reductio ad absurdum* of those positions is supplied (that is to say, of course, when the positions themselves happen to be absurd). Apparently unconscious of the exposure by Mr. Longe, some four or five years back, of the fallacy of Mr. Mill's position that *demand for commodities is not demand for labor*, Mr. Fawcett, in the last edition of his "Manual of Political Economy" [1866], persists in illustrating it by putting individual cases which complete that exposure. He supposes the case of a person who has a certain amount of property to dispose of in the form of some useful commodity—say corn. He sells a portion of this—say fifty pounds' worth—with which he purchases some useful luxury (by the way,) a very unphilosophical way of writing, as all use is relative), say superfine cloth for his own dress, or Brussels lace for his wife's. "If," writes Mr. Fawcett, "it is correct that a demand for commodities is not a demand for labor, then the purchaser of this lace ultimately does no more good to the laborers than would be done if the individual wantonly destroyed the property which has been sold in order to purchase the lace. *The capital of the country, and therefore the fund which is distributed amongst the laborers, is not in any way diminished if an individual should wantonly destroy so much wealth,*

instead of consuming it unproductively for his own gratification."

At the risk of incurring the appellation of "practical man," or even "man of business," we will affirm that "the capital of the country"—"the fund available for distribution amongst the laborers"—must manifestly suffer more detriment if the owner of the aforesaid 50*l.* makes "ducks and drakes" of them—throws them, for instance, into the sea in pure wantonness—than if he "unproductively" buys with them superfine cloth for his own dress or lace for his wife's. Is it possible that the most Mill-guided writer or reader can fail to see that *the coin of the realm*, when the supposed property takes that shape for purchases, is as much a part of the wealth of the realm as any other commodity, and that it is not destroyed when paid to clothmakers or lacemakers, as when thrown in the sea? On the former supposition, an exchangeable value to the amount of 50*l.* is simply annihilated, and the wealth which might have employed labor diminished to that extent. On the latter supposition, the 50*l.* has been saved to "the fund available for distribution amongst the laborers," and has actually been so distributed amongst them, unless clothmakers and lacemakers are to be struck off the list of laborers. The cloth and lace may, indeed, be said to be consumed unproductively, as any other article may be said to be so consumed which cannot be classed among necessaries of life or implements of labor. But the price paid for them has gone to demand and employ labor, and there is nothing to prevent some of it being saved by those who receive it, and employed as capital in aid of further production. Yet it would have made no difference to the wealth of the country had it been thrown in the sea! Are we not justified in repeating that, when Mr. Mill propounds palpable absurdities, the final *reductio ad absurdum* is supplied by Mr. Fawcett?

Mr. Fawcett has the difficult task to reconcile the holding of "extreme democratic opinions" (for such are the opinions he says he holds—and the very phrase implies a sense of their excessiveness) with the soberer views which liberal culture on general subjects has tended to produce in a mind very receptive of such

culture. As Mr. Auberon Herbert professes speculative republicanism, tempered by personal loyalty, so Mr. Fawcett atones for the austere Malthusian censures of operative improvidence contained in his Cambridge Lectures by repudiation of royal dowries and hereditary legislature, —essential articles, we suppose, of the advanced Liberalism adapted to the meridian of democratic Brighton. We only wish the Cambridge Professor could permit himself to forget the Brighton member, and did not think it due either to his own "extreme democratic opinions," or to those of the "fierce democratic" *super mare* he has to "wield," to drag into political economy lectures, at a learned University, crude sentences, without a syllable of argument to support them, against hereditary legislature and landed aristocracy, hitherto recognized integrants of our not yet overthrown monarchy. Whatever Mr. Fawcett's Brighton constituents may think, calm and instructed observers of recent and pending European events will be apt to think that our nearest Continental neighbors have not been such clear gainers by the violent uprooting, within the last 80 years, of all habitually respected hereditary powers, and all politically organized independent landed influences, as to suggest the like root-and-branch work here, as a social benefit so self-evident that it needs nothing more than naked enunciation for general recognition.

While the orthodox political economists adhered to their Wage-fund theory, they made use of it to maintain the doctrine (valid on other grounds) that neither employers nor work-people can arbitrarily rise or lower the wages of labor. But the Traders' Unionists had *their* Wage-fund theory too, and founded on the same assumption of a permanent wage-fund, in the hands of capitalists, the conclusion that it was possible for that portion of the working people organized in Unions to cause the lion's share of that fund to come into their own hands, to the exclusion, as far as possible, of outsiders—that is to say, or the whole body of work-people outside the Unions. All that can be said of the Unionist creed on this head is, that it is a shade less absurd than that which has just been abjured by the chief of the

so-deemed orthodox economists. If there really exists, deposited in the hands of capitalists, a permanent pre-destined wage-fund, which can be spent no otherwise than in paying the wages of "the general laborer" in these islands, the lion's share of that fund may doubtless be successfully scrambled for by those sections of that collective entity best organized for the scramble.

Where the Unionist reading of the Wage-fund theory has been put in most pernicious action has been in the systematic limitation, dictated by that reading of that theory, of the efficiency of labor, by the enforcement of all sorts of arbitrary restrictions by the Union authorities on the combined workmen, with the avowed object of securing that the work to be done shall be divided among as many (Unionist) hands as possible. The idea of *labor for wages*, like any other honest business transaction, being, in its nature, a fair exchange of *equivalent values*, would seem never to have been admitted or realized by the Unionist mind. Its idea of wages is rather that of the lion's share of a spoil, supposed to be accumulated, ready to be scrambled for, in the hands of capitalists, than of the laborer's fair share of the joint product obtained by the unfettered co-operation of capital and labor—a share which the competition amongst capitalists secures to labor, where labor is free and laborers provident—and more than which working men cannot permanently extort, strike they never so unwisely.

It is asked by Mr. Thornton how many instances exist of masters spontaneously raising wages. We would reply by another question, how many instances exist of masters refusing to raise wages, when the prosperous state of trade makes masters competitors for working hands, rather than working hands for employment? This point is well handled as follows in a Criticism, by Mr. James Stirling, in the recently published volume of "Recess Studies," on Mr. Mill's newly espoused doctrine on Trades' Unions:—

"The striking effect upon the laborer's mind of a brisk or slack demand for labor—although a mystery to the closest student—is a familiar fact to every business man practically conversant with the hiring of labor. No intelligent

foreman, who has stood at the gate of a public work engaging hands, has failed to note the different bearing of the workman in good times and in bad. When trade is dull the laborer deferentially comes up to his employer, whispering, with bated breath, his humble petition for employment. But let hands get scarce, and labor be in demand, and unconsciously he alters his tone and raises his demands. When railway bills are rife, and a demand springs up for strong arms to wield pick and shovel, then no man so independent as your isolated navy. Feeling his importance, he offers himself to no one, but stands quietly in the market-place, sucking his pipe, and waiting to be coaxed; and it is only when the bewildered contractor yields his utmost demands, that he deigns to take off his coat and handle his pick-axe. The secret of his power is not combination, but competition; not the union of helpless laborers, but the rival of powerful capitalists. All this the baffled contractor knows to his cost; and to tell him [as Mr. Mill tells him] that "nothing but a close combination" can give his imperious navy "even a chance of successfully contending with his employers," must sound in his ears like a dismal mockery."

Whatever exceptions may be taken to the apologetic style of Mr. Thornton, which is certainly peculiar, he is not chargeable with any disposition to throw a decent veil over those principles or practices which have procured its present evil repute for Trades' Unionism in this country. While confessing for his clients all the violence of means and all the class-selfishness of ends they have ever been accused of, he nevertheless stands forward in their defence, on the ground, common, as he affirms, to all classes, of "that *universal selfishness*, which is, and always has been, the governing principle of human institutions." Masters and men, according to Mr. Thornton, fatally confront each other in something like Hobbes's misanthropically imagined state of nature, with nothing but force, or the fear of force in the background, to appeal to for arbitration on any point of dispute, and no principle of justice recognized as regulative of their relations, on one side or the other.

When Mr. Thornton says there is no particular rate of wages to which the laborer *has a right*, or by not obtaining which he can be *wronged*, and that "no price can be proposed either *to him* or *by him* which can be one whit more fair or just than any other price," we think he may fairly be called upon to define his

terms. If he means by right, *legal* right, his proposition is a self-evident truism. Clearly the employer cannot be compelled by law to pay more than he contracted a legal obligation to pay in wages. But if Mr. Thornton means by right, *moral* right, his proposition becomes a shocking paradox. In a moral sense surely the laborer has a right—and what is more is pretty sure to be sensible of it—to be paid wages by his employer at a rate proportionate to the value of the products of his labor to the latter. As the employer knows his capital has a right to profits, so the laborer knows *his* capital (the skill his training and handicraft have acquired for him) has a right to profits also—*i.e.*, to be paid the just value of its contribution to the joint work of production. If, indeed, he has no skill and not much industry he may be content to be paid low wages for little work; or if his personal capital is a drug in one particular market, he will probably make up his mind to take it to some other—just as his employer, under the like circumstances, would probably make up his mind to transfer *his* capital from an over-stocked field of production. But, in a free country, no working man will long content himself to do work for others which contributes to the profit of *their* capital, without producing a proportionate profit to *his*. If he cannot get his wages raised proportionately to his work, and cannot *get away* (an unlikely circumstance in this age of locomotion), he will not fail finally to lower his work proportionately to his wages.

"In the higher trades and professions," says Mr. Longe, the employers "can safely (so far as regards the interests of the laborers, at all events) leave the determination of wages to the laborers themselves. In the lower trades, however, and more especially in the case of agricultural laborers, it would be mere mockery of the necessities of the poor, as well as false economy, so far as regards the general interests of society, and of the employers themselves as a permanent class, to allow competition to determine the wages they should pay, whenever wages have been already reduced to such a rate as would at all involve the question of sufficiency. In such a case a true po-

litical economy would require the employer to study well the difference between cheap labor and low wages—a distinction which the false theory we have considered entirely ignores.”

But a distinction which is ignored by no enlightened employer of labor! Lord Dudley's agent, Mr. Smith, who holds a leading position in the iron trade, declared to the Trades' Union Commissioners that he would never consent to reduce puddlers' wages below 7s. 6d., and that he should prefer the present rate of 8s. 6d. to be the minimum. “I do not wish,” he very justly remarks, “ever to see a puddler working at a less rate of wages than he is at the present time, even though, unfortunately, the price of iron should have to be reduced; because the moment you bring a class of men like the puddlers, who are very hard-worked, below a certain rate of wages, that moment you rid the community of the best men.”

“I believe,” remarks an iron-moulder, “that nothing but England's well-paid artisans maintained our position during the great struggle and crisis of revolutions on the Continent. And you will recollect further, that at the moment when the Chartist agitation was going on in the country, their cry was, ‘Only pull down the artisan class of the country to the level of the laborer, and the charter would have to be granted.’”

In a remarkable speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 7th July, 1869, and subsequently republished in a pamphlet with additional statistical details, by Mr. Thomas Brassey, Junr., who, as our readers may be aware, has a hereditary title to practical experience of the conditions of labor in some of its most stirring skilled departments during the last twenty years, we find the same disinclination expressed by one versed in the profitable employment of labor to regard the mere figure of money wages as decisive of the cheapness or dearness to the employer of the labor for which those wages are paid. Mr. Brassey maintains unhesitatingly, that daily wages are no criterion of the actual cost of executing works or carrying out manufacturing operations. In the construction of the Paris and Rouen Railway, where some 4000 Englishmen were employed, “though

these English navvies earned 5s. a day, while the Frenchmen employed received only 2s. 6d., it was found, on comparing the cost of two adjacent cuttings in precisely similar circumstances, that the excavation was made at a lower cost per yard by the English navvies than by the French laborers. On the Delhi and Umrutsur Railway, it has been found, as I am informed by Mr. Henfrey, my father's resident partner in India, that, mile for mile, the cost of railway work is about the same in India as it is in England, although the wages, if estimated by the amount of daily pay, are marvellously low.”

Mr. Lothian Bell is cited by Mr. Brassey as having given in a recent address read at a meeting of ironmasters in the north of England, the result of his investigations as to the cost of smelting pig-iron in France, which he said distinctly established the fact that more men are required to do an equivalent amount of work in France than in England.

“Taking into account the saving in respect of fuel, the cost of producing pig-iron in France was twenty shillings, in some cases even thirty shillings, more than that exhibited by the cost-sheets of the manufacturers at Cleveland. So too, Mr. Hewitt, an American iron-master, stated that the price of iron was one pound sterling per ton higher at Creuzot than in England. And M. Michel Chevallier, in his introduction to the Reports of the Jurors of the French Exhibition, says, that rails are from twenty-five to thirty francs per ton dearer in England. To the same effect Mr. Lothian Bell says that whereas labor in Westphalia costs from twenty to twenty-five per cent. less than with us, the labor-saving arrangements are much neglected; and a ton of iron smelted in the Ruhrort district cannot be produced for less than fifteen shillings a ton above the cost upon the Tees. A similar difference is shown in the price of the rails recently purchased for the Mont Cenis Railway, the price of which at the works in France was from seven pounds twelve shillings to eight pounds per ton, while the price in England was seven pounds per ton. In proof of the conscious inability of the French iron-masters to compete with our manufacturers in an open market, I may mention that the import duty in France on rails is two pounds eight shillings per ton.”

The twin assumptions that there is no principle of justice applicable to any rate of wages which may be agreed to between employers and laborers, and no permanent interest influencing the employers of labor to respect any such principle, or regard any rule towards the employed but

that of paying their labor at the lowest rate at which it can be constrained to sell itself, would certainly constitute, if they were but a little better established on facts, a moral apology more than adequate for any coercion the employed can put on the employers. On such assumptions there is room for no other than belligerent rights in the relations between employers and employed. The next task is to show that the belligerency of the Unions has on the whole been successful. And to show this another enormous assumption is called in aid—viz., that every rise of wages in the various branches of industry of late years has been directly or indirectly due to the action of Trades' Unions.

Mr. Thornton indeed admits that every protracted strike of late years has been unsuccessful in its object. He admits further that every protracted strike *must be* unsuccessful, if only the masters hang together with the same tenacity as the men. Evidently therefore, a strike, or the threat of a strike, on the part of the men can effect its object only in cases in which the masters do not think it worth while to oppose lock-outs to strikes. Then the question arises—Can all the cumbrous and costly machinery of national, nay international, labor leagues—really be required to constrain masters to yield points to their men which the latter are resolute to obtain, and which the former are not resolute to refuse? Mr. Thornton himself, in one of those lucid intervals, the recurrence of which in his writings throws the suspicion of artistic artifice on the Rembrandt shadows of other passages in them, acknowledges that "*Masters are generally fond of peace and quietness.* Their hearts are in their business pursuits; they are eager to be doing, and dislike proportionably to be checked in mid-career. They are in consequence so averse to industrial strife, and incur so much inconvenience and risk so much loss by engaging in it, that, great as have been their past concessions for tranquility's sake, they would not improbably concede a good deal yet, if they could believe that any concessions would suffice, or could see any end to the exactions continually practised on them."

Mr. Thornton asserts roundly that "It

is indeed notorious that in all trades whatsoever in which Unionism prevails, the Unions have of late years been able materially to raise wages." This involves, as we have observed, the assumption, that wherever wages have risen, they have been raised by Unionism. But, as a matter of fact, wages have not risen, of late years, "in all trades whatsoever in which Unionism prevails." It is stated by Mr. Brassey, and the statement is confirmed by an unimpeachable Unionist authority, Mr. George Potter, that "between 1851 and 1861 no advance took place in the wages of the engineers, though theirs is the most powerful of the Trades' Societies; but in the case of the boiler-makers wages rose from 26s. to 32s. 6d., in consequence of the extension of iron ship-building, and the great amount of iron bridge-work."

Mr. Brassey cites the evidence of Mr. Moul, the Secretary to the Masters Builders' Association of Birmingham, before the Trades' Union Commissioners, that "of the 900,000 men employed in the building trades not more than 90,500 were members of the Trades' Unions; and that while the Trades' Unions professed to aim at securing uniformity of wage throughout the country, yet the wages of masons varied in different parts from 4½d. to 7¾d. per hour, the wages of bricklayers from 4½d. to 8d., and those of carpenters from 4¾d. to 8d. per hour. These figures conclusively prove the fallacy of the idea that Trades' Unions can secure for their clients an uniform rate of wages, irrespective of the local circumstances of the trades in which they are engaged."

Who, indeed, can imagine that the rise of wages during the last twenty years in the building trades has been due to the stupid savagery of the Manchester Bricklayers' Union, or to Messrs. George Potter and Co's periodically replenished wind-bags, and abortive though stubborn strikes in London? The reason why wages in the building trades had risen is sufficiently explained in the following answer of Mr. Trollope, the eminent London builder, to the Trades' Union Commissioners—"I am bound to say that hitherto there has been such an enormous pressure for work, that almost every man who can handle a tool has been taken on

at an unreasonable rate." "Again," says Mr. Brassey:—

"Speaking of the advance of wages in the building trades in the provinces, Mr. J. Mackay, an experienced agent in my father's employ, says in a report he has made to me on the subject—'Wages have risen during the last twenty years from 20 to 25 per cent.; but, by the force of circumstances, they would have risen as much or more if Trades' Unions had never existed.' To the same effect, Mr. Robinson, the Managing Director of the Atlas Works, Manchester, in his evidence before the Commissioners, says 'I do not think the Unions have altered the rate of wages; the changes are rather due to the demand for labor in particular branches.'

"Statements," says Mr. Brassey, "have been widely circulated, and largely accepted by the public, to the effect that there has been a greater advance in the wages of operatives in recent years in England than in the corresponding period abroad; this increase being, it is alleged, entirely attributable to the powerful organization of the Trades' Unions. Whereas on the contrary, 'the advances which have occurred in the rate of wages abroad, prove that, without the introduction of Trades' Unions, and solely in consequence of a greater demand for skilled labor, through the development of manufacturing industry on the Continent, the wages of the working classes have risen more rapidly than in any industry in this country.'

Mr. Brassey cites in support of his statements on this head the official correspondence with Her Majesty's missions abroad which had been published before the date of his speech. We find these statements further corroborated by the subsequent publication of the "Reports from Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents respecting the condition of the Industrial Classes in Foreign Countries." Mr. Phipps reports to Lord Clarendon, on the position of the artisan and industrial classes in Wurtemberg, that "the average increase in the rate of wages in eight branches of industry during the last thirty years amounts to from 60 to 70 per cent." In the building trade in particular, "in the case of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, and painters, may be observed a remarkable rise in the rate of wages of 80 or 90 per cent., to be accounted for simply by the unusual activity in the building trade during the last twelve years, especially in the capital. The wages of a mason or bricklayer are, at present 3s. to 8s. 4d., and first-class workmen receive even more." Wurtemberg

has hitherto rejoiced in combination laws as rigorous as any that ever existed in England, and has not yet learned to rejoice in the equally rigorous code of Unionism for its opposite objects. Yet these objects seemed gained more effectually in Wurtemberg without Unions than in England with them, in those trades in which the extraordinary rise of wages in late years has been set down unhesitatingly to the artificial operation of Unionism.

The pessimism of Mr. Thornton's representations of the sheer unmitigated selfishness of all actual and all possible relations between labor and its employers—so long as *labor* shall continue simply to be paid *wages*—is made with artistic contrast to lead up to the optimism of his fancy pictures—which blossom at length into rhyme—of Labor's Utopia in the future, when labor shall be conducted (and land also, it would seem, cultivated) under conditions of purely co-operative association—"destined" in time "to beget, at however remote a date," something "superior to itself"—and that something "a healthy socialism." But he adds (and here, at least, we agree with him) that "for the forthcoming of such offspring it is indispensable that there be no violent shortening of the natural period of gestation." The natural period of gestation of a healthy socialism must be protracted indeed! In the meantime the whole course of modern civilization seems running in the direction of giving ample room and verge enough for the pioneer operations of a healthy individualism. The cabin and rifle of the latest emigrant to the backwoods are human nature's protest against all artificial socialization.

Mr. Thornton would be content to rest for awhile, and be thankful at the half-way house to his industrial Utopia of pure co-operative associations (which, we have seen, is itself only to be regarded as a half-way house to the millennial beatitude of a healthy socialism), which he considers as provided for our present poor and purblind workday world by "industrial partnerships" between employers and workpeople.

With reference to the various modifications of this System, the Trades' Union Commissioners, in their eleventh and final Report, have expressed themselves with a

wise reserve on the shape assumed, in some few instances with success, in France and in this country, of remuneration for extra exertions of the workpeople employed in large concerns by bonuses calculated on the increased profits of those concerns supposed due to such extra exertions. It is evidently only in cases where that supposition is consistent with facts that, on the principle for which we have contended of *suum cuique*, the workman is entitled to recognition in proportion to the extra profits which, by the hypothesis, are due to the extra investment of what may be termed personal capital, manual or mental, in the shape of supererogatory zeal and diligence on his part over and above the ordinary day's tale of work which could be demanded of, or enforced on, him by his employers.

Somewhat too much has been made by sensation-economists, and effect-writers, generally, of the few instances (they might be counted on the fingers of one hand) of advantageous results from awarding to workpeople, in addition to their wages, some stated proportion of the annual profits of the concerns they work for. The only real principle of universal application is that every one should be paid his due,—wages to whom wages are due, profits to whom profits. Work-people can have no right to additional pay (though Trades' Unions have often claimed it for them) on account of additional efficiency given to their labor by improved machinery, set up and paid for by their employers. They can have no claim to share the profits of capital which they have not invested, or the remuneration due to the ability and experience of the directing heads of the concerns. In a word, what workpeople have alone a right to is the *value of their contribution to products*. In establishments, whether such as M. Leclair's at Paris, or Messrs. Briggs' at Methley, where the economy and efficiency of the conduct of the concern in great measure depend on the unsuperintended voluntary zeal and diligence of the individual workmen, the recognition of extraordinary exertions is at once just and politic. But there is a manifest incongruity, and a certain source of future misunderstandings as grave as any that arise at present between employers and work-

people, in the conception of the universal adjustment of the rewards of workpeople to the commercial success of establishments, into the operations of which the element of manual labor enters in degrees so different.

What has been most conspicuous in France has been the failure, in a great majority of instances, of purely operative associations for productive purposes; and the main cause of failure has been pointed out, as we conceive, correctly, by Mr. Fane, in a despatch to Lord Stanley, dated March, 1867. "It has been a great mistake," he says, "in the procedure of the working-classes in France that they have preferred societies of production to building societies, loan societies, and those which may be termed societies of consumption. The latter should come first; for their tendency is to endow the workman both with the capital and the prudence, without which his participation in the productive form of society is seldom satisfactory."

While the large majority of the operative associations, which came up like mushrooms in the revolution year 1848, have failed to maintain their ground, those which survive and flourish in general owe their vitality and vigor to original independence of State aid, and adherence to the plain principles, which, under any form of industrial association, are essential to success. Of these principles none is more vital than that which rigidly and unswervingly attributes *suum cuique*; and the most successful operative association in Paris is that which has most stoutly asserted it.

And here we have a crow to pick with Mr. Thornton. At page 428 of his volume on "Labour" he roundly denounces the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society (an off-shoot from the far-famed Rochdale Equitable Pioneers) as "the *Iscaiot of the tribe*" of co-operation—"one that bade fair to be their glory, but has become their shame." And why? Simply because this manufacturing association divides its *profits* only amongst its *shareholders*, and remunerates the workpeople it employs with *wages* for work done. Now, Mr. Thornton, two pages previously, had described the Paris masons as "the most considerable of all the French

societies," and all its doings with complacency,—including the "frock coats" (by the way, an incorrect translation of *frac*, which means a dress-coat) that the shareholders of that society wear on Sundays (just as if their black coats distinguished them from the Sunday dress of our skilled artizans here). But what Mr. Thornton omits to state is, that the Paris association which he glorifies adopts precisely the principle of the Rochdale association which he denounces—the principle of dividing *profits* only amongst shareholders, and of remunerating the workmen they employ by *wages*. We humbly submit that neither Rochdale nor Paris working societies should have a Judas-stigma fixed on them merely because they carry out the principle in their practical working. We shall have the revered Leclair himself next stigmatized as the Iscariot of industrial partnership, because in his establishment also the "associates" alone share profits—the large majority of *employés*, termed "auxiliaries," receiving wages only. Mr. Fawcett is too urbane a writer to stigmatize as "Iscariots" those co-operative associations in this country which call capital from without in aid of the contribution of their working shareholders,—nay worse, *pay wages* to their non-associated workpeople. But, on the other hand, while Mr. Thornton quietly ignores the fact that those foreign associations, which he himself cites as most exemplary for skilful and successful management, are precisely those which have taken the same course on the largest scale, Mr. Fawcett sets fact at direct defiance in his statement of their proceedings. Of course, we do not suppose for a moment that his mis-statements are of his own invention. But we cannot acquit him of "crass negligence" in failing to acquire more accurate information of the true state of facts which inconveniently oppose his theories.

"It ought to be stated," says Mr. Fawcett, "that the co-operative masons in Paris never employed any laborers but those who were shareholders; the advantage of adopting this rule is very apparent, and unfortunately English Societies have not adopted a similar regulation."

We beg to state that it is not the English that is here at variance with the French practice; but Mr. Fawcett's state-

ment respecting the latter, that is at variance with facts.

The co-operative society of Paris masons consisted of eighty shareholders (alas! can we speak of any Paris society in the present tense?). That society was so far from cutting all connection with "the tyrant capital" outside its pale (as Messrs. Thornton and Fawcett think essential to purity of principle in all co-operative societies), that it set out by raising a capital of 300,000 francs, and as the associated workers could not subscribe such a capital amongst themselves, they had recourse to *bourgeois* capital seeking commercial investment (one wonders what rational principle was against their doing so). Their able manager, M. Cohadon, has made the following public statement of their proceedings:—

"In this prosperous association capital exercises its function side by side with labor. In the division of profits 60 per cent. is assigned to labor, 40 per cent. to capital. The working shareholders receive a fixed salary, regulated by the quantity and quality of their work [wages, in short, for piecework] they then share the profits—just as they would have to share the losses in case of ill success."

"This co-operative society," says M. About, in his chapter on "co-operation," "employs hundreds of workpeople, and pays them fixed wages, which are paid definitively, and nowise as first instalments on account. Nothing can be more contradictory to the pure theoretic principle of co-operation." But hear Mr. Cohadon, who takes a practical view of the subject (Mr. Fawcett's *bête noire*—a practical man, and a man of business):—

"The reason," says M. Cohadon, "why it is impossible not to employ *auxiliaries*, is that you cannot turn back large orders—if you do, you lose your customers. In theory an association should employ its members only: in practice this is impossible. It is equally impossible to award to auxiliaries a share of profits. In the first place, how can you always be sure to make profits? And if there are losses, how can the auxiliaries be expected to take their share of these? It is inadmissible in principle that those who take no share in losses should take shares in profits."

"If workpeople themselves," says M. About, "the moment they have to handle capital, adopt the received principles of social economy, it is because those principles are *true*." No stricter enforcers of orthodox economical principles than as-

sociated workpeople, when their visual orbs are purged with the euphrasy and rue of self-interest in enforcing them! M. Blaise, another practical man of the manufacturing regions of the Vosges, observes on this point:—

“In the legal point of view, the rules which govern co-operative productive associations are identical with those which govern other employers of labor; in a moral point of view, they proceed pretty much in the same manner. Like those, they employ wage-paid workpeople under the name of *auxiliaries*; they pay them no more than others do, and no more guarantee them permanent employment. Nay, the workpeople complain of being more hardly dealt with by operative associations than by other employers. These societies, when their numbers possess those rare qualities, commercial, technical, and governmental, which secure success, are doubtless profitable to those who form them, or are admitted into them; but they constitute an addition to the previous body of employers; and even if their numbers multiplied to the utmost supposable extent, as they never can comprise more than a comparatively small fraction of the laboring class, they do not appear destined to exercise any considerable influence on the economic condition of the masses.”

If the contemplated industrial Utopia of the economical school at present in the ascendant might be comprised in the formula of “every operative his own capitalist,” their contemplated agricultural Utopia might be formulated in like manner as “every laborer his own landlord.” Now that something may be done in the way of approximation to both these Utopias—that shares may be allotted to the savings of operatives in industrial establishments, and allowance made in extra pay for their extra exertions beyond the exigible day's tale of labor—that the agricultural laborer ought to be restored to the contract he has too generally in this country lost with the soil he cultivates, and supplied with a plot of ground sufficient to occupy his hours of leisure, and supplement his wages of labor or slack seasons—none will deny who have duly noted the effects of what has been already done in these directions. By all means encourage the upward struggles of industry, exceeding in its efforts and energies the mere day-labor sufficiently remunerated by day-wages. But don't imagine that you can elevate all laborers into proprietors, whether of commercial or manufacturing establishments or landed estates.

Don't imagine that if you can cut all Ireland up into cottier-crofts to-morrow (since merely to convert her half-million tenant-farmers, according to Mr. Mill's recipe, into (mis-called) peasant-proprietors would be discovered the day after to be a measure not half revolutionary enough in the interest of the outlying majority of non-tenant laborers), you could *ipso facto* invest Irishmen with the indefatigable industry and skill for small culture transmitted from age to age among the Lilliputian landowners of East Flanders. It may further be affirmed that such enthusiastic English, and Irish champions of peasant-proprietorship as Mr. Mill, Mr. Thornton, and Mr. Cliffe Leslie, have greatly exaggerated the agricultural regimen of Belgium as the paradise of peasant-proprietors. Their chief authority, M. de Laveleye, in his treatise on Belgium in the Cobden Club volume, by no means recommends the land system of Flanders to foreign imitation. On the contrary, he says expressly, the system of tenure of land in Flanders (the pet province of our exclusive enthusiasts of peasant-proprietorship) is anything but worthy of imitation. There are too many tenant-farmers, and too few peasant-proprietors; the leases are excessively short, and the rents exceedingly high.

Just the state of things Lord Dufferin had predicted that Mr. Mill's project for investing Irish tenantry with proprietary rights and powers over their present holdings infallibly would produce in Ireland:—

“It is probable,” says Lord Dufferin, “that within a very brief period of the new land settlement a considerable proportion of the original occupiers will have found it convenient to *devolve their interests on others*, under the conditions proposed by Mr. Mill. The community will then be divided into two important classes—*peasant-landlords and peasant-tenants*.”

“In what respect would the then condition of affairs be an improvement on the present? You would not have got rid of landlordism; you would only have substituted an innumerable crowd of needy landlords for the present more affluent proprietors. Evictions for non-payment of rent would be as rife as ever, for the necessities of those to whom the rent was due would preclude them from exercising the indulgence now extended to their tenants by the present proprietors; while dispossession for other causes, such as waste, extravagance, would be in excess of the small proportion of those which are now effected in Ireland on such accounts.”

"English and Irish landlords," says M. de Laveleye, "do not put on the screw of a continual increase of rent with anything like the harshness habitual with Belgian landowners. . . . The peasants of Flanders unfortunately will not leave their own province, and their intense competition for farms raises the rents in a manner ruinous to themselves. . . . In consequence of excessive competition, the Flemish farmer is much more ground by his landlord than the Irish tenant."

There certainly was a curious felicity in the selection of Belgium by Messrs. Mill, Thornton and Leslie, as exhibiting in the excellence of its culture and the wellbeing of its cultivators a Labor Utopia, to which legislation should seek to assimilate England and Ireland. Not one of the conditions which they affirm to be indispensable to good cultivation, and the good condition of the cultivators, can be affirmed with truth to prevail generally in Belgium; every one of the characters of absolute proprietorship, facilities for summary eviction, and agrarian outrage (only that in Belgium agrarian outrage is suppressed, instead of being made political capital of), which they denounce as evidences of landlord law in Ireland, are equally to be found in Belgium. We find it stated in the Reports from our Ministers abroad, compiled from official documents, that in East and West Flanders, the provinces specially selected by our peasant-proprietary-fanciers, as exemplifying the agrarian regimen they would introduce at home, "the land is almost entirely worked by tenants," whereas in Luxembourg, where much of the land is poor and of but comparatively little value, it is mostly cultivated by proprietors. Taking the whole of the little kingdom, not half the land is retained in the hands of its proprietors, and it is further stated that "the bulk of the land in the hands of owners consists of woods, wastes, &c." Those parts of Belgium specially selected as illustrating, by their skilled and careful cultivation, the "magic of property" triumphing over all disadvantages of soil and climate, are precisely those parts which are neither owned by their cultivators, nor held on a tenure described as absolutely indispensable to encourage culture by its society. The "peasant-

proprietor is unknown in the Pays de Waes," and very whimsical are the varieties of "the truck system" inflicted on the farmers in that favored district, where "written leases do not exist," and where one farmer very generally holds of several landlords, who are for the most part tradesmen in the neighboring towns:—

"The small as well as the large farmer is liable to have as landlords, at one and the same time, a brewer, a grocer, a haberdasher, a manufacturer, a clockmaker, a publichouse keeper, a farmer, a doctor, a lawyer, a parish-priest (rarely owner of land), a Liberal, a Catholic. The brewer expects him to drink his beer—if he objects, he evicts him from the plot of land he holds of him, and lets it to a more profitable tenant: the grocer expects him to buy his coffee at his shop; his wife and daughters must dress well in order to please the haberdasher; he must purchase a watch and change it occasionally to please the watchmaker: he must assist his farmer-landlord in getting in his crops before he attends to his own; if he or his family do not require the doctor's attendance two or three time a year, the doctor seeks for a less healthy tenant."

"About two-thirds of the arable lands of Belgium," says Consul Grattan, "are cultivated by tenants." A former Belgian Minister stated some years back, in a Report on the subject, that "it is in the poorer and more thinly inhabited districts that proprietors are the most apt to cultivate their own land," and that "in populous districts proprietors farming their own lands become comparatively rare."

If, in most parts of Belgium, "farming is carried on upon traditional principles," and has become a sort of unimproving routine, the petty farmer has become an equally unimproving and equally rooted human vegetable. "In certain localities," says Consul Grattan, "taking as an example the province of East Flanders, where an excess of population brings with it increased rent and diminished wages, the remedy would seem to be in emigration; yet strong local attachments, added perhaps in some degree to jealousy of race, appear to prevent the Flemish peasant from removing even as far as the neighboring Walloon province of Hainault, where the want of agricultural laborers forms a source of complaint, and is looked upon as a serious inconvenience."

"Although the rights of property," says Mr. Wyndham, "are in some parts of Belgium (Pays de Waes, and in the

immediate vicinity of Brussels, for instance,) exercised with little if any consideration for the tenant, the Government have hitherto abstained, and I have been assured always would abstain, from legislating upon the relations of landlords with their tenants, as to the granting of leases, raising rents, &c., considering that such action would be interfering with the individual rights of property. . . . No attempts have been made by Government to create or increase the number of freeholders in Belgium (beyond the endeavor which I have stated, to colonize the Campine, and which failed). Such a scheme is looked upon as impracticable, and as one which would only lead to forming a class of persons who would always be looking to Government for assistance."

Let Mr. Mill ponder well this *avertissement* to administrative philanthropy, and take note of the details (which we have not space for here) of the failure of the Belgian Government in its Campine project of colonization, before he next proposes that the English Government should buy with public money, on public account, land coming into the market, to cut it up into small holdings on the East Flanders model, or lease in larger portions to co-operative associations of laborers. "The Campine tenants," says Mr. Wyndham, "according to my informant, who was on the spot in charge of the works for irrigating the country, from the first considered themselves as Government pensioners; considered further that it was to the Government rather than to their own industry that they were henceforth to look for a living; and moreover they turned to other purposes the subsidies which the Government gave to enable them to buy stock."

After ten years' "experiment" the Belgian Government had enough of it, put up the land and buildings to auction, and recovered about the sixth-part of what they had cost them. The purchaser at once evicted all the idle tenants he found upon the estate, granted six years' leases to other tenants (rather a long lease for Belgium), and converted the administrative failure into an improving private property.

The exclusive partizans of peasant-proprietorship always conclude by citing

the Channel Islands as the palmary instance of high prosperity produced by small culture. Mr. Mill says, "Of the efficiency and productiveness of agriculture on the small properties of the Channel Islands, Mr. Thornton's 'Plea for Peasant Proprietors, &c.' produces ample evidence, the result of which he sums up as follows:—

"Thus it appears that in the two principal Channel Islands the agricultural population is in the one twice, and in the other three times as dense as in Britain; there being in the latter country only one cultivator to twenty-two acres of cultivated land, while in Jersey there is one to eleven, and in Guernsey one to seven acres. *Yet the agriculture of these islands maintains, besides cultivators, non-agricultural populations, respectively four and five times as dense as that of Britain.*"

British readers (farming readers at least) must be "four or five times as dense" as philo-peasant-proprietary writers have any right to expect to find them, to be capable of taking statements such as these for facts. The late Earl of Rosse, in his pamphlet on Ireland, published in 1867, gave the Statistical Returns of the Agricultural Stock and Produce imported into, and exported from, Jersey and Guernsey, from which it appears that the great bulk of the first necessities of life consumed in those islands is procured, not from their petty culture, but by importation. Prosperous as they are—and still more *have been*—from maritime and commercial sources, they have no pretension to be self-supporting agricultural communities at all. Guernsey with a population of 29,733, imports 34,330 quarters of wheat, and exports *none*—imports 1267 oxen, exports 41—imports 4980 sheep, exports 40. "With these imports," says Lord Rosse, "Guernsey cannot stand much in need of corn raised at home; and although the peasantry require very little animal food, the wealthy inhabitants of St. Peter's Port and neighborhood consume the usual quantity. Therefore a supply of meat has to be provided, in addition to the oxen and sheep imported, and consequently, meadow, clover, and turnips, are the principal crops. In Jersey it is very much the same. So soon are fables dissipated by a little statistics. *The peasant-proprietor is often employed as a lever by those who seek to turn society up*

side down; we see how weak that lever is when the truth is known.

All the exclusive enthusiasts of peasant-proprietorship seem predestined to shipwreck on these same rocks of the Channel Islands. Mr. Cliffe Leslie, in his recently published volume on "Land Systems," British and foreign, contrasts the Isle of Wight as having "scarcely any commerce or shipping" with the Island of Jersey, "carrying on trade with every quarter of the world." He attributes the difference to the Island of Jersey being owned by small proprietors, and the Isle of Wight by large ones. Now, waiving the topographical circumstance that it might have been rather difficult to make trading ports of creeks like Brading Harbour, accessible only at high water—and only then to small craft—might it not have occurred to any one less in quest of agrarian arguments than our Irish professor, that "every quarter of the world" could more conveniently bring its trade to the mainland of Hampshire than to an outlying section of it insulated by a narrow channel? The Solent, to any one looking out from Ryde, shows no scarcity of commercial shipping; and the docks of Southampton might seem to dispense sufficiently with any necessity for cutting up little Vectis into big basins for ocean steamers. But if it is nothing but the lack of peasant-proprietors that diverts the trade of all the world from the direct access it would otherwise seek to the Isle of Wight, how is it that a like "effect defective" does not extend to the rest of Great Britain? Here is England, on the one side, scant of peasant-proprietors, France, on the other side, swarming with them. Why does not England contrast as shabbily with France in international commerce, as Mr. Leslie laments that the Isle of Wight does with the Channel Islands? But, really it is a waste of time to combat what we should call such sheer puerilities if they proceed from any source less officially respectable than from a pen of a "Professor of Political Economy" in a Queen's College, and two Queen's Universities.

It may, however, be worth while to indicate for the benefit of those who need the information, how it has come to pass that the two principal Channel Islands have long maintained a population so

much larger than their own agriculture had food for, and have long enjoyed an extent of commerce so much more than proportioned to the place their little rocky cluster fills on the map. The answer may be made in a few words—because they have always had the privilege of carrying on a commerce entirely free from fiscal restrictions—on the one hand with the neighboring ports of the Continent, and on the other with the shipping and colonies of this country. Jersey and Guernsey had free ports and free trade, while Great Britain and Ireland still submitted themselves to the self-imposed fetters of anti-Commercial Corn Laws and Navigation Laws. "By means of this privilege," wrote the late Mr. Inglis in his book on the Channel Islands (published before the era of Free Trade had arrived in England), "vessels are built (in Jersey) with foreign timber, are rigged with foreign cordage, yet have the advantage of British registers, and consequently enjoy all the advantages to trade secured for British-built vessels." Again, while the protective Corn Laws obstructed the importation of grain and flour into this country, the Channel Islands could import foreign wheat for their own consumption at free-trade prices, and export to England what wheat they themselves grew, to benefit by protective prices. More than this, they could grind foreign grain, and sell the flour as a native *manufacture* to British shipping and to British colonies. Under such circumstances it required surely the blindness of enthusiasm for exclusive peasant-proprietorship to assign to that source the growth of the shipping and trading prosperity of the Channel Islands, just as it had required the intrepidity of that enthusiasm (to give it no harder name), to describe those islands as terrestrial paradises of a dense population, entirely fed by a self-supporting agriculture on the system of *la petite culture*.

We cannot close our present remarks, without some brief reference to continental views and proceedings on the subject of operative associations, and labor-regulations and theories. Those have been interrupted in their calm and regular development by the great war between France and Germany; but a portentous

phenomenon which has followed in the train of that war—the insurgent apparition of the INTERNATIONAL, with its myriad incendiary hands, and tongues, and pens—terribly demonstrates how the speculative delusions palmed on popular ignorance may blaze out in more than metaphorical conflagrations kindled by popular fanaticism. Some years before proletarian absolutism fired its own funeral-pile in Paris, a rather remarkable instance was reported of that *esprit prime-sautier* in the French work-people, which has rendered Parisian proletarianism, from the first outbreak of the French Revolution to the present day, the ever ready and ever formidable instrument of political and social perturbations, unwillingly endured in their too frequent recurrence by the French nation at large, and now at length suppressed with a strong hand by the national armed force. A few years back, the English operative “Internationals” tried to get their Parisian brethren to join in a grand combined strike. “Why should we give ourselves any trouble about raising the rate of wages?”—was the reply of the latter to their comparatively practical English industrial co-revolutionists—“when we are just on the eve of *suppressing wages altogether*, and becoming our own employers—(*nos propres patrons.*)”

It may be regarded as a somewhat noticeable sign of the times, that a recently reigning Emperor, and two rival pretenders to, or rival candidates for, the throne he so lately filled, should, within the last few years, have emulously exhibited in action or speculation their sympathies with the working classes, as their best title to sovereign power. Each, of course, exhibited those sympathies “with a difference,” according to their respective positions and antecedents. The ex-Emperor of the French laid claim to every grand idea of operative elevation in the social scale of the future, as an *idée Napoléonienne*. The Comte de Chambord, in a manifesto dated from Venice, 20th April, 1865, traced all the ills that afflict the working-classes to the “individualism” engendered by the French Revolution, which, in his royal view, has been the parent of industrial monopoly and the abuse of competition. (To

logicians of a less august order, monopoly and competition might seem contradictory terms.) The Comte de Paris, in his recent *opuscule*, entitled “*Les Associations Ouvrières en Angleterre,*” kept in view, throughout, his political object of contrasting the liberties of England with the half-liberties of France under the Second Empire, and the illusory compensation for the substantial benefits of self-government held out by ostentatious official patronage of industrial interests.

The most remarkable fact of the present epoch, as regards this subject, is the abolition of the system of legal penalties against operative combinations, which is in course of being effected in Continental States—a system which in principle was abandoned in England nearly half a century back, at the epoch of the repeal of the old Combination Laws in 1824. Nothing remained to do in this country but what is just being done in Parliament—nothing but the “crowning of the edifice” of operative emancipation. No objection is now opposed to the legislative recognition of the corporate existence and corporate rights of Trades’ Unions, except their adherence to regulations adverse to the freedom and safety of the larger unorganized union of peaceful citizens and workers outside their pale. It is nearly half a century since legislation in this country abandoned its old untenable position, of proscribing all operative combinations as criminal. And the only limit the law now seeks to impose on the freedom of Trades’ Unions is that of enforcing respect on their part for the equal freedom of the great majority of their non-unionist fellow-workpeople, who may continue to think fit, as hitherto they have thought fit, to stay out of the unions.

The Continent now stands just at the turning-point of industrial legislation at which we stood in 1824—it being also remembered that the liberty of meeting for any purpose is as new a concession, generally speaking, on the Continent, to every other class of citizens as to the working class. In 1842, when Mr. Leclaire—the Paris house-painter, since celebrated—first adopted in his own establishment the principle which is now assumed in high economical quarters to be universally applicable, of conceding a share of

profits in his concern to a select portion of his workpeople—the government of Louis Philippe thwarted his project by refusing him the permission requisite to assemble his workpeople for the purpose of laying his plan before them. In Prussia and Austria, the law has hitherto punished, as formerly in England, with fine and imprisonment, any workman who combined with his fellows for the purpose of obtaining concessions from their employer by striking work. Similar legislation has been in force in Belgium and the other smaller states. Operative emancipation is achieving itself almost suddenly in continental Europe, and is producing phenomena if not of lawlessness in action equal to some of our unions, yet of far more Utopian extravagance in speculation

—as witness the doctrines promulgated at the International Labor-Congresses of late years. Wages have been indignantly characterized as an humiliation to labor—capital as a hostile power, when in any other than labor's hands. It has been loudly proclaimed to be the foremost duty of the State to set operative productive associations on their legs by lavish subsidies at the public charge; and the doctrines of the late Ferdinand Lassalle, the apostle of State-support to co-operative societies, are articles of economic faith among large numbers of the working population in Northern and Southern Germany. In short, it is clear that continental proletarianism, breaking from its old fetters,* will wage an internecine war against property and social order.

(Fortnightly Review.)

MICHELANGELO AND HIS PLAN IN ART.

IN Greek art the love of design seems to predominate over that of imitation; in Michelangelo's, the two seem to hold an equal place. I do not mean that the Greeks had less of the imitative faculty, but that they kept it in subordination to that of design. Nor do I say that Michelangelo in any way excelled the Greeks in anything that he did in the way of study from Nature; for the work of Phidias is brought to a perfection of truth and beauty which Michelangelo may have striven after, but which he certainly never achieved, at all events in his sculpture, though I shall presently allude to one of his painted figures, which, to my mind, equals in perfection of beauty anything done by Phidias, and that out of the force of his own single genius, for the work of Phidias was completely unknown to him. But this I say, that Michelangelo's best work is in no way inferior to the very highest Greek work in point of design, and that his imitative faculty not being kept in subordination, he was enabled to see truths that no Greek ever dreamed of expressing. Above all, his vast imaginative gift, the stormy poetry of his mind, the passionate Italian nature that was in him, the soul of Dante living again in another form and finding its expression in another art, led him to contemplate a treatment of the human form and face which the intellectual Greek considered beyond the range of his art.

The Greeks aimed at the perfection of decorative design, and in so much as the study of the human form helped them to arrive at that perfection, they carried it further and to a more consummate point than has ever been done before or since. But they gave themselves small scope for the display of human passion; when they represented it, it was in a cold and dignified manner, which fails to awaken our

sympathies. The figures of fighting warriors on the pediment of the temple of Ægina receive and inflict wounds, and meet their death with a fixed smile, which shows that the artist intended to avoid the expression of pain or passion. The Greek artists have the supreme right to the title of Idealists; they are the true worshippers of the Ideal; the ideal of beauty once achieved, they cared not to vary it. Witness the most perfect specimen of their decorative art which remains, the most perfect in the whole world—I mean the freize of the Parthenon. There is not in the hundreds of figures which form the Panathenaic procession, except by accidents of execution, any variation of character in the beautiful ideal forms represented, whether they be of man, woman, or animal; enough remains of the faces to show that they conform to two or three types throughout, without variety of character of expression; all is as perfect as the most profound knowledge, the most skilful workmanship, and the highest sense of beauty can make it. But with the great Florentine, the realistic tendency is obvious from the beginning, not to work up to an ideal of humanity, but to study it in its countless forms of beauty and grandeur, and its ever-varying moods, and to represent these as truthfully as the deepest contemplation of nature could enable him to do.

In Michelangelo we have an instance of a mind gifted with the highest imaginative faculties, and with the most profound love and veneration for all that is most noble, most beautiful, and grandest in Nature, following with unwearied perseverance the road best calculated to develop these faculties, by studying with accurate minuteness the construction of the human form, so as to be able to give the highest reality to his conceptions. Luca Signor-

elli's imaginative faculty was akin to that of Michelangelo's, and some go as far as to think that this painter's work had an influence on Michelangelo. This may possibly be true, and no doubt Michelangelo may have admired the painter's work greatly; but I do not see the necessity for supposing that Michelangelo was indebted to him for ideas, when we consider the vastness of his genius. The difference I wish to point out between two men alike in the character of their genius is, that Michelangelo's marvellous knowledge of the human form, in which he stands alone, enabled him to give that splendid and truthful beauty to his figures, and to dwell on subtleties of modelling and of outline, which are not to be found in Luca Signorelli's work. Astonishing as is the power of Luca Signorelli's imagination, and admirably true as are the action and expression of his figures, he fell short precisely on that point of realism which makes the enormous gulf between him and the greater artist. Michelangelo I consider the greatest realist the world has ever seen. The action, expression, and drawing of his figures, down to the minutest folds of drapery and points of costume, down to the careful finish given to the most trivial accessories (where used), such as the books his figures hold, and the desks they write on, are all studied from the point of view of being as true to Nature as they can be made. He left it to his imitators and followers to make human bodies like the sacks of potatoes I have alluded to; he who never made, never could make, a fault of anatomy in his life, has had such followers, who gloried in thinking how Michelangelesque was their work. It is his followers, again, and not he, who make their saints and prophets write with pens without ink, on scrolls of paper without desks, and such like absurdities.

And here there is a very general misconception, which I must dwell on for a short time, as it is so very important that it should be set right. I have heard it said again and again, by artists (who ought to know better) and others, that Michelangelo's works may be grand in style, they may be imaginative, they may even be beautiful (sometimes), but they cannot be said to be true to Nature on

account of their exaggeration. You will recognize that this is the common way in which Michelangelo's works are spoken of. Now, my first notion connected with a lecture was that of vindicating Michelangelo's honor on this point. There are, I think, many reasons, and perhaps some good ones, for this opinion. The best and most universally known of his works is the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, a work executed when he was sixty years old, by which time his magnificent manner had possibly developed into somewhat of a mannerism; that is to say, that whereas throughout his life the necessities of his subjects, chosen no doubt, especially for the purpose, obliged him to depict the human form in every beautiful variety of action and position, in his later years this pleasure of exercising his ingenuity in inventing and correctly representing difficulties of foreshortening seemed to grow upon him, and in some parts of the Last Judgment, especially in the upper part, outweighed the more simple dignity with which most of it is invested. The stupendous work which does most to make his name immortal is on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, executed twenty years before the Last Judgment, which is on the end wall of the same chapel, was done; and it is on this work that I take my stand in placing Michelangelo as the chief of realistic painters; not so much on the Last Judgment, tremendous as it is both in conception and execution. Another, and the most important reason, for the charge of exaggeration, is that from some cause or another no great man has ever suffered so much at the hands of the engravers. All with one accord have taken it into their heads that Michelangelo's work cannot be properly copied unless limbs and muscles are exaggerated in a way which they would never dream of using with another man's work; in fact, they think it necessary to import into their work every exaggerated defect which they find in the works of his imitators, or rather the defects of exaggerations to be found in the preposterous school formed upon Raphael. Raphael indeed himself is not exempt from having made exaggerated imitations of the great master. The "Incendio del Borgo" is perhaps the beginning of that lumpy and inflated style so

different from the simple and elegant work of Michelangelo. Engravers, at all events, find that Michelangelo is not so Michelangesque as they expected, so they try to improve upon him; and the greatest master of drawing the world has ever seen has had the most ill-drawn travesties of his finest works passed off on those who are unable to visit the originals and judge for themselves. Still those who have eyes to see can very plainly make out from the wretched stuff that engravers have given us what manner of man it was whose work was thus travestied. It is obvious that the mind which could conceive figures so amazingly grand in intention could not be guilty of altering Nature for the purpose of producing the grotesque forms and faces shown us by the engravers. I, fortunately, a little time ago, had the opportunity of verifying for myself what I had surmised to be true, but much as I expected in the way of beauty before entering the Sistine, I was prepared rather to be overwhelmed by a magnificent grandeur of imagination and design than to be charmed by refined beauties of form and face; and another element of beauty I found which I had not expected, for the engravers carefully avoid representing it in their copies, and on a point of excellence for which the palm has generally been given to another painter—I mean the amazing subtlety, variety, and truth of expression in the faces of the Titanic beings who sit enthroned over one's head in that amazing work. Raphael has been considered the master of expression and beauty of face; Michelangelo of grandeur of form. I find the latter supreme in all. He it was who found in Nature what beauty and what grandeur lie in the most trivial actions, and first had the power to depict them. Raphael's receptive mind seized at once on the idea, adapted it to his style, and followed close on the great master's steps. The possibility of verifying the truth of what I say is now fortunately within reach of all amateurs of art, for within the last eighteen months this amazing work of which I am speaking, in which the variety is so great that Vasari may well say, "That no man who is a painter now cares to seek new inventions, attitudes, draperies, originality, and force of expression"—this great work has been

reproduced in all its details in photography; the enterprising German who has rendered this most important service having taken no less than one hundred and forty negatives, all (with the exception of seven or eight from the Last Judgment) being taken from the ceiling. These photographs are a revelation in art. No one until now who has not seen the original has had the slightest idea of what Michelangelo's work is.

I will allude first to the naked figures which sit in pairs on the architectural projections which form the sides of the prophet's thrones. Each pair of these holds between them a large medallion, on which, in imitation of a relief in bronze and gold, is painted a subject from the Book of Kings, or supports a ponderous festoon of leaves and acorns—a common feature of decoration in classical architecture, but employed in a totally new way by Michelangelo, which the original inventor of the idea was far from dreaming of. For there are no less than twenty of these figures, and Michelangelo has taken advantage of their employment to represent not only almost every kind of action of which the position of these figures could suggest to his great genius, but for the display of every variety and mood of the human mind. One of them seems the very type of life and activity; he laughs as he shifts the ribbon, by which he supports his medallion, from one shoulder to the other; he is in the act of uncrossing his legs as he does it, and the great master of design has arrested him in the middle of this complicated, and to any other artist almost impossible, movement. An instantaneous photograph could not seize on the action with more absolute accuracy; and there is that look of life in his light and active limbs which almost makes you expect him to continue his movement. More grand is another, as he sits calmly reposing on his ponderous burden, profoundest and most melancholy thought reflected on his god-like face. Others seem to catch some faint sound of the inspiration which the cherubs of God are whispering in the ear of the prophet or sybil below, and start with affrighted and awe-stricken looks. There is another laughing figure even more beautiful than the one described; he lifts with ease his heavy

weight of leaves and acorns, while his fellow looks at him with an angry glance as he struggles to raise his own share which has slipped from his shoulder. There is a pair who converse over their task, and another pair perform it with careless indifference, as if weary and uninterested; and all these various figures are depicted with a realism of expression and action, a beauty of form and face, an absolute accuracy of anatomical expression, a splendor of light and shade, a roundness of modelling and minuteness of finish to the perfect drawing of every nail on hand or foot, and the graceful turn of every lock of hair, which never flags for a moment, and which is never at fault. The beauty of the heads of these figures is beyond all that ever was done in art; nothing of Raphael's to my mind approaches them; and on one point he has utterly surpassed the Greeks—while giving to many of his faces the beautiful refinement of a woman's, he has never sacrificed one atom of the manliness. The figure before us, with all the melancholy tenderness of its face, has nothing but the character of a man, and the limbs are massive as rock, with all the beauty of their forms. Not so the Greeks, who made their Apollos so effeminate that it is often difficult to tell from the head whether a man or woman is represented. The beauty of the heads of these figures is, as I say, beyond all that ever was done, but it is hardly more extraordinary than the beauty of the bodies and limbs; the heads and feet especially are most perfect, and being the most difficult part of the figure, are, in contrast to most of our modern work, precisely the parts that are always the most perfectly done and the most finished. But more wonderful than all is the harmony of design; the figures being in pairs, and facing each other, they are made to a certain extent to correspond. The perfectly natural way in which this is done, without forcing the action of the figures into similar forms, is not the least astounding part of the work. One pair is in action, another in repose, and yet it never occurs to the spectator, till he begins to examine the work as a composition, that this is a matter of most careful arrangement. The lines of composition, too, of each figure are not only most harmonious in themselves, but in

perfect harmony with every figure round it. And what shall I say when I come to speak of the inspired beings, sybils and prophets, who sit enthroned below? The realization of these sublime forms is carried to the highest pitch. Nothing so true as their expression and action, down to the most trivial points, has been achieved in painting. The most magnificent of these figures, to my thinking, is the prophet Isaiah; he receives inspiration from a cherub, who, with excited looks, is pointing behind him, his flying drapery indicating that he had come, like the winged Mercury of the pagans, with a message direct from heaven; with all the grandeur of this figure, the movement and expression are as exactly true as any painter of child-life could desire. Turn to the prophet himself; what a subtle combination of expressions on his face! His right hand drawing forth the book wherein he records the inspirations he receives from heaven, he listens to the divine message with a mingled expression of attention and wonder. His downcast eyes have a fixed look, as though they saw not; his brow is half raised in wonder, half frowning in deepest thought, and a slight look of bewilderment plays hesitating round his mouth, as with his left hand he seems to indicate that he has received the message, and turns with the intention of recording it. The massive grandeur of his features is in accordance with the dignified repose of the action, and over all there is the lofty look of the prophet not unaccustomed to hold intercourse with his God. I believe this to be the most triumphant realization of a complicated expression and action, combined with the most consummate grandeur of face and form, ever achieved in art. The first impression on the sight of this figure in its gigantic size on the ceiling, sixty feet above one's head, is that of amazement at the mighty art that produced it; in this case Nature really seems to have been surpassed, and a new creation made. And the imagination of the artist—how justly called divine!—rises yet to higher flights when he treats of the creation of the world, and the history of our first parents, in the centre compartments of the ceiling. But throughout, from beginning to end, through all the hundreds of groups and figures which

make up this triumph of the decorative art, there is this one predominant fact, that no matter how supremely difficult the position or action of the figures, no matter whether he be representing prophet, cherub, or ordinary matter, or even those scenes where the Almighty manifests his glory in acts of creation, the expression of face and figure is realized with the utmost attention to truth. The draperies take not the least important place in this expression; they clothe and express the forms of the limbs without affectation, and in the most natural manner; as the figure moves so the drapery moves, as the figure rests so the drapery falls. Everything is in perfect balance; the turn of the shoulders follows the movement of the head, the limbs answer for and balance each other exactly as in nature; and thus the figures have a more absolute vitality than any other artist has ever been able to give. All other painters—except perhaps Raphael, and he only when he had caught the inspiration from Michelangelo is to be excepted—seem to place their figures in poses; it is his amazing and almost incredible power of seizing the passing movement, that makes Michelangelo's fig-

ures appear positively alive; an instant more and the position is changed; for this reason, to draw from one of his figures is like drawing from Nature itself, and to achieve a result like this is to achieve that highest form of Realism, by which alone he has arrived at the expression of the highest Beauty. These are the mighty works that, like the gorgeous symphonies of Beethoven and the choruses of Handel, stand out in sublime solitude above the efforts of other men. Let all artists remember that, if they wish to catch some reflection of the beauties that appear revealed in these lofty creations of genius, they will fail most egregiously if they aspire to imitate them; whereas it is in the power of each one to follow in the steps of this most glorious master, by seeking in Nature, as he did, for some of her hidden truths, by never condescending to substitute dexterity for knowledge, or to catch applause by wilfully falsifying for fear that truth should be misunderstood. In this way they will find that it is not necessary to treat of angels or prophets to produce a thing of beauty, for realism of this noble kind can glorify the humblest subject.

St. Paul's.

IN THE PORCH.

BY A SUMMER-DAY STOIC.

"Cultivons notre Jardin."

ACROSS my neighbor's waste of whins
For roods the rabbit burrows ;
You scarce can see where first begins
His range of steaming furrows ;
I am not sad that he is great,
He does not ask my pardon ;
Beside his wall I cultivate—
I cultivate my garden.

I envy not my neighbor's trees,
To me it nothing matters
Whether in east or western breeze
His "dry-tongued laurel patters."
Me too the bays become ; but still,
I sleep without narcotics,
Though he can bind his brows at will
With odorous exotics.

My neighbor, those for whom you shine
Magnificent assert you ;
Extol your wisdom and your wine—
Your venison and your virtue ;
So be it. Still for me the gorse
Will blaze about the thicket ;
The Common's purblind pauper horse
Will peer across my wicket ;

For me the geese will thread the furze,
In hissing file, to follow
The tinker's sputtering wheel that whirs
Across the breezy hollow ;
And look, where smoke of gipsy huts
Curls blue against the bushes,
That little copse is famed for nuts,
For nightingales and thrushes !

But hark ! I hear my neighbor's drums !
 Some dreary deputation
 Of Envy, or of Wonder, comes
 In guise of adulation.
 Poor neighbor! Though you like the tune,
 One little pinch of care is
 Enough to clog a whole balloon
 Of *aura popularis* ;

Not amulets, nor epiderm
 As tough as armadillo's
 Can shield you if Suspicion worm
 Betwixt your easy pillows ;
 And, though on ortolans you sup,
 Beside you shadowy sitters
 Can pour in your ungenial cup
 Unstimulating bitters.

Let Envy crave and misers save,
 Let Folly ride her circuit ;
 I hold that, on this side the grave,
 To find one's vein and work it,
 To keep one's wants both fit and few,
 To cringe to no condition,
 To count a candid friend or two,—
 May bound a man's ambition.

Swell, South-wind, swell my neighbor's sails ;
 Fill, Fortune, fill his coffers ;
 If Fate has made his *rôle* the whale's,
 And me the minnow's offers ;
 I am not sad that he is great,
 He need not ask my pardon ;
 Beside his wall I cultivate—
 I cultivate my garden.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

(From the British Quarterly Review.)

HUGH MILLER.*

What strikes us as most admirable in Hugh Miller is, that he was a man of genius and yet a man of sense. There has been, and will be, diversity of opinion as to the value and even the existence of his genius, but there can be no doubt as to the robust and masculine character of his mind. When we think of him we recall what Macaulay said of Cromwell, "He was emphatically a man." He possessed in an eminent degree, that "equally-diffused intellectual health" which can no more be acquired by effort or artifice than a sound physical constitution can be obtained by the use of drugs. So often, of late, has genius been freakish, whimsical, fantastic—evinced a perverse contempt for the moderation and equipoise of truth—substituted feminine vehemence of assertion for clear statement and rational inference—nay, seemed to hover on the very verge of madness—that we are disposed to accommodate ourselves to considerable defect in startling and meteoric qualities on the part of one, who, veritably possessing genius, was distinguished for sagacity, manliness, and the avoidance of extremes.

But was Hugh Miller a man of genius? We see not how any but an affirmative answer can be returned to the question. Metaphysical people may perplex themselves with attempts to define genius, but no practical evil can ensue from the application of the word "genius" to qualities of mind, unique either in nature or in degree. It is correct to speak of mathematical genius when we mean an altogether extraordinary capacity for solving mathematical problems. It is correct to speak of poetical genius when we mean an inborn tunefulness of nature which

awakens to vocal melody at the sight of beauty or the touch of pathos. When we say Hugh Miller was a man of genius, we mean that, take him all in all, in his life, in his character, in his books, he was unique. In a remote Highland village, one of the quietest, least important places in the world, amid a simple, ruminating population, with no Alpine grandeur of surrounding scenery or stirring memorials of local life, the sea-captain's son is born. Nothing in the history of his father's house for generations affords suggestion of an hereditary gift of expression; and though his mother had a fund of ghost-stories and delighted to tell them, she passed among her neighbors for an entirely undistinguished, common-place woman. And yet, before he was ten years old, the child Hugh would quit his boyish companions for the sea-shore, and there saunter for hours, pouring forth blank-verse effusions about sea-fights, ghosts, and desert islands. A peculiar imaginative susceptibility and a passion for expression revealed themselves in him from his infancy. The strong bent of his nature regulated his education. He is bookish—his fairy tales, voyages, "Pilgrims' Progress," Bible stories, afford him enchanting pleasure—but he will pay no attention to the books which his schoolmaster puts into his hand. He is the dunce of the school, yet his class-fellows hang on his lips while he charms them with extemporised narratives, and in the wood and the caves he is acknowledged the leader of them all. His mind is ever open; at every moment knowledge is streaming in upon him; but the whole method of his intellectual growth is conditioned from within, through the peremptory determinations of his inborn spiritual force and personality. At all hours he is an observer of nature, and

* (1) *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller*, By PETER BAYNE, A.M., 2 vols. Strahan & Co.

(2) *Works of Hugh Miller*. Nimmo.

acquires, without knowing it, a perfect familiarity with every living thing—bird, beast, fish, reptile, insect, as well as with every tree, plant, flower, and stone, which are to be met with from the pine-wood on the cliff, to the wet sand left by the last wave of the retreating tide upon the shore. He thus grows up a naturalist. With a mind opulently furnished, and well acquainted even with books, he nevertheless finds himself, when his boyhood and early youth are spent, entirely unqualified to proceed to College. He chooses the trade of a mason, but the irresistible bent of his nature is obeyed even in this choice, for he knew that masons in the Highlands of Scotland did not work in the winter months, and in these he would betake himself to his beloved pen. For fifteen years he worked as a mason, earning his bread by steady, effective labor, but aware all the time of a power within him, a force of giant mould imprisoned beneath the mountain of adverse circumstance, which, he doubted not, would one day make itself known to the world. This vague prophecy in his heart, which surely was the voice of his genius speaking within him, was fulfilled. Soreerers in the old time professed to show visions of the past and future in magic mirrors; but the true magical mirror is the mind of genius; and when Hugh Miller's contemporaries beheld, reflected in the mirror of his mind, lifted from the profound obscurity in which they had formerly slept and set in vivid clearness in the eyes of the world, the little town he loved, the Sutors, the bay, the hill, they felt that the one Cromarty man of all generations who had done this was possessed of a genius. With this decision we rest content.

The true greatness of Hugh Miller lay, however, in his moral qualities. Here we may give our enthusiasm the rein. There was a rare boldness, a rare blending of magnanimity, rectitude and gentleness, in this man. His affections were at once tender and constant, and when you search the very deeps of his soul, you find in it no malice, no guile, no greed, nothing which can be called base or selfish. We are struck with admiration as we mark the high tones of his mind, his superiority to all vulgar ambitions. There has probably been some romancing about the peasant

nobles of Scotland, but in Hugh Miller, the journeyman mason, and in his uncles, James and Sandy, the one a saddler, the other a wood-cutter, we have three men who, so long as the mind is the standard of the man, will be classed with the finest type of gentlemen. It is greatly to the honor of Scotland, and of the old evangelical religion of Scotland, that she produced such men. Hugh Miller's uncles performed for him a father's part, and he learned from them, not so much through formal instruction as by a certain contagion—to use a phrase in which the Londoners, a hundred years ago, in their inscription on Blackfriars Bridge, described with felicitous precision the manner of Pitt's influence on his contemporaries—that sensitive uprightiness, that manly independence, and that love of nature, by which he was distinguished. The ambition of money-making, which as it were naturally and inevitably suggests itself to a youth of parts in an English village, never seems to have so much as presented itself to the mind of Hugh Miller. In cultivating the spiritual faculties of his soul, in adding province after province to the empire of his mind, lay at once the delight and the ambition of this young mechanic. He aspired to fame, but his conception of fame was pure and lofty. Of the vanity which feeds on notoriety he had no trace, and cared not for reputation if he could not deliberately accept it as his due. A proud man he was; perhaps, at times, too sternly proud; but from the myriad pains and pettinesses which have their root in vanity, he was conspicuously free. Very beautiful also is the unaffected delight which this rough-handed mason takes in the aspects of nature. It has none of that sickliness or excess which strong men admit to have more or less characterized the enthusiasm for the freshness of spring and the splendour of summer of what has been called the London school of poetry. In the rapture in which Keats sang of trees and fields, there is something of the nature of calenture. Pent in the heart of London, he thought of the crystal brooks and the wood-hyacinths with a weeping fondness, instinct indeed with finest melody, but akin to that sick and melancholy joy with which the sailor in mid-ocean gazes on the

waste of billows, gazes and still gazes until on their broad green sides the little meadow at his father's cottage door with its grey willows and white maythorns seems to smile out to his tear-filled eyes. Had Keats ran about the hills and played in the twilight woods as a little boy, he would not have loved nature less, but his poetical expressions of that love would not have struck masculine intellects as varying on the lachrymose and the fantastic. Nature to Miller was a content joy, a part of the wanted aliment of his soul, an aspiring, elevating influence, strengthening him for the task of life. "I remember," he writes of the days of his youth,

"how my happiness was enhanced by every little bird that burst out into sudden song among the trees, and then as suddenly became silent, or by every bright-sealed fish that went darting through the topaz-colored depths of the water, or rose for a moment over its calm surface—how the blue sheets of hyacinths that carpeted the openings in the wood delighted me, and every golden-tinted cloud that gleamed over the setting sun, and threw its bright flush on the river, seemed to inform the heart of heaven beyond."

The mason lad who could feel thus had little to envy in the gold of the millionaire or the title of the aristocrat. Well did the ancients match sound and sense in that phrase, *sancta simplicitas*; such simplicity of soul is indeed holy and healing.

The stirring worth and fine moral quality of Miller are brought out in his relations with his friends. Of passion in the common sense he was singularly void, and there is no evidence that, until he passed his thirtieth year, female beauty once touched his heart. But his affection for his friends was ardent to the degree of passion, and constant as it was ardent. Both autobiographers and biographers are apt to paint up the youthful friendships of their heroes, and we are glad that Mr. Bayne has been able to verify, and more than verify, by infallible documentary evidence, all that, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," Miller tells us of his relations to his two friends, William Ross, and John Swanson. Ross was perhaps the most finely gifted of the three, but the circumstances of his birth were hopelessly depressing. His parents were sunk in the lowest depths of poverty; but this was not the worst; his constitution was

so feeble that sustained and resolute effort was for him a physical impossibility. Amid the debility of his bodily energies there burned, with strange, sad, piercing radiance, the flame of genius. With exquisite accuracy of discernment, he took the measure of Miller, pointing out to him where his strength lay and where his weakness. He knew his own powers, also, but saw that Miller had stamina, while he had none; and, with tragic pathos, accused himself of indolence and vacillation, when his only fault was that he was dying. Delicately organized in all respects, he displayed a musical faculty more usual among peasant boys in Italy than in Scotland, made himself a fife and clarionet of elder-shoots, and became one of the best flute-players in the district. From the little damp room in which Ross slept during his apprenticeship to a house-painter, Miller used to hear the sweet sounds on which his soul rose for the time above all its sorrows. He had a fine appreciation, too, of the beauty of landscape. "I have seen him," says Miller, "awed into deep solemnity, in our walks, by the rising moon, as it peered down upon us over the hill, red and broad and cloud-encircled, through the interstices of some clump of dark firs; and have observed him become silent, as, emerging from the moonlight woods, we looked into a rugged dell, and saw, far beneath, the slim rippling streamlet gleaming in the light, like a narrow strip of the *aurora borealis* shot athwart a dark sky, when the steep, rough sides of the ravine, on either hand, were enveloped in gloom. Ross had educated his faculty of æsthetic perception and of art-criticism by study of Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty, Fresnoy's Art of Painting, Gessner's Letters, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures. Miller describes him as looking constantly on nature with the eye of the artist, signalling and selecting the characteristic beauties of the landscape. This habit of imaginative composition would, we believe, have been fixed on by the most accomplished instructors in the art of painting at this moment in Europe, as the best proof that could be given by Ross of the possession of artistic genius. Turner was at all times a composer, and never painted a leaf with photographic correctness. But the poverty of William Ross condemned

him to the drudgery of a house-painter, and he had no teaching in the higher departments of art. He proceeded to Edinburgh, and thence to Glasgow, his fine talent distinguishing him from ordinary workmen, and enabling him to procure work of such delicacy that he could continue it when too weak to engage in the usual tasks of house-painting. Thoughtful and kind, he assisted a brother-workman who was dying by his side, and having shielded his friend from want, and soothed his last moments, he followed him speedily to the grave.

John Swanson was of a different build, physically and intellectually, from Ross. His characteristic was energy of mind and body. He was a distinguished student at the University, an athlete in mathematics, an acute metaphysician; but the mystic fire of genius, which Miller saw in the eye of Ross, and which he believed to have fallen on himself, threw none of its prismatic coloring over the framework of Swanson's mind. He was the first of the three to come under strong religious impressions. Abandoning philosophical subtleties, and accepting, with the whole force of his robust mind, the salvation offered by Christ, he pressed upon Miller with importunate earnestness the heavenly treasure which himself had found. He was not at first successful. Steady labor, indeed, in the quarry, and in the hewing shed, had chastened the youthful wildness of Miller, and he had become, though not religious, at least reverent and thoughtful. As Swanson's appeals took effect, the early religious teachings of his uncles, which had probably lain dormant in his mind asserted its influence. He does not appear to have been conscious of this fact, and indeed it was not the catechetical instruction, but the personal example of his uncles, that told upon him. At all events, after hesitating and playing shy, he was fairly brought to a stand by Swanson; and though he underwent no paroxysm of religious excitement, a profound change took place in his character, a change which penetrated to the inmost depths of his nature, changed the current of his being, and was regarded by himself as his conversion. He was thus knit in still closer fellowship with Swanson, and their friendship continued uninterrupted until

his death. Had his opinions not taken this shape, it seems likely that he would have become daringly sceptical. He had assuredly, to use the words of Coleridge, skirted the deserts of infidelity. He was familiar with the writings of Hume, whose argument against miracles defines to this hour the position taken up by all who, on scientific grounds, deny the supernatural origin of Christianity. There was a time when he fancied himself an atheist, and the profane affectation might have deepened into reality. But after his correspondence with Swanson, he never wavered. The consideration which, from an intellectual point of view, chiefly influenced him in pronouncing Christianity Divine, was two-fold. Christianity, he said, was no *cunningly* devised fable. It offended man at too many points—it seemed too palpably to contradict his instincts of justice—to have been invented by man. At the same time, it was fitted, with exquisite nicety of adaptation, and with measureless amplitude of comprehension, to meet the wants of man's spiritual nature. Man neither would nor could have created it, any more than he could or would have created manna; but when he took of it, and did eat, he found that it was angel's food, making him, though his steps were still through the wilderness of this world, the brother of angels. Miller has not in any of his writings elaborated this idea with the fullness of exposition, defence and illustration which the importance of the part it played in his system of thought might render desirable; but it is obvious that it would, for him, not only silence the arguments which had previously seemed to tell against Christianity, but array them on the side of belief. The more offensive and contradictory Christianity might be to natural reason and conscience, the stronger would be the logical chain by which he was drawn to infer its supernatural origin. The courses of the stars might appear to him a maze of lawless and inadmissible movements, but when he steered his little boat by them, he was led safely across dark billows and perilous currents; clearly, therefore, One who understood the whole matter infinitely better than he had put together the time-piece of the heavens. Such was his argument, and it is not without force. Prac-

tically his religion consisted in an inexpressible enthusiasm of devotion to Christ. The term which he uniformly applies to the Saviour is "The Adorable," and he dwelt with lingering, wondering, rejoicing affection on the sympathy of the Man Christ Jesus with human wants and weaknesses. Seldom have the efforts of friendship been more nobly crowned than were those of John Swanson when this radical change took place in the spiritual condition of Hugh Miller.

His relations with Swanson and with Ross attest the warmth and constancy of his affections; but the gentleness of his nature does not fully dawn upon us until we read his letters to Miss Dunbar, and understand the friendship which subsisted between him and that lady. She was many years his senior, and as the sister of a Scottish Baronet, Sir Alexander Dunbar, of Both, and a Tory of the old school, we should have expected her to be shy of poetical masons. Something in Miller's verses, however, attracted her, and a singularly tender and romantic friendship sprung up between them. On his side, it was confined to affectionate appreciation and admiring esteem; but she wrote to him with a tenderness of a mother, and did not scruple to tell him that he was the dearest friend she had in the world. His letters to her are not distinguished by originality or by extraordinary power; but they abound in delineations of nature, poetic in their loveliness; they are just in thought, and faultless in feeling; and in literary style they are perhaps, on the whole, the most melodious and beautiful of his compositions. Like his other writings these letters are full of self-portrayal, and the face which, with pensive, fascinating smile, seems to beam on us from the page, is that of a right noble and loving man. We feel that this mason is a gentleman; a gentleman of the finest strain; one whose gentleness is of the heart, and manifests itself, not in the polished urbanity of cities which often hides a bad and cold nature, but in a vigilant kindness, a manly deference, and above all, a delicate sympathy. The few words of reference to Hugh Miller occurring incidentally in Dr. McCosh's recollections of Bunsen, and published in the biography of the latter—which, by the

way, seem to us to cast a more vivid light upon the man than the far lengthier recollection of Miller by Dr. McCosh, printed in Mr. Bayne's biography—specify the intense sweetness and fascinations belonging to his presence. Despite his rugged exterior, his shaggy head, and rough-hewn features, his mason's apron, his slowly enunciated speech, and his somewhat heavy manner, this fascination was felt by all who had an opportunity of experiencing it.

He hinted that he was singularly devoted of sensibility to the charm of female beauty. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to Burns, and indeed to most men of powerful intellect and vivid imagination. But he loved once and then he loved with all the intensity of his nature. At the time when his name was beginning to be known through the north of Scotland as that of one who had a future, Miss Lydia Fraser, ten years his junior, arrived in Cromarty. She was possessed of no small personal beauty, had received a good education, was addicted to intellectual pursuits, wrote fluently both in prose and verse, and was gifted with remarkable acuteness and clearness of mind. Her temperament was more mercurial than Miller's; he was more capable of patient thought, and, on the whole, more solidly able. It may be doubted whether a pair thus matched enjoyed the surest prospect of happiness in the married state, but it is evident that they were precisely in the position to strike up a romantic friendship. He was the literary lion of Cromarty, she the gifted beauty of the place; their friendship and their love were as much in the order of nature as that of Tenfelsdrockh and Blumine, though happily it had no such tragic conclusion. The gifted beauty could not help pausing in her walk to have a few words with the poetic mason as he hewed in the churchyard, his head sure to be full of some book or subject, his eye quick to catch every new light of beauty that fell upon the landscape. They soon found that they were more to each other than friends, and thereupon difficulties manifold interfered with their meeting. The young lady's mother was startled at the idea that her daughter should bestow her affections on a horn-handed mechanic, even though he

had issued a volume of poems, a volume much praised, not so much bought, and already looked on almost with contempt by its sternly critical author. Miller, for his own part, had no wish to rise in the world. With a philosophy antique and astonishing in these restless times, he had arrived at the conclusion that the world had nothing to offer which would make him substantially happier than he was while hewing on the hill of Cromarty. Had he not the skies and the sea, the wood and the shore, and had not the whole world of literature and science been thrown open to him when he learned to read? His wants were perfectly simple, and exceedingly few, and were supplied to the utmost. He could be quite happy in a cave with a boulder for table, and a stone for chair, a book to read and a pot in which to cook his homely fare; he might well be less happy, he could not be more, in a gilded drawing-room.

These pleasing but somewhat effeminate dreams were dissipated by his love for Miss Frazer, as a pretty little garden on the flanks of Etna might be torn to pieces by the heavings of the volcano. He would marry her into the rank of a lady, or he would not marry her, in Scotland at least, at all. If it proved impossible for him to rise in his native country, the lovers would seek a nook in the backwoods, and place the Atlantic between them and the conventional notions and estimates of British society. But the necessity for this step did not occur. Miller was offered a situation in a branch office of the Commercial Bank, which was opened in Cromarty in 1835. He laid down the mallet, not without satisfaction but assuredly with no exultation, and, after a brief initiation in the mysteries of banking at Linlithgow, entered on his duties as bank accountant. Too healthful and honest of nature to trifle in the discharge of any duties which he undertook, he addressed himself with vigorous application to the business of the bank, and found his new situation an admirable post for the study of human nature. It was in conveying the bank's money between Cromarty and Tain that he first carried fire-arms a practice which he seems to have almost constantly maintained from this time forward. It was at the time of his joining the bank that his

first prose volume, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," was published. It contains passages of exquisite beauty, and has since attained to considerable popularity; but it was not immediately successful, and added little to the modest income of its author. His marriage took place in the beginning of 1837; he was then thirty-five years old, and had been engaged to Miss Fraser for five years.

Miller was a naturalist from his infancy, in the sense of habitually observing nature and laying up store of natural facts in his memory; but it was not until he had passed his thirtieth year, and until his severe self-censure pronounced him to have failed, first in poetry and secondly in prose literature, that he conscientiously and with the whole force of his mind devoted himself to science. His mental changes and processes were never sudden, and there was a transition period, during which he hesitated between literature and science; but when his resolution had once been taken, he cast no look behind. With intense, absorbing, impassioned energy, he gave himself to the pursuit of science. His experience in the quarry—of quite inestimable value to him as a geologist—determined his choice of a scientific province for special culture. His progress was wonderfully rapid. The geological nomenclature which he found in books served to classify and formalise knowledge which he had already acquired, and opened his eyes to the fact that he was a geologist. But for the interruption of his plans, by the agitation which issued in the disruption of the Scottish State Church in 1843, and his being summoned to Edinburgh to undertake the conduct of the *Witness* newspaper, he would have published a treatise on the Geology of the Cromarty district at least a year earlier than the date at which he became known to the public as a man of science.

It reminds us how fast and how far the world has travelled in the last thirty years to note that, in the year 1840, Hugh Miller was an enthusiast for the State Church of Scotland. There are no enthusiastic believers in the State Church theory, or what Miller called the "establishment principle," now. The most logical and consistent members of the State Church of England avow that her chance of vindi-

cating her claim to the name and privilege of a Church depends upon her ceasing to be a State Church; and the back of the Established Church of Scotland was broken by the disruption. Sensible men, with nothing of the revolutionist in their composition, are now generally of opinion that the days of both our ecclesiastical establishments are numbered. The opinion, also, would be generally assented to, that it is when viewed as a contribution to the cause of ecclesiastical freedom throughout the United Kingdom, that the disruption of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, in 1843, can be seen to be of historical importance. Of this Hugh Miller had no idea. He accepted the theory of a State Church, and he lent his championship to the majority in the Scottish Church, when contending against the Court of Session, because he believed that the compact agreed upon between Church and State in Scotland, at the time of the union of England and Scotland, had been infringed. It would occupy too much space to explain fully to English readers how the State Church of Scotland had become endeared to the people, and was to them a symbol, not of oppression or of bondage, but of freedom. Suffice it to say that the Scottish Reformation of the sixteenth century was thoroughly popular, and essentially Presbyterian; that, in the seventeenth century, the cause of the Presbyterian Church was always the cause of civil freedom; and that, when the Church was finally established, after the expulsion of James II., she emerged from a long period of persecution, during which she had been regarded with reverence and affection by the great body of the Scottish people. Add to this that the lay elders, standing, as they did, on the same level of authority with the clergy in the Church courts, prevented the latter from becoming a mere clerical caste. It was an eminently felicitous circumstance for the Scottish Church, in the "ten years' conflict," that her dispute with the civil authorities turned on the rights of congregations. Her offence in the eyes of the Court of Session and the British Parliament, was that she had, in a manner deemed by them high-handed, asserted the right of congregations to have no ministers thrust upon them against their will. When we think

of the profound indifference with which State Churchmen, in England, regard the whole subject of the settlement of ministers—when we observe the stone-like apathy with which they see the dawdling youths purchase with a bit of money the privilege of consuming a parochial income and paralyzing for, say thirty years, the spiritual life of a parish—we cannot but contemplate with a mixture of wonder and admiration the intense excitement which thrilled through Scotland when the Evangelical majority in the Church Courts stood up to vindicate the right of the people to be consulted in the choice of their pastors. It was into the popular side of the controversy that Hugh Miller threw his force. The right of the church of Scotland to govern herself, a right unquestionably conceded to her at the Union, he distinctly maintained; but his most eloquent and effective pleading was in defence of the privileges of congregations. He contributed more perhaps than any other man, to secure for the Church in her struggles with the Courts, and subsequently for the Free Church, the support of the people of Scotland. Strange to say, though one of the principal founders of the Free Church, he had no glimpse of that future of ecclesiastical freedom of which, as we trust, the Free Church has been the harbinger. To the last he talked of the "establishment principle" and the "voluntary principle," and fancied that some ineffable advantage should be derived by the Church from the State, if only the State could be induced to make a just league with the Church, and to stand true to its conditions. This was one of the weakest points in Hugh Miller's system of thought, and it must be allowed to have been a very weak one. If the disruption of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in 1843 proved anything, it proved that, even under the most favorable circumstances, the State Church principle will not work. If two ride upon a horse, one must ride behind, and if Scottish Presbyterians have yet to learn that the State, having established a Church, will sooner or later thrust it into a position of subservience and slavery, they may be pronounced unteachable upon that subject.

But it was our intention to speak of Hugh Miller almost exclusively as a man

of science, and we have lingered too long upon other phases of his history. His scientific talent was, we think, of a high order. It consisted mainly as an admirable faculty of observation, keen, clear, exact, comprehensive. He was habitually, and at all moments, an observer. Mr. James Robertson, a gentleman who knew him intimately and walked much with him in 1834, states, in some valuable recollections of Miller, contributed to Mr. Bayne's biography, that he, Mr. R., soon remarked how vividly alive he was to the appearances of nature, darting now at a pebble in the bed of a brook, now at a plant by the wayside, never for one moment, suspending his inquisition into the scene of wonders spread around him. Such being his habit of observation, two conditions only were required in order that he might become famous, as a man of science, first, that the district in which he pursued his researches had not been exhausted by previous explorers; secondly, that he possessed a literary faculty adequate to the communication of his knowledge. He was fortunate in both respects. The Cromarty district afforded extraordinary opportunities of observation in a department of the geological record until then but partially known. The Old Red Sandstone system had only begun to attract the attention of geologists. The Silurian system, below it, had been successfully explored; the Carboniferous system, above it, had been penetrated in all directions for its treasures of coal, and geologists had large acquaintance with its organisms; but the Old Red Sandstone had been comparatively overlooked. Miller found himself in the neighborhood of good sections of the formation, and studied them with the utmost care and assiduity. His journeyings as a mason had made him familiar with the rocky framework of the north of Scotland, into which the Old Red Sandstone largely enters. He was able, therefore, on claiming recognition as a man of science, to tender a highly important contribution to the world's knowledge of one of the great geological systems. His name is imperishably inscribed among the original workers in the Old Red Sandstone, along with those of Sedgwick, Agassiz, and Murchison. His specific contribution was connected with the ichthyic

organisms of the system, and no contribution could have been more important. The Old Red Sandstone system is distinguished, biologically, as that in which the vertebrate kingdom, in its lowest or fish division, was first prominently developed; and the most niggardly estimate of the achievement of Miller, as a geologist, must recognize that the discoverer of Pterichthys first called the attention of scientific men to the enormous wealth of the Old Red Sandstone in fish. If this is so, it will be difficult to refuse the addition that he determined the character of the formation. There are fish in the upper beds of the Silurian system, but the characteristic organisms are molluscan and crustacean; there are traces of reptile existence in the Old Red, but its characteristic organisms are fish.

Unquestionably, the sudden rise of Miller into eminence and reputation as a geologist, was due, in some measure, to the exquisite clearness and picturesqueness of his style. From his boyhood he had made it one of his chief aims to perfect his literary workmanship. He had striven to attain skill in writing, as an enthusiastic painter strives to attain skill in the technical art of realizing form and laying on color. His descriptions of fossil organisms surprised and delighted scientific men, while the imaginative boldness and breadth with which he depicted the landscapes of the remote past fascinated general readers. After all, it may be doubted whether the extreme elaboration and minuteness with which he described individual organisms, such as the Pterichthys, was not labor lost. A carefully executed wood-cut conveys a more correct and impressive idea of the creature than any words which could be devised. At all events, the descriptions of fossil organisms in the works of Hugh Miller are as exact and vivid as any in the English language.

We spoke of the sincerity and earnestness of his religion. He had in fact that quality of the true man, that he could be nothing by halves. His religion was what genuine religion always is, a fire warming his whole nature, and mingling with every operation of his mind. He was thoroughly acquainted with the works of Hume, and had felt their subtle and searching

power. He had skirted, as we said, the howling solitudes of infidelity, and now having, as he devoutly believed, been led by a Divine hand to the green pastures and living waters and healthful, habitable lands of faith, the central ambition of his life, never asleep in his breast, was to lead others to the refuge which he had found. He could not read in God's book of nature without thinking of God, and endeavoring to trace the marks of His finger, and looking for smooth stones to be put into his sling, and aimed at the foreheads of the enemies of the faith. He had no sooner mastered the logic of geology, and formed a conception of the platforms of life which have been unveiled by the science in the remoteness of the past, than he began to perceive, or think that he perceived, certain positions afforded by it, which the defender of revealed religion might take up with much advantage in carrying on the conflict with infidelity. Of these, the best known is his scheme for reconciling the Mosaic account of the creation of the heavens and the earth with the conclusions of geological science. This subject is disposed of in the "Life and Letters" in a single sentence; we think it deserved, and propose to devote to it, more space and attention.

Miller frankly avowed that the view which he originally held as to the scientific interpretation of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis had been modified. He had believed, with Chalmers and Buckland, that the six days were natural days of twenty-four hours each; that the operations performed in them had reference to the world as inhabited by man; that a "great chaotic gap" separated the "latest of the geologic ages" from the human period; and that Scripture contained no account whatever of those myriads of ages during which the several geological formations came into the state in which we now find them. As his geological knowledge extended, and in particular, when he engaged in close personal inspection of the Tertiary and Posttertiary formations, he perceived that the hypothesis of a chaotic period, dividing the present from the past, in the history of our planet, was untenable. "No blank chaotic gap of death and darkness," thus he announces the result of his investigations, "separated the creation

to which man belongs from that of the old extinct elephant, hippopotamus, and hyena; for familiar animals, such as the red deer, the roe, the fox, the wild-cat, and the badger, lived throughout the period which connected their times with our own; and so I have been compelled to hold that the days of creation were not natural, but prophetic days, and stretched far back into the bygone eternity."

It was legitimate for theologians, sixty years ago, to put their trust in the theory of a chaotic state of the planet immediately before the commencement of the human period, and to allege that Scripture had folded up all reference to preceding geological ages, in the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The authority of Cuvier was then supreme in the world science, and Cuvier held that "not much earlier than 5,000 or 6,000 years ago" the surface of the globe underwent a sudden and subversive catastrophe. But no theologian who now maintains this hypothesis can place his theology on a level with the scientific acquirement of the day. Dr. Kurtz is the only theologian of any standing who is known to us as still holding the view of Chalmers; and if we are asked how a person accurately acquainted with geological science might best obtain a conception of the untenability of the theory of a recent chaos, we should advise him to read Dr. Kurtz's defence of the hypothesis. The German divine repeatedly specifies 6,000 years as the period during which man and the existing order of terrestrial beings have occupied our planet. "According to the Scriptures," he says, "the present order of things has existed for nearly 6,000 years." He has a theory of his own on the subject of fossils. "The types buried in the rocks were not destined to continue perpetually, or else have not attained their destination." They were mere transient phenomena. It would be difficult to put into language a proposition more inconsistent with geological fact. The species of the Silurian mollusca have changed, but mollusca of Silurian type abound at this hour. Evidence amounting almost to absolute demonstration identifies the *globigerina* of the Atlantic mud of to-day with the *globigerina* of the Cretaceous system; and Sir

Charles Lyell calculates that the Cretaceous system came to an end 80,000,000 years ago. Pronouncing the types of the past evanescent, Dr. Kurtz pronounces the types of the present permanent. The creatures called into existence on the six days of Genesis, which last he holds to have been natural days, "were intended to continue, and not to perish, and their families were not to be petrified in strata, but each individual was to decay in the ordinary manner, so that their bones have mostly passed away without leaving any trace." This is a pure imagination. There is no reason to believe that the petrificative agencies are less active at present than they were in by-gone geological epochs. The essential and irreconcilable discrepancy, however, between the views of Dr. Kurtz and the conclusions of geology, consists in his assumption of a universal deluge, sweeping away all life, and leaving the surface of the world a *tabula rasa*, immediately before the appearance of man. He speaks of "a flood, which destroyed and prevented all life, and after the removal of which the present state of the earth, with its plants, animals, and man, was immediately restored." With marvellous simplicity, he declares that "the only thing" he "demands," "and which no geological theory can or will deny," is that "the globe was covered with water" before the appearance of man "and the present plants and animals." There is no geologist deserving the name at present alive who would admit this proposition; and we suppose that a large majority of living geologists would maintain that the earth has certainly not been covered with water since the time of those forests whose remains are preserved for us in Devonian strata. To name one among many proofs, the state of the fauna of the Atlantic islands, Madeira and the Desertas, demonstrates that the earth has not been enveloped by the ocean for a period compared with which Dr. Kurtz's 6,000 years dwindle into insignificance. Geology pronounces as decisively against the occurrence of a universal chaos upon earth 6,000 years ago as against the accumulation of all the strata of the earth's crust in six natural days. There is no sense recognizable by geological science in which the word "beginning" can be

applied to the condition presented by the surface of the earth at any period nearly so recent as 6,000 years ago.

According to the theory of Mosaic geology ultimately adopted by Hugh Miller, the "beginning" spoken of in the first verse of the Bible corresponds to that period when the planet wrapped in primeval fires, was about to enter upon the series of changes which is inscribed in the geologic record. The chaos, dark and formless, which preceded the dawn of organic existence upon earth, was no temporary inundation, no miraculous catastrophe, but an actual state of things of which the evidence still exists in the rocks. Strictly speaking, indeed, the term "chaos" has no scientific meaning. Science is acquainted with no period in time, no locality in space, where there has been a general suspension of law; and it may be worthy of remark that, although Scripture speaks of the original state of things as without form and void, there is no hint that it was beyond control of Divine and natural ordinance. Relatively to man, however, and to those changes in the structure and organisms of the planet which the geologist chronicles, the fiery vesture, in which advocates of the Age theory of reconciliation between Genesis and geology allege the earth to have been at one time enveloped, constitutes an interruption to all research, a commencement of all that can be called scientific discovery. If it could be shown that the first chapter of Genesis contains an intelligible and accurate account of the changes which have taken place in the crust of the earth from the time when form first rose out of formlessness, and light sprang from darkness, to the time when man began to build his cities and till his fields, no candid judge would refuse to admit the problem presented by the chapter had been satisfactorily solved, and that the chapter itself formed a sublimely appropriate vestibule to the temple of Revelation.

Let us state Miller's conception of the meaning and scientific support of the first chapter of Genesis in his own words:—

"What may be termed," we quote from the *Testimony of the Rocks*, "the three geologic days—the third, fifth and sixth—may be held

to have extended over those Carboniferous periods during which the great plants were created—over these Oolitic and Cretaceous periods during which the great sea-monsters and birds were created—and over those Tertiary periods during which the great terrestrial mammals were created. For the intervening or fourth day, we have that wide space represented by the Permian and Triassic periods, which, less conspicuous in their floras than the periods that went immediately before, and less conspicuous in their faunas than the periods that came immediately after, were marked by the decline and ultimate extinction of the Paleozoic forms, and the first partially developed beginnings of the secondary ones. And for the first and second days there remains the great Azoic period, during which the immensely developed gneisses, mica-schists, and clay-slates were deposited, and the two extended periods represented by the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone systems. These, taken together, exhaust the geological scale, and may be named in their order as, first, the Azoic day or period; second, the Silurian, or Old Red Sandstone day or period; third, the Carboniferous day, or period; fourth, the Permian or Triassic day, or period; and sixth, the Tertiary day or period."

It is important to observe that Miller here expressly fits into his scheme the work of each of the six days. In another passage, he remarks that it is specifically his task, as a geologist, to account for the operations of the third, fifth, and sixth days, and this circumstance has occasioned the mistake which has crept into so respectable a work as Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," that he did not profess to explain the creative proceedings of the first, second, and fourth days. In the passage we have quoted, he assigns to each successive day its distinctive character and work. The entire scheme, then, may be thrown into a single sentence. A beginning of formlessness and fire, indefinite in duration; a first and second day, not discriminated by Miller from each other, during which light, though created, did not reach the surface of our planet, but gradually struggled through the thick enveloping canopy of steam rising from a boiling ocean; a third day, in which an enormous development of vegetable life took place, a development due in part of the warm and humid atmosphere, which no clear sunbeam could as yet penetrate; a fourth day, marked by the emergence of sun, moon, and stars, in unclouded splendour, but by no striking phenomena of organic life; a fifth day, in which the most imposing features in the creative

procession were sea-monsters and birds; and a sixth day, in which huge mammals crowded the stage of existence, and man appeared. Each of these days is, of course, supposed to have occupied an indefinite number of years.

It is obviously the principle or method of this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology to look for points in the Mosaic narrative which correspond with the facts revealed by geology. The words in the Scriptural account are few; are they so express, vivid, and characteristic that they epitome, as in a Divine telegram, the geological history of millions of years? A consummate artist looks upon a face and throws a few strokes, quick as lightning upon his canvass. The countenance seems to live. Revelings of character, which we might have required years to trace, flash on us from the eye, and chronicles of passion are written in a speck of crimson on the lip. The portrait is only a sketch; weeks or months might be spent in elaborating its color, and perfecting its gradations of light and shade; but not the less on this account, does it accurately correspond with the original and show the man to those who knew him. The advocates of the Age theory of Mosaic geology maintain that, few as are the touches in the pictured history of the world in the first chapter of Genesis, the geologist can recognize them as unmistakably true to the facts of the past. The correspondence alleged to exist has been illustrated in yet another fashion. Look upon a mountainous horizon, in the far distance, in a clear day, and you perceive a delicate film, faint though it be, is, for every kind of mountain range, more or less characteristic. The horizon line of the primaries will be serrated, peaked, and jagged. The horizon line of the metamorphic hills, though fantastic, will have more of curve and undulation. The horizon of the tertiaries will be in long sweeps, and tenderly modulated, far-stretching lines. Those minute jags and points of the primaries are dizzy precipices and towering peaks. The glacier is creeping on under that filmy blue; the avalanche is thundering in that intense silence. Rivers that will channel continents and separate nation from nation, bound along in foaming cataracts, where

you perceive only that the tender amethyst of the sky has taken a deeper tinge. That undulating line of the crystalline hills tells of broad, dreary moors, dark, sullen streams, spare fields of stunted corn. That sweeping, melting, waving line of the tertiary tells of stately forests and garden plain, of lordly mansions and bustling village. The Mosaic record, as interpreted by the advocates of the Age theory, gives the *horizon lines* of successive geological eras. Its descriptions, they maintain, are correct, viewed as horizon lines. They convey the largest amount of knowledge concerning the several periods which could possibly be conveyed under the given conditions. Such is the method of logic of the Age theory of Mosaic geology; and it is manifest that, whatever may be its scientific value, it is no more to be refuted by the mention of geological facts which the Mosaic record does not specify, than the accuracy of a map, constructed on the scale of half an inch to the hundred miles, would be impugned by proving that it omitted a particular wood, rock, hill, or village.

It is indispensable to the establishment of this theory, that the geological changes which the earth has undergone, shall admit of being arranged in certain divisions. The lines of demarcation between these may be drawn within wide limits of variation; but should it become an unquestioned truth of geologic science that absolute uniformity of phenomena has reigned in our world so long as the geologist traces its history, the Age theory would be untenable. The theory does not require that the "solutions of continuity" should be abrupt or catastrophic. On the contrary, the "morning" and "evening" of the Mosaic record suggest gradation; and the pause of night, with its silence, its slumber, its gathering up of force for new outgoing of the creative energy, by no means suggests cataclysm or revolution. But the days or periods, though they may melt into each other with the tender modulation of broad billows on a calm sea, must possess a true differentiation, and cannot be accepted by those who believe in absolute geological uniformitarianism. We are not sure, however, that any geologists profess this creed, and the views propounded by very eminent geologists on

the nature of the changes which have taken place on the earth appear to us to satisfy the requirements of the Age theory, in respect of division and succession. In the sixth edition of his "Elements of Geology," Sir Charles Lyell writes thus:—"Geology, although it cannot prove that other planets are peopled with appropriate races of living beings, has demonstrated the truth of conclusions scarcely less wonderful—the existence on our planet of so many habitable surfaces, or worlds, as they have been called, each distinct in time, and peopled with its peculiar races of aquatic and terrestrial beings." He proceeds to state that, living nature with its "inexhaustible variety," displaying "infinite wisdom and power," is "but the last of a great series of pre-existing creations." Mr. Darwin, in the fourth edition of his "Origin of Species," makes the weighty remark that "scarcely any palæontological discovery is more striking than the fact, that the forms of life change almost simultaneously throughout the world." Qualifying his words by the statement that they apply chiefly to marine forms of life, and that the simultaneity referred to, does not necessarily fall within "the same thousandth or hundred-thousandth year," he writes as follows:—

"The fact of the forms of life changing simultaneously, in the above large sense, at distant parts of the world, has greatly struck those admirable observers, MM. de Verreuil and d'Archiac. After referring to the parallelism of the palæozoic forms of life in various parts of Europe, they said, 'If struck by this strange sequence, we turn our attention to North America, and there discover a series of analogous phenomena, it will appear certain that all these modifications of species, their extinction, and the introduction of new ones, cannot be owing to mere changes in marine currents, or other causes more or less local and temporary, but depend on general laws which govern the whole animal kingdom.' M. Barrande has made forcible remarks to precisely the same effect. It is indeed quite futile to look to changes of currents, climate or other physical conditions, as the cause of these great mutations in the forms of life throughout the world, under the most different climates."

Mr. Darwin holds that "looking to a remotely future epoch," the latter tertiary, namely, "the upper pliocene, the pleistocene, and strictly modern beds of Europe, North and South America, and Australia, from containing fossil remains,

in some degree allied, and from not including those forms which are only found in the older underlying deposits would be correctly ranked as simultaneous, in a geological sense."

These statements afford, we think, a sufficient basis for the general scheme of Mosaic geology which we are considering; and it may be remarked that the latest of the geological epochs of simultaneity, as defined by Mr. Darwin, would agree indifferently well with the last of the Mosaic days or periods, as defined by Hugh Miller.

There is yet another proposition which must be established if the Age theory of Mosaic geology is to be maintained. The scheme depends essentially on the theory of central heat. We saw that Miller undertakes to account for each of the six Mosaic days or periods. As a geologist, indeed, he felt himself to be under a special obligation to explain the creative operations of the third, fifth, and sixth days, that is to say, the day on which vegetable life was created and the successive days on which different orders of vertebrate animals were introduced into the world; but he gives delineations of the prophetic vision of the first two days, and he assigns the occurrences of the fourth day, namely, the appearance of the sun and moon, to the Permian and Triassic periods. In one word, he accepted the responsibility of adapting his scheme of reconciliation to all the day-periods of Genesis, and he was perfectly aware that the hypothesis would require to be rejected if the theory of central heat were invalidated. His geological explanation of the first four days depends explicitly upon the opinion that, at the time when the earth entered upon those changes which are chronicled by geological science, it was under the influence of intense heat, and gradually cooling and solidifying. In the first day thick darkness lay upon the surface of the earth, owing to the canopy of steam, impermeable by light, under which it lay shrouded. During the second day the light began to penetrate the vapoury veil, and dim curtains of cloud raised themselves from the sea. On the third day the forests, which were heaped up for us into treasures of coal, came into existence, and Miller accounts for

their luxuriance by supposing that the heated and humid state of the atmosphere of the planet, still dependent upon the central fires, favoured their growth. It was not until the fourth day that the blanket of the ancient night was rent asunder, that sun, moon, and stars beamed out, and that a state of the atmosphere and a succession of summer and winter, day and night, identical with those we now witness, began. Possibly enough, had Miller found himself ultimately forced to abandon the theory of central heat, he would have entrenched himself, as in a second line of defence, in the three specially geological day-periods. But he never contemplated an abandonment of the doctrine of central heat. He held that the earth was once a molten mass, and that the series of changes through which it has passed arose naturally out of this fact. The crust of granite he believed to have been enveloped, in the process of cooling, by a heated ocean whose waters held in solution the ingredients of gneiss, mica-schist, hornblende-schist, and clay-slate. The planet gradually matured "from ages in which the surface was a thin earthquake-shaken crust, subject to continual sinkings, and to fiery outbursts of the Plutonic matter, to ages in which it is the very nature of its noblest inhabitant to calculate on its stability as the surest and most certain of all things." In short, he maintained that "there existed long periods in the history of the earth, in which there obtained conditions of things entirely different from any which obtain now—periods during which life, either animal or vegetable, could not have existed on our planet; and further that the sedimentary rocks of this early age may have derived, even in the forming, a constitution and texture which, in present circumstances, sedimentary rocks cannot receive."

Sir Charles Lyell rejects absolutely the theory of central heat as a mode of accounting for those changes on the terrestrial surface which are classified by geologists. He declares that no kind of rocks known to us can be proved to belong to "a nascent state of the planet." Disclaiming the opinion "that there never was a beginning to the present order of things," he nevertheless holds that geologists have found "no decided evidence of a com-

mencement." Granite, gneiss, hornblende-schist, and the rest of the crystalline rocks, "belong not to an order of things which has passed away; they are not the monuments of the primeval period, bearing inscribed upon them in obsolete characters the words and phrases of a dead language; but they teach us that part of the living language of nature, which we cannot learn by our daily intercourse with what passes on the habitable surface."

From the phenomena of precession and nutation, Mr. Hopkins, reasoning mathematically, inferred that the minimum present thickness of the crust of the earth is from 800 to 1,000 miles. This conclusion is the basis of Sir Charles Lyell's opinion respecting the Plutonic agencies which takes part, or have taken part, in the formation of rocks. He shows by diagram that, if even 100 miles are allowed for the thickness of the crust, seas or oceans of lava five miles deep and 5,000 miles long might be represented by lines which, in relation to the mass of the earth, would be extremely unimportant. "The expansion, melting, solidification, and shrinking of such subterranean seas of lava at various depths, might," he contends, "suffice to cause great movements or earthquakes at the surface, and even great rents in the earth's crusts several thousand miles long, such as may be implied by the linearly-arranged cones of the Andes, or mountain-chains like the Alps." To invoke the igneous fusion of the whole planet to account for phenomena like these is, therefore, he concludes, to have recourse to a machinery "utterly disproportionate to the effects which it is required to explain."

Sir Charles Lyell derives an argument against the theory of central heat from the consideration that it would, in his opinion, involve the existence of tides in the internal fire-ocean, which tides would register themselves in the swellings and subsidences of volcanoes. "May we not ask," he says, "whether, in every volcano during an eruption, the lava which is supposed to communicate with a great central ocean, would not rise and fall sensibly; or whether, in a crater like Stromboli, where there is always melted matter in a state of ebullition, the ebbing and flowing of the liquid would not be constant?" We ven-

ture to remark that this argument does not seem unanswerable. No one denies that the crust is at present consolidated to the depth of at least from thirty to eighty miles. The capacity of known chemical forces to produce intense heat in this region is not disputed. The eruptions of now active volcanoes might arise, therefore, from processes going on in a part of the crust separated by solidified strata from the internal reservoir of liquid fire, and not accessible to its tides. We might ask also, in turn, whether observations have been made upon volcanoes in a state of eruption, exact enough to determine whether they are or are not influenced by internal tides?

It is affirmed by Mr. David Forbes, in a recent number of *Nature*, that Professor Palmieri stated, as the result of observations made by him during the last eruption of Vesuvius, "that the moon's attraction occasioned tides in the central zone of molten lava, in quite a similar manner as it causes them in the ocean." Mr. Forbes adds that "a further corroboration of this view is seen in the results of an examination of the records of some 7,000 earthquake shocks which occurred during the first half of this century, compiled by Perry, and which, according to him, demonstrate that earthquakes are much more frequent in the conjunction and opposition of the moon than at other times, more so when the moon is near the earth than when it is distant, and also more frequent in the hour of its passage through the meridian." If these statements are correct—and we have no reason to call them in question—the supposed fact, which Sir Charles presumed to tell in his favor, has been converted into an ascertained fact which tells most forcibly against him.

In the latest edition of his "Principles of Geology," Sir Charles Lyell seems, in at least one passage, to assume that this controversy is at an end.

"It must not be forgotten" (these are his words) "that the geological speculations still in vogue respecting the original fluidity of the planet, and the gradual consolidation of its external shell, belong to a period when theoretical ideas were entertained as to the relative age of the crystalline foundations of that shell wholly at variance with the present state of our knowledge. It was formerly imagined that all granite was of very high antiquity,

and that rocks such as gneiss, mica-schist, and clay-slate, were also anterior in date to the existence of organic beings on a habitable surface. It was, moreover, supposed that these primitive formations, as they are called, implied a continual thickening of the crust at the expense of the original fluid nucleus. These notions have been universally abandoned. It is now ascertained that the granites of different regions are by no means all of the same antiquity, and it is hardly possible to prove any one of them to be as old as the oldest known fossil organic remains. It is likewise now admitted, that gneiss and other crystalline strata are sedimentary deposits which have undergone metamorphic action, and they can almost all be demonstrated to be newer than the lately-discovered fossil called *Eozoon Canadense*."

With all deference to one whom we acknowledge to be among the very ablest living geologists, we must say that this language strikes us as more emphatic than the state of the discussion warrants. We do not undertake absolutely to maintain the theory of central heat as explaining the formation of the granitic and metamorphic rocks, but we cannot admit, what Sir Charles seems to imply, that the time has arrived when investigation and experiment on the subject may be relinquished, and the tone of dogmatic confidence assumed. The reasonableness of permitting a certain degree of suspense of judgment regarding it becomes the more evident when we observe that Sir Charles is not prepared to maintain against astronomers that the planet was not originally fluid. "The astronomer," he says,

"may find good reasons for ascribing the earth's form to the original fluidity of the mass in times long antecedent to the first introduction of living beings into the planet; but the geologist must be content to regard the earliest monuments which it is his task to interpret as belonging to a period when the crust had already acquired great solidity and thickness, probably as great as it now possesses, and when volcanic rocks not essentially differing from these now produced, were formed from time to time, the intensity of volcanic heat being neither greater nor less than it is now."

There can be no doubt that astronomers have been startled into something like general protest against the rigid uniformitarianism of Sir Charles Lyell. Differing as they do very widely in their conceptions of the probable manner in which planets are formed, they seem to agree that those bodies have their beginning in heat and

in fusion. The phenomena of variable stars, taken in connection with the revelations of spectrum analysis, demonstrate that the combustion and the cooling of starry masses are occurrences not unknown in the economy of the universe. If Sir Charles declines to contest the astronomical position of the original fluidity of the planet, considerable plausibility will continue to attach to that geological doctrine which connects the crystalline rocks with the fluidity in question. Those rocks, from the most ancient granites to the most recent clay-slates, occupy a large proportion of the earth's surface. Their great general antiquity is indisputable. The theory that they furnish the link between the past and the present of the earth's crust—that they furnish the point where the lights of geological and of astronomical science meet—strongly commends itself to the mind.

These observations derive additional force from the circumstance that Sir Charles Lyell's doctrine of the modern and chemical origin of all crystalline rocks is dependent upon considerations which must be allowed to possess not a little of a hypothetical and precarious character. The phenomena of metamorphism, as arising from heat, from thermal springs, and so on, are well-known and important; but there is nothing like adequate evidence that they are capable of giving the crystalline rocks that structure and aspect under which we behold them. The chemical substances in the crust which Sir Charles presumes to be capable of forming seas of molten matter, five miles deep and 5,000 miles long, have never placed before human eyes a lake of fire three miles across; is there not a trace of arbitrary hypothesis in supposing that, during hundreds of millions of years, those chemical agencies have been providing, beneath the surface of the world, cauldrons of fire to melt the granites of all known ages, from the Laurentian to the Tertiary, to produce the twistings, undulations, contortions of the metamorphic strata throughout hundreds of thousands of cubic miles of rock, and to feed every volcano that ever flamed on the planet? Not even to that proposition which is avowedly at the basis of Sir Charles's theory, namely, that the solidified shell of the earth is at

least from 800 to 1,000 miles thick, can absolute certainty be said to belong. We are willing to admit the distinguished ability of Mr. Hopkins; but it is a fatal mistake to impute to solutions of problems in mixed mathematics that character of certainty which belongs to the results of purely mathematical reasoning. Into every problem of mixed mathematics one element at least enters which depends for its correctness upon observation. In many cases this correctness depends on the perfect accuracy of instruments, and upon consummate skill in using them. A minute error in the original observation may produce comprehensive error in the conclusion. It is still fresh in the public memory that new and more accurate observation corrected by millions of miles a calculation comparatively so simple as the distance between the earth and the sun. The problem by the solution of which Mr. Hopkins determined that the minimum thickness of the crust is from 800 to 1,000 miles, depends for its reliability on certain obscure phenomena connected with precession and nutation. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the problem is a "delicate" one. Mr. Charles MacLaren remarked, and Miller quotes the remark with approval, that Mr. Hopkins's inference is "somewhat like an estimate of the distance of the stars, deduced from a difference of one or two seconds in their apparent position, a difference scarcely distinguishable from errors of observation." Add to this that opinions might be quoted from mathematicians of name, as decidedly in favor of the theory that the geological changes which have taken place in the earth's crust are due to central heat, as the deduction of Mr. Hopkins is opposed to it. In the ninth edition of his "Principles," *i. e.*, in the edition immediately preceding that now current, Sir Charles informs us that

"Baron Fourier, after making a curious series of experiments on the cooling of incandescent bodies, considers it to be proved mathematically, that the actual distribution of heat in the earth's envelope is precisely that which would have taken place if the globe had been formed in a medium of a very high temperature, and had afterwards been constantly cooled."

Sir Charles replied to this in the same edition that, if the earth were a fluid

mass, a circulation would exist between centre and circumference, and solidification of the latter could not commence until the whole had been reduced to about the temperature of incipient fusion. We fail to see that this is an answer to Baron Fourier. What necessity is there for supposing that the solidification of the crust commenced before the matter of the globe had been reduced throughout to about the temperature of incipient fusion? The water in a pond must be reduced to about the temperature of incipient freezing before ice can form on the surface, but this does not prevent the formation of a sheet of ice on the top.

In the article in *Nature*, from which we have already quoted, Mr. David Forbes mentions that M. de Launay, Director of the Observatory at Paris, "an authority equally eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer," having carefully considered Mr. Hopkins's problem, decided that its data were incorrect, and that it could shed no light whatever on the question whether the globe is liquid or solid. There is some doubt, however, as to the import of M. de Launay's statement.

We may be the more disposed to wonder at the decision with which Sir Charles Lyell pronounces upon this subject in his latest edition, by the fact that, since the publication of the previous edition, he has modified, to a very serious extent, his conception of the evidence on which the theory he adopts is based. In the ninth edition of the "Principles" he laid so much stress on Sir Humphrey Davy's hypothesis of an unoxidized metallic nucleus of the globe, liable to be oxidized at any point of its periphery by the percolation of water, and thus to evolve heat sufficient to melt the adjacent rocks, that Hugh Miller, in contending against Sir Charles, selected this as an essential part of the argument. In his tenth edition, Sir Charles does not even mention Sir Humphrey Davy's theory. The star under the influence of which the tenth edition was prepared was that of Mr. Darwin. No brighter star may be above the geological horizon, and Sir Charles may have done well to own its influence, but we submit that opinions which undergo important modification within a

few years, ought hardly to be promulgated as marking the limit between the era of darkness and the era of light in geological discovery.

After all, however, the crucial question is, whether the theory of central heat has any positive evidence to support it. Here we meet, in the first place, with the undisputed fact that heat increases as we descend from the surface of the earth. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the fact of augmentation is proved. Experiment and observation, no doubt, have not yet enabled us to determine the ratio in which the heat increases as we penetrate into the crust; but this does not neutralize the force of the fact itself. Sir Charles endeavors to parry its effect, by remarking that, if we take a certain ratio of increase, a ratio which seems to be countenanced by experiment, we shall, "long before approaching the central nucleus," arrive at a degree of heat so great "that we cannot conceive the external crust to resist fusion." It is surely a sufficient reply to this to say, that our conceptions as to the consequences arising from an admitted fact, can neither invalidate its evidence nor annul the obvious inferences from it. The reader of the "Principles of Geology," besides, who has been told by Sir Charles Lyell that the interposition of a few feet of scoriæ and pumice enables him to stand without inconvenience on molten lava, may be permitted to form a high estimate of the power of many miles of stratified and unstratified rock to resist fusion by the internal fires. Sooth to say, however, it will be time to consider an objection grounded on the ratio of increase in heat from the surface of the earth downwards, when the ratio in question has been ascertained. The fact of increase is admitted; the ratio of increase is an unknown quantity: it is curious logic to impugn the direct bearing of the former, on the strength of consequences conceived to arise from the latter.

Hugh Miller believed that the existence of the equatorial ring, in virtue of which the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial, furnished explicit evidence that the planet once was molten.

"If our earth," he wrote, "was always the

stiff, rigid, unyielding mass that it is now, a huge metallic ball, bearing, like the rusty ball of a cannon, its crust of oxide, how comes it that its form so entirely belies its history? Its form tells that it also, like the cannon-ball, was once in a viscid state, and that its diurnal motion on its axis, when in this state of viscosity, elongated it, through the operation of a well-known law, at the equator, and flattened it at the poles, and made it altogether the oblate spheroid which experience demonstrates it to be."

In other planets, he urged, the same form is due manifestly to the action of the same law. Venus, Mars, Saturn, oblate spheroids all, have been similarly "spun out by their rotatory motion in exactly the line in which, as in the earth, that motion is greatest." In these, however, we can only approximately determine the lengths of the equatorial and polar diameters; "in one great planet, Jupiter, we can ascertain them scarce less exactly than our own earth;" and Jupiter's equatorial diameter bears exactly that proportion to his polar diameter which "the integrity of the law," as exemplified in the relation between the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth, demands. "Here, then," proceeds Miller, "is demonstration that the oblate sphericity of the earth is a consequence of the earth's diurnal motion on its axis; nor is it possible that it could have received this form when in a solid state."

Sir Charles Lyell holds that the excess of the equatorial diameter over the polar may be accounted for on uniformitarian principles. "The statical figure," he says, "of the terrestrial spheroid (of which the longest diameter exceeds the shortest by about twenty-five miles), may have been the result of gradual and even of existing causes, and not of a primitive, universal, and simultaneous fluidity." Miller denies this possibility; and we confess that the passage, in which he assails the position of Sir Charles Lyell, appears to us to have great force. Let us hear him:—

"The laws of deposition are few, simple, and well known. The denuding and transporting agencies are floods, tides, waves, icebergs. The sea has its currents, the land its rivers; but while some of these flow from the poles towards the equator, others flow from the equator towards the poles, uninfluenced by the rotatory motion; and the vast depth and extent of the equatorial seas show that the

ratio of deposition is not greater in them than in the seas of the temperate regions. We have, indeed, in the Arctic and Antarctic currents, and the icebergs which they bear, agents of denudation and transport permanent in the present state of things, which bring detrital matter from the higher towards the lower latitudes; but they stop far short of the tropics; they have no connection with the rotatory motion; and their influence on the form of the earth must be infinitely slight; nay, even were the case otherwise, instead of tending to the formation of an equatorial ring, they would lead to the production of two rings widely distant from the equator. And, judging from what appears, we must hold that the laws of Plutonic intrusion or upheaval, though more obscure than those of deposition, operate quite as independently of the earth's rotatory motion. Were the case otherwise, the mountain systems of the world, and all the great continents, would be clustered at the equator; and the great lands and great oceans of our planet, instead of running, as they do, in so remarkable a manner, from south to north, would range, like the belts of Jupiter, from west to east. There is no escape for us from the inevitable conclusion that our globe received its form, as an oblate spheroid, at a time when it existed throughout as a viscid mass."

Accordingly, though admitting that "there is a wide segment of truth embodied in the views of the metamorphists," Miller declared his belief on the subject of central heat in these terms: "I must continue to hold, with Humboldt and with Hutton, with Playfair and with Hall, that this solid earth was at one time, from the centre to the circumference, a mass of molten matter." Hugh Miller saw the ninth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles," and seems to have had its reasonings in view in writing these and other passages; we cannot persuade ourselves that he would have recalled them if he had lived to see the tenth edition.

We wish to state in the clearest terms that, though we have stated some of the evidence which supports the ordinary geological doctrine of central heat, we do not adduce that evidence as absolutely conclusive. All we argue for is, that the question be not looked upon as decided in favour of the uniformitarians. It may be that more minute and comprehensive observation on the age of the crystalline rocks and on the phenomena of metamorphism will demonstrate that the condition of no system of rocks known to us can be traced to the influence of an origi-

nally molten state of the planet. It may be that what seems at present the unanimous opinion of astronomers, that "the whole quantity of Plutonic energy must have been greater in past times than at present," is a mistake; it may be, in the last place, that the primeval fusion of the planet ceased to act upon those parts of the crust which are accessible to geological observation before those causes came into operation to which their present state is due. But we deny that these positions are established. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* declared, so recently as last year, that M. Durocher, in his "Essay on Comparative Petrology," has produced "absolute proof that the earth was an incandescent molten sphere, before atmospheric and aqueous agencies had clothed it with the strata so familiar to our eyes." Sir Roderick Murchison, who, as a student not only of books and museums, but of the rock-systems of the world in their own vast solitudes, is an authority as high as any living man, holds that "the crust and outline of the earth are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overflows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not even in millions of years have been produced by agencies like those of our own time." These statements may be true or the reverse; but they prove, we submit, that the controversy respecting central heat is not at an end.

Those who hold that Hugh Miller's views as to the connection between an originally molten state of the planet and the most ancient rocks known to us, have been finally disposed of by Sir Charles Lyell, must, we think, admit that his interpretation of the six days' work can no longer be maintained. On the other hand, if his conception of the mode in which the crystalline rocks were formed can be shown to be substantially correct, we see not how any one can refuse to grant that those correspondences between the day periods of Genesis and successive stages in the geological history of the globe which he pointed out, are highly remarkable. Ten thousand omissions of detail go for nothing, if it can be proved that although light existed in space, the condition of the atmosphere of the world prevented the sun's rays for myriads of

ages from reaching the surface; that the same atmospheric conditions which excluded light from the planet favoured the development of vegetation in the Carboniferous epoch; that the day-period during which the sun and moon are stated in Genesis to have been set to rule the day and the night coincides with that geological era when light was first poured in clear radiance on our world; that the times of the Oolite and the Lias exhibited an enormous development of reptilian and ornithic existence, inevitably suggestive of the creeping things, and fowls, and great sea-monsters of the fifth-day-period; and that the predominance of mammalian life of "the beast of the earth, after his kind, and cattle after their kind," distinguished alike the latest of the great geological periods and the sixth day of the-Mosaic record. Assuming the correctness of his fundamental conception of geological progression, Miller might challenge the geologist—*confining himself to the number of words used by the Scriptural writers*—to name phenomena, belonging to the successive geological epochs, more distinctive, impressive, and spectacular than those mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis. Admitting that life existed in the planet millions of years before the time which he assigns to the third day, Miller might ask whether the darkness, and the slow separation of cloud from wave, were not the unique and universal phenomena of those primeval ages. Granting that there was an important flora, as well as a large development of ichthyic life, in the Devonian epoch, he might ask whether, at any earlier period, the earth possessed forests comparable with those of the Carboniferous epoch; and if it were urged that the Carboniferous flora, consisting as it did in an immense proportion of ferns, cannot be regarded as corresponding to the "grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself," of the Mosaic record, he might still reply that the *fact* of vegetation, apart from botanical distinctions, was then the most conspicuous among the phenomena of the planet. In like manner, while granting that life—animal and vegetable, of many forms—existed in the Oolitic and Liassic ages, he might ask whether the presence

in the planet of at least four unique orders of reptilia, to wit, Ichthyosauria, Plesiosauria, Pterosauria, Dinosauria, and perhaps, as Professor Huxley says, "another or two," was not the circumstance which a geologist would select as distinctive, and if so, whether the coincidence between these and the creeping things and great sea-monsters of the fifth Mosaic day is not striking. As we formerly remarked, Miller's geological interpretation of the fifth and succeeding day is independent of any theory as to the originally molten state of the planet. On the sixth-day period, both in Genesis and in the geological history of the world, we have a great development of mammalian life, and, finally, the appearance of man. There was a Tertiary flora, but it was not strongly marked off from other flora; there were Tertiary reptiles, but their place was subordinate; in respects of their beasts of the field, and in respect of the presence of man, the Tertiary ages stand alone. The mammoths and mastodons, the rhinoceri, and hippopotami, "the enormous dinothorium and colossal megatherium," elephants whose bones, preserved in Siberian ice, have furnished "ivory quarries," unexhausted by the workings of upwards of a hundred years, tigers as large again as the largest Asiatic species, distinguish the Tertiary times from all others known to the geologist. In stating his views, Miller availed himself of the hypothesis, put forward by Kurtz and others, that the phenomena of the geological ages passed before the eyes of Moses by way of panoramic vision. This, we need hardly say, is a pure hypothesis, favourable to pictorial description, but not essentially connected with the logic of the question. Perhaps, the weakest point in Miller's theory—always presuming him to be right as to the originally molten state of the planet—is the apportionment of the present time to the seventh Mosaic day and to the Sabbath rest of the Creator. Geologists, would now, with one voice, refuse to admit that any essential alteration can be traced in the processes by which the face of the earth, and the character of its living creatures, are modified in the present geological epoch, as compared with those of, at least, the two or three preceding epochs. Man, doubtless, effects

changes on the aspect of the world on a far greater scale than any other animal. He can reclaim wide regions from the sea, he can arrest the rains far up in the mountains, and lead them to water his terraces, he can temper climates, he can people continents with new animals and plants. It is allowable in Goethe, talking poetically, to style him "the little god of earth." But his entire activity, and its results, depend not upon a suspension of the laws and processes of nature—not upon a withdrawal of creative energy—but upon his capacity, as an observing, reasoning being, to ascertain the processes of nature, and use them for his own advantage.

The strongest objection in some minds to this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology will be that it does not harmonize with the general method of Scripture. Miller was abreast of his time as a geologist, but from his complete unacquaintance with the original languages of Scripture and with the history of the canon, he could form a judgment only at second-hand on fundamental questions in theology. That the Bible is inspired—that it is pervaded by a Divine breathing—we have upon apostolic authority. In no part of Scripture, however, is the nature of this Divine breathing explained to us, or information given as to what it implies and what it does not imply. Without question, the inspired writers were neither turned into machines nor wholly disconnected from the circumstances, the prevailing scientific ideas, the modes of expression, of their time. It would seem, therefore, to be in contradiction to the analogy of Scripture that one of the most ancient books of the Bible should contain an elaborately correct presentation, by means of its cardinal facts, of the history of the world for hundreds of millions of years.

Many, therefore, while cherishing the firmest assurance that the Bible is the religious code of man, the inspired Word which authoritatively supplements man's natural light of reason and conscience, will believe that the first chapter of Genesis is a sublime hymn of creation, ascribing all the glory of it to God, wedding the highest knowledge of the primitive age in which it was written to awe-struck reverence for the Almighty Creator, but

not containing any scientific account of the processes or periods of creation. To many it will convey the impression that its simplicity, childlike though sublime, and its grouping of natural phenomena, exceedingly noble and comprehensive but naive and unsophisticated, are not inspired science, but inspired religion. It will appear to them that, looking out and up into the universe, feeling that it infinitely transcended the little might of man, thrilling with the inspired conviction that God had made it all, the poet-sage of that ancient time named in succession each phenomenon, or group of phenomena, which most vividly impressed him, and said or sang that God had called it into being. The beginning he threw into the darkness of unfathomable past. What first arrested and filled his imagination in the present order of things, was that marvel of beauty and splendour which bathes the world at noontide, and lies in delicate silver upon the crags and the green hills at dawn, that mystery of radiance which is greater than the sun, or moon, or stars, greater than them and before them; and he uttered the words, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light." Then he thought of the dividing of the land from the sea, and of the separation between those waters which float and flow and roll in ocean waves and those waters which glide in filmy veils along the blue expanse, and in which God gently folds up the treasures of the rain. The sun and the moon he knew to be those natural ministers which mark off for man day and night, summer and winter, and he told how God had assigned to them this office. The creatures that inhabit the world were grouped for him, as for the young imagination in all ages, into the living things of the earth, cattle, and creeping things, and wild beasts; the living things of the sea, fish and mysterious monsters; the living things of the air, birds; and that vegetable covering which clothes the earth with flower and forest. All these, he said, owed their being to God. Man he discerned to be above nature. Shaped by God like other animals, he alone had the breath of the Almighty breathed into his nostrils, and the image of his Maker stamped upon his soul. So be it. Such recognitions leave the religious character and authority of the Divine record untouched

(Chambers's Journal.)

TEETH.

EVERY dentist insists upon it that he, above all others, is the one who has made the most felicitous discoveries in odontology. We hear very little about dentist-failures; because those unhappy beings who require a new mouthful of teeth shrink from saying much about it. A good box of ivories is a precious treasure when real, and a costly one when artificial. We ought to have our fair proportion of incisors, to bite through the beef and mutton; and of other teeth, to break and to crack harder substances, by means of saw-like serrations and file-like roughnesses. Professor Owen tells us that the teeth of the lower animals perform many more kinds of work than those of man—weapons of offence and defence, aids to locomotion, means of anchorage, instruments for uprooting or cutting down trees, and apparatus for the transport and working of building materials. As to our own species, he proceeds to say that the milk-teeth or children's teeth ought to be twenty in number; comprising four front teeth, or *incisors*; two dog-teeth, or *canines*; and four double teeth, or *molars*, in each jaw. When we come to man's estate, however (or woman's), the permanent teeth should be thirty-two in number, to enable us to seize, tear, divide, pound, and grind our food—four *incisors*, two *canines*, four *pre-molars*, and six *true molars*, in each jaw. It is rather mortifying to learn that a pig (who is his own dentist) beats us hollow in this respect; since he has no less than forty-four teeth.

Some old folks cut their teeth when far advanced towards centenarianism. An old woman named Dillon, living near Castlereagh, in Ireland, cut an incisive tooth in the lower jaw when seventy-five years old; it confirmed a strange hallucination with which she had long been

possessed—that she had been dead, and was come to life again, with the usual infantile career of teething, &c. Mrs. Fussell, living at Acton about a dozen years ago, cut an entirely new set of teeth when about eighty years old, after having been many years toothless. In 1732, Margaret White, of Kirkcaldy, in Scotland, cut eight new teeth in the eighty-seventh year of her age—thus winding up a toothless period of many years. Mrs. Page, a dame of Southwark, after being toothless from seventy to ninety years of age, cut several new teeth. The Rev. Samuel Croxall, translator of *Aesop's Fables* from the Greek, “died of fever, occasioned by the pain he underwent in cutting a new set of teeth at the great age of ninety-three.” Edward Progers, aged ninety-six, died in 1713, “of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth, and had several ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums that he died thereof.” The late Sir George Cornwall Lewis was very sceptical as to people ever living to the age of a hundred; he would probably, therefore, have pooh-poohed the story of Robert Lyon, of Glasgow, who cut a new set of teeth at the age of a hundred and nine; and still more that of James Hook, of Belfast, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and at the age of a hundred and twelve, “gott a new set of teeth, w^{ch} has drove out all y^e old stumps.”

As if to take revenge for these duplications, or rather triplications of teething, nature sometimes requires us to dispense with dental apparatus altogether. At Gayton-le-Marsh, in Lincolnshire, there is the following epitaph: “Elizabeth Cook, a poor woman, aged 86, and who *never had a tooth*, was buried June 11th, 1798.” On the other hand, some folks greatly exceed the orthodox number of

thirty-two. Dampier, in his account of the Philippine Islands, says: "The next day the sultan came on board again, and presented Captain Read with a little boy; but he was too small to be serviceable on board, and so Captain Read returned thanks, and told him he was too little for him. Then the sultan sent for a bigger boy, which the captain accepted. This boy was a very pretty, tractable boy; but what was wonderful in him, he had *two rows of teeth*, one within another, in each jaw. None of the other people were so; nor did I ever see the like."

The "pearly teeth" of the poet and novelist would not be valued by some of the Eastern and Polynesian nations. The Chinese blacken their teeth by chewing the fruit of the areca, or betel nut. The Tonquinese and Siamese gents and belles, in bringing about the same result by nearly the same means, almost starve themselves for three or four days, while the dyeing is going on, lest the food should disturb the dye. The Sunda Islanders sometimes blacken all the teeth but two with burned cocoa-nut; covering the two excepted teeth with thin plates of gold or silver. The Macassar people sometimes pull out two front teeth, in order to supply their place with teeth of pure gold or silver! Two Italian girls, twins, have been known to have natural teeth of a light-red rose color—both the milk teeth and those which succeeded them.

The charms, omens, sighs, panaceas relating to the teeth constitute quite a formidable item in folk-lore. In some parts of Sussex there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left, you will never have tooth-ache. To drink out of a skull taken from a grave-yard; to take a tooth from such a skull, and wear it round the neck; to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth; to put a double nut into your pocket; to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails, and wrap up the parings in paper—all are charms against the toothache. If you catch a mole in a trap, cut off one of his paws, and wear it as a charm; you will "soon see the effect," provided a right paw be used for a left tooth, and *vice versa*. When an aching tooth is extracted, mix it

with salt and burn it. There is in Norfolk a custom of calling the toothache the "love-pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration; whether he (or she) fully assents to this, may perhaps be doubted. Many other items of tooth-lore have no connection with tooth-ache. For instance: if the teeth are set wide apart, there will be good luck and plenty of traveling for the fortunate possessor. When a tooth is drawn, if you refrain from thrusting your tongue into the cavity, the new tooth to grow in its place will be a lucky one. Lady Wentworth, in a letter written in 1713, to her son, Lord Strafford, spoke of the efficacy of wolves' teeth set in gold to assist children in cutting their teeth: "They are very lucky things; for my twoe first one did dye, the other bred his very ill, and none of y' rest did, for I had one for al the rest." Bless the good lady; her grammar and her logic are about on a par!

Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of the last century, Peter Kalm, a Swede, visited America, and wrote, sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages; and came to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Catlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, &c., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the reds keep the mouth shut, whereas the whites keep it open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, tic-douloureux, decay, looseness, and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Catlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the white race specially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much; the Indi-

an warrior sleeps, hunts, and smiles with his mouth shut, and respire through the nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to closed lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.

There is reason to believe that the Greeks and Romans knew something about false teeth. Martial, in one of his Epigrams, said that Thais's teeth were discolored, while Lecania's were white. Why? Because the former wore her own teeth, whereas the latter wore those of some other person. There was an old Roman law, which allowed the gold settings of false teeth, or the gold with which they were bound, to be buried or burned with the deceased. There is also some indication that the Greeks were wont to extract teeth, and to fill up decayed teeth with gold. Dentistry was certainly known in England three centuries ago. Blaggrave's *Mathematical Jewel*, published in the time of Queen Elizabeth, tells us that "Sir John Blaggrave caused his teeth to be all drawne out, and after had a sett of ivory in agayne." Ben Jonson, in his *Silent Woman*, published in 1607, makes one of the characters say: "A most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hog's bones. *All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars!*" An almanac for the year 1709 makes mention of one John Watts, who was the maker of artificial teeth in Racket Court, Fleet Street. The Sunda Islanders at the present day are in the habit of employing their old women to dress up the teeth of the youths and maidens at wooing-time; the canine teeth are filed to a fine smooth edge, and the body of the tooth made concave, or they will notch the edge of the teeth like a fine saw, as an additional means of beautifying. An imperial toothache once made the fortune of a poor barber. The present Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, having a touch of toothache one day, sent for the court physician; he was hunting, and could not be found. The domestics hurried about Constantinople, and at length found a poor ragged barber surgeon; they took him to the palace, and furnished him up. He drew the offending tooth, and soothed the pain of the Commander of the Faithful. Whereupon a nice house and sixteen hundred piastres a month were awarded to him.

During the days of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers, when grave-yards were subjected to pillage for supplying anatomists with subjects for dissection, the teeth from the dead bodies formed a frequent article of sale to dentists. Sometimes graves were opened for the teeth alone, as being small and easily concealed articles. Mr. Cooper, the surgeon, relates an instance of a man feigning to look out a burial-place for his wife, and thus obtaining access to the vault of a meeting-house, the trap of which he unbolted; at night he let himself down in the vault, and *pocketed the front teeth of the whole of the buried congregation*, by which he cleared fifty pounds! Mention is made of a licensed sutler or cantineer during the Peninsular War, who "drew the teeth of those who had fallen in battle, and plundered their persons. With the produce of these adventures, he built a hotel at Margate. But his previous occupation being discovered, his house was avoided, and disposed of at a heavy loss." He afterwards became a dealer in dead men's teeth.

The making of artificial teeth is a trade in which a large amount of ingenuity is displayed, both in the adaptation of new substance, and in the modes of shaping and forming. When artificial teeth began to be made, instead of using the natural teeth of dead persons, they were made of bone, or the more costly kind of ivory, from the tusks of the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, walrus, or narwhal. If only a single tooth were wanted, it was customary to cut a bit of bone to the proper shape, and tie it to the next tooth by a ligature of wire. It is still found that tusk-bone possesses the best combination of properties. It combines, as a learned authority in the dental world, tells us, "lightness, strength, and solidity, with a natural appearance, and a certain congeniality to the mouth, possessed by no other material, which render both partial pieces and entire sets at once the most useful substitutes for the lost natural teeth."

The mechanical dentist must be a genuine workman. When he is about to make bone or ivory teeth, he cuts a tusk into pieces, and shapes each piece by an elaborate series of mechanical processes. Sometimes for a customer who has plenty

of guineas to spare, he will make a whole set, upper or lower, as the case may be, out of one piece. He saws his block of ivory roughly to the size; and then, with infinite patience, files and graves it into shape. He has at hand a model of the patient's gum, and works to that model with exactness. The teeth are not separate pieces; they are cut into apparent rather than real separation, like the teeth of a comb. An artistic workman will take care that the teeth shall present some of that irregularity which our natural grinders always exhibit; a learner falls into the mistake of making them *too* good. Many persons do not like to wear dead people's teeth; there is something uncomfortable in the idea; there is also frequently a germ of decay in such teeth; and these two reasons led to the custom of making artificial ivory teeth. Ivory, however, with all its excellencies, becomes discolored; and hence the chief motive for making teeth of certain mineral or vegetable compositions. There is, in fact, a sort of triangular duel always going on among the ivory dentists, mineral dentists, and vegetable dentists, each class fighting stoutly against both of the others.

Whether your dentist really makes the teeth which he inserts in your cranium, is a question he does not deem it necessary to answer. In truth, he very rarely does anything of the kind. There are certain dealers who sell sets of teeth, half-sets, twos or threes, singles or doubles, front or back, top or bottom, finished or unfinished; as well as all the apparatus and tools required for the dentist's art. And some of these dealers themselves are supplied by manufacturers, who conduct operations on a considerable scale. There is one firm in the metropolis at the head of the trade, who built a really beautiful factory a few years ago, replete with steam-engines, tool-making shops, and all the appliances for a well organized staff of two hundred operatives. How many incisors and canines, premolars and true molars, such an establishment can turn out in a year, we will leave Cocker to calculate.

Our American cousins, it appears, are not at all behind us in this art; while they

are, perhaps, still more ready than ourselves to apply steam power to its development. A recent computation makes the number of artificial teeth fabricated in the United States as high as three millions annually—symbols (according to some folks' notions) of three million attacks of toothache. In one of the largest and most complete factories, where mineral teeth are made, the chief ingredients comprise felspar, silica, and clay; those of subsidiary character are sundry metallic oxides, to produce those tints of discoloration which are necessary to make the imitation a good one. The felspar, silica, and clay, are ground to an impalpable powder under water, then dried, and made into a paste. The teeth are cast in brass moulds, varied in size and shape to suit the requirements of the mouth. A special kind of paste, to form the enamel, is first put into the mould with a small steel spatula; the platinum rivets, by which the teeth are to be fastened, are adjusted in position; and then the paste forming the body of the tooth is introduced until the mould is filled up. Next ensue powerful pressure and drying. When removing from the mould, the tooth goes through a process called *biscuiting* (analogous to a particular stage in the porcelain manufacture), in which state it can be cut like chalk. It is then sent to the trimmer, who scrapes off all roughness and unnecessary projections, and fills up any depressions which may have been left in the operation of moulding. A wash called *enamel* is made, by selecting various ingredients more fusible than those of the tooth, grinding them to a fine powder with water, and applying the thick liquid as paint, by means of a camel-hair pencil. The tooth then goes to the gummer, who applies a gum comprising oxide of gold and other ingredients. At length heat is applied. The tooth, when dried, is put into a muffle, or enameller's oven, where it is placed on a layer of crushed quartz strewed over a slab of fire-resisting clay. After being exposed for a time to an intense heat, the tooth is taken out and cooled—and there it is, Beautiful for Ever.

(From the Contemporary Review.)

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.—DOES IT SUPPLY AN ADEQUATE BASIS FOR A RELIGION?

No one, I think, can doubt that the question of the historical truthfulness of the New Testament—that is, of the personality of Jesus Christ—is being tried before us, and will be decided by our children; nor is it possible for any candid person to say what the result of the conflict may be, no matter how firm his own persuasion and faith. We cannot foresee the exact influence of the result of scientific discovery upon the religious faith of the future; it may quench the possibility of belief in the divine interposition under the overwhelming pressure of a changeless law of evolution from the time when this globe was a chaos of nebulous matter, or it may compel men to fall back upon the belief in the divine mission of Christ as the one means of escape from a law more horrible than anarchy itself. But it is clear that once more men will be brought face to face with the deepest questions of religious belief, and it is melancholy indeed to notice the absolute ignorance of popular religionism and its popular leaders as to the true nature of the approaching crisis. That Mr. Darwin's last book should surprise the religious world in the midst of a hot fight about articles and rubrics, disestablishment and vestments, is sadly ominous of the result of the battle.

Now, one advantage—at any rate, one consequence—of a real crisis is that it clears the ground, divides men into two distinct armies, sets before them a worthy object of contention, appeals to manly virtues, and calls forth a robust and clear-sighted faith. Such a time is especially fatal to a class of thinkers whom I shall not attempt to describe, because I am conscious that I have not sufficient sympathy with them to enable me to do them justice. These are sentimentalists, idealists, moralists, to whom the goodness or

the beauty of Christianity are dear, but who emancipate themselves from the necessity of believing it as a record of actual events displaying a divine purpose. They act the part of neutrals in keeping well with both parties—and, like neutrals when war breaks out, they run no small risk of being effaced. Their voice is silenced when once the great debate is opened, and men demand with vehement determination a simple answer to a plain question—"Are these things true, or are they not? Did they happen, or did they not? Answer, yes or no."

Now the purpose of this paper is to examine one of the pleas by which, as it seems to me, honest men desire unconsciously to evade answering the question either to their own minds or to those of other people. We are constantly told that the character and teaching of Christ, even if everything else perished, would be a sufficient basis for a distinctive Christian creed, and I suppose for a defined Christian Church. Everything is staked upon his moral perfection. I propose, therefore, to examine, by an appeal to the facts of the case, how far this is true. Without attempting to establish direct propositions, the general course and tenor of my argument will be as follows:—that the biography was never intended and is manifestly inadequate for the purpose of setting forth a character merely for criticism, admiration, and imitation: that there is in this character itself a distinctly divine or non-human element, as much so as are the miracles among his actions, the personal claims amidst his teaching, and the resurrection in his life: that this element, both as a matter of fact and of right, calls for worship on our part, as well as, or rather than, mere imitation: that it is far more difficult to believe in

the possibility of a perfect character existing in an ordinary man, than to believe in the historical personality of Jesus Christ: that the character is not separable from, and can only be explained by, or be possible to, his personality, and *vice versa*: and that thus the two are not distinct inlets to the Christian faith, the one prior in time or in experience to the other, but, as it were, folding-doors, giving us a wide, easy, and simultaneous access thereunto.

At the outset, however, I am confronted by an enormous danger. Although it is clear to myself that my argument, though close to, is nevertheless entirely outside the limits of the well-worn controversy as to the identity of divine and human morality, yet I am equally sure that there will be an almost irresistible tendency in the mind of my readers to raise that question. In the hope, then, of somewhat stemming this tendency, I hasten to affirm my belief that the life of Christ is the revelation of divine goodness in man; that the idea, though not the capacity, of goodness, is everywhere the same; that man has therefore an inherent power of judging goodness, call it divine or human, wherever it appears by the unchanging laws of right and wrong. But then it seems to me self-evident that a divine being conscious of himself will, by virtue of the very same laws, act differently and have some different qualities from ordinary men. Given the same laws and forces of morality, and a different person in his origin and self-consciousness, and the result must be a variation in character and conduct. Hence, too, it follows that this variation may be the object, as I have said, of worship rather than of imitation. Only I must here seize the opportunity of pointing out how desirable it is to remember that words such as divine, super-human, worship, perfection, goodness, and the like, from seeming to explain and to signify more than they really do, have a most confusing tendency, against which it is necessary to guard by keeping steadily before our minds facts, and things, and events. Two instances, showing the need of this, have already occurred in this present paper. I use the word Personality in respect of

Christ, as wishing to avoid all controversy upon his essential divinity or relations to the Father, and simply as expressing that historical account of Him, in which He is represented as being free from human sin in his birth, and from human corruption in his death. Personality would thus mean what a man is by virtue of powers, such as the paternal, apart from himself; and character what he is by virtue of his own self-determination inherent in himself. And, again, when I speak of a character as calling for worship rather than imitation, I define worship to be the desire of the creature to be like the Creator, accompanied by the consciousness of its own imperfection and powerlessness. We turn now, then, to see what the character of Christ really is in the light of simple facts.

The essence of the revelation of God to us has come in the form of a biography—beyond all doubt the most suitable for teaching morality. The history of a life affects most powerfully our moral nature by the example proposed, the sympathy evoked, the light shed upon the inner workings of humanity, above all, by the necessity imposed of using our moral discernment to decide upon the character and conduct of its hero. Now it is surely a mere matter of fact that the life of Christ is presented to us in a form very different from those of other men, and very imperfectly fulfilling these conditions, though certainly fulfilling them in part. We may, throughout this argument, usefully compare the history of St. Paul, though I shall leave it for the most part to be done mentally. That history resembles the history of Christ in being to a large extent in its materials auto-biographical, and in having been compiled by the same man. And it must be a source of unceasing wonder that St. Luke should have been able to draw two portraits of the two—on any view—greatest persons that ever existed, without for one moment confusing the outlines, or portraying the smallest essential resemblance, or leaving upon his readers the least identity of treatment or effect, or placing them for one moment upon a level of power and goodness.

The character of Christ is a mere outline. Though, by the hypothesis which

I am controverting, his character as a human being is the sole ultimate evidence for his divinity, or for whatever view men take of his person; yet the account of it is so short and undefined, as to be proof against ordinary criticism. There are no letters, nothing about his personal appearance, next to nothing of his inner feelings and thoughts, no record of his opinions upon science, art, philosophy, history, literature, and metaphysics. St. Paul, on the contrary, lives before us, his bodily presence weak and contemptible, his letters weighty and powerful, the agitations of his inner life, loves, hopes, fears, plans, speculations, all engraven in living characters. Painting St. Paul, you paint a real man; painting Christ, you reproduce the ideal of the artist, or the age, or the nation. And his life appears to have had just the same effect upon those who saw it, as upon those who read it. With an exception to be mentioned, they make no direct allusions to his character as an object of imitation. What possessed their souls and filled their imagination, was not sympathy with his character, but admiration and worship of his person. They built their faith, not upon his perfection, but upon his birth, which was to them the love of God; his death, which was to them the goodness of the Son of God for good over the world. They never attempted to prove that He was perfectly good by explaining his actions or defending his conduct, nor have they left any materials by which we can do so. They took all this for granted, and thus gave to his life that divine suggestiveness by which we can and must attach all our ideas of moral perfection to Him, not find them complete in Him. This is that perfection which he too claimed, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" which the moment we begin to think of it fades away into infinity, loses itself in God. It presents to us not a character to be analyzed but a life to be lived and that lives in us. It is not merely that He is far removed from us and above us; so also is St. Paul, who seems nearer to Christ than we to him. But then we are, so to speak, in the same plane as St. Paul, and can see the steps that lie between us and him; whereas, around Christ there is a vacant space, across which no man may in this

life tread, and in which the desire for mere imitation ceases and dies; and an instinct of his greatness and our weakness constrains us to cry, My Lord and my God!

And this is on the whole a description of the effect of his life upon those who knew Him best. Not certainly that it found vent in the mere bare assertion that He was God—for that in so many words they never said. But they spoke of Him with reverent reticence, as men who struggle with thoughts too big for them, tending to conclusions that defy the power of language. Contrast, for instance, the awkward, incoherent utterance of St. Paul; "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God," or, again, the prophetic ecstasy which exclaimed, "Then shall the Son also Himself be subject upon Him that did put all things under Him, that God may be all in all," with the precise, logical, but hollow-sounding definitions of the Athanasian Creed. And they felt sure of this, too, that He was alive still, and had distinct personal relations with each of them; and further, that his works and death affected them not as others do, historically and indirectly, but directly and spiritually, and that He had not died for the Jews, or for the disciples, or for truth, or even for humanity, but for each individual soul. Now all this may be consistently and plausibly explained by the theory of a myth growing up about an unusual life crowned by a very remarkable death. But to abandon historical certainty and then attempt to construct out of the shifting shadows of myths or the doubtful utterances of an ingenious fanatic a morality which shall satisfy the conscience of men, or abide their criticism, or create a faith, or found a Church, appears to me the most singular delusion ever imagined. The world has seen the result of one such attempt, and has grown very impatient of Niebuhrism. Did He believe Himself able to work miracles? If not, then the very ground of the history is taken from us, and we are launched into chaos. If He did, then *ex hypothesi*, the morality by which we are to live and die rests upon the words of one whom impartial judgment must pronounce to be on the whole below Socrates, who neither claimed supernatural gifts, nor died be-

lieving that he should rise in triumph. Or how can we say of such an one that He was perfectly or even unusually good, in the absence of all real evidences as to much of his conduct, such evidences as we have being furnished by devoted, not to say deluded followers? Who can affirm that He was or was not unduly angry with the Jews, that he acted harshly towards Judas, that his expressions were always modest and truthful? Renan's Life gives an absolute negation to the possibility of returning any answer whatever, and leaves us face to face with the true alternative—either myth altogether or history altogether.

So much for the way in which the character is presented to us; let us now try, by a simple analysis of the history itself, to discover whether there is not in it a distinctly divine element as clearly separating it from that of ordinary men as the raising of Lazarus separates the (recorded) actions from ours. I might lay stress upon the difficulty of discovering any special point of view from which to regard it, or of discerning the leading features, or of classifying and labelling the phenomena it presents. But, endeavoring to deal with it, as with that of ordinary men, I will assume its essence and foundation to consist in three qualities; unselfishness, or his attitude towards himself; meekness, or his attitude in his receiving treatment from men; humility, or his attitude in dealing with men.

1st. Beginning, then, with his unselfishness, there is, I venture to think, an element in it suitable only to God, possible only to God, intelligible only in God, and an object of worship to imperfect beings like ourselves during this our progress to perfection. We distinguish between selfishness and self-love. By the former we mean sinful excess in regard to self, and to it we know that He was tempted in both of its two forms. At the beginning of his life, by the desire of power, pleasure, and success in its most subtle manifestations; at the close, by the fear of pain in its most overwhelming force. In all this He has left us something which we can hope to follow; and yet even here we cannot fail to notice that nearly all that is valuable for mere imitation is omitted. Of the inner shades of thought and feel-

ing, the varying moods, the little details, we learn on the first occasion nothing, and on the second as much as can be told in two or three verses. Our attention is fixed upon the fact of JESUS victorious over sin and death; although, of course, we are bidden to walk in his steps, taking up our cross, and following Him. But granting, as I am quite willing to do, that unselfishness or self-sacrifice, in its ordinary human sense, is a perfectly adequate word to describe his life at these epochs, yet we see, besides this, another element which is not merely the perfect negation of selfishness, but the entire absence of self-love. By this we mean that rational, reasonable, and righteous care of self which is practically admitted into all systems of moral philosophy, and certainly into his teaching: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and do to him as thou wouldst he should do to thee." Now, is it not obvious that, while Christ laid down this rule for others, He lived himself by a higher law which included and, for Him, abolished the former? We cannot, I think, describe his conduct in these words, or assign it to these motives. He never cared for what men did to Him, or thought of Himself at all. Moral perfection, that is God, made for itself a new law, a law impossible for imperfect beings, though distinctly apprehended by them as the goal to which they tend in the eternal life. I speak with great diffidence, but I am inclined to think that this consideration enables us to answer a charge urged by Positive philosophers against Christian morality, the stress of which has always appeared to me undeniable. They urge that self-love is not so true or deep a basis for morality as the loving humanity better than ourselves. To which it may be answered that Christ lived himself by the latter law, but was obliged to recognize a necessity for self-love in beings as yet imperfect, in course of training for a higher though in noways different manifestation of goodness—that is, of moral perfection. At any rate let us now examine whether He was not free essentially from those self-limitations and regards, from which, as a mere matter of fact, no man has ever actually or in consciousness been able to free himself.

We cannot imagine God as conscious

of self, or having self-interest, or needing self-justification. He is and lives and is recognized in the works of his creative power and love. Man, on the other hand, cannot divest himself of self; he must remember that he has a soul to save, a character to justify. The true saving of the soul may lie, as of course it does, in the triumph over all self-interest; but the consciousness of the soul and of its salvation cannot be got rid of. How, then, stands the case with Christ?

(a) Self-consciousness. What is with us the obtrusion of self into our works, not at all in a sinful, but simply in a necessary form, corresponds in Him to a consciousness of the Father doing all the work. His meat or drink was to finish that work; his glory in having finished it. And it is remarkable that this consciousness of self, this reflection upon our motives and successes, this almost agonizing survey of our work and life, is particularly strong in religious reformers. The men who have most moved the world in religion have been those to whom the movements of their own souls have been most painfully clear; for instance, St. Paul, Luther, and Milton. Consider the former painfully conscious of his bodily appearance, his reputation, his conversation, his very hand-writing, his labors; consider the latter brooding over his blindness, his treatment, his failure, the evil days on which he had fallen. And these men powerfully affected the world in which they lived, whereas Homer and Shakespeare, of all men the most destitute of self-consciousness, fade away from history, and are spirits, voices, rather than distinct human beings. But in Christ we have an element of self-forgetfulness, so to speak, combined with a power to move humanity which renders Him unique in history. But then to be unique in history, what is it but to be divine?

(b) Notice, again, the absence of self-interest, which is indeed entirely human, and therefore imitable, though rarely imitated, in his refusal to yield to that last temptation of noble souls and be made a king. But in the great and crowning sacrifice upon the cross there appears another element distinguishable from the former. We have, indeed, the perfectly human spirit, the half-concealed but quite

overcome reluctance, the unavailing protest against might, the yielding as to a superior power, which all combine to give their true beauty to human martyrdoms, and shine in the humour of Socrates, the wit of Raleigh, the impulsive courage of Cranmer, and the hapless submission of Lady Jane Grey. But then, side by side with this, we have words and conduct which are, upon any human ground, neither intelligible nor defensible. All the beauty of mere martyrdom dies out in the words of one who lays down his life of himself, and will let no man take it from Him. All the rules by which we can judge of ordinary men are set at defiance by one who, after carefully guarding Himself because his hour was not yet come, suddenly refused the most ordinary precautions, courted death, allowed—nay worse, commanded—the fore-known treachery of Judas to do its work, and died with the certainty of rising again. Such an one may be as far below men as a mistaken fanatic, or as far above them as a Being conscious of a divine origin and mission. He may be the Christ of Renan or of St. John, but hardly of those who acknowledge no other claims upon their allegiance than his character and conduct.

(c) Lastly, self-justification. To take all necessary steps to justify ourselves, and then to leave the issue in the hands of God, is our rule of conduct, not merely for our own sakes, but in the interests of truth and public morality. And it was his, as when He said, "In secret have I said nothing," and "If I have done well, why smitest thou me?" But once more a different element asserts itself, indicating a different source of motive and action. Thus the words "Many good works have I shown you," standing by themselves, are though somewhat arrogant, entirely human, but the addition, "from my Father," gives an absolutely different color to his defence, and takes every idea of self out of it. He was but an instrument in the hands of God. And again, I remember no instance of the smallest anxiety to know what men thought of Him, that anxiety of the noblest and highest kind, indeed, which breathes in every word of St. Paul's, whose whole life and work was bound up with the necessity of vindicating himself.

Christ's question is not "What do men think of me?" but "Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?" A question once more either the height of human arrogance or the depth of divine humility, conscious not of itself, but of its origin and work from God.

2nd. Passing on next to his meekness and humility, by which I have ventured to describe the laws which guided his attitude towards men, we shall, I think, find the same divine element. It may be well to remark here that I have not chosen these arbitrarily, but because they describe the two qualities expressly claimed by himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart," and therefore, so far as I remember, the only two expressly attributed to Him by St. Paul and used as a moral persuasive to goodness, that is, as an example. It might seem, indeed, almost treasonable to say that there is in these an element which we cannot imitate, for the remembrance of the cross prefigured, foretold, and typified in countless passages of the Old Testament, is exactly that in which the example of Christ speaks most powerfully to our souls just when those souls are at their weakest, and stand most in need of support from without. Yet how can we fail to see that Christ himself does not use them as an example, but as the ground of an invitation to all weary and heavy-laden souls to come to Him and take his yoke upon them and learn of Him? The divine consciousness speaks out in the very words that claim human meekness, and asserts for that meekness a more than human power. What a strange mixture of humility and pride would this invitation appear in any ordinary human being! With what jealousy should we not scan such pretensions! Let us, however, consider these two qualities separately.

There are two aspects of meekness: one, that of receiving favors; the other, injuries—the one, for instance, reminding us of Palm Sunday; the other, of Good Friday. Now, belonging to the first of these is the feeling of dependence which is not too proud to ask a favor, or to be thankful for it when received; and of any one who did not ask we should be inclined to say that he was hardly a human being at all, whereas the absence of grati-

tude is conceivable in one who knew himself to be something more than man. Precisely these phenomena present themselves in the life of Christ. There is, indeed, nothing of that continual or recurring dependence so touching in great souls, and binding them so close to our frail humanity; but there is one request for help, and, so far as I remember, only one, which vindicates his perfect sympathy with our nature. In that hour when most that weak nature asserted its weakness, we find Him entreating the disciples to watch with Him—with what result we know, a result that almost more than anything else attests his awful divine solitariness. But though He could thus once ask for help, yet He never expressed gratitude for what He received unasked, or even thanks for the obedience paid to his regal requests; for instance, for the ass's foal, or the upper room at Jerusalem. He defended, indeed, as in the case of the women, those who had done Him a kindness from ungenerous misrepresentations, and he rewarded them after a divine fashion, but their works He accepted as due to Him. But how can a character in which dependence appears but once and gratitude never, be presented as a perfect model, except upon the supposition of a divine consciousness which explains and harmonizes these traits at once?

Once more, in the meekness with which He endured injuries there is nothing of that righteous anger on his own account which is at once essential and unavoidable in man. Anger plays the same part in moral economy that pain plays in physical; it is the instinctive attitude of self-preservation. of which, having no self-love, He had no need. The idea that He resented the treatment He received, and died praying, not for his enemies, but for the mere ignorant agents of their cruelty, is false to all true conceptions of his character, to the testimony of the narrative, and to the instincts of Christianity. Such a self-sacrifice as his, the free laying down of his life with views that embraced the vast future, the refusal to use any means of escape, is incompatible with anger for personal outrages and would indeed degrade it below our human level. How can the conscious master of more than twelve thousand

legions of angels be indignant at the wrongs to which He voluntarily submitted? But then this advance of anger on our own account answers precisely to our—not the Jewish—conception of God.

3rd. His humility must be discussed in very few words. By humility is meant freedom from that pride which is the fatal curse of men conscious of great and unusual powers, especially, *e.g.*, Napoleon, in dealing with their fellow-creatures. Now at once occurs the temptation to say that his humility was all the more wonderful, because it was consistent with perfect freedom from the sense of sin. But surely to argue thus would be to fall into the error from which I have been painfully endeavoring to keep clear—of drawing a distinction in kind between divine and human morality, as though humility in us sprang from a different source, and meant something different from his. Sin does not cause humility, but humiliation, and our humility, so far as we can attain unto it, is the result of Christ's spirit working in us, and not of our conviction of sin. He was conscious of kingship, messiahship, miraculous powers, and that perfect self-command and knowledge and control of others which is the secret of power among men. Yet we see him without one word of pride, never intoxicated with success, shunning earthly honor, consorting with the humblest, refusing to lift a finger to stir the crowd which on Palm Sunday were ready for anything he desired, washing the disciples feet, careless of what kind of death He died—that last weakness of poor human pride. In all which there is a humility to which our whole nature responds. But then there is something more. Where in Christ's life is there any trace of that self-respect, the reasonable and righteous form of pride, which is an essential part of our being? The root of this lies, perhaps, in the necessity which, as a mere fact of history and of consciousness, is incumbent upon every man, of comparing himself with others. This trait once more is especially prominent, nay, even predominant, in St. Paul, who in one memorable passage descends to comparisons of himself with others in mere personal advantages. True, he does so with an air of proud humility, and with a protest against

his own folly; but that does not take away the fact that the comparison, after all, was made, and was felt to be necessary. How absolutely and entirely different is the whole aspect and attitude presented in the life of Christ, who never spoke of others, except in one or two difficult passages, in the way of denying the possibility of any comparison at all. One who could say, "It is the Father that doeth the works." To such an one it is possible to have all power and no pride. And this is our very idea of God, who rejoices in the works of his hands, who cannot be proud of them.

At this point I bring my argument to a close, though it might be pursued into endless details. It would be possible to point out in Him a power of self-assertion, culminating in what we should call in any other man the most absolute sectarianism, of that very kind from which St. Paul and Luther on the whole succeeded, and Calvin and Wesley failed in guarding themselves. We should have to inquire into the true significance of a character to which the expression of joy and wonder was never ascribed by his biographers, save once in the first instance, and twice in the second; in each case at the contemplation of the moral and spiritual effects of belief or of unbelief. We should have to account for, and possibly upon any ordinary view of his character to explain away, his excessive indignation at the Jews, resulting in a condemnation of them that regarded no plans of excuse, palliation, or even of explanation. The forms, again, in which his knowledge was displayed, his assertion of personal liberty from all domestic and social and patriotic ties, his claim to know the truth, and the foundation upon which that claim was based, would require minute investigation. Finally, we should have to consider carefully the exact meaning in Him and the real power over us of that trait which most of all speaks to our spirits now, as summing up the Revelation that He made from heaven—namely, the profound, unbroken consciousness of the fatherhood of God. And apart from his personality, we should probably have to conclude with an assertion no stronger than this—That having regard to the testimony of a very wonderful Jewish enthusiast, this attitude of sonship is, on the whole, the highest, the most

comfortable, and the most profitable that imperfect creatures like ourselves can assume towards a God who, nevertheless, it must be admitted, has never done a fatherly act towards us since the day when He created, if create He did, the nebulous matter from which all life has proceeded. And the further we inquired, the more apparent it would become that the character suits and implies the personality, that the personality explains and vindicates the character, and that both together present a foundation ample enough for the moral being of man to repose upon.

I must crave the indulgence of my readers for a moment longer, in order to answer two objections, which, if unanswered, would be fatal to my argument.

1st. In predicting a crisis in which there shall be two hostile camps, divided by a sharp line from each other, I am not to be supposed to be intolerant of those who cannot make up their minds one way or another; for the dividing line is not drawn between separate men, but in the soul of each individual man, so that he doubts to which side he belongs, and in a way belongs to both. I do not, indeed, profess to sympathize with, because I do not understand, the doubts of those who do not feel themselves compelled to face the facts of the case, or to decide upon the truthfulness of the revelation presented to them. Nor is, indeed, doubt quite the right word to apply to them; let us rather reserve it with all its (remembering Gethsemane) sacred associations for those who have distinctly realized the plain conditions of the question, to whom God seems to be saying: "Trust me all, or not at all;" whose minds range from the highest ecstasies of faith to the sharpest agonies of despair; whose doubts are as many as their sufferings are great. Let such be consoled by the reflection that in their doubts the intellectual, and in their sufferings the moral future of the Christian religion lies concealed.

2nd. A protest, hitherto silent, may have arisen in the minds of many, to the effect that the longing to imitate Christ perfectly, the conscious determination to be like Him, is sufficient to break through all the cobwebs of such an argument as the

preceding. And so it would be, if there were a syllable in that argument which thwarted it, or opposed it, or did it violence in any way. But if we adhere to the definition of worship as the desire for imitation, coupled with the consciousness of inability to imitate perfectly in the present life, we leave the amplest scope for the satisfaction of this desire, and provide, what is in these days much wanted, one of the strongest possible arguments for immorality. A little consideration will make this clear. If men become here or hereafter (it makes no matter which, both alike would be heaven), Christlike, then the necessity, and indeed the possibility, of such a life as his in the flesh ceases; there can be none of the distinctive virtues which suffering produces, when there are none to inflict suffering. Consequently, as has always been the case with simple Christian instincts, the desire for imitation fastens ultimately upon the essential and fundamental qualities of the divine nature, which assumed certain forms when brought into contact with human sin and sorrow, in the life of Christ, and which will abide in those forms wherever there is sin to be healed or sorrow removed, but which, apart from the sin and sorrow, we dimly foresee, and in half-intelligible language try to describe as the eternal life of self-sacrifice, in which the self is somehow dropped out of it, that God may be all in all. At any rate, nothing that has been said places the smallest barrier whatever to the boundless desire to imitate the divine character, though with St. John, I may have ventured to postpone the satisfaction of the desire to the time when He shall appear, and we shall *then* be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. Words which, however expressive of defective knowledge of his character, and therefore of defective imitation now, do not, nevertheless, prevent him from adding, with an apparent contradiction which I have tried in this paper to explain, but which is, perhaps, more truly described as the self-contradiction of the soul when gazing upon ultimate truths of God. "And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

(From the Westminster Review.)

ARMY ORGANIZATION.

In our last number we noticed at some length Mr. Cardwell's Bill for "The Better Regulation of the Regular and Auxiliary Land Forces of the Crown," and though well aware of how much we left still to be said on the subject, we should hardly have entered upon it again had not the persistently protracted opposition to that measure left it still an open question, and a question which seems in danger of being unworthily dealt with unless rescued by force of wholesome public opinion from the limbo of party obstructionists in the House. We have frankly expressed our disappointment at the scope of the Bill, of which we said the more correct title would be, "A Bill for Abolishing the Sale of Commissions in Her Majesty's Army, and for enabling the Sovereign to constrain the services of certain portions of her subjects on occasions of great emergency." But as Ministers say, and we believe truly say, that no real reform or reorganization of the Army is possible until the abolition of the Purchase System is effected, we hope most sincerely the Bill will be carried this session; and it is in this spirit we revert to the subject. But we also remarked in our last number that the only symptom of real Army organization we could find in Mr. Cardwell's statement, was that relating to a division of the United Kingdom into military districts; a step unquestionably in the right direction; and it is to this point we more particularly wish to direct attention and consideration on this occasion. We are convinced that next to the abolition of the Purchase system, if not even before it, this is the most vital point to insist upon for the real efficiency of our land forces and national defence; the giving to each regiment a permanent regimental head-quarters or depot, a recognised and established regimental home.

It is the one point of the Prussian organization which it is perfectly safe and easy for us to adopt, but, strange to say, it is the one point our military authorities seem most averse to. It has always been contemptuously shunted by the Commissions which have reported on recruiting; and in all the numerous nostrums lately forthcoming on the subject of national defence, the only suggestion to this effect, has been from Mr. Trevelyan, the *bête noir* of our would-be military reformers. The great difficulty we have to deal with is to get men of the required sort in sufficient numbers to serve as soldiers. This is the difficulty to be faced—this is the difficulty to be overcome as the first step. Pay well enough, and you will always get as many men as you want, is easy to say and impossible to contradict; but to pay money wages that will generally tempt the manhood of our country to serve as soldiers in preference to the wages earned in other callings, we hold to be simply out of the question. We also hold that anything in the shape of conscription is equally out of the question. Lord Palmerston was wont to say to would-be importers of foreign institutions, "Ah, you say it answers admirably in France (or Germany)! Just so; but you see we are not in France or Germany." Lord Sandhurst, in his letter to Lord Elcho, expresses his grief that our three branches of defensive forces, the Regulars, Militia, and Volunteers, were all working independently of each other, if not in actual antagonism. Now, with all due deference to Lord Sandhurst's unquestionable authority, surely this is but poor talking. We can no more ignore national prejudices than we can ignore climate, or any other physical particularity. It is useless to cry about it, or to hold up our hands against it. We English will not

have conscription, or anything approaching to it; and that being the case, the various descriptions of defensive force which we have at command by voluntary enlistment will to a certain extent necessarily be worked on systems independent of each other; and were Lord Elcho Minister of War, and Lord Sandhurst Commander-in-Chief to-morrow, they would find Lord Palmerston's reminder not to be got over. In essentials, in all details of drill and manœuvre, and in discipline when under arms, there must be absolute uniformity; in all other matters conformity to certain necessary principles embodied in a short and simple code of standing orders* is all that need be insisted on, or should be attempted. But the first step towards getting the Line and Militia and Reserve and Volunteers to work harmoniously, and towards the possibility of establishing efficient working relations between them, is to localize our regiments. First of all give each regiment its permanent local headquarters or depôt, then set to work at the organization of the reserves; abolish the Militia reserve, which is simply in the way of any other reserve; ballot regularly, fairly, and without further ado, as the Constitution and present laws allow for the Militia. Without annoying pipe-clay interference, lay down certain plain rules and conditions to be accepted by the Volunteers.

"To Douglas leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow."

League the Army with the country;
let there be a frank alliance in the matter,† have somewhat more faith in human

* One point we should insist upon is, that for first commissions, for promotion, and appointment of adjutant, precisely the same examinations should be undergone as for officers in the Line. Uninstructed officers, whatever their social qualifications are worse than useless for military purposes, however acceptable they and their uniforms may be at county balls.

† We wish some able writer—Mr. J. S. Mill, for example—would take up this theme of "alliance." It is a principle the world is much in want of. We hear a great deal about "co-operation," but we want something different yet—something heartier, something higher, in religion, in diplomacy, in politics, in trade, and in domestic services. We want the recognition of a common aim, and of the necessity for mutual work to obtain it; a free, fair, and frank alliance on equal terms, however unequal may be, and must necessarily often be, the social or other conditions of

nature, and let us avail ourselves somewhat more of the good feelings that do exist in it—albeit so mixed up and clouded by the baser instincts which we seem contented alone to appeal to.

To the county regimental head-quarters recruits would come on a very different footing, and with very different feelings, to the present slinking after the sergeant into a pot-house; and they would soon gladly come in sufficient numbers. It is the absolute farewell to home, the entrance to an unknown domain, that make "listing for a soldier" the scare it is to respectably brought up lads; their parents look upon it as a sort of slough of despond; and it is not to be wondered at, while we do nothing to mend matters from their point of view. We are certain there is no single measure which would so greatly and immediately increase the efficiency of our Army directly and indirectly, morally, physically, and socially, as this of giving to each regiment a permanent station for its head-quarters or depôt. It would put recruiting on an altogether new and healthy footing. It would almost do away with desertion. It would enable us to have a race of soldiers. Why not have a race of soldiers? With all the improvements which have been made in the soldier's lot, very real and beneficent improvements we most willingly and gratefully acknowledge, still the female element has been and is persistently and shamefully ignored. Costly and revolting provisions and precautions are established in respect of prostitution, but marriage is utterly discouraged; and considering the insufficient, the frequently indecent arrangements for even the small percentage of

the contracting parties. Not a patronizing condescension on the one hand, and a sullen or servile obedience on the other; but a fair working together at the coach by leaders, wheelers, and drivers. Our Navy, despite its comparative isolation, and its very strict discipline, has much more of this *alliance* principle in its composition than our Army; and "Jack Ashore," from the Duke of Edinburgh downwards, is an institution linked far more fraternally (so to speak) with his countrymen than his soldier brother; and the necessity of having a Navy, and our obligations to it, are as willingly owned to and acknowledged, as the necessity of an Army and our obligations to it are reluctantly recognised, despite the periodical panics over our insufficient land defences.

married soldiers already, it is best it should be discouraged, for the poor women's sakes at any rate. We remember with indignation still, though it is now long years ago, how Lord Panmure answered a deputation from Birmingham on this subject—his exceedingly poor statement that marriage was discouraged as much as possible, and that nothing more could be done. And then the three Lieutenant-Colonels of the Guards must needs sign and send a letter to the *Times* to this same effect! We are no advocate for random marriages, but do advocate marriage as a beneficent, divinely appointed ordinance; and we do protest against prostitution as a horribly baneful and devilish one. And we deliberately assert that with a very moderate amount of proper management, a large proportion of married men in a regiment need nowise be feared to interfere with its efficiency. Every man of proper age, habits, character, and means of support, has as much right to the society, help, and comfort of a good wife, if he can get one, as any lord or protesting lieutenant-colonel. The influence a really good commanding officer always has may safely be trusted as sufficient check for all requisite purposes; but the present system should be knocked on the head at once and for ever. Only let the thing be properly taken in hand as a piece of Army economy, just as clothing or feeding is. Let proper, decent arrangements be made for a fair proportion of married people in barracks. On the permanent local head-quarters plan, in the event of a regiment taking the field, the women would be properly looked after, proper arrangements made for them as regards letters and remittances, schooling for their children, and what not. We will stake our reputation as prophets forever, that when we give woman her proper place among soldiers, as is accorded to her, at least in theory, among other classes of the community, we shall never want a rising generation of soldiers for our ranks; and that till we do this in our country of Great Britain and Ireland, where ability and character can command its price in the market of labor, and where anything approaching conscription will not be tolerated—till we do this, with all our extra

twopences, medals, ribbons, stars and garters, we shall still find a want of men, still be at our wit's end to keep full the glorious "thin red line" of our soldiery.

The institution of permanent regimental head-quarters would add incalculably to the effect and good results of our efforts for improving our soldiers and their lot by our regimental schools, libraries, workshops, gardens, &c., which cannot do half the good they might on account of their being so frequently hampered and upset by the constant movings about of regiments. It would do much to strengthen the bonds between officers and men—a bond we seem to ignore altogether. Imagine the interest with which Canterbury folk, or Aberdeen folk, or Waterford folk, would see *their* regiment come back from its foreign spell of service, the good wholesome feelings awakened on both sides, the honest pride aroused.

Then think of the present state of things. In the great majority of cases a youngster after enlistment is as entirely lost to all knowledge and sight of his friends as if he had then and there been sunk into the sea.

The regiment goes for its term of ten years to India or the Colonies; in due course it comes home; it is shoved off from its landing-pier to some garrison town which most of them have never seen before, and of which all they will ever probably know is the tavern where drink can be best got. How different too the embarking for foreign service; those left behind, knowing they would be looked after, would know where the regiment was, and what it was doing; those going knowing that those necessarily left behind would be somewhere about the old place, and would be cared for; instead of the sad cases of poor wives over the regulation—*no tender consideration for over-regulation in their case, as is accorded to the officers in the matter of purchased promotion*—left deserted on the strand of such places as Portsmouth or Chatham. Then again, we hold that without permanent local regimental head-quarters all attempts at a really efficient reserve force will be failures; establish this principal of local organization and all will be comparatively plain sailing. We fear that Mr. Cardwell's plan will be found to "attenuate" regi-

ments into the reserve to such an extent that commanding officers will find they draft a great many more out than they can easily replace ; and we think that some provision should have been made against this in the late regulations by a stipulation that when the regiment was under a certain strength every second (say) man entitled to be drafted into the reserve could not claim his discharge for that purpose till he had brought an approved recruit in his place. We do not see how Mr. Cardwell can possibly expect to have his reserve forthcoming when wanted. The only way to be sure of them is by frequent musters ; but men will find a difficulty about getting employment if liable to be called out, except very rarely indeed, for muster. Adopt the local organization for the Line as well as the Militia, and the reserve would naturally not only be formed, but could at once be laid hands on. Parents, friends, masters, would all be known ; the habitat of every old soldier in the kingdom would be known ; arrangements for periodical musters and short drills could be made without difficulty, and with the very least possible inconvenience and expense. We are so certain of the absolute success of the plan, if sensibly set about and fairly tried, that we should be inclined to refuse to listen to objections, and simply give the Napoleonic reply to all questions, "*qu'on exécute mes ordres.*" But we will briefly anticipate what we conceive would be the principle arguments against it : and first the expense. If sensibly set about under the superintendence of officers who wished the plan to succeed, the expense in those places where there are at present barracks which it would be desirable to retain, ought to be comparatively trifling. But we would protest against starving the plan, and would insist on large and liberal accommodation wherever required ; and as an important part of the plan would be, wherever practicable, to affiliate the Militia and always the reserve with the County Regiment, the county would probably gladly pay part of the expense of building barracks, on condition that provision was made for the temporary accommodation of the militia in the barracks when called out or embodied, instead of the most objectionable but now unavoidable system

of billeting. And against the expense we put an immense diminution in the cost of the recruiting service and its staff ; a large decrease in expenditure caused by the now frequent moves of regiments ; the decrease of desertion, the decrease of sickness and of crime, all sadly fertile items of expense at present, and there would of course be a large sum incoming from the sale of barracks and ground at the quarters given up. Do not fear the expense ; fear the expense of attempting to really reorganize our land forces efficiently without the adoption of this local plan ; and be sure that the expense of helping people to be good is immeasurably less than the expense of punishing them when bad. We are certain of our grounds, and are confident that whatever outlay at first might be necessary, would be surely and speedily recouped with interest.

Then there is the danger of fraternization. It is best to break up local ties and feelings. It is best to have English regiments in Ireland, Irish regiments in Scotland, and so on. We think that this argument, however allowable it may be to a continental officer, is not allowable to a British officer ; we think that it simply proves him, if he uses it, to be unfitted for command ; he cannot rely on himself and his power over his men without external aid and influences. We are, moreover, "radicals" enough to think that a Government which can only hold its own, and can only rely on its army so long as its army looks on its neighbors as foreigners, deserves to fall ; and that it will fall, however much it may dodge its regiments about. But putting aside this view, admitting the argument as a plausible, perhaps a practical one, if not a pleasant one ; we say, so be it, then. Quarter Irish regiments in Scotland, and *vice versa*, as you will ; let them send from Scotland to Ireland for their recruits, and from Ireland to England for recruits for the English regiments quartered in Ireland ; but still keep to the principle of a permanent regimental head-quarters, an established regimental home. A quasi-colony would form around it ; the principle would still be found to succeed, even under these conditions.

Then it may be said that this localizing of regiments will give you regiments of

married molly-coddles, who will be blubbering whenever the order comes for marching, or for foreign service; and who will accumulate such a lot of *impedimenta* of all sorts it will be ruin for them to move at all. There cannot be a greater mistake. Nothing so adds to the *mobility* of a corps as the having a reliable place where on ever so short or sudden a notice the *impedimenta* of whatever kind can be left in comfort and safety without doubt or difficulty. The Prussian Landwehr do not seem to be much in the molly-coddle line; but the rapidity and perfection of their "mobilization" hinges entirely on the principle of localization; every man knows his place of gathering as well as he knows his market town. Moreover the finest corps in our Army, the Artillery, the Sappers, the Marines, and the Guards, are all localized so to speak, to all intents and purposes; they are not molly-coddles either, nor have they ever failed in their duty when obliged to turn out under arms against misguided neighbors and fellow-citizens, as the Guards have often had to do. But depend on it a good commanding officer, a man fitted for command, will not talk thus; he will not be afraid of his men becoming rebels or molly-coddles, he knows himself and they know him too well for that.

No. Let the thing be tried. There are 11 so-called Irish Regiments; 14 Scotch; 3 Welsh; 1 Canadian; and nearly all of the remainder bear the title of some English county. A skeleton map, showing all the places where barracks are at present, would enable arrangements for a local telling off of corps to certain counties, and a proper assignment of military districts to be commenced upon almost at once; and we believe if set about with tact, Government would find all help and support accorded to them, and no unnecessary difficulties thrown in the way. We would have the regiment and its barracks, instead of being considered a curse to the neighborhood, the *bête noir* of the parson, the dread of every respectable family near it; we would have it, and should have it, the pride of the county. It should enlist in succession the majority of the finest lads in its district; it should drill the Militia and Volunteers; it should help harvesting (as the

Duke of Cambridge issued an order about once, some years back); it should know every inch of the county, its roads, and all its strategic points; it should provide on the expiration of their Army time good servants and artificers; it should provide good husbands; it should march off gaily on a few hours' notice whenever or wherever required, for weeks or for years, for Aldershot or India, prayed for while away; and it should come back, please God, to be welcomed, and with thanksgivings. Is this Utopian and impracticable? We are not inclined to be Utopian, and we know what we are talking about. It will be allowed too that the late Sir Charles Napier was not much of an Utopian, and that he knew what he was talking about: it is probable that there never lived a man so thoroughly conversant with the ins and outs of British soldiering and its ways; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that he was an earnest advocate for the plan of permanent local head-quarters for regiments. We trust Mr. Cardwell will at once take this subject into prominent consideration as soon as his Bill has been passed; the very slight notice of it in the Bill greatly disappointed us.

The protracted struggle in favor of the Purchase System, which though "doomed," seems by no means yet killed off, induces us to revert to this topic again for a while, as it seems to us that the advocates for the abolition of purchase somewhat need encouragement and support; and moreover that they consider the arguments in favor of purchase of far greater weight than they are entitled to. There seems, for instance, to be a sort of tacit taking for granted that on the abolition of purchase retirements from the Army will be indefinitely prolonged, and promotion will be consequently hopelessly retarded; and we are told to look at and be warned by the dead-lock of promotion in the Artillery. It is strangely overlooked that rapidity of promotion does not depend upon the price paid for it, but upon the number of officers who are willing to accept such price to retire, or who wish to retire without it; and this number does not depend on the Purchase System, but is the natural and necessary consequence of our existing social system, under which there is a constant efflux of officers who

have served for a few years' pastimes they wanted to while away, and thus cause a constant stream of promotion in their room. Were the Purchase System introduced into the Artillery to-morrow, it would do very little if anything at all, to expedite promotion; for the simple reason that officers cannot enter the Artillery without hard study, which will not be undergone by young men who are not thoroughly in earnest about the Army being their profession, or who do not intend to stay in it. In like manner the Purchase System would do nothing for promotion in the Navy, which is far too serious a business to enter upon as a pastime to fill up the few years' interval before a young man comes into his property, or finds something else to do. When the International Society has established an English "Commune," our cadets will have other destinies in store for them; but so long as our existing social system lasts the Army will naturally attract a number of our high-spirited but not studiously inclined young men until they come in for their estates, and so long will their be a constant stream of such young men retiring from our Army, and a constant stream of promotion for the officers who stay, so far as the junior ranks are concerned.

For the higher ranks, so far as the efficiency of commanders is concerned, the Purchase System simply does nothing at all. Though this point—viz., that the quick promotion insured by the Purchase System insures a supply of young and efficient commanders, instead of old and inefficient officers who hang on under the Non-purchase System, seems also tacitly conceded, there cannot be a greater mistake; the assumption is entirely false. It was worked out just three years ago, and nothing particular has occurred to alter the conditions since, that the average age of our Lieutenant-Colonels commanding the twenty-five cavalry purchase regiments was 41 years; that that of Lieutenant-Colonels commanding the 106 infantry purchase regiments was 45 years; that that of Colonels of regiments, the officers from whom we should be supposed to select our commanders of divisions, was 70 years; and that the average age of our Field Marshals, or commanders of armies, was 84 years. These averages were not ex-

ceeded under the absolute seniority system of the East India Company's service; and indeed there is a striking confirmation of this view of the question now patent in the agitation going on against the *super-session* of our colonels under the Purchase System by colonels of the old Indian army under the seniority system.

Moreover, it appears to be conceded that all and every system of purchase is equally and alike bad; but as it is quite impossible absolutely to prevent all passing of money for promotion, we were grieved to find Mr. Cardwell hampering himself and his really courageous and great undertaking with all sorts of supposed safeguards against the possibility of money transactions, by promising strict secrecy as to the officers to be promoted, penalties in case of money being discovered to have passed, and so forth. We are willing to admit that so far from all and every system of purchase being alike objectionable, there may be a perfectly unobjectionable influence, and of this influence being beneficial to individuals and to the State. There need be no objection, and there may be much advantage, in a system under which Captain A. is induced or enabled to retire sooner than he otherwise would or could by the officers below him giving him a purse to go at once. But there is a very terrible objection to the Purchase System under which, when Captain A. retires, Senior Lieutenants B. and C., whatever their claims, service or qualifications, cannot be promoted unless they pay down the regulation sum of 1100*l.*, plus whatever extra sum it may be the custom of the regiment to enforce; and under which the list for promotion is run down until the lieutenant who can pay this large money qualification is selected for the step. It is this system which keeps a man like Havelock a subaltern for 23 years, and prevents him being a captain till he is 48 years old. It was under this system that when at 56 years of age he was enabled by the generosity of an old friend to lodge the regulation sum for promotion to lieutenant-colonel, he found himself conventionally compelled to withdraw his name from the purchase list, and to yield the long coveted promotion to a junior who had unconditionally promised an over-regulation price. Havelock says in his letter telling

of this terrible disappointment, that as he had been previously purchased over by three sots and two fools, he ought to consider himself in luck this time at being passed over by a good officer and a gentleman (the present Lord Sandhurst). It was under this system that a man like William Napier, perhaps the most accomplished officer of his day, of high lineage moreover, thus sadly wrote:—"Peace came, and I am a colonel still. [In 1839; he entered the army in 1800.] I had no money, and younger officers, some of them bad, were ready to purchase over my head. I had gained the brevet rank, but I could not get the regimental rank. The first was to be got in the field, and I got it; the second was to be got by money or favor, and I had neither. And so I went on half-pay. . . ." And so a Napier goes on a half-pay; and a Havelock lingers out in India for command till he is 60 years old. This is the system which we are called on to believe in as the only practicable security for sufficiently rapid promotion, the only safeguard for fairness! It is a system which has broke many a brave heart; it has lost the army the services of many a valuable officer; it makes promotion from the ranks, in the large majority of cases, merely a cruel mockery; to the poor man of high spirit it cruelly, to most intents and purposes absolutely, debars promotion, and subjects him to constant (however proudly and carefully kept concealed) humiliations; to the poor man of somewhat less high spirit, it offers an unwholesome sort of consolation and even allurements by the profit which at times may be made out of it; and to the rich man, if he has a family, as was most rightly noticed both by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cardwell, it is a system tempting to dangerous speculation, as in case of death every sixpence so spent is absolutely lost. It is a system which has lasted too long, and must not last longer; and it is alike cruel and foolish for its friends to fight for its prolonged existence as they are now doing. They may depend upon it they will not get anything like such favorable terms hereafter as the present favorable consideration for over-regulation prices now offers to them. They will be reminded that one of their stock arguments has always been the ab-

solute fairness insured by the Purchase system; the officer depositing the regulation sum was sure of his promotion if duly qualified, whatever the social rank or large fortune of his brother-officer candidates. The argument is good or not good. If good, with what possible face can they claim—as a matter of righteous justice—one single sixpence for anything spent over regulation? If Lord Elcho succeeds in his opposition tactics, he will infallibly also succeed in ruining a large number of his military friends. There can be no doubt about this, we venture to assure him; and we do so on behalf of a very large body of military friends of our own.

We do not underrate the difficulty of selection for promotion; but for the amount of selection requisite to modify a seniority system, and of selection for command, for which some sort of selection is absolutely essential, we maintain the difficulty to be by no means insuperable, and only requiring to be faced, as it ought to be beyond all question. We believe that in the Prussian army the promotions above the rank of major are all given absolutely by selection, not regimentally. But we would not break up regimental association unless necessary for the good of the service, though to that extent exceptionally it ought to be done without hesitation. And to keep this right open and clearly understood, we would always have the command gazetted as an appointment separately from the promotion; and there should be no difficulty about transfers from regiments for this purpose when necessary. Surely it requires no super-human sense of duty and moral courage to tell an officer, when it is manifestly requisite to do so, that he cannot be recommended for promotion or for command. It is nonsense to suppose it impossible to expect this sort of thing. Commanding officers often find means of giving a hint of this sort for supposed disqualifications of far less moment than what we have in view; and a commanding officer who declares himself unable to form and give a judgment of this sort, is simply unqualified to hold his post. Mr. Bernal Osborne having been guilty of the folly of holding up Colonel Pride and Cromwell as the probable result of our having a body of professional soldiers, and selected officers,

without purchase, hardly deserves any notice of his part in the debates ; but we wish to notice, what seems to be accepted generally as conclusive, his very hackneyed statement of the physical qualifications, "a quick eye, a good seat on horseback across country," and so on, these *can be* tested by competitive examination far more easily and more surely than intellectual or mental qualifications. We do not say it is necessary, or even advisable, but what is there impossible or even difficult in setting a batch of young men to ride a course across country, to judge of distances or objects at a distance with the naked eye, and so on? It is well known that many of the commanders of our Indian Irregular Cavalry regiments never admit a recruit, or promote a trooper, without a very testing after this physical fashion. So far from its being a *reductio ad absurdum* argument against competitive examinations that "a quick eye, a good seat across country," &c., cannot be tested by them, it is precisely these physical qualifications which *can be* most easily and fairly tested.

A writer to the *Times* in favor of the Purchase System lately pointed to the fact of the age and long-standing of the captains of the non-purchase regiments, and asked twittingly if we wished to have all our captains of from twelve to twenty-four years' service? We answer, first, certainly not. And it is the conviction that no such consequence will ensue, for the reasons we have previously stated, it being our existing social system, not the Purchase System, which has quickened promotion, and that only in the junior ranks, that makes us have no hesitation in denouncing the Purchase System. Secondly, we answer, it is quite possible for promotion to be too fast as well as too slow. So long as the necessary amount of experience is insured, the speedier the promotion the better ; but the speedy promotion of very young officers, who cannot possibly have had any experience at all, brings forward inefficient commanders, causes at times terrible injury to the public service, and terrible heart-burnings to experienced and every way efficient officers cruelly passed by. As long as officers are not *too* old, the older they are the *better for their men*, say we. The inspector of military prisons

lately presented a report in which was noted a sort of summary catalogue of various reasons stated for desertion, and there is a frequent occurrence of such entries as : " Troubled at being obliged to leave the young woman ; " " Could find no way of pleasing the sergeant-major ; " " Could not stand being told I had broke my promise." Now surely it is but fair and reasonable to suppose that *some* of these cases of desertion might not have occurred had the officers commanding the culprits' companies been able to play the part of counsellor and friend, as well as of captain to those placed under him? But how can a soldier in trouble be expected to go to a captain of twenty years of age and make confessions about a young woman? How can a captain of that age be supposed likely properly to overlook the doings of his non-commissioned officers, without whose prompting he would be hardly able to answer a question concerning his company, or to keep his place on parade?

And here we should like to digress for a moment upon our very lax definition of a "good officer." We know our officers generally as a body to be such a nice gentlemanly set of fellows, travelled, tolerably educated, well-dressed, smart on parade ; we have such pleasant recollections of evenings with them at mess ; we know how gallantly they have ever led their men in danger ; we positively refuse to admit the possibility of their being not only good officers, but the best officers in the world. The boasted Prussian creature who is never out of his uniform, who knows nothing of the town, who has never ridden to hounds, who cannot even probably play cricket, may be all very well in his way, but he is not to be compared to our fox-hunters and cricketers, to whom the great Duke of Wellington owed his victories, and all the rest of it. But we fear this conventional idea of the sort of man really required to make a good officer has done incalculable harm to our Army. It is disagreeable to cite an example, but it is necessary to produce an illustration when advocating a principle, and we will not shrink from doing so. We will name then the late Lord Cardigan. To say that the late Lord Cardigan was not a good cavalry officer would ap-

pear to many of us, and to many whose opinions are, from the position they hold, naturally looked upon as high authorities on the subject, a statement as absurd as untrue. Lord Cardigan *not* a good cavalry officer? why he was allowed to be the smartest officer in the service! And yet nothing can be more certain than that he was not only a good officer, but an utterly incapable one. He was a first-rate rider, a first-rate dresser, and for ordinary drill parades might be called a good parade officer. But despite the enormous social advantages of his rank and his large fortune, which, be it said, he lavishly made use of for what he considered the good of his regiment, he never commanded a regiment happily or efficiently. He had to be removed from the command of the 15th Hussars; his command of the 11th was notorious for a succession of scandals. In the Crimea he proved himself utterly ignorant of all the essential points of a cavalry commander's duties. In the reconnaissance he was charged with to Shumla, though he had no severe marches, he brought back his party almost entirely inefficient from the way the horses were sore-backed. Had he reconnoitred properly before the battle of Alma, he would have been able to give Lord Raglan information which might have spared much loss on our advance; had he reconnoitred properly afterwards, he would have been able to secure guns which the Russians had abandoned, but which they came back to look after subsequently, and took away with much glee. He showed himself utterly wanting in resource in keeping his horses in condition at Balaclava; and in the famous charge which our officers—whether wisely or not may be questioned—commemorate by an annual dinner, he simply did what the six hundred at his back did, rode straight on as far as he thought he well could, and then without a further thought straight back again; in fact so very straight back that Lord George Paget, who had to some extent succeeded in keeping the men in hand on their way back, on meeting Lord Cardigan at the place they had started from, innocently greeted him with, "*Hallo, my lord, were you not with us?*" We must insist, therefore, that men like Lord Cardigan, however fine fellows they may

be, are in a military point of view, and a view in which a State should look at the qualifications of its servants, essentially not good but essentially bad officers; and officers who afford no justification whatever of the system under which they flourish, and under which they rise to command. And we must maintain that if the abolition of the Purchase System prevents *such* men from entering or staying in the Army, the Army will be none the worse for the loss.

We would fain be practical, and we would fain not frighten away friends by an apparent disregard of expense; we are well aware of the enormous expense of our Army at present; and we are satisfied its efficiency could be enormously increased without increase of expenditure; but we are not satisfied as to the particular items selected for reducing expenditure. We were very sorry to see Mr. Mundella, in his otherwise very able speech, especially grudge all money spent on fortifications and the allowance for Volunteers. That some great and extravagant mistakes have been made about the fortifications at Portsmouth, we cannot deny; in some instances bad selection of sight; in some instances unnecessarily complicated trace and construction. But we believe fortifications sufficient for security against surprise at our principal arsenals to be absolutely essential for our national safety and independence; and we believe we shall not be free from the recurrence of panics until we have something like a system of detached fortified lines round London, and a second Woolwich arsenal in a safe and central position, secure from the possibility of sudden surprise or capture. The entire cost has been calculated on tolerably sufficient data at about eight millions—the cost of the Abyssinian war, which has been already paid off without the slightest difficulty or hardship; and this cost might probably be considerably reduced by a judicious application of convict labor, as lately suggested by the Inspector of Prisons. We believe it would be money well spent; it would be not a dear subscription towards insurance; it would make really formidable and sufficient our necessarily small Army and Reserves, which without such aid we are not likely to have in sufficient numbers to be safe or

sufficient, much less formidable, against the large armies now organized on the Continent. Lord Palmerston's policy may safely be relied on in this particular. No man was less of a panic-monger than he, no man less given to under-estimate the power and prowess of England; and no man better knew how essentially different an English army must always be from a Continental one. We cannot avoid here noticing an extraordinary utterance by the Dean of Westminster when preaching in behalf of the fund for the aid of the poor famished people of Paris, that we should be thankful no such distress *could* happen to us, *we* had no fortifications behind which we could stand to suffer such miseries and famine as the poor Parisians within *their* walls. Has it really come to this! Is old England really to thank God that she has no walls behind which she could hold out a while, even at the risk of some misery and famine? To be thankful that she is such a very small dog that she need not fear being hurt by the big dog, as she can only lie down flat at his approach? We are sure these are not the real sentiments of a Stanley, but we are sure that his language was fairly subject to this construction, and we are alike grieved and amazed at it. "*The Battle of Dorking*" may indeed be deemed fought with a vengeance if this is the turn our thanksgivings are to take. We think, too, that the sums allotted to the Militia and Volunteers, if these bodies are only properly organized as they could and should be, a fair and profitable expenditure. The value of the Volunteer movement has been enormous. It has done more than anything else to popularize the Army, and so rendered possible, if not easy, the task of Army organization on an efficient footing; it has immensely aided in the development of our musketry instruction; and it has almost wiped out the old jealousy and fear of our people being armed. We think also that its value for actual fighting purposes has been underrated, and that the Volunteers themselves, so far from valuing themselves at an absurdly high rate, have allowed themselves too easily to be daunted by remarks on their occasional lapses of discipline, or comparisons as to "marching past," and what not. We do not un-

derrate the value of drill; *we know it to be essential*; but why attach such extreme importance to *this part* of the drill? why sneer at men whose time is money because they do not "march past" as grandly as a Line regiment, whose time is spent mostly in practising this wonderful manœuvre? A body totally undrilled is simply a mob, you cannot make use of them; but our Volunteers are not this by any means. They mostly know how to deploy into line from column, quickly and well; how to diminish or increase their front; to advance and to retire; to skirmish; and for the most part they are good shots. And if they can do this, and so much should be insisted upon, why waste time and temper over "marching past?" The utter failure of Chanzy's men before the Prussians ought to make us think sensibly and seriously, but not despondingly or sneeringly of "irregulars." They seem to have been utterly deficient in drill, in discipline, in food, clothing, armament, faith in themselves, or in their commanders. The whole army, the whole manhood of France we may almost say, was demoralized by the utterly faulty and false system which grew up under the shade of semi-pagan idolatry for the name of Napoleon. The worship of Napoleon and of the goddess La Gloire, however dangerous to their neighbours and unwholesome to themselves, did not emasculate them as soldiers, at any rate so long as this idolatry was associated with *bona fide* hard study, hard work, and hard fighting; but when merely military swagger and a life of thoughtless dissipation in Paris came to be the chief requirements the goddess demanded from her votaries, the worshippers came to grief as soon as the idol really wanted them to fight for it. Let us be warned; let us also take courage. It is to be hoped *that* idol is shattered now. We were sorry and surprised to see Sir Hope Grant's letter deliberately reporting his opinion that our Volunteer Reviews "do more harm than good." How can this be? How are they ever to learn anything of manœuvring in masses if they are never massed? It seems to us altogether petulant and unworthy for one of our generals to throw up his hands in despair after this fashion. The mere practice in organization for the means of rail-

way transport, and for feeding the several corps even for one day, is of incalculable value even if no other benefit were derivable; but it is hardly creditable to allow of this last assumption; and we would hint that they may themselves derive useful lessons from these occasions, even if they are unable to impart any.

On the other hand, we do think expenditure in some other directions might most certainly be reduced and more profitably applied. The percentage to Army agents for paying the officers is a preposterous outlay. When a regiment goes to India the regimental paymaster has, as a matter of course, to pay the officers, and there is no reason whatever why he should not always do so; the one channel would moreover much simplify War Office accounts with each corps. Then again it is inconceivable that the enormous expenditure in our office establishments in London could not be easily and safely reduced. In this year's estimates the Horse Guards are put down at 49,311*l.* This is altogether exclusive of the War Office, which costs 48,347*l.*, exclusive too of the department of the Surveyor-General of Ordnance, which costs 33,500*l.*, and of the Financial Secretary's department, which costs 60,813*l.* more. Cannot the War Office in Pall Mall do with less than forty-two messengers? Then too why should the Military Secretary have five times as much as the War Minister's Secretary? Why too should the colonels of the Guards have double the allowance of the colonels of other regiments—2000*l.* instead of 1000*l.* per annum? As the colonelcies of regiments are among the very few prizes of the service, we altogether protest against the denunciation of them as sinecures; they are the reward of long and, for the most part, of good previous service; but we think the 2000*l.* for Guardsmen reasonably open to cavil; and we think that a reduction all round to 800*l.* as the colonel's allowance for Guards, Cavalry, and Infantry alike, would be a fair and reasonable reduction of this item of expenditure. There can be no doubt that a considerable reduction should be made gradually in the present enormous establishment of general officers; and we are of opinion that some reduction could be made in the establish-

ment of officers per regiment without any reduction of efficiency. We believe work would be better done for being done more directly, and less by deputy; the ladder of promotion would be shortened; the juniors would have more chance of learning the habits and duties of responsible commands, and thus be better prepared for succeeding to it; responsible duties sooner and oftener occurring would much lessen the listlessness of subaltern regimental work. We would gladly, liberally, allow for all *fair* allowance of leave, and still insist on there being always at least one competent officer present with each company; but the present liberality as regards leave * is preposterous, altogether unreasonable; many officers spend more time away from their regiments than with them. We would too insist that all specific allowances for command, or for office work, irrespective of pay, should invariably be drawn by the officer actually performing the work in question. It is most unfair on officers who do not care, or cannot afford to be frequently on leave, to be doing the work and bearing the responsibility of others, without any alteration whatever in their respective allotments of pay.

We believe it to be useless yet awhile to expect that any measure of Army reform will be accompanied by an increase of pay to our regimental officers; but it is quite certain that under existing circumstances numbers of efficient officers positively cannot afford to live with their regiments on home service; they must either get out to India or get shelved to that standing abuse the half-pay list. Increase of pay being out of the question, expenses should be diminished. We think it a matter of mere and obvious justice that the State should bear the expense of regimental bands, as of every other manifestly necessary part of military interior economy; and the establishment of permanent headquarters for regiments would very much diminish the officers' expenses, which, are now so needlessly and extravagantly enhanced by the perpetual change of quarters. But we believe it will also be necessary to abolish, or

* As regards *officer*; as regards the non-commissioned officers and men it is quite the other way.

at least very much modify, the existing system of regimental messes. We confess to having very reluctantly come to this conclusion, but we believe it to be inevitable. The mess must be simply a club, or place where an officer may dine as cheaply as he chooses, according to what he orders ; or where he is not bound to dine at all, if he chooses to go without a dinner, or if he can get his dinner cheaper elsewhere. Under the existing system of the mess, pleasant as are its memories and traditions, self-denial is practically impossible; at least to the extent required for many a worthy man to live, or nearly live, on his pay. It is a fact that our wealthy and aristocratic officers in the Guards can, and we believe some do, live at a cheaper rate than the officers of many of our line regiments, simply because they have not the obligatory expenditure of a regimental mess.

We have now said as much as we can well ask to be allowed to say at a hearing on this subject ; but we hope and ask for a patient and candid hearing. We believe Army Reform to be one of the reforms absolutely required for the safety and assured independence of our country, and that it is a reform for which the country is prepared to pay all *reasonable* prices ; and after the abolition of the detestable Purchase System, the first step to enlist the country in the cause is to assign to each regiment a permanent headquarters or depôt, and to establish a proper division and organization of the United Kingdom into military districts. That there are many and serious difficulties in the way we well know and feel ; there are social prejudices, financial arrangements, vested interests, want of sympathy if not absolute opposition from many who could best if they would lead the way ; opposition too from many habitual reformers on other questions, because on this question

they are disposed to accept from what is supposed to be the military element in the House of Commons the data, most erroneous data for the most part, on which to form their judgment ; and because this question affects in a social point of view the interests of the moneyed class far more than the merely aristocratic class. We believe it to be the duty of those who have any right from experience or study of Army matters to do what in them lies toward suggesting a solution of these difficulties, and believing ourselves to have in some measure such a right, we have thought it not unbecoming to avail ourselves of it ; feebly, inadequately, incompletely though it be. We were most glad to see that Mr. Cardwell acknowledged valuable aid given him by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, and by Lord Sandhurst, and others of our leading Military authorities on this occasion. This is a hopeful circumstance. We apprehend it has not always been the case. We cannot help thinking that much of our botching at Army Reform must be accounted for by a want of head or of goodwill in high quarters forthcoming to give the Minister the aid he required ; he has consequently been thrown back for the only aid he could command on the clerks in the War Office, whose notions would probably be guided a good deal by the simple rule of thumb. " You want a reduction of two millions in the estimates ; disband a Canadian regiment and twenty-thousand men, there are your two millions at once." Our Commander-in-Chief, however, has now proclaimed himself as an eager and earnest Army Reformer. May it so be ; and if it be so, we have a right to expect the inauguration of something like a sound and efficient system for the better regulation of the regular and auxiliary land forces of the Crown.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Every one has felt compassion, if not sympathy, for the melancholy musings of that charming old heathen, Major Pendenis, when he feels that his grasp upon the world of fashion is palpably relaxing. Men, he thinks, are no longer what they were in his time. "The old grand manner and courtly grace of life are gone; what is Castlewood House and the present Castlewood compared with the magnificence of the old mansion and tower? The late lord came to London with four postchaises and sixteen horses; all the west road hurried out to look at his cavalcade; the people in London streets even stopped as his procession passed them. The present lord travels with five bagmen in a railway-carriage, and sneaks away from the station smoking a cigar in a brougham." And so the old gentleman rambles on, executing one more variation on the melancholy tune which has been performed in various dialects ever since the world began. Nothing is as it was in the "brave days of old;" the age of chivalry is dead; the "grand seigneurs" are extinct; the world is divided amongst prigs who know nothing of the world and dandies who know nothing else. "And the other young men," exclaims the Major in his wrath, "those lounging guardsmen and great lazy dandies,—sprawling over sofas and billiard-tables, and stealing off to smoke pipes in each other's bedrooms, caring for nothing, reverencing nothing, not even an old gentleman who has known their fathers and betters, not even a pretty woman—what a difference there is between these men who poison the very turnip and stubble-fields with their tobacco and the gentlemen of our time! The breed is gone—there is no use for them; they are replaced by a parcel of damned cotton-spinners and utilitarians, and young sprigs of parsons with their hair combed down their backs."

What are we to make of the Major's ambiguous lamentations? Is it merely an instance of the fallacy which generally begets the *laudator temporis acti*, the belief that the splendor has really passed away from the grass and the glory from the flower, rather than his eye grow dimmer and his imagination more sluggish? Or is there really a change for the worse? Have we lost the social arts and become equally incapable of the conduct of a "clouded cane" and of refined courtesy to ladies? Sir Charles Grandison was always, as we may devoutly hope, an impossible monster of pomposity and virtue; but there must, it is urged, have been some original to justify the caricature; even if the ideal was never approached in practice, the very aspiration after that stately courtesy implied something superior to the rough, slangy, free-and-easy style of modern days.

Direct testimony in such cases is of little use. Who shall say whether the acting of Garrick and the eloquence of Chatham were superior to anything that preceded or followed them? They have passed away as irrecoverably as the cheers that greeted their triumphs. Tradition merely presents us with some vague accumulation of superlatives, and not with any accurate measure of the real facts. And so this vague legend of a now absolute grand manner evades any tests that we can apply to the present day. Some presumptions might seem to make against it. Our ancestors, it is plain, ate and drank and swore and gambled, and outraged all our laws of decorum; their vices and the amazing plainness of speech in which they dealt might be taken to imply a standard of manners fitter for the pot-house than the drawing-room. The fine gentleman who used what we may call the "stap my vitals" style of conversation in the comedies of the time, was about fit to keep

company with a modern swell-mobsman. And yet an inference against the reality of the assumed "grand manner" would be insecure. That we have grown more decorous does not prove of necessity that we have become more dignified or graceful. The Red Indian of Cooper's novels, if he ever existed, may have been a fine gentleman, though his collection of scalps would have turned the stomach of a civilized bagmen. Or, to quote a more appropriate instance, we are told that Louis XIV., having once in his life been induced to take a bath, could never be persuaded to repeat the performance. Yet the Grand Monarch was probably a greater master of the art of dramatic impressiveness than the President of a modern Republic, or even than the average English gentleman who takes his tub quite as regularly as he says his prayers. The most polished class at a given period is probably that which observes most scrupulously certain rules of external propriety; but it does not follow that the age in which those rules are most strict is also that in which the art of social intercourse is most successfully studied. If we could call up a fine gentleman of the last century in his laced coat, and his wig, and his ruffles, it is not impossible that he would be slightly offensive, even to our sense of smell; his language would be gross; and his consumption of port wine intolerable; but he might be better able than some of his more precise descendants to make himself—in Lord Chesterfield's phrase—envied by all men and loved by all women. The rules of the game have been drawn tighter, but it may be that no more skill goes to playing it.

The name we have just mentioned suggests that we have at least an exposition of the theory and practice of the art by one of its most accomplished practitioners. Perhaps we are speaking with too much levity. The memory of Lord Chesterfield, indeed, has acquired a certain tinge of absurdity; we associate his name with triumphs of tailoring, and with an effete dandyism of the most artificial type. His very memory smells of rouge and false teeth and stays and the unsavory apparatus of an ancient buck's dressing-room. Dr. Johnson has summed up his book for us as containing the manners of a dancing-

master and the morals of a less reputable profession; and we generally accept the judgment. Yet, if Lord Chesterfield was rather unlike a prophet or an apostle of a new faith, he had a queer sort of gospel to deliver to his age; and what is in its way amusing and gives sometimes an involuntarily humorous turn to his lucubrations, is, that in his mind it is obviously identified with the teaching more generally accepted as a sacred revelation. He is fond of quoting, and giving the weight of his aristocratic patronage to the precept about doing to others as you would that they should do to you. He heartily approves of the sentiment, and indeed presents his own lessons chiefly as practical conclusions from it. But of course, in the seventeen centuries which had elapsed since the promulgation of that command, it had come to need a good many comments and corollaries. Now and then it wanted patchings; but he was sublimely unconscious that the text ever came into conflict with the notes, or that, like other judicial interpreters, he was materially altering the law which he professed to administer. The whole theory is admirably given in one of his letters. "Do as you would be done by!" he exclaims at the opening, with an unctious which would befit an eloquent pulpit orator. But presently the maxim takes rather a queer turn. What all men would like done to them, he explains, is to have their ruling passions gratified; now the ruling passion of all kings and women and of most men is vanity; and it follows that the Christian maxim amounts to a solemn command that we should be always tickling each other's vanity. Nor can we be too thoughtful and delicate in our attentions. Labor to find out those little weaknesses which may be discovered in every one. Tell Cardinal Richelieu that he is the best poet of his time; assure Sir Robert Walpole that he has a "polite and happy turn to gallantry;" though you know very well that he has "undoubtedly less than any man living." Swear to ugly women, for they will always believe it, that they are beautiful, or, at least, have "a certain *je ne sais quoi* still more engaging than beauty." Compliment a beautiful woman on her understanding, and your praises will have the charm of novelty. Practise especially that "innocent piece

of art," flattering people behind their backs, in presence of somebody who is sure to make his court by repeating your words. "This is, of all flattery," he adds—and the remark is certainly well-founded—"the most pleasing and most effectual." By such acts, you will be able, as he remarks in an unwonted access of plain-speaking, to "insinuate and wriggle yourself into favor" at court. "Wriggling," it must be granted, is rather a coarse term to express this delicate system of rising in the world; but, as a rule, there is something pleasant in the charming sincerity of his conviction that he is really preaching a lofty code of morality. He does not mean, he declares, to recommend "abject and criminal flattery." By no means. Vices are to be abhorred and discouraged; and, moreover, when they are coarse they are generally unsuccessful. The pith of this corollary to the gospels consists in drawing the delicate line between simulation and dissimulation; in hitting off the method of deceiving without lying; in soothing, instead of sickening, with praise; and, in short, in safely reaching by honorable means the ends which a clumsy knave fails to secure by blundering into downright dishonesty. The necessary qualification for effecting this purpose is the possession of those graces on which his lordship is perpetually harping. Good-breeding may be defined as the art of delicate flattery, and if not virtue itself, is its most necessary ingredient. "Intrinsic merit" will "gain you the general esteem of all, but not the particular affection of any." The "respectable Hottentot" who "heaves his meat anywhere but down his throat;" the man who draws, or splutters, or comes into a room awkwardly; who twirls his hat or scratches his head when he is talking to you, may be a saint, a patriot, or a philosopher, but he won't be liked at court. The rules themselves, which the old sage works out with infinite variety of detail, are generally sound enough, and generally full of shrewdness, though we rather wonder at times that they should be necessary: a young gentleman, we may hope, would scarcely require at the present day to be reminded a dozen times over of the importance of washing his teeth. The most unlucky and best-remembered maxim is the assertion that

nothing is so "illiterate and ill-bred as audible laughter;" laughter is the "manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry." This is a little too much for poor human nature, even in a laced coat; but as a rule, we may admit that, granting the leading principles, the code laid down is judicious. Assume that the main object of a man's life should be to win a blue ribbon, which Lord Chesterfield's admiring biographer proclaims to have been the one ambition of his hero; suppose that this worthy object is to be gained by favor at court; and, finally, that favor at court is to be won by flattery,—and there is something to be said on behalf of each of these propositions, and we may grant that the noble moralist's hero laid down a very accurate chart of the rocks on which a youthful aspirant may suffer shipwreck. It must, indeed, be confessed that this view of human life is rather oddly grafted upon Christian morality; and it is improbable that Lord Chesterfield would hardly have found himself at home with that perfect gentleman, as Coleridge called him, St. Paul. The devil, nowever, can quote Scripture; and it would be hard if that privilege were denied to an eminently respectable British peer.

Meanwhile, however little he may have cared for the veneering of Christian phraseology, his sincerity in the substance of his preaching is unmistakable. His political career explains his point of view. He was, in the first place, an illustration in a different department of life of the profound maxim which Mr. Disraeli has recently adopted from Balsac—that critics are authors who have failed. He was just one of those second-rate men who compensate themselves for not being first-rate by arrogating to themselves an enormous amount of worldly wisdom. He had acquired a whole store of maxims by explaining his own failures to his own satisfaction. He knew the secret of every political manœuvre of his time, and conveniently forgot that his amazing penetration was generally a little too late for practical use. He had failed characteristically enough, in the House of Commons (so it is said), because some irreverent member had persisted in mimicking his rather affected mode of speech as soon as

he sat down. The House of Commons was then, no more than now, above the vulgarity of open laughter, and even relished wit bordering on a practical joke. The death of his father—which he appears to have regarded as in all respects a most welcome event—raised him to the House of Lords. In that more congenial and polished assembly, his eloquence, rivalling, so his complacent biographer assures us, that of Demosthenes, made him sufficiently dangerous to be civilly shelved. He possessed just the right qualifications for being kicked up-stairs. Twice he was despatched to try the effect of his graceful manners on the Dutch, and to be deprived of any chance of trying them in places nearer to the great centre of influence. Afterwards, he was sent, on the same principle, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the last office, he won, and seems to have deserved, considerable credit as a liberal and sensible statesman. Unluckily, he returned to be Secretary of State, and, finding himself to be a cipher in the presence of colleagues whom he heartily despised, he retired into private life, and played with all due earnestness, that character of dignified retirement of which his great idol, Lord Bolingbroke, had set him the example. Whether in this case, too, the grapes were sour, or whether he really preferred raising melons and buying pictures to joining in political intrigues, must remain uncertain. Probably he was more or less sincere, as his deafness put senatorial success beyond his power, and, therefore, perhaps, beyond his will. His only public appearance was on reforming the Calendar; and he tells with unconcealed delight how on this occasion, the graces of his manner enabled him to eclipse the profound mathematician, Lord Macclesfield, and to delude the House of Peers into the belief that he understood all about intercalary years and Julian periods.

It was from this vantage-ground of accumulated experience that he poured his moral reflections into the ears of his unworthy lout of a son. He had known all the literary and political lights of his day; he had lived in courts, and met foreign statesmen in diplomatic warfare. If his success had not been triumphant, it had been sufficiently great to allow him to at-

tribute his shortcomings to any cause but his own weakness. Measured, indeed, by the standard of his contemporaries, there were not above two or three who could fairly compete with him in actual achievements. No wonder, if, in all sincerity, he believed that he could accomplish the difficult task of not merely administering advice which should contain the very quintessence of all political wisdom, but of actually transfusing that wisdom into the head of his clumsy pupil. The delusion, we may remark in passing, was in one sense curious. That Lord Chesterfield should wish to make a silk purse of a sow's ear (if we may venture to use one of those proverbs which he never quotes without a perceptible shudder), was natural enough. Yet, he, of all men, should have known that the way to produce the transformation was not to preach it in downright terms. Advising an awkward man to be elegant is like cramming a bear with sweetmeats in order to change him into a lap-dog. You may diminish his courage, but the bear will be a bear to the end of his days. Lord Chesterfield had doubtless acted on sounder principles in his diplomatic days, and advised his Dutchmen to go north, in the hopes that they might perhaps be diverted one point of the compass from due south. But whilst indoctrinating his son, he either forgot his cunning, or perhaps, was too intent upon using his eloquence to think of its effect. Nothing is so terribly disconcerting as to be requested to talk naturally when you are already in the agonies of bashfulness. We sympathize keenly with the wretched young Stanhope entering the room of a fine lady, feeling that his sword was getting between his legs, and with that terrible eye fixed upon him in the back-ground, and noting down every awkward trick as a deadly sin. Nay, the wretched youth was told, for his further encouragement, that his father had spies in every direction who would report upon his behaviour, and doubtless felt at times that shudder which overtakes the youthful orator when the whole room seems to be roofed and walled with converging eyes. There is something really touching about the old gentleman's mixture of simplicity, shrewdness, and vanity. It evidently never occurred to him that his morality

is not absolutely identical with the loftiest Christianity; or that he had not found the very last word of political philosophy; or that such wisdom can be rained even upon the most ungrateful soil without bearing fruit a thousandfold. He was a most ardent admirer of his own wit, wisdom, and experience; and he really loved his boy with equal sincerity; nay, when the ungrateful youth left behind him, on his premature death, a previously unmentioned widow and children, Lord Chesterfield was virtuous enough to forgive them for existing. With a blindness which is half touching and half absurd, he goes on year after year making his regular weekly exhortation to worship the Graces, till we wonder that parental affection can stand the repetition or filial affection the consumption of the dose. Lord Chesterfield was fond of sneering at college pedants, and in his time there was some excuse for the practice; yet, even then, a college pedant might have explained to him that the way to make lads clever or industrious is not to bombard them incessantly with moral platitudes. Yet there is something pathetic about the queer incongruity of the proceeding. It is one of those contrasts which would have delighted a true humorist. This love of his son is the one sweet spring of natural affection in the father's uncommonly stony bosom. It half softens us towards him, as Falstaff's genuine love of Prince Hal reconciles us to that hoary old sinner; or we may compare it, more accurately, to the fondness which our modern Chesterfield, Major Pendennis, shows for his nephew, especially when he displays it by trying to make the young man his accomplice in disgraceful extortion. The cynical, battered old statesmen has yet a genuine love for his stupid son, and, with the best intentions, bestows his doses of worldly wisdom upon him, and hopes against hope that they will be effectual,—just as a tender mother exhausts herself in cares for her best beloved child, the fool of the family.

To return, however, to the substance of Lord Chesterfield's teaching: it is plain enough that he was at least no fool. He was, it may be, blind to any exalted sentiments, but what he saw he saw clearly and well. In fact, he is simply putting into plain words the esoteric doctrines of the

contemporary school of politicians. Bolingbroke and Walpole and the Pelhams tacitly guided their conduct by his principles, though they took no trouble to preach them. At every age, no doubt, there is handed down an unwritten tradition, which seldom finds plain expression beyond the wall of lobbies or election committee-rooms. The ablest professors of the doctrine forget it strangely when they mount a platform or indite a leading article. It is only once in a way that we find a man who not only believes in it and avows it, but is incapable of imagining that there can be anything higher; and we should value him accordingly. Two or three maxims may be detached from this body of doctrine as sufficiently characteristic of its spirit. The first is the cherished opinion that "great events from trifling causes spring," or in the Chesterfieldian version, that the destinies of nations are really decided by close intrigues and by petty jealousies of individual statesmen. Take, for example, the Reformation. Ordinary people will talk nonsense about the decay of ancient faiths, the corrupt state of ecclesiastical organizations, and so on. Lord Chesterfield knows better. This is his version of the story. "Luther, an Augustine monk, enraged that his order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry of the Church of Rome, which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the rights, that is, the profits of his order came to be touched." This, my son, observes the amiable sage, is the true philosophy of history. The Reformation a great moral or intellectual outburst! Not a bit of it; it was simply a squabble between a couple of thieves over their booty; though it is true that honest men—if there be any honest men—incidentally made much by it.

This doctrine that all human history turns upon the most trivial causes and the lowest passions, is, for obvious reasons, popular with second-rate statesmen. It is merely another form of belief in their own importance. The peculiarity of Lord Ches-

terfield is in its bearing upon his doctrine of the graces. These small secret springs which really govern the movement of the world are worked by the force which the vulgar call humbug. A judicious compliment, a bit of diplomatic finesse at the right moment, turns a delicate lever, and the whole machinery of the world turns creaking on its ponderous hinges. Lord Chesterfield, on one occasion, illustrates this maxim by an appropriate anecdote. Over twenty years before he had wiped a little boy's nose. The action was apparently trivial; but mark the consequences. Lord Chesterfield was then ambassador in Holland, and entrusted with diplomatic business of the last importance; the parents of the little boy were people "of the first rank and consideration," and naturally were profoundly grateful for Lord Chesterfield's condescension. Who knows but that the present extension of the Prussian empire is due, in some remote degree, to the little boy's want of a handkerchief? At any rate, the chief actor in this performance plumes himself on it, as a great triumph in diplomacy; and probably young Stanhope went about wiping little boy's noses for some time afterwards. The effect upon the history of the world is not recorded.

Lord Chesterfield, however, appeals to the experience of others as well as his own. Lord Chatham and Lord Mansfield were by far the most successful orators of the day in the House of Commons. And why? Because Chatham had the most fervid intellect and the haughtiest will? Because Mansfield was the cleverest logician and the most thorough lawyer? No: the matter of their speeches was moderate enough; but their periods were well-turned and their enunciation just and harmonious. Marlborough was the most successful man of his time; and historians, who "always assign deep causes for great events," will set down his success to his surpassing abilities. They will be wrong. He had "an excellent good plain understanding;" but that to which he owed "the better half of his greatness and riches" was that he possessed the graces in the highest degree, and that his manner was irresistible by man or woman. Stanhope might have made a pretty good retort. The two most successful statesmen

of that age, if success be measured by long tenure of power, were Walpole and Newcastle. Lord Chesterfield, in particular, had matched himself against each and been decisively beaten. Yet Newcastle, as we know, was a man the inexpressible absurdity of whose manners set caricaturists at defiance; and, if we may trust Lord Hervey, was distinguished, amongst other things, by some of the nasty tricks which the Letters are always denouncing. Of Walpole, Chesterfield says himself, that his ill-breeding was such that no man ever said a civil thing to him. Bolingbroke again, on the same authority, possessed "the most elegant politeness and good-breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with;" and Bolingbroke is the best example which a moralist could desire to quote of splendid talents leading to disastrous failure. In short, there was certainly one qualification for success more essential even than good manners in that age as in this, and that quality may be described as an indomitable resolution to succeed.

Lord Chesterfield, no doubt, attached this amazing importance to the graces for two obvious reasons. They were the specially strong points of the adviser, and they were also the specially weak point of the advisee. The sincerity of his belief, however, is guaranteed by the whole history of his life, and by the often quoted story which might have furnished a new illustration to Pope's brilliant epigrams, on the ruling passion. "Save my country, heaven!" was to be the last exclamation of Cobham, as something of the same kind was, or was said to have been, the dying phrase of Pitt. "Give Dayrolles a chair," was the pathetic speech with which Chesterfield took leave of this world for one in which, it is to be hoped, honor will not depend upon accurate observance of etiquette. It is a melancholy reflection that a man's last words should bequeath a tinge of absurdity to his reputation: and we almost pity poor Lord Chesterfield when we see him rallying himself to discharge what he held to be a duty, and by that virtuous action—for surely it was virtuous according to his lights—making even his death-bed ridiculous. It is proper to observe, however, that this ceaseless perorating upon the graces was by no

means the whole of the Chesterfieldian philosophy. His Letters leave, indeed, the impression that his highest ambition was to know that his son was called *le petit Stanhope* by the fine ladies of Paris; and there is something really pathetic in his constant recurrence to that imaginary pet name. But he wished him to be something more; and we almost doubt at times whether the ideal Stanhope was not as creditable a person as the young nobleman of the present day. It is difficult to say with precision what are the qualifications now demanded by the aristocracy from the young gentlemen who are to support their political influence. Judging from the result, so far as such audacity may be exercised in a humble outsider, they do not include any very profound acquaintance with laws, history, and foreign politics. Now the Chesterfieldian conception of those studies was necessarily far from profound. History was, in his view, a narrative of the varying manœuvres of fools and knaves; politics meant the art of reaching the blind sides of kings and statesmen: patriotism, religious zeal, and such other words, were juggles to impose upon the vulgar; and his notions of political economy were those of the darkest pre-Adamic era; that is to say, simply childish. Yet the possession of a shrewd common sense, inclining, indeed, to be rather too shrewd, and a certain judicious toleration, closely allied to utter indifference, and yet with some tincture of generous feeling, made him far from a despicable politician; and he was anxious that his son should be thoroughly furnished with the tools of his trade, so far as he could understand them. Young Stanhope was to visit all the courts of Europe; he was to speak French, German, and Italian to perfection; he was to be familiar with the history of treaties and with the public law of Europe; he was to know all such statistics as were obtainable at the time; and if his attention was invited a little too strongly to the mere outside trappings of things—to the mode, for example, of investiture with the Garter, and the petty gossip of courtiers—he was yet to be as near an approach as was then possible to that terror of our modern days, the blue-book in breeches, or the thoroughly well-informed member of Parliament. If he was to have little

enough faith in ideas, and not to penetrate far below the surface, he was to be capable of imposing respect upon an aristocracy which had no thought of abdicating its power at home, or its influence on continental politics. The training seems to have succeeded in this direction; and if the youth never became known as *le petit Stanhope*, he was as qualified as a thorough familiarity with red tape and diplomatic ceremonials could make him, to be the right-hand man of an able Minister. In one respect, it is true, his education was shamefully neglected. It is painful to remark the indifference, and indeed the contempt with which Lord Chesterfield sometimes alludes to those athletic sports, whose superlative value we have learnt to recognize. Listen to the awful heresy propounded by a great British nobleman 120 years ago. "The French manner of hunting," says this daring blasphemer, "is gentleman-like; ours is only fit for bumpkins and boobies. The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; and the true British foxhunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces." Lord Chesterfield was blind enough not to perceive that the true British foxhunter is as much a subject for glorification as the true British constitution, of which he is the greatest ornament. But in those days, strange as it now appears, cultivated gentlemen generally agreed with him, and left the pursuit of foxes to the Squire Westens of the period. Let us be thankful that we know better, though even now some people call our nobility barbarians, and speak irreverently of game-preserving.

Chesterfield, in short, was no mere fatuous coxcomb. No Scotchman could have had a keener eye for the main chance. Strip off his gold lace and his full-bottomed wig, and you find a shrewd man of business, with as little sentiment as a stockbroker, and perhaps little more principle than a professional gambler. If you despise the trifles on which he lays so much stress, he despises them quite as heartily, except as the counters with which he plays his game. In the sight of heaven, a man who gets his sword between his legs may be equal to one

who keeps it in the normal position ; but there will be a considerable difference in the sight of kings. Now heaven is a long way off, and kings, who—so our courtiers tell us—are almost universally fools, are very near, and can reward their worshippers substantially. Why not carry on traffic as merchants do in Africa, and pass off a little tinsel and Brummagem wares for good solid gold and ivory? The savage chief takes a set of beads, and gives you a herd of cattle ; the king takes a fine bow, or a delicate parallel between himself and Cæsar, and pays you with a bit of blue ribband and a pension of three thousand a year. Who is deceived, and who has any right to complain? The people who have to pay the taxes? Their time is not to come for two or three generations ; and in all ages no wrong can be done to people who can't make a noise. But the whole system is immoral? Well, if you insist upon enthusiasm and devotion to the good of humanity and belief in social progress, you may probably be disappointed. Yet the Chesterfields had their merits. They had no desire to be martyrs, it may be, but they did not desire to make other people martyrs. They were tolerant, cool-headed, and rather cold-hearted Gallios. They were selfish, and mean, and corrupt ; but with certain limits of personal honour. If they looked on the country as their private estate, they had some flashes of proprietary pride, which served indifferently well for patriotism. Lord Chesterfield mourns sincerely over the bad prospects of the country at the beginning of the seven years' war, though his remedy is characteristic enough. Nothing could save us, he sighs, but a Machiavel at the head of affairs, and even that remedy would be doubtful. Intrigue and treachery may yet be powerful enough, but all feebler agencies are worthless. Luckily for us, this pious aspiration was answered by the appearance of Chatham, and popular orators have learnt to talk as if in those days all statesmen were patriotic, and all corruption unknown. The truth is, we see, slightly different ; Chesterfield, though far more respectable than the Newcastles and Bubb Dodingtons of his day, was not remarkable for the loftiness of his

views. Let us, however, try to feel some gratitude for such patriotism as he could show, though he certainly preferred, on principle, the worst of quack medicines to any genuine remedy. We cannot, with the best of good will, make him out a hero or a saint. To religion he makes his bow with characteristic grace ; he reminds us of Johnson's friend Campbell : "He is a good man, a pious man ; I am afraid he has not been inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat." That is about the Chesterfieldian theory ; if his son wants any religion he may go to his tutor for supplies of that undeniably useful article ; but to mock at Christianity shows thoroughly bad taste. Indeed if that superstitious belief were once thoroughly eradicated, a desolating scepticism might rouse doubts as to the value of the British Peerage. Voltaire was clearly wrong for attacking institutions which save us so much in police expenditure ; and even the clergy are not necessarily worse or more foolish than their neighbours. That, indeed, is not saying much for them. The moralist in whom Chesterfield really believes is Rochefoucauld, as his favourite politician is De Retz. He begs his hopeful son to ponder his maxims by day and by night, and to learn that the one key to the knowledge of men is the conviction that every passion is merely a form of selfishness. Women are all contemptible, and may be guided by the grossest flattery. Kings are worse ; and perhaps the class of mankind of whom he speaks with the sincerest respect are the Jesuits, for the very reason that he fully accepts the popular view of their character. To be wicked, however, is generally bad policy, or, at any rate, to be very wicked. The pith and substance of a great many maxims is simply this :—Don't get drunk too often or you will die of *delirium tremens* : most vicious practices carried to excess will injure your health ; and therefore a wise man will calculate his pleasures cautiously, so as to extract the maximum of enjoyment at the time and make them subservient to his advancement afterwards. And all this advice is given so complacently and with such per-

fect unconsciousness that it is in any degree defective, that somehow one is almost taken in. It sounds for all the world like a sermon, and if we doze a bit we fail to observe the cloven hoof. One more sample is as good as a thousand, and may serve as a final touch. Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, describes the philosophy of court favour. If a low fellow, says the satirist, has a desire for a place, what is he to do? He "applies to A., who is the creature of B., who is the tool of C., who is the flatterer of D.," and so on, through a rather unsavoury chain, till we reach M., who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A., is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man. The satire seems to verge upon burlesque, but Lord Chesterfield reproduces the same thought with the utmost fidelity, and apparently without a touch of irony. "In courts," he says, "nobody should be below your management and attention: the links that form the court chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must bear with patience the dull grievances of a gentleman usher or a page of the backstairs, who very probably has an intrigue with some near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Minister, of the favourite mistress, or perhaps of the King himself." Lord Chesterfield would have smiled contemptuously at the purist who should have seen anything wrong in this; and, indeed would have had little trouble in convincing himself that this universal complaisance was in the true spirit of Christianity.

Perhaps, however, we are growing a little too serious. Virtuous indignation is a very good thing in its way, but it seems to be out of the way in speaking of Lord Chesterfield. He was one of those people who do not profess to keep an immoral soul; their vital principle is merely a substitute for salt, and so long as they keep clear of the gallows, we have no right to find fault with them. We do not think of his lordship as precisely immoral, but as afflicted with a kind of colour-blindness which prevented him from paying attention to the moral side of things in general. Let us return to the humbler point of view from which we started. Were the Ches-

terfieldian manners really good? Faith, or fanaticism—as you please to call it—is a very good thing in its way, but not of necessity conducive to good manners. Religious heroes may often use forks for toothpicks and be quite incapable of turning out a finished *bon mot* at a moment's notice. If the two men were compared by their powers of moving the world we should have to place Wesley infinitely above Chesterfield; but if it be a question which of them did most to make it go off pleasantly, the tables would be turned. The saints and martyrs of our acquaintance—they are not numerous—are often good enough company at a dinner-table; but perhaps, for mere amusement, it would be safer to invite a Pendennis or a Chesterfield. Nothing disturbs the digestion so much as earnestness; and an argument which is not a mere sham fight, is apt to be a terrible nuisance in society. To say the truth, there is something fascinating about the delicious calm of that era. The old set of controversies had died out with the seventeenth century; the ground-swell of the approaching revolution had not made itself felt; political agitation was not as yet: reporters were far from the sacred doors of Parliament; the press was in good order; the party-cries about *peace-bills* and standing armies, meant nothing, and everybody knew that they meant nothing; party warfare was little more than a set of family squabbles between different noble connections; the Church of England was fast asleep, and could scarcely find energy to denounce the few wretched fanatics, to whom the name of enthusiasts was given as the most opprobrious of all conceivable titles. The change which has taken place in the meaning of that word is curiously characteristic of the change in the temper of society. To be in earnest about anything was then as objectionable as it is now to be in earnest about nothing. It is pleasant to travel back in imagination to that quiet little sleepy hollow, interposed between two regions of storm and earthquake. We envy Sir Roger de Coverly, dozing placidly in his high-backed pew, unconscious of the advent of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; we admire the nobleman who bought a borough as quietly as a new coat, and kept an edi-

tor or two as their successors would keep a butler; and yet more emphatically do our mouths water when we think of the delightful sinecures that were flying about in those days—those heavy stakes that gave the only real interest to the game of politics. One would like to have been a British nobleman, and to have gone in for one great lottery weighted with such substantial prizes.

To one advantage they may seem to have a good claim. Good manners are a delicate plant, which flourishes only in a calm atmosphere, being all the product of a state of society in a state of permanent equilibrium. When everybody knows his place, intercourse is easy; no matter whether everybody knows that he is as good as his neighbour, or knows just how low a bow he must make to each man he meets. Vulgarity is the product of a state of things in which the people in the gallery are trying to get into the stalls, and half only have succeeded. Democrats are often accused of inconsistency because they don't ask their footmen to dine with them; but it is precisely their quarrel with society that footmen and their masters have been made incapable of meeting on equal terms. When a servant regards his livery as an honourable distinction, or when he has fairly got rid of it, he may be equally easy; but when he has begun to make it ignominious, and yet has not quite shuffled it off, he is naturally awkward. In Lord Chesterfield's time, the livery still preserved its sanctity, as well as the peer's robes and coronets. Nobody was yet ashamed of the one or envious of the other; or if they were, they had the good sense to hold their tongues. That terrible inversion of all things, in which the cloth of gold had got terribly rent and battered and jostled by the cloth of frieze, was not as yet; and Lord Chesterfield felt that he and his full-bottomed wig, and his seat in the House of Lords, were part of the eternal order of things, if, indeed, they should not rather be called the very flower and highest outcome of creation. The advantage which such a faith gives to a man's manners is obvious. Laughter, we know, was beneath him; all strong emotions are apt to be vulgar and undignified: he could take life as he took his luck at the gaming-table, with a perfectly

placid countenance. A grand decorous stoicism was imperatively demanded by his station. And then, how different was the little circle that to him was the whole world from that roaring Babel in which we live. The most necessary social art at the present day is to keep your neighbor at a distance without slapping his face, for who knows whether he is a gentleman or a swell-mobsmen? Life, now, is like jostling through a crowd at the Derby; then it was like a select garden-party, reported in the *Morning Post*. In those days conversation could be really an art. Good talking, like good acting, supposes a fitting audience; the chief actor must be supported by a company who are ready to follow up his hits and appreciate his points; it must be cultivated in *salons*, where a set of clever people are in the habit of sharpening their wits upon each other. No such talk is generally possible amongst the heterogeneous collection of people who meet for a couple of hours at a London dinner-party, and spend the first hour in vague tentative experiments at drawing each other out. A good saying was generally put down to some distinguished performer—to Lord Chesterfield, or Horace Walpole, or George Selwyn. Now nobody makes witticisms in conversation; they are concocted on paper, and hit off in "occasional notes," or leading articles. The universal godfather of foundling witticisms is no longer the person of quality, but *Punch*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It would seem likely enough then, *à priori*, that within the magic circle the study of good manners was really carried to a pitch now unknown. When a shrewd, clear-headed man like Lord Chesterfield could deliberately make it the study of his life to attain perfection in the art, and doubtless he must have had many competitors, it seems reasonable to suppose that they would meet with corresponding success. Could we, who have scarcely time to take off our hats to a lady, possibly rival the elaborate courtliness of men to whom social success counted for so much in life? Is not the secret lost, like those of archery, or the illumination of missals, or the other arts which required unlimited time and patience? Before the days of newspapers and popular novels, ladies might spend days in embroidery, and gentlemen sit

down to steady drinking about three in the afternoon; Lord Chesterfield might spend four hours daily on his toilet, and might prepare the most charming impromptus, and lay the deepest schemes for social successes. How should we rival his elegance, whose life is one continued hurry, and who pronounces all ceremonies to be an intolerable bore?

One doubt, indeed, will occur to Lord Chesterfield's readers. Granting that he did his best to be charming, we may yet doubt whether the power of charming can ever be acquired by cold-blooded preparation; and such glimpses as we obtain of the living man rather confirm our scepticism. Able editors, of course, speak of him in the proper conventional tone. He was, we are assured, "one of the most shining characters of his age;" he is declared to have enjoyed "the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man, perhaps, ever obtained from his contemporaries;" and he is described by his official biographer with a number of fine phrases, to which it is the only objection that they would be about equally applicable to St. Paul or the late Mr. Peabody. But we receive a more distinctive impression from two of the best portrait-painters of the age, both of whom, unluckily, had good reasons for disliking him. Lord Hervey rather upsets our preconceived notions, by assuring us that he was "short, disproportionate, thick, clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for Polyphemus;" and that George II. summed up his personal charms by describing him as a "dwarf baboon."

The spitefulness and apparent inaccuracy of this may justify a doubt as to the insinuations that in other respects his pretensions were absurdly exaggerated. Horace Walpole, however, who had a very pretty pen for abuse, draws a likeness in which, after due deductions, we cannot help recognizing the features of the original. If we may believe this account, Lord Chesterfield was a standing illustration of his own favorite maxim, *Dans ce monde on veut ce qu'on veut valoir*; he had resolved to win a reputation for wit and gallantry, and his perseverance had won the name, though not the reality; he had persuaded people that it was the proper thing to

laugh at his most trifling sayings, and they laughed before he spoke; he had some how wormed himself into the position—afterward occupied by Talleyrand or Sydney Smith—of enjoying a sort of manorial right to all unappropriated waifs and strays of wit; he patronized what was too bad to be ascribed to himself, and sneered at the good things which were beyond his grasp; and by such arts—not, perhaps, quite unknown at the present day—had acquired without much deserving it a title to be the arbiter of the taste and fashion of his day. There is an obvious dash of malignity in all this, for, after all, no man wins the dictatorship even of society without some real merits. But there is apparently this much of truth in the libel, that, through all Lord Chesterfield's graces, there pierces a certain air of deliberation and effort, which goes far to spoil their effect. He is never quite spontaneous. His writings remind us of machine-made goods. They show some wit and humor, but it is prepared by rule, and are products of deliberate toil rather than natural effusion. He wrote, for example, some papers in the *World*, which may pass for very good imitations of the *Spectator*. They are amusing illustrations of the same tone of thought which characterizes the letters to his son; but there is a certain stiffness and formality about the writing which just destroys the charm. The letters to his other correspondents have the same character. He fires off great florid compliments with infinite self-complacency, and an irrepressible consciousness that he is doing a correct thing. Though carefully written, they have nothing of the brilliancy of Horace Walpole, and still less of the nameless charm that makes such letters as Cowper's some of the most charming reading in the language. We seem to see the hand of the diplomatist who likes to make a protocol out of an invitation to dinner. His literary taste when it is not commonplace, is execrable. His wit is shrewd enough, though it scarcely descends to be playful. Its general style may be illustrated by the well-known advice to make the Pretender Elector of Hanover, in order that he might fail to excite a spark of loyalty; or by the half pathetic remark that Tyrawley and he

had been dead a long time, though they did not choose to have it generally known; or, perhaps more characteristically, by his posthumous fling at the Church. Wishing to prevent his heir from following his own habit of gambling, he declared in his will that, if the youth ever kept hounds, or went to Newmarket, or lost 500*l.* in one bet, he should forfeit 5,000*l.* to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey. That body, he declared, had shown itself so exorbitant that it would be sure to exact the penalty. One touch may be added from his Letters, which is itself very significant. "What can a hermit send you from the deserts of Blackheath," he writes to a friend on the 11th of October, 1756, "in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody anywhere by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are." It is touching to see the decrepit old man still making epigrams on himself with something of his old courtly grace. But the effect is rather spoilt when we find that the same phrases are repeated word for word to another correspondent a few days later. In both letters he proceeds to say that he has done with all the pas-

sions of the world. It is the old story. His Lordship takes leave, we see, of the world and its vanities in such pretty language that he can't help learning it by heart; and, like Pope's dying actress, puts one touch of rouge on his faded cheeks.

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead

Lord Chesterfield had too much genuine intelligence to be contemptible, and certain relics of natural affection, and even of patriotism, which prevent him from being hateful; but on the whole we must doubt whether familiarity with this high-priest of the Graces—to use the faded language of his day—will much heighten our regret for their loss. Dr. Johnson, the "respectable Hottentot," as his Lordship calls him, has got the best of it in the long run. His letter to Chesterfield remains as a splendid specimen of hard hitting, or, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, a "far-famed blast of doom," proclaiming to the listening world that patronage should be no more, and conferring a kind of immortality on its victim. The fine gentleman was unlucky in coming into collision with that rough mass of genuine manhood; and yet the fact that he received a fair knock-down blow from Boswell's hero is, perhaps, his best title to be remembered by posterity.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

A HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY A RESIDENT.

THE causes which brought about the revolution of the 18th of March, and which enabled the Commune to remain master of Paris during sixty-six days, were of two distinct kinds; they were partly moral, partly material. Socialism, stimulated by the teaching of the Internationale, prepared the outbreak; the military organization and accumulation of arms and stores which resulted from the Parisian siege, supplied means of action, without which that outbreak would probably have failed. The so-called Socialist party, which was composed of various and even hostile elements—of the relics of the insurgents of June, 1848, of the agitators of 1851 who had returned from exile, of workmen who would not work, and, latterly, of the active agents of the Internationale—began to show its head once more during the later years of the Empire; several of its members, whose names have recently become well known—Delescluze, Vermorel, Jules Vallès, Cluseret, and others—were then arrested. The moment was not favorable for action, but the movement continued in the dark; and it silently attained a strength and a development which enabled its leaders to seize the first opportunity that offered itself for an insurrection. The Internationale, which dates from the London Universal Exhibition of 1862, did not manifest at its origin the tendencies which it has gradually avowed; and it is only during the last three years that it has actively joined the revolutionary party in Paris. Its first object, copied from the English trades-unions, was, to a certain extent, legitimate and respectable: it was to prevent needless competition between workmen, to regulate the conditions of strikes, and to generalize their action in

Europe, and to seek all practicable and legal means of improving the condition of the laboring classes, especially in their relations towards their employers. But at the meeting held at St. Martin's Hall, on September 24, 1864, the character of the association received a different definition: its intention of attaining political results was then indicated unmistakably, though with some vagueness; and it was distinctly confirmed at the Lausanne conference in 1866. The French branch of the society was attacked by the Government, for the second time, in 1868, on the charge of illegal meetings. It was on that occasion that France first heard the names of Assi, Varlin, Malon, Johannard, Pindy, Combault, Arrial, Langevin, Theisz, Frankel and Duval—all workmen, all members of the Internationale, and all of whom afterwards sat in the Commune of Paris.

By degrees the Internationale, growing in power, in numbers, and in money, ventured to throw off the mask which it had assumed at its origin. It continued to pursue the economical questions which had appeared at first to be its sole end and object; but it had begun to publicly advocate the suppression of religion, of marriage, and of property, and to show itself in its real character of an institution which intends to revolutionize the world. M. Jules Favre describes it, in his letter of the 6th June, 1871, to the French diplomatic agents, to be a "society of war and hatred; its base is atheism and Communism; its object, the destruction of capital, and the annihilation of those who possess it; its means of action, the brute force of the majority, which will crush all who resist it." This definition cannot be considered to be exaggerated,

for it is in rigorous conformity with the statement published in 1869, by the directing committee of the Internationale in London, which tells us that "the alliance declares itself atheist; it demands the abolition of religion, the substitution of science for faith, of human justice for divine justice, the suppression of marriage." Elsewhere they say, "We call for the direct legislation of the people by the people, the abolition of inheritance, the constitution of land as collective property."

These are the principles which, for several years, even before the Internationale intervened, have been secretly but widely circulated in Paris, amongst eager listeners, agitated by a vague longing for material satisfactions, by undefined aspirations after an amelioration of their condition. Latterly, these feelings, perfectly honest and natural in themselves, have avowedly taken the form of a wish to possess without earning, to use without acquiring, to enjoy without laboring. A bitter jealousy of every one above them, an unreasoning instinctive hatred of "the rich," an unpardoning animosity against religion, because it teaches the uncomplaining acceptance of poverty and trial, were the natural consequences of these disorderly desires; the lust for *jouissances* became an absorbing passion amongst a considerable part of the lower classes, including also a good many intelligent and relatively well-educated workmen. The chiefs of the Parisian groups, though they quarrelled amongst themselves, agreed in fostering this diseased state of mind, and led their deluded adherents to believe that the satisfaction of their aspirations would result from the establishment of Communism by force.

So long as the Empire lasted, an explosion was scarcely possible; the Government was strong and absolute, apparently at least; and a rising would have seemed to present small chances of success. But the very day after the proclamation of the Republic of the 4th September, "committees of vigilance" were established by the Reds in the faubourgs; public meetings were held, clubs were instituted, sections of the Internationale were founded in all the quarters of Paris, and every night the most violent speeches

were made to excited audiences, promising "the triumph of the workmen," "the ruin of the bourgeois," and the suppression of "Infamous capital." The word "Commune" made its first real appearance at these meetings.

On the 31st October, when the news of the fall of Metz reached Paris, the leaders of some of the branches of the party imagined that the reaction against the Government, which that news provoked, would offer them the opportunity for which they were waiting; so, regardless of all other considerations than their own ambition, forgetting that Paris was defending itself against 200,000 Germans, they attacked the Hotel de Ville, crying "Vive la Commune!" Several ministers were arrested by them; but the attempt was premature and incomplete,—the population would not follow, several rival chiefs would not unite; and next day order was restored, the Government committing the incredible folly of immediately releasing all its prisoners.

On the 22d January, another similar attempt was made; but though the details differed, the result was the same—the insurrection was once more beaten.

The capitulation of Paris produced an entire change in the temper and even in the composition of the population. An immense number of persons, belonging mainly to the middle and upper classes, went away to join their absent families or for rest after the siege. Those that remained were humiliated, discontented and weary; the common bond of national defence, which had held them together for five months, was suddenly broken; no cohesion, no energy remained. But the Conservatives were exhausted and indifferent, the Communists were as resolute as ever; and this time they appeared to have sunk their animosities, and to have united for their common object.

The elections of the 8th February, when they may be said to have carried two-thirds of the candidates, supplied clear evidence of their unity and strength, and of the weakness and disorder of their opponents. The Government was powerless and discredited; and it is probable that the presence of the Prussians in the forts alone prevented the insurrection from breaking out at once. All remained

tolerably quiet until the end of February : there was uncertainty in the air, and much doubt about the future ; but those feelings were but natural after a national disaster, and it cannot be said that any one really foresaw or even feared the events which have happened since.

On the afternoon of the 26th February, a party of National Guards of the 183d battalion seized 27 cannon in the artillery-park at the Place Wagram, and dragged them away with their own hands to the Place des Vosges, in the Faubourg St. Antoine. That was the first public act of the promoters of the Commune ; its real history dates from that day. During the 24th and 25th, manifestations had taken place at the Bastille in honour of the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848 : the Guards of the Belleville, Menilmontant, La Chapelle, and Montrouge battalions sent deputations to the column, laid wreaths of *immortelles* upon its pediment, and tied a red flag (the first that was seen) to the hand of the gilt statue which surmounts it. The movement was, however, supposed to be an overflow of idle rage provoked by the imminence of the entry of the Prussians into Paris, rather than a commencement of revolution. The murder of the *sergent de ville* who was thrown into the river was attributed to a diseased fury ; and during the eight days which intervened between the 26th of February and the 6th of March, the police reports made to the headquarters of General Vinoy, who commanded in Paris, persistently described the rioting as being patriotic, not political." This view of the matter was confirmed by the march to the Arc de Triomphe, on the night of the 25th, of some 15,000 National Guards, who declared that they would forcibly oppose the entrance of the Prussians, who, fortunately for these volunteers, did not come in till the 1st of March, instead of appearing on the morning of 27th February, as was expected. Any attempt to suppress these acts would certainly have been impolitic in the state of excitement to which the entire population had been brought by the news that the Germans were really to occupy the Champs Elysees, especially as the whole movement was attributed to a purely anti-Russian feeling. The cannon taken

from the different parks were said to be simply put in safety out of German reach ; and, furthermore, even if there had been any recognised reason to interfere, General Vinoy possessed no means of effective action, for he had only 12,000 men under his command ; and it was suspected, as was afterwards too well proved, that many of them were affiliated to the Belleville party, and would not serve against the people. For these various reasons no attempt was made to crush the movement ; it was left to itself, in the hope that it was unimportant, that it implied no renewal of the risings of 31st October and 22d January, and that it would die out after the departure of the Prussians. General Vinoy contented himself with issuing a proclamation to the National Guard, complaining that the *rapport* had been beaten without his orders, and confiding the keeping of the city to the well-intentioned battalions.

The Prussians came and went ; the Bellevillists, as they were then called, left them alone ; but after their departure matters continued exactly as they were before. Instead of giving back the cannon, "the people on the hill" went on seizing others wherever they could find them ; and it began to be suspected that the patriotic excuse of saving them from the common enemy concealed some less reasonable intention. Forty guns and six mitrailleuses were in position on Montmartre, all turned towards Paris ; they were defended by a barricade and by numerous sentries : what did all that mean ? Still the general notion was that it would blow over without a difficulty ; and the necessary symptoms of coming trouble—the resignation, as deputies of Paris, of Rochefort, Panc, Malon, Tridon, and Felix Pyat, the pillage of ammunition in the Government stores, the public revelation of the existence of a Central Committee of the National Guard at Montmartre, and the rumors which began to circulate in the provinces that a revolution was on the point of breaking out in Paris—were not regarded as being really serious. The Government, however, grew uneasy ; a man of energy, General d'Aurelles de Paladines, was appointed commander-in-chief of the National Guard ; and his first act, on the 9th March, was

to publish a declaration that he would "repress with energy everything that might disturb the tranquillity of the city." But at a meeting which took place on the same day between him and some fifty commanders of battalions of the north-eastern arrondissements, several of the latter claimed the nomination by election of all the officers of the National Guard; and at the same moment the pickets in charge of the stolen cannon absolutely refused either to give them up or to cease their watch over them, as they were ordered to do by General d'Aurelles. These were distinct evidences of the action of the mysterious Central Committee, and of the mastery which it had acquired over a large number of battalions.

Meanwhile the Government had taken all the measures in its power to reinforce the garrison, which was carried in a few days up to 30,000 men; but even this fact, significant as it was, did not rouse the people of Paris to any sense of danger; they were too worn out and too ill-tempered to think of anything but their personal woes. Yet it became more evident from day to day that an absolute power, in opposition to the Government, was organised at Montmartre; the guards themselves began to speak out openly about it, declaring that they obeyed their Committee and not the Government, and that they never would give up the cannon—whose number had risen to 417—until every Prussian was out of France, and until the Republic was definitely founded to their satisfaction. In addition to these abstract conditions, they also required that their pay of thirty sous a-day should be secured to them until employment could be successively provided for them all, and that General d'Aurelles should be immediately replaced by a chief chosen by themselves. The two latter points were distinctly stated in a letter addressed to the Minister of the Interior on the 9th of March by M. Courtez, delegate of the Central Committee.

The next day the Committee followed up its declaration by a proclamation claiming that the Republic should be placed upon universal suffrage, that the officers of the National Guard be chosen by their men, and that all military authority be declared subordinate to the civil power of

the municipality of Paris (the word *Commune* was not yet officially put forward). General Vinoy answered this by an impolitic decree, suspending six of the most violent Red newspapers. But though these signs of approaching action on both sides were distinct enough to have struck the most careless observer, the expectation of a pacific solution continued to be general: no idea that a revolution was approaching existed seriously amongst the public, and 'the question of the cannon, as it was half-contemptuously denominated, did not occupy any special places in ordinary conversation. Down to the 17th it was generally believed that the difficulty was disappearing; but the Government was sufficiently well informed of the real intentions of the Central Committee to have recognised the necessity of recovering the guns by force, and it silently prepared measures for the operation. The first of them which became public being the nomination, on the 16th, of General Valentin, formerly colonel of the Municipal Guard, to the post of Prefect of Police. The Central Committee, on the other hand, though still surrounded by an almost impenetrable veil of mystery, was evidently supplied with money, was blindly obeyed by a considerable number of battalions, and was clearly determined to hold its ground by force, if possible.

On the evening of the 17th a council of war was held, at which the details of an attack on Montmartre were discussed and settled; but no commotion existed amongst the public, and the newspaper which appeared on the morning of the 18th were perfectly calm, and indicated no possibility of difficulties. At 4 a.m. of that day, before dawn, troops were massed at all the strategical points below the heights of Montmartre, Belleville, and the Buttes Chaumont; they marched up the hill, disarmed a few sentries, took a few cannon, and all seemed to be going well when the 88th Regiment suddenly turned up the butts of its muskets and joined the National Guard. Battalions rapidly assembled; the cannon were snatched from the artillerymen who were driving them away, General Lecomte, abandoned by his men, was made prisoner; the troops were fired at by the Guards, and began to disarm on all sides; and, finally, the

order to retreat was given. General Clement Thomas, an old republican, who had commanded the National Guard throughout the siege, was recognised in plain clothes and assailed by the mob, and the whole attempt broke hopelessly down. The evidence as to the details of this disaster is rather conflicting, but it seems to be certain that the troops were badly commanded, and that the whole operation was conducted in the most disorderly and insufficient manner. It cannot, however, be doubted that the immediate cause of its failure was the desertion of the 88th, whose example was followed by many soldiers on the ground. Towards noon the Guards began to erect barricades all round Montmartre, and as evening came on they went down to the Place Vendôme, and occupied the offices of the Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard and of the army of Paris. At 5.30 Generals Lecomte and Clement Thomas were murdered at Montmartre, in the Rue des Rosiers, the very street in which the Central Committee were sitting; and at 6 General Chanzy was arrested on the arrival of the train from Tours. Soon after dark the Hôtel de Ville was taken without resistance, General Vinoy having withdrawn his forces to the Faubourg St. Germain.

On the morning of the 19th the Government abandoned Paris, and the Central Committee became master of the capital. Its first acts were to issue proclamations, to put up the red flag everywhere, and to announce the immediate election of a Commune into whose hands the Committee promised to resign its functions as temporary governor of Paris.

As the news of these events got out, it was received with stupid astonishment, but certainly with more indifference than regret. No one was prepared for such an insurrection, no one recognized its causes or foresaw its consequences. But there were motives at work which disposed a considerable part of the population to imagine that the constitution of a new Government, whatever its form, might serve their personal interests, and which, consequently led them to regard its establishment without much hostility. The labouring classes, even those who had taken no part in the movement, were all anxious to retain

their pay as National Guards; many of them had no other means of subsistence: their sympathy was therefore naturally given to any arrangement which seemed to assure the continuation of the thirty sous. The small traders and manufacturers, who are so numerous in Paris, and a large number of persons in the lower middle class, were profoundly irritated against the Government for ordering that the acceptances which had been held over during the siege, amounting in all to about fifty millions sterling, should be made payable immediately. As cheques are scarcely used in France, where they are virtually replaced, even for the smallest sums, by bills at ninety days, this measure affected the whole trading population, which had spent most of its savings during the siege, was very nearly ruined, and was, for the most part, quite unable to meet its debts. All these people hoped that a Communal Administration—though very few of them knew what that meant—would enact gentler measures on the question, and would give them time to meet their liabilities, so as to enable them to work round. The rent difficulty was another cause of discontent against Versailles. No one had paid his landlord since July; and every one owed three quarters, which scarcely any one was in a position to pay. The Chamber had enacted a law on the subject which had given universal dissatisfaction, because it afforded no real relief to insolvent lodgers; so here again the Commune was looked to as a saviour. The number of persons influenced by these three motives of personal interest was enormous—it must have included at least two-thirds of the population. The apathetic attitude, on the 18th March, of what are called the respectable inhabitants of Paris, may safely be attributed to lassitude and moral exhaustion among the upper classes, and to considerations of possible pocket advantage on the three questions of rent, acceptances, and thirty-sous a-day, in the trading and working districts.

But though these motives were very generally felt, and exercised a fatal influence on the disposition of so large a number of persons. They were far from being universal. Several battalions of Guards, belonging mainly to the western

quarters of Paris, were ready to resist the insurrection, and a body of about 20,000 of them united for the purpose. They held for many days the Bank, the Bourse, the Grand Hotel, the Gare St. Lazare, and other important points. They sent a deputation to M. Thiers at Versailles to tell him they were prepared to fight against the Reds, as they, had already done in October and January, and to ask for officers and ammunition. But M. Thiers declared his inability to aid them, and recommended them to send away their families from Paris; and to their final proposition, to hold the ground round the Arc de Triomphe as the key to Paris from the Versailles side, replied that they had better all come to Versailles to defend the Assembly. The deputation returned thoroughly discouraged, but still cherished the hope that Admiral Saisset, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard on the 20th (in place of General d'Aurelles), on the joint nomination of the Government and the Mayors, would organise them in such a way as to constitute a balance to the power of the Central Committee. This hope grew stronger on the 22nd, when the Committee, which seemed to be somewhat hesitating in its action, postponed the elections to the Commune until Friday the 26th. A proclamation issued by Admiral Saisset developed that hope still more, because the Government was disposed to make concessions. He promised in its name—

1. The complete recognition of municipal liberties.
2. The election of all officers of the National Guard, including Commander-in-Chief.
3. Modifications of the law concerning the payment of acceptances.
4. A law on house rents, favourable to all tenants up to £48 a-year.

It might have been expected that this announcement would do some good, as showing that an arrangement was not impossible; but its sole effect was to induce the belief amongst the Communists that the Government was frightened, and was going to yield, and, consequently, to provoke still further demands on their side.

On the 22nd took place the massacre

of the Rue de la Paix; but notwithstanding that odious act, the Admiral continued negotiations with the Commune; and on the afternoon of the 25th he thought himself so certain of a successful settlement, that he disbanded the battalions under his orders, and sent his men to their homes, to their deep disgust and humiliation. The moment this was known, the Commune ceased all attempts to come to terms, and asserted itself as sole master of Paris: no kind of opposition to its authority existed any longer.

The attitude of the Government throughout the week, from the 18th to the 25th of March, was feeble and fluctuating; it committed the double error of refusing the support of the well-intentioned battalions, and of negotiating with the Central Committee. It is true that its own position at Versailles was dangerous, and that its main preoccupation was at first to insure its own safety and that of the Chamber; but, by the 25th, 40,000 men were assembled at Versailles, with 520 canon and mitrailleuses; and it would really seem that on that day, at the very moment when Admiral Saisset voluntarily broke up the battalions of the party of order, M. Thiers was in a position to stem the torrent instead of yielding to it. Up to that date the whole policy of the Government towards Paris had been imprudent and weak; it had irritated the population by harsh enactments on the three money questions; it abandoned all resistance at the very moment when resistance appeared to be most hopeful. But from and after the 25th March its conduct changed: energy and prudence took the place of hesitation and provocation, and though the harm done could not be repaired, no more errors were committed.

While Versailles was negotiating with Paris, and was collecting troops from all parts of France, the Central Committee had organized a military Government; it had seized the forts on the left bank of the Seine, and had rapidly constituted an army. Here came into play the material elements alluded to in the first paragraph of this article. The Prussian siege had converted the Parisians into soldiers, and the whole city into a gigantic citadel, where every kind of arms and military stores had been accumulated in enormous

quantities. Nearly 2000 canon still remained inside the walls, and the insurgents found themselves possessed of the whole *matériel* which had served against the Germans. For the first time in history a rebellion was in possession of 250 battalions, of arms and ammunition in vast quantities, and of a strong fortress. All this was ready to their hands; they had but to take it: without it their success could have lasted but a few days; with it, they were enabled to hold out for two months against 150,000 men. Previous insurrections had only involved small-arm fighting behind barricades; in this case the rebels had cannon behind regular fortifications; and if they had been able to seize Mont Valerien, it is possible that the siege would have lasted for months. Most fortunately, that almost impregnable position, the key to Paris, was in the hands of honest troops, commanded by a brave and honest man. Versailles retained it.

The election of the 94 members of the Commune took place on 26th March, without disorder; but as 9 of the chosen deputies were either out of Paris or were elected in two arrondissements, only 85 were really at their post; 22 of these successively resigned, and one (Flourens) was killed, leaving 62 original members. Supplementary elections were held on 16th April, to fill up the vacancies, but only 17 additional members took their seats, giving a total of 79. At the first election, on 26th March, about one-third of the electors voted; at the second occasion, on 16th April, not one-eighth of them appeared at the polling-places. The Commune cannot therefore be said to have really represented Paris; it was, after all, only the expression of the feelings of a minority.

The first sitting of the Commune took place at the Hotel de Ville on the 29th March, or, as the letters of committee expressed it, the 8th Germinal, year 79. It was then decreed that every citizen was bound to serve in the National Guard, and that the three-quarters' rent due should not be paid at all. These were the first two acts of the Commune, and they indicated with singular precision the whole character of its future policy, which was to force every one to fight, whether they

liked it or not; and simultaneously to encourage and reward its adherents by pecuniary advantages. The obligation imposed on every man between the ages of nineteen and forty to immediately join his battalion, the closing of the gates to prevent the escape of unwilling soldiers, the search for *réfractaires* at all hours of the day and night, the seizure of men in the streets, the violent incorporation of all such prisoners in the army, were realizations of the first object. The adoption by the Commune of the families of all "victims of the royalists;" the decree allowing three years from the 15th July for the payment by quarterly instalments of all outstanding acceptances; the promise of pensions to the widows, children, and parents of men killed in action; the augmentation of the pay of the National Guard to fifty sous a-day; the law ordering the seizure of all manufactories whose proprietors had left Paris, and their constitution as the collective property of the workmen employed in them; the gratuitous restitution of every article pawned at the Mont de Piété for a sum not exceeding twenty francs; the payment of a daily money allowance "to all the wives of National Guards, legitimate or not;" the nomination of these same "wives" to all the posts of sick-nurses in the hospitals with a pay of two shillings a-day,—all these measures were adopted in furtherance of the second object. The first two decrees of 29th March were types of those which followed, and, putting aside all considerations of justice and legality, it must be owned that the Commune showed a most intelligent appreciation of the character of its soldiers, and dexterously employed the means best adapted to obtain and preserve their allegiance.

If, however, the Commune showed, in the measures which affected its military organization, a certain amount of skill and of knowledge of human nature, it manifested utter incompetence in the conception and application of its political and social acts. Its various promoters had been preparing themselves for some years for an opportunity of realizing their theories; it might therefore have been expected that, directly they acquired power, they would bring out a collection

of previously-drafted laws enforcing the immediate adoption of Communist and Socialist solutions of all the more important questions. But nothing of the kind took place. They hesitated; they were not ready. The famous schemes which were to regenerate the world were not elaborated; and furthermore, as might have been expected, the members of the Commune quarrelled so bitterly amongst themselves, that even if any of them had matured a plan, their colleagues would have opposed it. They were four days in office before they even declared the separation of Church and State, and the suppression of the salaries of the clergy; one would have supposed, however, that no difference of opinion could have existed between them on such a point as that, and that it would have received their attention at their very first sitting. No attempt was ever made to define the real views and projects of the party on the great questions of labour and capital, interest on money. "the equivalence of functions" (a Communist term implying that no man's labour ought to be remunerated at a higher rate than that of any other man, whatever be the difference of capacity or production), the existence of property, marriage, the right to believe in God, and all other economical, social, and religious questions which the Internationale has publicly raised. The Commune has come and gone without even attempting to suggest solutions on any one of these matters; it has destroyed, but it has not created—it has not even innovated; it has not given one indication of its ideas, or one example of its remedies, for the evils which it professes to cure: it suppressed the *Mont de Piété*, but frankly owned that it did not know what to put in its place, though on a subject of such direct interest and importance to the working classes, a project of some kind, realisable or not, might fairly have been expected from it. The Commune produced absolutely nothing; it announced itself as a new birth for all mankind, as the guide of suffering humanity, as the saviour of the poor; but in all its proclamations and publications, which certainly have been numerous enough, it is impossible to find a trace of one true thought, and still less of any serious prac-

tical scheme for the improvement of the condition of men. It was not till the 19th of April that it decided to issue its programme under the name of a "Declaration to the French People." This document is couched in such vague language that parts of it are difficult or impossible to understand; but as it is only the general statement of its views which the Commune gave, it may be taken as the official expression of its objects and tendencies, and therefore merits examination, notwithstanding its obscurity of form, and the total absence of all conclusions in it. After a pompous exordium, accusing the Versailles Government of "treason and crime," it goes on to say that "it is the duty of the Commune to affirm and determine the aspirations and the wishes of the population of Paris, to precisely indicate the character of the movement of the 18th of March, which is misunderstood, ignored, and calumniated by the politicians of Versailles. Once more is Paris labouring and suffering for the whole of France, whose intellectual, moral, administrative, and economical regeneration, whose glory and prosperity, Paris is preparing by its combats and sacrifices. What does Paris ask? The recognition and consolidation of the Republic—the one form of government which is compatible with the rights of the people, and with the regular and free development of society. The absolute autonomy of the Commune extends to all the localities of France, assuring to every one the integrity of his rights and the full exercise of his faculties, and his aptitudes as a man, as a citizen, and as a labourer." Now what does this latter phrase exactly mean? If we are to judge by results, "the full exercise of the aptitudes" of the Commune signifies assassination and incendiarism; but as it may be supposed that the words were intended to bear a different interpretation, it is to be regretted that they should be utterly incomprehensible to an un-Communal mind.

"The rights inherent to the Commune" are described to be "the vote of the Communal budget; the fixing of taxes; the direction of all local management; the organization of justice, police, and education; the choice, by election or competitive examination, of all magis-

trates and functionaries; the absolute guarantee of individual liberty, of liberty of conscience, of liberty of labour." Here again we have a phrase which, vague in itself, becomes altogether unintelligible when the context of surrounding facts is taken into account. What is the meaning of "individual liberty" and of "liberty of conscience" in the mouths of men who, when this declaration was published, had arrested the Archbishop of Paris, and a hundred other "hostages," had broken into and robbed a large number of houses and churches, and had declared in their individual names, though not in their corporate capacity, that no one should be allowed to have any religious faith at all? Further on we read that "Paris will introduce as it may think fit the administrative and economical reforms which its population requires, will create institutions for the development and propagation of instruction, production, exchange, and credit; will universalize power and property according to the necessities of the moment, the wish of the parties interested, and the teaching supplied by experience." Now if this sentence means anything at all (which may be doubted), it can only be understood to be a frank confession of ignorance and incapacity; in other and clearer words, it says, "we mean to do a vast deal, only we don't know what, and we don't know how." This interpretation seems to be confirmed by another clause, which says, "The Communal revolution inaugurates a new era of experimental, positive, and scientific politics," but which, unfortunately, gives no explanation of what such politics may be, and leaves the reader to again suppose that the authors of the declaration knew no more about it than he does himself. The document winds up by an appeal to France to intervene in favour of the Commune.

Every one who had at all followed the more recent proceedings of the Internationale, had read Socialist publications, or had talked with any of the leaders of the Red party, was convinced beforehand that the whole nature of the movement was subversive, and not substitutive; that it would upset and destroy existing institutions, but would be incapable of replacing them by any others. But no one

could have supposed that the whole school was so utterly empty and uninventive as it has turned out to be; no one who had at all watched its efforts would have inclined to admit that its chosen representatives could not even compose a programme of their intended action. And yet, when we examine these hollow, pretentious phrases, what meaning is there in them? Here are half-a-dozen of them, all worded so as to studiously evade and avoid everything approaching to a clear explanation or a practical result. There is but one deduction possible, a deduction which agrees with our instincts and our prejudices, but which has the merit of being based on evidence, and not on mere impression: it is, that the whole system represented by these agitators is a sham and a delusion; that it contains no answer to the questions which they have raised, no solution of the problems which they have evoked. These questions and these problems are real. The situation of the working classes, the relations between capital and labour, the rights of *proletariat* and its aspirations after a better lot in life, may well preoccupy all Governments, for, grave as those subjects are already, they will evidently become still more so in the future. But the difficulties which they present have been in no way dealt with by the Commune of Paris; its action has been neither practical nor philosophical; it has been null and void. Forced by the necessities of its situation to give some sort of indication of its views, it has taken refuge in meaningless phrases, of which the sole consequence was to stimulate the discontent of its adherents, without the faintest indication of a remedy for their discontent. After nine years of existence, after associating nearly three millions of men in a common bond of union for mutual good, the Internationale has had two months of power; it has shown itself utterly incapable of utilizing that power for any one of the many objects which it professed to pursue; it has not only done nothing, but it has suggested nothing towards the realization of its theories, and it has ended its purposeless reign by a sanguinary manifestation of its real object and its real means of action—the destruction of everything above it. We have now got the true measure of this

society; the Commune of Paris was its child, born of its ambition, nursed by its agents, guided by its counsels, aided by money; the Commune and the Internationale are one; by the offspring we can judge the parent. Both pursue the same result, the demolition of society, as it is now constituted, in all its elements; but, as we have just seen, without being prepared with one single institution to put to the test in the room of what they pull down. However valueless and unrealisable might have been their schemes, they would at all events have indicated that these destroyers meant to attempt a modification and remodelling of the conditions in which the world at present lives; but no; they have proved that their object is to uproot, to burn, and to pillage. After so much talking, so many promises, this is a miserable result, indeed: no other one could be expected, that is true, for in the whole teaching of the Internationale there is not a sign of creative faculties or intentions; but it is useful to insist upon the fact, so that it may be clearly recognized, and that we may know exactly where the Internationale wants to take us.

In its military organization the Commune showed not only some skill and knowledge of mankind, but also that special form of energy which results from resolute will, and from the feeling that it must conquer or die. Every one of its members knew that he was fighting with a rope round his neck, and the exasperation which resulted from that certainty, contributed in a great degree to the efficiency of the Defence. But its effect was necessarily only moral, and it influenced the leaders infinitely more than it did their troops, most of whom either gave no thought to the subject, or considered that, if they were beaten, they would receive no worse punishment than prison. Furthermore, the army of the Commune was composed of such varied and conflicting elements that it is impossible to pretend that it was actuated by any general and uniform opinion. The North-Eastern Battalions, who began the insurrection on the 18th March—the men of Belleville and Montmartre—were, for the most part, really bent on instituting what they called a "Social Republic," but, as the event has proved, without any idea as to what they

meant by the term. These men were generally workmen, but they had lost the habit of labor during the Prussian siege, and found it agreeable to be paid for soldiering, with a prospect of the division of other people's property between them on some future day. Still, whatever may have been their precise motives—which are very difficult to define, because probably they did not know them themselves—it must be recognised that the majority of them were in earnest; they were pursuing it, and were ready to fight for it. The next-class may be considered to have been composed of deserters from the army, thieves let out of prison, and a few foreigners, the scum of their own country. The third and by far the largest class included the men who joined for the sake of the pay (having no work and no means of existence), and those who were forced to serve against their will. In an army made up of such heterogeneous materials no unity of feeling was possible; and though each member of it shouted "Vive la Commune!" it was with an infinite variety of shades of meaning and earnestness. The total number of National Guards enrolled is not exactly known yet, but as the pay-books have been seized, and are now at Versailles, the amount will probably be published soon. The Commune pretended that it had 172,000 men under arms; but no such figure can possibly be admitted. No battalions exceeded 600 men—many of them did not contain more than 200; the average seemed to be about 300, which for the 250 battalions would give 75,000 in all. The men were well clothed, well fed, and generally were well armed; but as for the greater part, they were hopelessly drunk three times a week; their value as soldiers, even behind walls, was not considerable. Still there were brave men amongst them, and with time and discipline they might have been worked up into something like an army. Like all raw troops, they fired wildly, and the quantity of bullets they wasted in the air exceeds all calculation. In the open they were no good at all; on the one occasion when they were really under fire without any cover (it was on the 3rd of April, on the march to Versailles), they all ran from the first shell which fell amongst them from Mont Valerien. Their artillery,

which, as has been already said, included nearly 2000 cannon and mitrailleuses, was generally well served; the men pointed badly, but they stood steadily to their guns under a bombardment which must have been at moments extremely severe, judging from the noise it made, and from the destruction which it has produced in the forts and fortifications. But the duration of the resistance is not explainable by the number or the courage of the men; it was rendered possible solely by the circumstances which preceded the proclamation of the Commune, and which, for the first time, had drawn together in Paris an immense material of war, the whole of which was employed by the insurrection. With 75,000 men, strong fortifications, and an immense artillery, defence was easy, especially as the attacking army had to be got together, armed, and organised after the 18th March. The erection of that army, under conditions of the greatest difficulty, does the greatest honour to M. Thiers and the generals who seconded his efforts.

As a military operation the siege was singularly uninteresting: its progress was regular from the first moment to the last, and it presented no special features which distinguish it from other attacks on fortified places. But its history, as it is written in the bulletins of the Commune, furnishes a curious example of the height of lying which men can attain when they have once made up their minds to sacrifice everything to the prolongation of a ruined and hopeless position. The attack advanced slowly but steadily from day to day; the Versailles troops never lost a position which they had taken; were never beaten, even in a skirmish; and on no single occasion, from the 2nd April forwards, did the Commune gain one step. But day after day, during those weary weeks, Paris was informed that "the Versailles were repulsed last night;" that "the rurals were driven headlong from the ground yesterday, with a loss of three hundred killed, we having two men wounded;" that "our fire has silenced the Royalist batteries at Becon and Courbevoie," that "the gallant defenders of Fort Issy can hold out indefinitely, and have dismounted all the enemy's guns at Meudon;" and so on regularly down to

the last hour. And, strangely enough, these inventions were believed by the majority of the National Guard, who really supposed that they had the best of the fighting because the Commune told them so. The men engaged at particular points, of course, knew the truth so far as those points were concerned; but the system adopted by the Commune of never acknowledging a defeat was practised with such resolution and completeness, that the mass of the garrison was kept in hope and confidence, and that even part of the population felt uncertain about the final result. It was not until about the 15th May that the Guards began to doubt, and grow discouraged; from that date the entrance of the Versailles troops was regarded by everybody as imminent and inevitable. When it took place, on the afternoon of the 21st May, there was no one on the ramparts to oppose it; and *Maréchal Macmahon* was able successfully to execute the complicated operation of marching 120,000 soldiers into Paris through three gates in twelve hours. From that moment there was an end of the Commune, for though the street-fighting occupied seven days, the mere fact that the *Versaillaise* were inside terminated the authority of the *Hôtel de Ville*, and reduced its inmates to a struggle for a few hours' more life behind barricades. But though the civil power of the Commune finished on 22nd May, it was from that same day that, having nothing more to lose, it showed itself in its true character. Then began the fires and the assassinations; then began that frightful week which will never be forgotten by those who lived through it, of which no description can convey the horror and the anguish. Over Paris hung a fog of smoke, through which the sun shone dimly; the shadows were no longer sharp, their edges were vague and blunted; at night, the moon's light was so weak and sickly, as it struggled through the pall which filled the air, that it gave an unreal look to every thing; there was no gas anywhere; no one dared to venture out, for balls were ringing against the house-fronts, and shells were bursting, and smashed stone and glass were falling into the streets. But in the back rooms where the people crouched the news got in, "The Tuilleries are burn-

ing; the Louvre, the Palais-Royal, the Conseil d'Etat, the Hotel de Ville, the Ministry of Finance, are all on fire; the hostages are murdered." As the troops advanced, as each quarter was successively set on fire, the inhabitants rushed out to look, and, trampling over leaves and branches, cut off the trees by shot, and over broken stones and bricks and glass, and through piles of paper torn by the soldiers off the walls, showing where the proclamations of the Commune had been pasted, through pools of water where the paving-stones had been pulled up, past dead horses and dead men, the horses stiff and swollen and the men seemingly flattened and empty,—breathing the choking smoke, they hurried to see the ruins! A ghastly sight it was, but happily it did not last. The streets were cleared with astonishing rapidity, the fires burned out, the barricades were pulled down; and on the afternoon of the seventh day, the closing fight at Belleville having taken place that morning, all Paris was out of doors, and the place looked almost itself again. So instantaneous was the revival, so rapid the suppression of the traces of the strife, that it seemed like a waking from a dream; but it was no dream, alas!—the blackened walls stand there still and the blood-marks on the walls of La Roquette are not effaced; they show us what the Commune means.

And we need not limit our interpretation of its nature to the evidence which it supplied during its death-struggle. It is quite unnecessary to leave the door open for the possible insinuation that the atrocities of the end were provoked by the bitterness of battle and the ferocity of mad revenge. They were not accidents of the moment, provoked by failure and despair; they were resolutely organized beforehand, and formed but the culminating point of an entire system, the only one which the Commune attempted to apply, and which reveals its true sense, its real intentions. That system had but one form of action—repression; but one object—destruction. During the first few days of its existence the Commune affected to be liberal, but that pretence was soon abandoned. One of its earliest acts was to declare that "the republican authorities of the capital will respect the

liberty of the press, like all other liberties;" but it successively suppressed every periodical which criticised its acts, from the 'Figaro' and the 'Gaulois,' which vanished at the commencement, to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which was suspended on 19th May. All the respectable newspapers in Paris, even the 'Siecle,' that veteran amongst republicans, were swept away, their place being taken by a variety of new journals devoted to the Commune. The arrests of hostages, the perquisitions on the houses, the pillage in the churches, the seizure of men in the streets, are all too well known for it to be necessary to do more than allude to them as elements of the general system. The pulling down of the house of M. Thiers, of the Chapelle Expiatoire (which was not completed for want of time), and of the Column Vendôme, were but first steps towards the general demolition of all that is grand in Paris; and in order that there may be no doubt about this—in order that the preconceived intention to burn the entire city may not be disputed—it is worth while to quote the words which Jules Valles (member of the Commune) published in the 'Cri du Peuple.' He said on two different occasions, "The forts may be taken one after the other; the ramparts may fall; still no soldier will enter Paris. *If M. Thiers is a chemist, he will understand us.*"

The army of Versailles may demolish the ramparts, but let it learn that Paris will shrink from nothing: *full precautions are taken.*" The words in Italics are clear enough; they distinctly imply the intention to blow up and burn; and when they are coupled with the formation, about the 10th of May, of a special company of so-called "rocketmen," and with the official requisition, towards the same date, of all the petroleum in Paris, no room is left for doubt as to the reality of the project, or of the preparations which were made, well beforehand, to realise it completely. Still more distinct warnings were given of the intention to establish a second "Terror," different only from the first one in that the guillotine would have been replaced by the chassépot. On the 16th May, after the fall of the Column Vendôme, Miot said in his public speech, "Thus far our anger has been directed only to material objects, but the day is

coming when reprisals will be terrible." Ranvier, member of the committee of Public Safety, declared on the same occasion, "The Column Vendôme, the house of Thiers, the Chapelle Expiatoire, are but national erections; the turn of traitors and Royalists will inevitably come if the Commune is forced to it." When the moment arrived for the realization of these menaces, the death-warrant of the Archbishop and the other victims was signed by Delescluze and Billioray, in the following terms: "Citizen Raoul Rigault is charged, in conjunction with Citizen Régère, with the execution of the decree of the Commune of Paris relative to the hostages." This decree was followed by another, organizing the fires; "Citizen Millière, with 150 rocketmen, will set on fire the suspected houses and the public monuments on the left bank of the Seine. Citizen Dereure, with 100 men, will do the same in the first and second arrondissements; Citizen Billioray, with 100 men, will take the 9th, 10th and 20th arrondissements; Citizen Vésinier, with 50 men, is specially entrusted with the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Bastille,—Signed, Delescluze, Régère, Ranira, Johannard, Vésinier, Brunel, Dombrowski." And all this was done with wilful obstinacy, and as part of the adopted system. From the very first, these men refused to negotiate or yield; they meant to destroy and they waited where they were for that sole purpose. M. Thiers declared at the commencement of April, that if Paris surrendered at once, he would grant an amnesty to every one but the assassins of Lecomte and Clement Thomas. This announcement was answered by a decree of the Commune, dated 5th April, stating that "every person accused of complicity with the Government of Versailles shall be imprisoned and kept as a hostage;" and by another decree, dated 8th April, proclaiming that "conciliation under such circumstances is treason." This evidence proves that from its first hour of existence the Commune intended to fight it out; to reject all arrangements which might be proposed in the interests of peace; and to place its members and adherents in a position in which clemency towards them was impossible. They might have made terms for themselves if they had wished

to do so. They preferred defeat; they publicly announced that they had "made a pact with death," and that they would "bury themselves under the ruins of Paris." They manifested throughout their intention of destruction; and the inhabitants of Paris may indeed rejoice that that intention was only partially fulfilled; not, however, from any hesitation, or change of mind on the part of the Commune, but because the entrance of the troops was so sudden and rapid that there was no time to complete the preparations for blowing up and burning the entire city.

The expenditure of the Commune must have reached a total of about £1,800,000, not including the debt which is left unpaid. It published its budget from 20th March to 30th April, showing an outlay to the latter date, of £1,005,000; but as the cost of the last three weeks must have been proportionably much greater than that of the first forty days, a general estimate of £1,800,000 is not likely to be exaggerated. Of the bullion accounted for to 30th April, about £900,000 was employed for military purposes, and £100,000 for the civil wants of the Commune. The money was provided by the seizure of £186,000 at the Ministry of Finance, by the requisition of £310,000 at the Bank of France, by the appropriation of £70,000 from the sale of tobacco in Paris, of £22,000 from the Stamp-Office, and of £12,000 from the railways. The whole of the £600,000 thus obtained belonged to the State; the balance of £400,000 was produced by the municipal receipts of Paris, the octroi contributing £340,000 towards it. No explanation has been given of the origin of the sum spent from 1st to 28th May; all that is known about it with certainty is, that the railway companies were forced to give about £100,000 of it. The Finance Minister of the Commune, M. Jourde, was evidently an intelligent man; the means he employed were violent, but he used them skilfully; and he showed more ability in his department than all his colleagues together, in their various branches of administration which they took upon themselves. He remained in office during the whole duration of the Commune, though he tried to resign on

one occasion ; his management was therefore continuous, while in all the other departments there were so many changes of ministers, from personal jealousy and accusations of treason, that the policy of no individual was ever pursued for more than a fortnight. The successive Ministers of War, Cluseret, Bergeret, and Rossel, were all imprisoned by their colleagues ; the last of them, Delescluze, died in office. Similar changes took place of the other functionaries of the Commune, all fearing the bitter suspicion of its members towards each other, and indicating that they were only prevented from fighting amongst themselves by the absolute necessity of temporary union against Versailles.

Some surprise has been expressed out of France at the relative security of life and property which existed under the Commune, and at the order which was maintained in the streets. It is true that, excepting during the first fortnight, there was no housebreaking, and that there was no rioting out of doors, notwithstanding the general drunkenness of the men. Civil order was replaced by political tyranny ; there was no robbery and no assaults ; and it is to the honour of the National Guards, that in the absence of all police and all restraint, they behaved so well. But if one imprudent Parisian was overheard saying a word against the Commune, or in favour of Versailles, he was instantly arrested. Fear was universal, not only of immediate imprisonment for *incivism*, or "want of sympathy," but still more of a coming terror, in which the massacres of 1790 would be renewed. Life in Paris under the Commune was dreary and ominous ; but with the exception of the *réfractaires* and the hostages, no one was absolutely in danger. Danger would evidently have come later on ; and it is possible that, if the entrance of the army had been delayed for another week, the number of innocent victims would have been vastly greater. The emptiness and dullness of the streets were scarcely credible ; a lady was literally never seen, and not a carriage was visible, unless it happened to contain an officer of the Commune. The upper and middle classes had entirely disappeared ; not a shutter was open in the richer quarters ;

the witnesses of the scene were reduced to those who, for want of means or other private reasons, were unable to go away. The emigration reached the immense total of 400,000 persons, which, added to the number who had left before and after the Prussian siege, reduced the population from 2,000,000 to 1,200,000. Never had such an exodus occurred before ; it must have shown the Commune the nature of the opinions entertained as to its intention, and have convinced it that it was rightly judged by those who would have suffered most by it had they remained in Paris.

The Commune ended by the death of about 14,000 of its adherents, and by the arrest of about 32,000 others. These are such large figures that the Government has been accused of undue severity, and even of needless cruelty ; but it should be borne in mind that the executions (which applied to about 8,000 men, 6,000 having been killed in battle) were ordered under circumstances of extraordinary provocation of many kinds. All the public buildings were in flames ; women and children were going about with petroleum, seeking to burn the private houses ! the troops were fired at from windows after all fighting in the neighbourhood was over, and in streets where no engagement had taken place ; officers were assassinated ; the defence took the form of savage destruction by every possible means ; numbers of quiet people insisted on the annihilation of the insurgents, exclaiming that there would be no safety whilst any of them remained alive ; there was a cry in the air for justice without mercy—for revenge of the murdered hostages ; and, finally, it must be remembered that the troops themselves were bitterly enraged, and were thoroughly indisposed to give quarter, or to hesitate at shooting their enemies against a wall. The gentlest-hearted Parisians saw men led out to execution, and had not a word to say. Surely this state of feeling, which was almost universal during the seven days of fighting, was excusable ; it is very horrible to hear at a distance that 8000 unhappy wretches have been summarily shot ; but the people on the spot, half suffocated by the smoke of a hundred flaming buildings, trembling for their own lives and homes,

fired at and bombarded by the Communists with the sole object of adding to the ruin, were justified in calling for strong measures, and the Government was equally justified in applying them. All the spectators of those sights will say that sympathy for such fiends is totally misplaced, and that their immediate destruction, so long as they continued their work of fire and murder was absolutely indispensable. The ordinary forms of trial are now resumed ; but it ought to be acknowledged that the Government, represented by military authority, had no alternative but to suspend them while the struggle lasted.

Now that it is over, the feeling in France is that Paris has been made to pay for Europe, and that the Communal insurrection was far from being an entirely French question. It is urged that Paris happened to present at a given moment certain political and material conditions which facilitated an explosion, but that the true causes of that explosion exist elsewhere as completely as they did in Paris. There is exaggeration in this view of the matter, but it is correct within certain limits. It is exaggerated, because it does not sufficiently take into account the important action of the purely French elements of the Commune ; it is correct in principle, because every country is more or less menaced by a similar outbreak at some time or other. Most of the revolutions which have occurred in Europe during this century have been direct or indirect results of a previous revolution in Paris ; and on the present occasion it is more than ever probable that similar risings will be attempted elsewhere, because of the cosmopolitan character of the agents who have just been defeated in France. The objects which the Commune proposed to attain are avowedly and publicly pursued by its friends in other countries of Europe : those countries may not yet be ripe for action, as Paris was ; but if they continue to be worked up by the Internationale, their turn will some day come. It is because they are convinced of this that the Parisians argue that they have suffered as a warning to the world ; but however right they may be in that impression, it remains indisputable that the recent insurrection

would have been no more possible in Paris than it is at Madrid or Brussels at this moment, if the revolutionary tendencies which may be said to exist in a chronic state amongst part of its population had not prepared the way for it, and facilitated its success. The share of the Internationale in the responsibility of these events is enormous ; but the Internationale did not do anything itself ; it found half the work done beforehand by French Socialists, by French Communists, by French agitators, who had been conspiring for years before the Internationale was created. That society organised the discontented ; it brought together various elements which had previously been conflicting between themselves ; it supplied leaders, and probably money ; but it was able to do all this solely because Paris was a willing instrument in its hands. Paris must accept its own share of the blame, and a very large share it is. Its lower classes furnished the soldiers of the Central Committee ; its middle classes stood, for the most part, apathetically aside when the danger came ; its upper classes ran away. With such facts as these before our eyes, it is not possible to admit that Paris is an innocent victim, sacrificed for the enlightenment of Europe. Paris might have escaped if it had not lent itself to its own ruin. Europe may feel the deepest sympathy for its sufferings, but it cannot acquit it of the charge of having provoked them by its own acts.

The French Chamber has appointed a Committee of Investigation into the circumstances which brought about the revolution of the 18th March. These circumstances are somewhat imperfectly known thus far, and it is not yet possible to indicate them with absolute precision ; but enough has come out already to enable us to judge the main features of the story, and to recognise that the war of classes has seriously commenced, and that the entire system of society is attacked. It is for the Governments of Europe to consider whether they can find the means of satisfying the appetites which are growing round them, or whether they will crush them out by force before it is too late.

PARIS, *June 20th*, 1871.

(From the Academy.)

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.*

THIS is a truly remarkable book. To glance through its pages is to observe a number of picturesque things picturesquely put, expressed in a vivid flowing form and melodious words, and indicating strange, outlandish, and romantic experiences. The reader requires no great persuasion to leave off mere skimming and set to at regular perusal; and, when he does so, finds the pleasurable impression confirmed and intensified.

Mr. Miller is a Californian, domiciled between the Pacific and the Sierra Nevada, who has lived and written "on the rough edges of the frontier." Last winter he published, or at least printed, in London, a small volume named *Pacific Poems*, consisting of two of the compositions now republished—one of them in a considerably modified form. San Francisco and the city of Mexico were known to him; but it is only in the summer of 1870 that he for the first time saw and detested New York, and soon afterwards reached London. Thus much he gives us to know in a few nervous, modest, and at the same time resolute words of preface—reproduced here, with a postscript, from his former volume. He is prepared to be told and to believe that there are crudities in his book; but he adds significantly, "poetry with me is a passion that defies reason." Mr. Miller's preface would command sympathetic respect even if his verses did not. We feel at once that we have to deal with a man, not with a mere vendor of literary wares. To argue with him would be no use, and to abuse him no satisfaction. Luckily we are not called upon to do either; but, while responding to his invitations to point out without reticence what shows

* "Songs of the Sierras." By Joaquin Miller. Longmans & Co.

as faulty, we have emphatically to pronounce him an excellent and fascinating poet, qualified, by these his first works, to take rank among the distinguished poets of the time, and to greet them as peers.

The volume of 300 pages, contains only seven poems. The last of these—a tribute to the glorious memories of Burns and Byron—is comparatively short; all the rest are compositions of some substantial length, and of a narrative character, though *Ina*—considerably the longest of all—assumes a very loose form of dramatic dialogue. Mr. Miller treats of the scenes and personages and the aspects of life that he knows—knows intimately and feels intensely; and very novel scenes, strange personages, and startling aspects these are. This fact alone would lend to his book a singular interest, which is amply sustained by the author's contagious ardour for what he writes about, and his rich and indeed splendid powers of poetic presentment. A poet whose domestic hearth is a hut in an unfathomable canon whose forest has been a quinine wood, permeated by monkeys,

"Like shuttles hurried through and through
The thread a hasty weaver weaves,"

and whose song-bird is a cockatoo, and to whom these things, and not the converse of them, are all the genuine formative experiences and typical realities or images of a life, is sure to tell us something which we shall be both curious and interested to think over. There is an impassible gap between the alien *coulour locale* of even so great a poet as Victor Hugo in such a work as *Les Orientales*, and the native recipiency of one like our Californian author, whose very blood and bones are related to the things he describes, and from whom a perception and a knowledge so extremely unlike our own are no more separable than

his eyes and his brain. Such being the exceptional nature of Mr. Miller's subject-matter, the best way of obtaining some specific idea of his work, both in its beauties and in its defects—which latter no doubt are neither few nor insignificant—may be to give a brief account of his stories.

The first poem, named *Arizonian*, is the life-experience of a gold-washer from Arizona, which he relates to a friendly-disposed farmer. The gold-washer had in his youth been in love with a bright-haired Annette Macleod. He then went off to the gold region, and for about twenty-one years saw and heard nothing about Annette, but still cherished the thought of her with fervid affection. An Indian woman became his companion in gold ventures, and, it might be inferred, his concubine, were we not told that she was "as pure as a nun." One day she challenges him with his undying love for the beautiful blonde: he returns a short answer, and takes no very definite measures for shielding her from a raging storm which comes on over the canon on the instant. She, excited to a semi-suicidal frenzy, dies in the storm. The gold-washer, fencing with the horrid remorse at his heart, and keeping a vision of beautiful blonde hair before his mental eye, goes off to rediscover Annette Macleod. He sees the very image of her at a town-pump; but, when he calls her name, it turns out that this blooming damsel is but the daughter of the Annette of olden days, long since married. The gold-washer, thus drinking the dregs of bitterness from both his *affaires de cœur*, returns to his gold-finding, resolved to make of this the gorgeous and miserable work of his remaining years. He is a splendid personage in Mr. Miller's brilliant and bounding verses, and only "less than Archangel ruined." The second poem, *With Walker in Nicaragua*, appears to relate the author's own youthful experiences. Walker, whom we English have so frequently stigmatized as "the filibuster," is presented as a magnificent hero of the class to whom human laws form no obstacle. Mr. Miller is as loyal to his memory as was ever Jacobite to that of a Charles Edward, and probably with better reason. There is a wild, mysterious, exploratory splendor in this poem, a daring

sense of adventure, and a glorious richness of passion both for brown-skinned Montezuman maidenhood and for the intrepid military chief, which place the work very high indeed both among Mr. Miller's writings (we think it clearly the best of all, with the possible exception of *Arizonian*) and in the poetry of our time generally. Walker, of course, is seized and shot before the poem closes; and the Montezuman damsel comes to as deplorable an end as the gold-adventurers of the preceding poem. After a courtship the raptures of which are only paralleled by its purity, she makes frantic efforts to reach her lover, now retreating by sea, along with his fellows, after a military disaster. She follows in a canoe; brandishes in the eye of the steersman a dagger which her lover had given her as a token sure to be recognized; but somehow (we are not told why) no recognition ensues, the lover himself being lulled in uneasy slumbers, and the maiden topples over and is drowned. *Californian*, the next poem in the series, has very little story amid lavish tracts of description—or we might rather say of picture-writing, for Mr. Miller executes his work of this kind more by vivid flashes of portrayal and of imagery than by consecutive defining. A votary of the ancient Indian or Montezuman faith does any amount of confused miscellaneous fighting, and is slain; the woman who loves him casts herself into the beacon-fire. *The Last Taschastas* is another story of native valor and turmoil. An Indian chief of advanced age makes a raid upon the settlers: he is vanquished, seized, and put in a boat to be transported, with his beautiful daughter, to some remote region. While on the boat he darts a poisoned arrow at his principal adversary, and kills him: he is then shot down, and no further account of the fate of his daughter is vouchsafed. *The Tale of the Tall Alcalde*, which follows, has something which, according to Mr. Miller's standard, almost stimulates a plot. We are first introduced to an Alcalde in the town of Renalda, of abnormal stature, and of a dignified virtue equally abnormal. At a symposium in honor of the Annunciation, the Alcalde is induced—by a concerted and insidious plot, as it may be gathered, between an advocate and a

priest—to narrate his early adventures. These prove to have been of a sort by no means consonant to the Olympian calm of his mature years. In youth, with an Indian girl whom he loved, he had joined a band of Indians, had fought in their cause, and had been imprisoned. The girl seeks him out in his durance, but cannot obtain access to him save at the price of her chastity. Loathing the wretch who demands this sacrifice, she nevertheless consents, but with a firm resolve not to survive the desired moment when her lover shall be liberated. This result is eventually obtained; and the Indian heroine, revealing her shame and her self-devotion, stabs herself to the heart. The future Alcalde, after this catastrophe, vows revenge; and prowls about with a vigorous and successful intent to murder, which would have done credit to the Southern chivalry enrolled in the Ku-Klux Klan. At length, however, a scene of rural domestic bliss promotes milder thoughts. The outlaw returns within the pale of civilization, and enters on the career which has at last made him an Alcalde. When the enlightened but too confiding jurist has revealed thus much, the wily advocate starts up, denounces him, and orders his instant seizure: but to no avail. The Alcalde, who at the moment "seemed taller than a church's spire," declines to be handled, and grinds his drinking-glass to powder; and then

"He turned on his heel, he strode through the
hall,
Grand as a god, so grandly tall,
And white and cold as a chiselled stone.
He passed him out the adobe door
Into the night, and he passed alone,
And never was known or heard of more."

We now come to the last of the poems—the semi-dramatic composition named *Ina*. It is a curious *guazzabuglio* (to use an expressive Italian term) of picturesque perceptions both of external nature and of the human heart, along with a chaos of the constructive or regulative powers of the understanding. Every now and then there is a sort of titanic and intrinsically poetical utterance in it which reminds one of Marlowe; a like splendor and far reach of words, with a like—or indeed a greater—contempt of quiet common sense, and

overstraining of the framework. Ina is a passionate young woman, in love with Don Carlos, but resolved upon marrying in faithful espousals, a suitor of heavy purse and advanced age, with the scarcely disguised motive, however, of afterwards enjoying, in the arms of the ardent Carlos, a youthful widowhood which is distinctly forecast as a very early contingency. Carlos does not quite "see it," and goes off in disgust to lead a wild hunting-life in the mountains—rough good-fellowship mellowed by misogyny. Ina soon realizes the summit of her ambition. Her aged bridegroom dies; she joins the hunting party in the disguise of a young mountaineer; and, after hearing from her companions various salvoes of story-telling to the dishonor of the serpent woman, she reveals and proposes herself to Don Carlos. The Don tells her that he cannot think of demeaning himself to a lady who comes to him second-hand; and the Donna, plucking up her spirit, as well as a vigorous modicum of good sense which has from the first endeared her to the reader athwart the coarseness of her own plans and the fantasticalities of her surroundings, informs him that he may make himself easy without her, once and for all.

Such, reduced to a *caput mortuum*, are the materials of this striking book, through whose veins (if we may prolong the figure) the blood pulsates with an abounding rush, while gorgeous sub-tropical suns, resplendent moons, and abashing majesties of mountain-form, ring round the gladiatorial human life. The reader will hardly need, after our summary, to be told that Byron is the poet whose spirit most visibly sways and overshadows that of Joaquin Miller. The latter is indeed a writer of original mind and style; and there is a weighty difference between a Californian who has really engaged in, or at least had lifelong cognizance of, all sorts of wild semi-civilized adventure, and a noble lord to whom the like range of experience forms the distraction of a season or the zest of a tour. Still, the poetic analogy is strikingly visible, and has a very mixed influence upon Mr. Miller's work. On one side, taking interest as he does, like Byron, in adventurous picturesque personages, with the virtues and

vices of the life of defiance, full of passion and resource (for Mr. Miller has the art of making us respect the intellectual calibre of all his characters, whatever they may do, and however closely they may approximate to savages), he is lifted at once above the mild and mediocre or the merely photographic levels of work: on the other hand, he exhibits life not only under the rudimentary and incomplete conditions which his subject-matter suggests, but with an effect of abortiveness and gloom due partly, no doubt, to the Byronic tradition, and so extreme as to be almost morbid. His interest in life seems to be very much that of a gambler, who plays at stake, conscious that the chances are against him; or, one might rather say, of a man who watches a game played with loaded dice, and who sees his friend ruined by an undeniable conspiracy. In *Ina*, for instance, gratuitous misery is poured forth, as from a bucket, with a liberally cruel hand. It is intensely unsatisfactory to be told of a lovely, girlish, and wealthy widow, steeped in amorous grace, constancy, and spirit, making love to the hot-blooded youth who has adored her all his life, and whom she has confessedly adored—only to be repulsed with a stolid obtuse *morgue*, and then to wrap herself round in her dignity, and close the last avenue to a right mutual understanding. We see love assassinated before our eyes by two lovers, who can find no better employment than persistently carving the death's-head and marrow-bones over his head-stone. In this tale the very *motif* has a twist of dislocation: in some others, as our summary will have shown, the conception, though mainly monotonous, is interesting in a high degree, but the poet shows little gift for constructing a story. In *Arizonian*, for example—an excellent and truly engrossing poem—the reader is unable to credit the central fact; namely, that the gold-washer, having for twenty-one years lost sight of his early love so entirely as not to know that she had been married for a long series of years, travels in good faith to search her out and wed her, and accepts at first sight her daughter as being her authentic self. It might perhaps be added, without cynicism that the daughter, who so absolutely realizes to the many-labored gold-washer,

the person of his long-lost love, should really have stood to his feelings in that relation; and that his natural and compensatory course would have been to court her on the spot.

Excitement and ambition may be called the twin geniuses of Mr. Miller's poetical character. Everything is to him both vital and suggestive; and some curious specimens might be called of the fervid interfusion of external nature and the human soul in his descriptive passages. The great factors of the natural world—the sea, the mountains, the sun, moon, and stars—become personalities, animated with an intense life and a dominant possession. He loves the beasts and birds, and finds them kin to him; a snake has its claim of blood-relationship. At times he runs riot in overcharged fancies, which, in *Ina* especially, recall something of the manner of Alexander Smith, whether in characterizing the objects of nature, or in the frenzied aspirations of the human spirit. It should be understood, however, that the only poet to whom he bears a considerable or essential analogy is Byron. In *Arizonian* indeed the resemblance of diction and versification is rather Browning, and some passages might seem to be directly founded on the *Flight of the Duchess*: but I learn that this resemblance is merely fortuitous. As such, it is an interesting reciprocal confirmation of the value of the peculiarities of narrative form belonging to both poems. At times also there is a recognizable ring of Swinburne, especially as regards alliteration, and a vigorous elastic assonance not only in the syllables but in the collocation of words and phrases.

There is little space, and not much occasion, for dwelling on verbal or other minute defects. The swing and melody of the verse are abundant; yet many faulty lines or rhymes, with some decided perversities in this way, could be cited; along with platitudes of phrase, or odd and inadmissible words. All these are minor matters. Mr. Miller has realised his poetic identity under very exceptional conditions, very favourable to spirit and originality, but the contrary so far as united completion or the accepted rules of composition are concerned. He is a poet, and an admirable poet. His first

works prove it to demonstration, and super-abundantly ; and no doubt his future writings will reinforce the proof with some added maturity and charm. He is not the sort of a man to be abashed or hurt by criticism. Let me add that the less attention he pays to objections, even

if well founded, and the more he continues to write out of the fulness of his own natural gifts, the better it will probably be for both himself and his readers. America may be proud of him.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

(From All the Year Round.)

A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I was standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Horse-shoe along the brink of the rocks, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but, owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move. It was a man. Yes ; he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about nine or ten o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could

almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray, as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides ; already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a despatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles), by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, nine-thirty, a.m., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet iron with air-tight chambers ; a boat that could not sink. She was girth round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him

know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters, in Dutch (his native language), "The life-boat is coming." He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was at last launched, the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies, and whirlpools, which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which lies the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. The life-boat's course was steady at first; she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length approaching the log, she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But no, it stood firm—the boat had reached its destination. Yet alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its hollow inside directed towards the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed towards it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until both cables being brought to one side of the river by the united force of fifty or sixty men, she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside-down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who

still clung to the log, swayed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as we could judge at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long, and flat-bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate, and as she floated down, even alongside the log without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt that the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log making signals to those who directed the boat.

He now eagerly seized her, drew her towards him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced, but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid, swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and there remained immovably fixed. Once more the poor fellow's work began. He drew off one of his boots and baled the boat, he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in these fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who had beheld him. He worked well, for he worked for his life. Three months after, this boat retained its position, nor will it move until the rocks grind its cable in two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long, and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four similar cans, by the way, had been

let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the food lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care, he lashed his legs firmly, and then signalled to draw him up; thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up, the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it, and as the raft still advanced, the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under, but alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft pressed down by the weight of falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear quite so impassable. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half-way between the log and the opposite shore (a small island). This also failed from the same cause, therefore it was proposed to endeavor to let the raft float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced but with the old result, the cable was caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow would rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferry-boats (built expressly for crossing beneath the falls) had been brought up, but had

lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down towards the raft, whilst in breathless silence, we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat; a boat never could return against a rapid, however well able to float down it. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall, than it would dip, fill, and spin around, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashings, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat, and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood; she paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him on the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the overwhelming torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waters as they hurried him along upright, waving both arms above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared, and I thought hours must have passed in lieu of one brief half-minute. But the end came at last; once more I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and in an instant, the crowd turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

OUR first portrait is that of the distinguished author and statesman, whose name heads this article. His present appearance is so well known to the public, that we have selected a likeness which represents him when he was a much younger man; when politics had hardly yet laid hands upon him; when he was the chief wit of the most select drawing-rooms of London.

Benjamin Disraeli is descended from a Spanish family of Jews, who, in the 15th century, fled from the religious persecutions in the Peninsula, and settled in Venice. He is the son of Isaac Disraeli, himself an author of repute, whose father came to England in the middle of the 18th century, and made a fortune by commerce. Benjamin early evinced much literary talent, but as his father had always intended him for the legal profession, he placed him in a lawyer's office. The musty forms of law not being congenial to his tastes, he soon abandoned them for the more attractive field of literature. As early as 1826, at the age of 21, he became a contributor to a newspaper called the *Representative*. Although the paper had but a short existence, young Disraeli's connection with it, seems to have given his mind a political bias, which, to a great extent, determined his future career. He was thenceforth, by choice and character, the child of literature and politics.

At the age of 18, he visited Germany, and shortly afterwards, about the same time that he commenced to write for the newspaper press, gave to the world his first novel, "Vivian Grey." It created an immediate and intense sensation in society, proving that its author was a master of his art. "Vivian Grey" abounds in passages not surpassed for beauty in our literature. Delicacy and sweetness are mingled with impressive eloquence

and energetic truth. In nearly the twenty years succeeding, Mr. Disraeli wrote almost without interruption, producing in succession, the "Voyage of Capt. Popanilla;" "The Young Duke;" "England and France;" "Contarini Fleming;" "Alroy, the Wondrous Tale;" and the "Rise of Iskander;" "The Revolutionary Epic, a Poem;" "The Crisis Examined;" "Vindication of the English Constitution;" "Letters of Runymede;" "Henrietta Temple;" "Venetia;" "Alarcos, a Tragedy;" "Coningsby, or the New Generation;" "Sybil, or the New Nation;" "Ixion in Heaven;" "Tancred, or the New Crusade;" "Lothair;" besides some works of lesser note. There runs throughout all of Mr. Disraeli's novels a remarkably imaginative vein, occasionally, as in "Contarini Fleming," running into riotous excess; and the greater number of them are occupied with wonderfully clever disquisitions on political theories.

Mr. Disraeli's first attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament was in 1831, when he became a candidate, on the Radical side, for the borough of Wycombe. Then, and again on a subsequent occasion, he was defeated, but his spirit was undaunted, and finally came in for Maidstone, in the Conservative interest, in 1837. His first speech in the House was so elaborately conceived and expressed, that it was the subject of universal laughter, in fact such a failure that he was compelled to sit down before it was finished; but he did not take his seat until he had uttered a few words which, in the light of his later triumphs in the Parliamentary arena, ought to give encouragement to many a youthful orator. "I have begun several times," said he, "many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." The prediction has been

amply fulfilled. There is no man in the House of Commons who is now more eagerly listened to than the eloquent member for Buckinghamshire.

Four years after his election to Parliament, Mr. Disraeli was the acknowledged leader of "the Young England Party." Between that year and 1846, his attacks on Sir Robert Peel were as frequent as they were often brilliant and severe. When his friend, Lord George Bentinck died, in 1848 he became the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, and in or out of that office he has retained that position ever since. In 1852 he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby, and again in 1858, and in 1866. It is a noticeable fact in his life, as well as in that of Mr. Glad-

stone, his great Parliamentary opponent, that they are both as eminent as exponents of financial policy and progress as in imaginative and literary power. On the retirement of Lord Derby from the Premiership in January; 1868, Mr. Disraeli became Premier of England, his great ambition, and held the position until after the general election of that year, when in consequence of an adverse vote in the country, he retired from office.

Though at times having a care-worn appearance, Mr. Disraeli is still in the full possession of intellectual vigor; and it is far from unlikely that before two sessions more of Parliament have passed, he will be again at the head of affairs in the first nation in the world.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

Every recent novel that Mr. Reade has published has been the signal for a perfect torrent of criticism and invective, and "A Terrible Temptation" has been no exception to the rule. The assault began, in fact, before a half dozen installments were fairly before the public, and will no doubt be continued as long as the novel retains any of its present popularity. Most of the criticism has been of the character which Mr. Reade consigned to an immortality of contempt in his famous "prurient prude" letter, and as he is probably now engaged in preparing another one of that type adopted to present circumstances, and as he has proved himself on more than one occasion quite capable of "taking care" of both himself and his critics, we refrain from attempting here any answer in detail.

It seems necessary, however, to remind the critics now and then, that it would be well to ascertain what use an author is going to make of his material, what moral he is going to teach, and what is the final result of his work, before indulging in unreserved and intemperate denunciation. This reminder seems especially needful in

the case of "A Terrible Temptation," for as we have said, the criticism which has given color to all since written, and which has no doubt largely shaped the popular impression of the book, was commenced before the story was fairly under way, when it was utterly impossible to tell what lesson the author intended to teach, and was based evidently on an entirely false prognostic of the course of the story. We imagine that there are few readers who taking the novel as a whole, would be prepared to say that "it is licentious to a degree which ought to bring it under the ban of the law," or, "that it is a disgrace both to author and publisher." Appearing as it did in parts, there were one or two situations no doubt which were sufficiently dubious to impart a shock to the delicate sensibilities of the "prurient prudes;" but judging the story as a whole, we have no hesitation in saying that its moral tone is exceptionally high, that no one can doubt for a moment whether the author believes in a line of demarcation between the virtues and the vices, and that as far as ethics are concerned, "A Terrible Temptation" is unexceptionable. It would be very refreshing to meet the "young person" whose imagination has been soiled by contact with Mr. Reade, and especially with his latest pro-

duction. She (of course such a "young person" is feminine)—she must be singularly obtuse who cannot see how shallow, mean, sordid, and base is the life of Rhoda Somerset and her class; and who cannot appreciate how powerfully the story teaches the lesson that they enter upon a fatal and perilous path who begin to do evil that good may come.

This being the ultimate moral of his story, it makes little difference to our mind what instrument he uses in working it out. If there is one principle which has been evolved from the complexities and jargon of literary criticism, it is that an author shall have the liberty of choosing what material he likes, and that we shall judge his work by its results. Of course it is at his peril that he commits offences either against good taste or good morals; but we believe the principle as we have stated it, is now one of the canons of "the gay science." It would be well, too, for the public to recollect when their ears are confused by a clamor like that recently heard against Reade, that the very critics who have raised it have probably taken occasion more than once to wreak their scorn upon the "bigoted stupidity," which in the case of Shakespeare has given rise to "expurgated" editions.

Coming now to the artistic aspect of "A Terrible Temptation," we are quite willing to concur in the opinion that the *kind* of use which Mr. Reade has made of Rhoda Somerset and the other complications of his story is unmistakable indication of decaying powers. There must have been a very marked declension from the Reade of *Peg Woffington* before the same author could descend to the charts and other sensational machinery of the "Temptation;" and the characters which figure in the more recent story have little of the vital personality of the old. The style, too, from being crisp, and clear, and terse, has become simply snappish; and the egotism which at first gave a peculiar and not unpleasant flavor to Reade's work has recently attained to the enormous.

Having spoken as one having authority on pretty much all the questions that have agitated society of late, he has now given (what of course in his opinion no one else living was capable of doing) an estimate

of himself; and it is to be hoped he will now rest for awhile. As it is, we feel a terrible temptation to throw his latest production out of the window, or at least to exclude it from the company of the other well-used volumes by the same author which lie upon our shelf. The book is interesting enough and innocent enough, but as a work of art it is very far below the level of its author's earlier writings.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS. By Joaquin Miller. Toronto: The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

In the words of a contemporary, "this is a truly remarkable book." A few months ago Mr. Miller was unknown, to-day he occupies a prominent place in the foremost rank of living poets. The book before us was published in England last spring. It immediately attracted notice, was most favorably reviewed in all the leading magazines, and was widely read. As the title indicates, it is a picture of life in the far west of America, where, as he tells us in his preface, Mr. Miller has lived for many years. In every respect, the book is a peculiar one: it breathes the spirit of true poetry in every page, yet the style is unlike that of any other poet either English or American. The fact that the "Songs" have been so favorably received across the water, is sufficient evidence of their worth. No poems of the day, not even those of Tennyson, or Swinburne, have been spoken of in such high terms of praise by English reviewers.

MY WIFE AND I, OR HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Canadian News and Publishing Co.

This story was originally published in the *Christian Union*, and, like everything from Mrs. Stowe's pen, was read with intense interest. It has been reprinted in the United States, and in order to meet the demand for it in this country, the present edition has been issued. It is a charming tale, and fully sustains the world-wide reputation of the author. Its main object is to show the absurdity of the Woman's Right movement, and paint in their true colours those unwomanly

women who demand the ballot, a place in Congress, and a seat on the judicial bench. This Mrs. Stowe does with her usual power and vigor.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SERIES OF ORIGINAL NOVELS. Nos. 1 to 3. Montreal: Geo. E. Desbarats.

Mr. Desbarats has won credit for his enterprise in furnishing the Canadian public with an illustrated paper, and draws upon our gratitude still further by publishing in a cheap form, tales which are Canadian in birth, as well as in incident. The first number of the series, contains the productions of Messrs. Farwell, Heward, Watson, Mrs. Leprohen, and Miss Noel.

WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING. By Horace Greeley. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

In this little work Mr. Greeley has condensed a great deal of information as to farming, valuable because practical, and interesting, because unladen with scientific technicality. If our farmers would read such works as this, we should have less ignorance to complain of, and perhaps fewer losses in time and money to deplore.

TILL THE DOCTOR COMES. By Geo. Hope, M.D. M.R.C.S., Eng. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

This handy book puts in a convenient shape instructions as to what is best to be done in the case of accidents, or sudden illness, by those who reside at a distance from a physician or surgeon. It is sensibly written, and has a practical character which redeems it from the savor of quacking and pedantry.

GAMOSAGAMMON, OR HINTS ON HYMEN. By Hon. Hugh Rowley. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

Such hints as this collection gives, although purposely intended for the use of

parties about to "connubialize," are likely to interest those who have committed the act, inasmuch as here are furnished a stock of amusement by which on the lightning-rod principle, matrimony may be rendered peaceful.

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S AND JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

Domestic infelicities and felicities are capable of yielding interesting reading, even when done into the form of a journal, and their versification is calculated to attract attention now-a-days — when morals need crutches.

PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

The lesson taught by this story is wholesome and timely, and it needs enforcement as well on this as on the other side of the lines.

JOSH BILLINGS FARMER'S ALMINAX, for 1872. The Canadian News and Publishing Co.

Billings is always funny, but in his "Alminaxes" he is most so. His advice if taken in small doses is good medicine.

The following works are in press by the Canadian News and Publishing Co.:

LITTLE BREECHES, AND OTHER PIECES. By Col. John Hay.

JOSH BILLINGS PAPERS. Illustrated by Nast.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1872. 130 Illustrations.

EAST AND WEST POEMS. By Bret Harte.

JEAN INGELOW'S COMPLETE POEMS.