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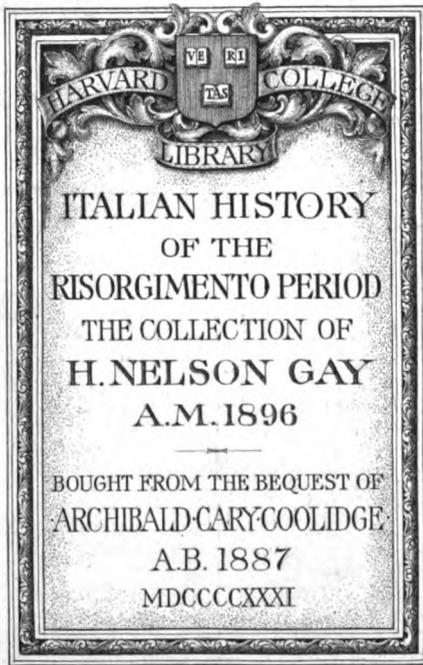


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# NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CCXVIII.

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JANUARY, 1868.

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## ART. I. — BOSTON.

It was only thirty-three years ago on the 4th of last October, — exactly the lifetime of one generation of men, — that a regular *battue* took place close to what is now the centre of the great city of Chicago. On the morning of that day, in 1834, a large black bear had been shot in the woods just behind the little town, and its inhabitants, stimulated by so auspicious a commencement, sallied out for a day's sport; and before night they had killed forty wolves within what are now the limits of the city. Chicago now has a population somewhat larger than that of Boston, and performing far greater functions in the economy of the continent. What will be the relative position of the two cities thirty years hence can, perhaps, be imagined. Without indulging in prophecy, however, there is sufficient matter for observation and reflection in the history and relative growth of the two during the last thirty years, and it is matter from which, if sufficiently considered, both cities perhaps, and Boston at any rate, may derive some useful lessons. So far as Chicago is concerned, those thirty-three years include the story of a lifetime. Physically, it is a history of opportunities improved, energies developed, and difficulties overcome, — so overcome that the conquerors have grown to take a boastful pride and almost pleasure in the conflict. Though for Boston this period has not been equally eventful, yet for that city too it has produced its long list of

changes, and of changes such as perhaps are not usually imagined, nor always, when realized, sources of satisfaction.

A comparative retrospection could not begin from a more distinctive date than that of 1837. Just three decades ago that year came, like the year 1867, in a period of depression, anxiety, and paper money. Mr. Van Buren was President of the United States, and Edward Everett was Governor of Massachusetts. Boston, a thriving city of eighty thousand inhabitants, was, relatively to the whole country, a much more important place than at present.

In its physical aspect the city has certainly changed since then. Its proper limits were necessarily much the same then as now, but its appearance was more picturesque and old-fashioned. The commercial centre of the town was still its business centre. The manufacturer as well as the merchant clustered around State Street—once King Street—and the old wharves and warehouses of Colonial times. Those, too, were the days of old-fashioned, roomy houses, before the “seventeen-foot front” came in. Not yet had the increasing volume of the business community, bursting its limits, sent its tide of granite fronts, like a destroying flood of lava, over the quiet, shady streets, pretty gardens, and substantial, square, court-enclosed residences, the last of which have only just disappeared. The place has grown larger, but, unlike New York or Chicago, it is still the same place. For notwithstanding many local and individual changes, streets which were fashionable in 1837 are fashionable now; the same families not seldom live in the same houses; the wealthy names then are wealthy names still, and the men of note then are men of note now. The change has been simply the comparatively slow change of growth and expansion: it has been the change neither of creation nor of revolution.

The moral, social, and political questions agitating that community in 1837 were curiously the same with those still matters of earnest discussion. Railroads had begun to produce their effects, and the whole country was speculating,—speculating not in coppers or oil mines or gold mines, but in what answered the purpose quite as well,—in Western lands, in produce, in imports, in manufactures, and in exports. In 1837,

as well as in 1867, the papers and society rang with a universal outcry against the absurdly high prices of the day, and the enormous cost of living. The whole world was making short cuts to fortune, and heaping up great wealth in paper dollars. In that same year came the crash; the banks suspended, the merchants were ruined, and provincial Boston was large enough to report one business failure a day during a period of six months; gold was at ten per cent premium, and the newspapers teemed with plans for the resumption of specie payments. In the Legislature the questions then discussed were curiously the same with those discussed in the same halls in 1867. The temperance question had begun to loom up, the fifteen-gallon law was passed, and the bar-rooms were for the first time closed on Sundays. Then, too, a novel experiment was tried,—a hotel (the Marlborough) was established “on temperance principles.” The repeal of the usury laws was discussed, as also the expediency of passing a law regulating the hours of labor, known as the “Ten-Hour Law.” In literature, also, the Athens of America still sounds the old harp-strings. In the year 1837 R. W. Emerson delivered a *Φ. B. K.* oration, as he did in 1867; Caleb Cushing declined to address the societies of Dartmouth College, and Mr. George S. Hillard took his place. Dr. O. W. Holmes brought out a little volume of poems, and the second volume of an interminable *History of America*, by George Bancroft, was published.

Commercially, Boston was for that time a city of great foreign trade and enterprise. Ships unloaded at her wharves from China, from Calcutta, from the African coast and the Mediterranean, from Russia, South America, and the Pacific coast. Only two years before the house of Sturgis had originated the California trade by sending out the *Alert*, with the author of “*Two Years before the Mast*” in her fore-castle. Then and for years after Boston was considered the natural American terminus of the Liverpool trade, and Train’s “*Diamond Line*” of fast Liverpool packets, which ran successfully for fifteen years, and transported one hundred and forty thousand passengers, was not originated until 1844. Since those days the population within the city limits has more than doubled, and has overflowed those limits into every suburban

town. The industrial increase has been eightfold. In 1866 the money value of the manufactures of the city was returned at eighty-six millions of dollars, against less than eleven millions, the return of 1837, and exactly equalling the return of the whole State for that year. Its wealth has increased fourfold since that time. Its debt has increased more than sevenfold. Its rate of taxation has increased threefold, but its foreign commerce has not increased at all in the same ratio. Until within the last dozen years the foreign trade of the city flourished satisfactorily; but hidden causes must have been at work, for the crisis of 1857 seems to have given it a shock from which it has never recovered. Between 1836 and 1855, the yearly foreign entrances and clearances of the port of Boston rather more than doubled, and the gross numbers of each have not materially declined to the present time; but the character of the commerce has changed.\* Though nominally foreign, nine tenths of those clearances and entrances are of vessels engaged in the coasting trade in everything but the name. They are not stately ships, rich in the association of distant lands, bringing teas and spices from the East and wines and silks from Europe, to return laden with corn and gold and oil; they are Down-East coasters, averaging somewhat more than a hundred tons' measurement each, and carrying on a thriving business in facilitating the exchange of coal and firewood, fish, rags, and timber, the staples of the Provinces, for the ready-made boots and furniture, the butter, molasses, and manufactured tobacco, the produce of New England.† Thus, though the same number of sails as in 1855 now enter and leave Boston Harbor, in the course of each year, from or for foreign ports, yet in 1862-63, as compared with the

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\* Clearances. 1836: 1,358; tons, 204,334. 1855: 2,944; tons, 687,825. 1862-63 (average), 3,110; tons, 623,411. Entrances. 1836: 1,381; tons, 224,684. 1855: 3,144; tons, 707,924. 1862-63 (average), 3,120; tons, 662,008.

† During 1862-63 Boston averaged each year 3,110 foreign clearances, aggregating 623,411 tons; of these 2,256, aggregating 320,921 tons, — that is, more than half of all the clearances from Boston, measured by tonnage, — cleared for the British Provinces; and during the same period, of a yearly average of 3,120 entrances, aggregating 662,008 tons, 2,162, or 281,074 tons, were from the same quarter. The trade of Boston beyond the seas during the same period averaged yearly 400 each of entrances and clearances, aggregating 240,000 tons, — a decrease, estimated in tonnage, of forty per cent from the return of 1856.

earlier year, their aggregate tonnage had decreased ten per cent, and the value of their imports, having fallen off fifty per cent, had almost sunk to the level of 1836; while their exports, though double the value of those of 1836, had also fallen away one half in ten years.

Not so New York. Her commerce has never ceased to grow. Entering and clearing in 1836 less than double the tonnage of Boston, and scarcely more than doubling it in 1855, — for Boston yet held her own bravely, — in 1862–63 her tonnage was fourfold that of Boston; and while her trade with the American foreign ports of the North Atlantic was little if at all larger than that of Boston, her traffic beyond the seas was nine times as great.\* The trade of Boston with the British Provinces was during those years more than twice that of New York; with Great Britain the trade of New York was more than ten times that of Boston.† The same rule of change holds in the value of the commerce. In 1836 New York imported and exported, as compared with Boston, in about the ratio of five to one; in 1855 the ratio was as less than four to one, but in 1862–63 it stood at ten to one, and during the last three years (1864–1866), while the New York imports as compared with those of Boston have held the ratio of seven to one; her exports have stood as thirteen to one.‡ A relative importance reduced from one fourth to one

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\* For ports beyond the seas, New York in 1862–63 cleared yearly 2,601 sail, aggregating 1,858,939 tons, and entered yearly from the same 2,548 sail, aggregating 1,939,212 tons, against 388 clearances from Boston, aggregating 207,585 tons, and 469 entrances, aggregating 280,673 tons.

† In 1862–63 Boston cleared for the British Isles on a yearly average 76 sail, aggregating 89,631 tons, and entered from them 100 sail, aggregating 151,071. New York cleared 1,327 sail, aggregating 1,202,957 tons, and entered 1,115 sail, aggregating 1,118,205 tons.

‡ The foreign commerce of Massachusetts, almost wholly through Boston, at the periods referred to, was as follows: — Imports, 1836, \$25,681,462; 1855, \$45,113,774; 1862–63 (average), \$29,545,041; 1864–1866 (average at Boston only), \$36,676,214. The exports were, 1836, \$5,267,160; 1855, \$28,190,925; 1862–63 (average), \$19,653,267; 1864–1866, (average at Boston only), \$19,417,856. Of New York, and almost wholly through the port of New York, the imports were, — 1836, \$118,253,416; 1855, \$164,776,511; 1862–63 (average), \$223,353,864; 1864–1866 (average at port of New York alone), \$249,827,121. The exports were, 1836, \$29,000,000; 1855, \$113,731,238; 1862–63 (average), \$238,375,185; 1864–1866 (average at New York only), \$245,388,233.

tenth, and an absolute loss of some fifty per cent, is a result singularly suggestive as the lesson drawn from the experience of a single decennium.

To return, however, to the decade of 1830-1840. A new era then opened on the world, for steam was working out its application to locomotion on land and to ocean navigation. The race was open to all; it was almost a clear field without favor. At that time Boston enjoyed several advantages. In 1837 she possessed the best developed germ of a railroad system in all America. She sent out ten trains a day on her finished lines to Lowell, Providence, and Worcester. Already her plan of great railroad extension was matured. The present Western Railroad was projected, and, in projecting it, the men of those days seem to have risen to an equality with the occasion; for, in the language of 1837, this road was "to extend from Worcester to the Connecticut River, at Springfield, and thence to the boundary line of the State of New York, where it will connect with railroads now in progress, — one leading to Albany, another to Hudson, and a third to Troy. From Albany a railroad line to the westward is already completed as far as Utica, and its continuation is projected through the State of New York to Buffalo, thence through the northern part of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, across Illinois, to the Mississippi." Such a scheme speaks well for the day of small things.

As late as 1840 Boston was also the best balanced commercial city in America. When the Cunard line was established in that year, it naturally fixed its terminus in Boston. "The reasons for this choice were, — nearness to and convenience of access from the lower British Provinces and Lower Canada; a shorter distance from Europe; and superiority of harbor and wharf accommodations. The railway system of New England, also, although in its infancy, had already attracted attention in Europe. . . . The establishment of a regular line of first-class steamships between Liverpool and Boston hastened the construction and extension of the railroads which had been commenced, and led to the projection of others. As a consequence Boston was for a few years possessed of a combination of railway and steamship facilities such as no other city on the

seaboard could boast of. During this period, New York, although larger in wealth and in population, was to a considerable degree dependent upon Boston for its communication with the Old World." This state of affairs lasted until 1848. Before that year the great Boston houses had begun to establish selling agencies in New York. The Skinners went there in 1846, the Lawrences in 1851, and other houses of necessity followed. Then came the California trade, which gave such an immense commercial impetus to New York, and from that epoch the fate of Boston seemed sealed. It was not that her growth was to stop. She was to grow and will grow yet more, — grow, in all probability, quite as fast as growth is healthy, — but the nature of that growth was to change. It was not to be of varied nature and of well-balanced elements; the merchant and the manufacturer were no longer to move forward with equal steps; henceforth the city was to be more and more lop-sided; she was to become, in comparison with great, commercial, cosmopolitan New York, what Manchester was to London, or Lowell to herself. Her own children seemed to have lost their enterprise and their system, or rather to have transferred those qualities with grand results to other fields. They seemed to unite their energies to diminish her resources, or to cripple her strength. They built great railroads throughout the West, and managed them with incomparable skill, but those roads did not lead to Boston. They hurried their great selling agencies in hotter and hotter competition to New York, until the firm names alone remained in Boston, and seven eighths of their business was done by the branch houses; the steamships followed the business, and the shipping followed the steamships, and the wharves would have followed both, had they not, fortunately for Boston, been firmly planted in the rapidly rising mud of the harbor.

Still one channel of reviving prosperity was open to the city. The railroad system, once the most promising in the country, remained to it; Boston might yet be convenient and accessible, a ready place of import and export; and then general trade could hardly fail, some day, to revisit it. This, the one chance of salvation, was the chance most neglected of all. While New York was building railroad upon railroad, enlar-

ging canals, ever opening fresh channels through which the wealth of the newly-developed West could be poured into her lap, Boston, with a lack of perception, a want of foresight, an absence of enterprise, and a superabundance of timidity, in sad contrast with the great promise of an earlier and brighter day, was satisfied with that single line of railroad track directly connecting her with the overflowing West, which she had with an enterprise of a wholly different character boldly constructed in 1837. The result need not be dwelt upon. Boston proved herself not worthy of success in the race, and she lost the prize. She did all she could to limit the field of her enterprise, — to encourage her customers to go elsewhere, — to prevent them from coming to her. Success in such efforts is not difficult to attain. That she has grown and prospered is evident; so have Lowell and Providence, and probably Newport and Salem. So also have New York and Chicago. Here are two kinds of growth. One commercial, well-balanced, and cosmopolitan, the other manufacturing, unequal, and provincial. Boston has increased and flourished, but its increase has been provincial. It is now the first, or perhaps second, city of the Lowell and Providence type in America, while thirty years ago, with less wealth and fewer inhabitants, what growth it had was the cosmopolitan growth of New York and London. So much for Boston thirty years since and now.

Meanwhile how has it fared with Chicago? Thirty years ago the Indians had just been carted away across the muddy prairie, and Chicago was a Western city of four thousand inhabitants. They were a sort of amphibious creatures, living in their prairie swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan, now wallowing in mud and now smothering in dust; without a railroad, without any particular trade, accumulating large imaginary fortunes by successful operations in corner lots, and suffering from attacks of chills and fever. It was a city of the Cairo or Eden style. But in the year 1837 corner lots were down; Chicago was dead, perhaps the deadest place in the whole broad land. The Chicagonese did not fail at the rate of one a day during those depressing six months, as did the business firms of Boston, because they all failed at once, and had it over. They did not sacrifice corner lots at a ruinous loss,

simply because no one could be induced to buy them at any price. The city was bankrupt; the State was bankrupt; work on the canals and railroads was suspended, and corner lots were valueless. Such in 1837 was the condition of the Queen of the West. At length the dawn of revival broke upon this dark night of depression. In 1838 the Chicago wheat trade began with a well-known transaction covering thirty-nine double bushels. In 1839 her cattle trade amounted to three thousand creatures; in 1840 the city had revived enough to finish the canal which connects the Chicago River with the Illinois, and which had been begun in 1836. In 1850 the city had a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, and at last was the fortunate centre of a railroad system comprising forty-two miles, all in successful operation. In 1853 came the crisis of her fate. In that year the Chicago and Galena Railroad, then open to Elgin, paid a dividend of eleven per cent, and "the truth took possession of the whole mind of Chicago, and became its fixed idea, that every acre with which it could put itself in easy communication must pay tribute to it forever. From that time there has been no pause and no hesitation; but all the surplus force and revenue of Chicago have been expended in making itself the centre of a great system of railroads and canals. . . . The railroad system of which Chicago is a centre now includes eight thousand miles of track, and the railroad system of which Chicago is *the* centre embraces nearly five thousand miles of track."

Here then are two material records leading to two results. How different those results are any man can see who will glance over the columns of the daily press of the two cities, and observe the exultant tone of the one and the deprecatory tone of the other. The mystery of the difference is not difficult of solution. The one city has been in close sympathy with the material development of the age, the other has not. Both were surrounded by eager rivals; but while the one realized the value of the prize contended for, the other reposed, though not in content, on the laurels of earlier days. The material destiny of Chicago is now fixed. "Her vocation is to put every good acre in all that region within ten miles of a railroad, and to connect every railroad with a system of ship-

canals terminating in the Mississippi and the Atlantic Ocean. That is, has been, and will be for many a year to come Chicago's work." Thus the young city of the West has instinctively appreciated the position and necessity of the country and the age; she has flung herself, heart, soul, and body, into the movement of her time; she has realized the great fact that steam has revolutionized the world, and she has bound her whole existence up in the great power of modern times. But for this, St. Louis might well have proved to her what New York has proved to Boston.

Not so Boston. That city, in spite of her wealth and prestige, her intrinsic worth and deserved reputation, her superficial conceit and real cultivation, failed to solve the enigma, — did not rise to the height of the great argument. The new era found her wedded to the old, and her eyes, dimmed with experiences of the past, could not credit the brilliant visions of the future. She promised well, but her career failed to come up to her promise. Her commerce has not increased. She no longer sends out her ships to every quarter of the globe. The warerooms of her manufacturers do not swarm with buyers from every part of the land. She has not opened new channels of intercourse with the West. She is not better known. She does not bear that proportional influence with the country now that she did then. She has lost much of her influence and all of her prestige. That steam intercourse with Europe which was planted with her twenty-five years ago has by no means flourished and waxed strong. Time now more than ever before is money, and Boston is still and must ever remain twenty-four hours nearer to Liverpool than is New York. A passage already quoted has shown how and why New York was through years to a degree dependent on Boston for her communications with Europe. Yet not ten, nor six, nor four steam packets for the Old World leave her docks now for one which did so twenty years ago. It is very well to explain this by vague reference to the operations of natural laws, and the principles of demand and supply. Do not those laws and those principles apply as well to Liverpool as to Boston? Boston once had a hold — not so strong a hold, but still a hold — on the Liverpool trade, as Liverpool had on the American

trade. The principles of trade and the operation of general laws have not drawn Liverpool to London, as they have drawn Boston to New York. The reason is obvious. Liverpool has remained convenient and accessible, and Boston has not. The American trade with Great Britain is more than one third of the whole foreign trade of this country, and Boston seems likely soon to lose the remnant of it which she still retains. Not so Liverpool. Her steam navigation with America has not passed to London. In the month of March, 1867, she cleared thirty-one steamers for America; and often on a single day fifteen ocean steamers will clear from New York, while Boston, until the present year, has still continued to receive and send out, as in 1847, her two Cunarders a month.

Sadly as Boston has failed in rising to an equality with the occasion, much as her sagacity has been at fault, little as she has appreciated her own situation amid the material movements of the day, she has not seen herself distanced in the race without abundance of lamentation. The whole country has witnessed her frantic efforts to recover lost ground,—the superabundance of infallible remedies suggested as cures for her troubles,—the spasmodic efforts with which she has partially followed out these abortive schemes. Most citizens of Boston can run over in memory since 1848 a long list of futile enterprises, the projectors of which promised from them wealth to themselves and a renewed commercial eminence to their city. The Western men, and the seductions necessary to be held out to induce them to flock to Boston rather than to gay New York, have for years been the favorite theme of the city press, and furnished strong argument for endless subscription lists. In 1852 the Western purchaser must have a theatre to beguile away his evenings, or he would not come to Boston. Forthwith an enormous barn was built, which Boston fills a dozen times a year, and ruins endless managers in doing it. Then, the theatre having failed to beguile the Western man from his New York haunts, trade-sales were hit upon. The denizen of the prairie could not resist the temptation of great auctions. This lasted a year or two, and then was heard of no more. Then came up the Southern man in place of the Western man, and lines of steamers were established to run to Richmond, to Charleston,

to Savannah, to New Orleans, and every other Southern port, — with what success the stockholders probably remember. Then a Grand Junction Railway was built to accommodate an export trade which could not exist, and it rotted away in hopeless bankruptcy. Then public meetings were held, and the principles of freedom abjured by venal orators in the vain desire to propitiate the cotton-lord. Then came the confused jumble of railroad schemes and oceanic steamer schemes and mammoth hotel schemes and harbor schemes, and even schemes to relax morals and the prohibitory liquor law in favor of that Western purchaser so earnestly longed for and so rarely seen. The simple fact being that Boston for years has not shown, nor does she now seem likely to show, in her commercial relations, either wisdom or instinct, either quickness or perseverance; her policy has been all flounder and spasm.

What remedy can now be suggested for this ill? What hint can Boston draw from the experience of Chicago? She has poured out her capital like water in futile experiments; can she, then, learn nothing from failure? Is there no inherent cause of ill-success running through all these abortive schemes, — a cause which, once discovered, might perhaps be obviated? What Boston has lacked has been system. She has never carefully thought out for herself what she wanted, and then resolved to go systematically and doggedly to work to get it. She has forgotten that she lives in a material age, an age of *laissez faire* and political economy. Buyers do not now seek theatres, hotels, or bar-rooms, but those institutions seek buyers. A few hours in time, or a fraction of a cent on the pound or the yard, in price or in freight, would cause buyers to turn aside from Paris and seek Salem. Men buy where they can buy cheapest. They can buy cheapest where goods can be most conveniently laid down, and at centres where transportation is cheapest and best. Could Boston sell or send out the goods of other lands, or her own manufactures, with a fractional saving on prices or freights or time, she might close and keep closed every theatre and bar-room from Roxbury line to East Boston Ferry, and yet her streets would swarm with customers. Until she can do so, she may as well preserve her morality, for its sacrifice will in no way benefit her trade.

There are two elements, then, necessary to modern commercial success,—convenience and economy. Wealth and trade do indeed flow to natural centres,—seek always the most convenient points of distribution. Capital flows where it is needed, and, inversely, railroads, steamboats, and manufactories will appear when and where the want of them is felt. This general rule no one can afford to ignore. Nevertheless, channels of trade are not wholly natural channels; they admit of a sort of pre-emption right. They can to a degree be created and fostered, and with them possession is nine points of law. Of this fact our own country is rich in examples. Nature apparently selected New Orleans for a great commercial centre,—one second to none in America. The railroad system first diverted to New York much of that prosperity which Nature seemed to intend for her Southern rival, as long as the Mississippi should flow to the sea. Then came the war of the Rebellion, and the sealing up of the Mississippi and of the longitudinal railways, when the blocked-up trade of the West, shut out from its old channels, was forced to seek new ones. The war ceased, but the new channels had become deep and wide, and trade would not revert from those channels which had been opened by man to those which had been provided by nature. If in 1860 the Mississippi could be abolished in favor of New York, might not in 1840 the Hudson have been somewhat counteracted in favor of Boston? Neither did nature ever designate New York as the combined commercial and railroad centre of America. If natural advantages were ever lavished on any geographical point on earth, they were lavished on Norfolk. Virginia should have been the heart of the continent. Her chief city, lying at the mouth of a broader and more navigable river than the Hudson, with Albemarle Sound and Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac contributing to her, enjoying the finest harbor on the coast, equidistant from the North and South, should have been all and more than all that New York is. Man did not second nature, and to-day Norfolk is as much stranded, as high and dry away from the channels of trade, as are the more thriving towns of Newport or Salem. Boston may learn something even from Norfolk. But what attribute of nature designated Chicago as the great

resting-place between the Pacific and the Atlantic? Why should that desolate swamp at the junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi have been less fortunate in drawing the prize of good fortune, than that other desolate swamp on the shores of Lake Michigan? Nature seemed clearly to designate Cairo as the commercial and railway centre of the continent, and yet, through man's counteracting efforts, trade has worked out its channels above and below and around it, but never through it. It is not adaptation by nature alone, then, which designates centres of trade and influence, but local energy and enterprise, working upon the habits and traditions of men, have much to do with it. This fact Boston ignored, and Chicago realized, about the year 1840. Perhaps it is not too late for the older city to repair her mistake, but that which twenty-five years ago might easily have been secured can be won now, if at all, only by patience, wisdom, and enterprise. Yet it is unquestionably true, as Buckle observes, — and the capital of New England would do well to lay it to heart, — that it is only in Asia and semi-barbarous countries that the course and extent of trade are regulated by the original features of the country, but in Europe and among advanced nations its determining cause is the skill and energy of man.

Naturally Boston enjoys great advantages. She is at once a commercial centre, a railroad centre, and a manufacturing centre. Practically, she is no centre at all, but only a great satellite of New York. To New York she sent her ships long ago; through New York she has forced the West to communicate with her; finally, to New York she has sent her manufactures to be sold. Habit and tradition, therefore, no less than worn channels of trade, now divert all business to other centres. That spasmodic energy and costly experiment will not overcome such potent influences, experience amply demonstrates. But one resource, then, is left; that succeeding, Boston may regain her old rank as a cosmopolitan city; that failing, she had best quietly resign herself to her fate as an outlying province of Wall Street. By some comprehensive scheme, by some well-organized system, she must make herself, and must make experience prove her to be, a cheaper and more convenient centre of certain trades than any of her rivals. If such

a system can be devised, it is difficult to see why her future need be despaired of.

What Boston needs, then, what for thirty years she has futilely striven for, what she must have if she means to succeed, is a System, — a plan with an end, and a concentration of energies to that end. To establish such a system amid the ebbs and floods of a democratic form of government is not easy. An intelligent despot might do it at once, and what an intelligent despot might do an intelligent people can do. The difficulty lies at the foundation of American polity; it is the difficulty of concentrating as one force all possible forms of mind and phases of interest. While growth is rapid and prosperity everywhere evident, the necessity of such combination is not felt. The seeds of difficulty then are laid and grow, disregarded, until the struggle with them becomes one for existence. The history of Boston Harbor illustrates the whole subject. Nature gave that city a beautiful and convenient harbor, and she placidly left Nature to take care of it. At last her citizens began to have a vague idea that the condition of their harbor was not satisfactory, — that Nature had grown fickle and was neglecting her duty. By this time the mischief had gone far, and the harbor was rapidly growing unfit for vessels of heavy draught. The truth was, that Nature had made it a purely tidal harbor, owing its existence to the current of no great river, but to a system of interior reservoirs and small rivers combined. Into those great basins, which a century ago covered a water area of eight thousand acres, more than seventy million tons of water once poured twice in each twenty-four hours through a few narrow channels, and then again quickly flowed back to the ocean, reinforced in volume by many fresh-water tributaries. The rise and fall of this great volume of water had scoured out these channels, and, if undisturbed, promised forever to keep them clear. This tidal way created Boston, and the whole history of Boston has been one long record of short-sighted abuse of this first gift of Nature. In 1772 Boston proper included less than six hundred acres; at present it includes some two thousand, all of which excess has been robbed from the reservoirs of the harbor. Had that harbor been Boston's worst enemy, she

could not have persecuted it more. In all directions embankments, weirs, mill-dams, water-powers, dikes, and bridges have done their work bravely, and the seventy million tons of tidal flow have been worked down to forty millions. Within these fifty years of improvements, the main channel has narrowed five hundred feet, and the depth of water has decreased from four to twenty feet. The flats were filled in, the creeks were dammed up, the channels were bridged, the marsh was turned into meadow, the brooks into mill-ways, the ponds into reservoirs. The ultimate result of this process was not difficult to predict. The depth of water in Boston Harbor decreased portentously. Large European steamers could come in only at certain states of the tide; the harbor ceased to be either cheap or convenient. Then, the mischief being fairly done, State and city awoke and girded themselves to their work. Ten years of talking was done, and still matters grew worse. Then gradually some idea of science and system dawned on the citizens. Legislatures ceased talking and committees ceased investigating, and a commission of scientific men were appointed to see what they could make out of it. They went quietly to work and studied currents, measured channels, observed the tidal flood,—sought out at once the cause and the remedy of the evil. Science proved that the mischief was not yet all done, and that Boston could restore its harbor by energetic and persistent action. A system of artificial reservoirs and sea-walls would always preserve to them the islands which protect the harbor, and would direct through its channels a tidal flow greater than ever rushed through them before.

Here would seem to be an experience which might prove useful in other fields. The same process which had introduced order into one chaos might introduce it into others,—might go far to remedy an especial inherent defect in all representative governments. Commissions—advisory bureaus—might scientifically study and disclose to an astonished community the shallows, the eddies, and the currents of business; the why and the wherefore of the shoaling of channels; the remedies no less than the causes of obstructions. Now that the struggle grows faint, and the result is more than

doubtful, some scientific direction can alone save the day. In such a contingency, concentration of thought, permanence of system, and broadness of view, the virtues of centralized governments, must, by some device, be infused into democracies.

The subject is one profound and difficult, — too profound and too difficult to be incidentally treated in connection with another matter. Its discussion affects not only Massachusetts and Boston, but all America, England, and every people governed by a representative system. Nowhere has the subject been so much discussed as in England. By the theory of the English constitution, Parliament is omnipotent; unfortunately, it practically is not also found to be omniscient. Parliaments there, as our own Legislatures here, have, year after year, found themselves more and more crushed down by the ever-increasing volume of public and private business. The real work of those bodies has, therefore, of necessity passed more and more from legislative halls to committee chambers. Those committees are eternally fluctuating, are not peculiarly well-informed, judiciously selected, or free from bias. As a consequence, the lobby becomes more and more powerful; greater opportunities are afforded for corruption, and legislation becomes yearly less systematic and founded less on principle. In England legislators are still almost legislators for life; committees have great permanence, and the same men devote many years in Parliament to the same class of subjects. Yet in England what is called the private business of Parliament has for years overwhelmed its committees, and the wretched manner in which it has been done has proved a fruitful subject of discussion and complaint. The question has originated a literature of its own. It has led to “proposals for Parliamentary boards, for non-Parliamentary boards, for mixed boards; proposals for preliminary inquiries, for mixed inquiries, for conditional inquiries; for tribunals whose findings shall be provisional, for tribunals whose findings shall be conclusive.” In this country the difficulty is felt even more. Here every man can legislate, even if he can do nothing else; committees are always new; change is always rampant.

Thus the same influences are at work, and the same difficulties are experienced, in London, in Washington, and in

Boston. As a consequence, legislation is passing through a new phase. The great original principle of open discussion long since gave way in favor of the unseen labor of committees; the labor of committees is now yielding to that of established commissions. In England many boards have been created, and numberless others proposed. In Washington the Court of Claims years ago relieved Congress of one of its most difficult duties, and the treasury of a most fruitful source of depletion, and to-day a special commissioner of the revenue affords the country its one chance of anything like system finding its way into the existing chaos of bills for taxation and tariff. In Massachusetts a strong necessity has wrung out the appointment of Harbor Commissioners; the whole present shape of the statute law is the result of the labors of one commission, while the whole school system is due to another. These are no exceptional or insignificant symptoms. They are rather the germs of a new system, springing out of a great necessity, — a new phase of representative government. Work hitherto badly done, spasmodically done, superficially done, ignorantly done, and too often corruptly done by temporary and irresponsible legislative committees, is in future to be reduced to order and science by the labors of permanent bureaus, and placed by them before legislatures for intelligent action. The movement springs up everywhere; it is confined to no one country and no one body; it arises from the manifest impossibility of temporary committees properly performing the duties imposed upon them, and from the honest desire of legislatures to be enlightened, and not mystified.

Here then is found the possibility of that deep study of causes and concentration of resources which can alone retrieve the future of Boston. The difficulty is acknowledged; the remedy suggested is simple, and old as the bitter experiences of man. When every suggestion of empiricism and quackery has failed, it only remains to abandon all faith in the existence of some lucky royal road to relief, and to soberly return to a study of first causes. For once, let reflection precede action. The community must go back to school, and it only remains to find the schoolmaster. Perhaps one less costly than failure may somewhere be discovered. Some steps in the right direc-

tion have already been taken. Here again, however, is met that disjointed, spasmodic action which seems to have become inherent in every commercial effort affecting Boston. Everything is done by fragments, piecemeal, by halves; part of the field only is surveyed, never the whole. To succeed, centralization is necessary; diffusion insures failure. This principle applies as well to the labors of commissioners as to the material efforts of individuals. If internal improvements have not every chance in their favor, if to succeed they need to be mutually sustaining and interacting, the study of them must be comprehensive; one cannot be properly considered without observing its bearing on others. All are parts of one great whole. Massachusetts has her Bank Commissioners, her Insurance Commissioners, her Back Bay Commissioners, and her Harbor Commissioners; and all, especially the two last, have told their story.

Here, then, might now be found the schoolmaster; but such men as have yet been put forward to protect or study individual interests would not do for the work now proposed. To deal with this successfully would task the best ability of the best men,—men who can analyze and deduce, combine and infer,—men gifted with instinct and sagacity no less than reason,—men who command the confidence secured by past success, and the wisdom derived from long experience.

The practical question to be dealt with goes to the very foundation of modern industrial development. It is simply this. The difficulty with Boston and Massachusetts has not been that their enterprise or ability has declined, or that their capital has decreased; it has simply been that their capital and enterprise have found, or have thought that they found, more profitable fields for employment abroad than at home. The remedy must lie in gradually persuading that capital and enterprise that more profitable, or at least more secure and desirable, fields of operation exist at home than abroad. The possibility of doing this is now doubted; perhaps it does not exist. For many years back Eastern capital has been to the West what English capital is to America. Tempted by the dazzling prospect of cent per cent returns, millions of Eastern capital has flowed out and fructified, or been squandered, all

over the land. The chance of fifty per cent in Colorado has seemed better than the certainty of six per cent at home. Large occasional profits, single instances of brilliant success, have acted as lures, and gradually led to a wonderful system of gambling. Oil wells, coal mines, gold mines, copper mines, — Pennsylvania, Ohio, Nevada, and Wisconsin, — each as favorite has had its day, and each has left behind its long roll of ruined victims and squandered millions. The introduction of a vitiated currency, with its violent fluctuations, and its infusion of an element of gambling into even the most legitimate branches of business, has told heavily against the safe but unalluring investments in the permanent improvements of the East. Financial bubbles and paper money always flourish together. After failure and reaction comes again the demand for safer investment, and contentment with more moderate profit. It will not even then be too late, though Bostonians may some time reflect that the portion of their wealth hopelessly squandered of late in all conceivable bubble schemes would, if applied to improvements at home, have completed their railroad system, even to disembowelling the Hoosac Mountain, would have covered their lines with rolling stock, would have restored their harbor, and would have established for them those lines of steamers without which modern commerce cannot exist. This unhealthy condition of affairs cannot last forever. The laws of sound economy will ultimately reassert themselves. Certainty must realize its due advantage over chance. It is the present business of Boston to try to turn the tide, and to be ready to take advantage of the turn whenever it comes. To prepare the way for this change, to organize development into a system, and to do this with an authority which commands respect, would be the end to which the commission proposed would direct its labors.

The field of these labors is broad, and includes many subjects, — subjects controlled by different laws. The great secret of modern development is found in the increased facility of communication. Next to moral and intellectual training, what a community needs to look to most carefully are its lines of communication and harbors, its railroads and its steamboats. But internal improvements are of two sorts, — those which

afford a remunerative, and those which afford an unremunerative field for enterprise and capital. While the first may usually be left to the operation of natural laws, the last, upon which perhaps the success of the whole may depend, must either ever be uncared for, or be a source of constant care to the government. The future of Boston depends upon the development and management of each of these descriptions of internal improvements,—the remunerative and the unremunerative. The two cannot properly be considered apart. Let Boston spread out its railroad system ever so far,—let Massachusetts pledge its credit in aid of private enterprises, and sink its revenue in tunnels ever so much,—and the growth of the community will not be aided at the last unless the harbors for its commerce be deep, and their channels clear; nor, on the other hand, will superb docks and convenient wharves in the slightest degree develop the commerce of a port of which the lines of communication are blocked up or incomplete. The community is one whole; its interests are mutually dependent, and they cannot be studied or understood or developed apart. For the present, the commerce, the legislation, the taxation, and the locomotion of Boston and Massachusetts all hang together as one unsymmetrical and disjointed whole. To reduce this fierce chaos to sweet order is the material work near at home of the present day.

The history and present condition of Boston Harbor have already been glanced at. It will be worth while now briefly to consider the history and present condition of that railroad system, once the best in America, and to see how far that has contributed to the present condition of the city. In pursuing the investigation, let it be borne in mind that railroads were invented to facilitate the growth of communities, and that communities were not created to insure the sufficient receipt of fares and freights by railroads. It may appear that this truth has been lost sight of in Massachusetts, and an examination of the railroad system may reveal as much carelessness and neglect on the part of those most interested in its skilful development as the scientific commissioners found amid the increasing shoals and obstructions and decreasing currents of Boston Harbor.

Throwing herself body and soul into the development of the railroad system has made Chicago great, and has secured to her a great future. Unlike Chicago, Boston has never seemed to realize how much its business grows, and what its exigencies are. Strangers see them first, and Boston laughs derisively when they are stated. Commodore Vanderbilt is said once to have remarked that a wholly new line of communication between Boston and New York was required once in seven years. The theory was good so far as it went, but the Commodore understated the fact. Boston has now two railroads and five lines of steamers in communication with New York, and one more railroad is in process of construction. Steam traffic between Boston and New York dates back only thirty years, so that a new line in less than five years, instead of seven, has been the law of increase up to this time. What has been the law of increase between Boston and the great West? Thirty years ago Boston had one single-track railroad line directly connecting her with Albany and the West. She has one single-track railroad line now, and no more. Yet it is a well-established fact that freight from the West, forced out of its direct channels, seeks Boston by devious ways,—through Portland, a rival on one side, or through New York, a rival on the other. Through all those three decades the bickerings and shortcomings of the different corporations owning that single line (now happily silenced forever) have been notorious. The press has scolded, committees have reported, legislatures have debated, lobbies have governed, and meanwhile Boston trade with the West has been transacted in New York, as on an exchange. The emergency grew pressing,—something must be done. Something was done. State and city ran their heads against a mountain. New York had two enormous channels of communication with the West, both within the reach of Boston; and one of them her single line of road had tapped thirty years before, diverting from it a slender current to herself. That current paid the toll-keeper a profit of ten per cent on his race-way. The law allowed him to receive no more, and it never occurred to him that there was any good in increasing the volume of that current. In 1854 the State began to sink its capital in the Hoosac Mountain, and the

Western Railroad dribbled placidly along, secure against competition for a period of years delightfully indefinite. Meanwhile, what was New York doing through all these years? *Her* great rivers of commerce had not been stationary. Day and night they had poured into her streets an ever-increasing volume of wealth. The figures tell the comparative tale. "On the New York Central Road, during the nine years from 1855 to 1864, the increase of through tonnage was 400 per cent; on the New York and Erie Road it was 300 per cent; and on the Western Road it was only 62 per cent."

Stimulated by a knowledge of these facts, the Commonwealth toiled painfully on, throwing good money after bad in the construction of a road through a mountain, which when finished would lead to a channel of trade which had been reached thirty years before. When the traffic of the road already built could be increased tenfold, a new road must needs be built, leading to exactly the same point. Meanwhile, just to the south, the roadway to it lying through an open, populous country, unopened to Boston interests, leading directly to the West, lay unnoticed and unthought of the other great channel of New York trade. Who will contend that the enterprise and energy and resources of Commonwealth and city need not be husbanded and organized, when year after year they burrow through a mountain to get to a channel already reached, leaving unopened another channel of equal value within their easy grasp? Even now, while the satisfactory dividends of the Western Road have been stifling the prosperity of Commonwealth and city through this series of years, and the Hoosac Tunnel has been progressing to completion at the rate of ten inches a day, the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Road has been floundering along, the football of stock gamblers, — the grave of unfledged operators. Its history has been a curious commentary on the home enterprise of Boston capitalists. That its old ability and enterprise has not departed from the New England capital the whole country bears evidence. Her great houses of to-day are greater than ever before, but their ability and their enterprise are displayed in fields not tributary to Boston. The successors of the great commercial houses of the past — the Thayers, the Forbeses, the Hunne-

wells, the Brookses, the Dwights, and the Ameses — have been exploiting in the far West. Running their lines of road from Michigan to Chicago, from Chicago to the Mississippi, from the Mississippi to the Missouri, they are now stretching out their arms to the horizon, while here directly at home, — starting from their own doors, running through the most populous region of the continent, leading to double termini, to New York and the great West, furnishing Boston the shortest route to each through an open country swarming with a busy population, — an unmade road, which is at once a through road and a road between great cities, has been for years languishing along in a state of hopeless incompleteness and chronic bankruptcy. With such an illustration or series of illustrations as that afforded by the Western Road, the Hoosac Tunnel, and the Boston, Hartford, and Erie, staring people and Legislature in the face, who will contend that some additional degree of system might not beneficially be introduced into so confounding a chaos?

But the material system is no more open to criticism than the legal system on which it is founded. The railroad legislation of Massachusetts, as it now stands on the statute-book, is not only strangely crude, but ingeniously calculated to defeat its own ends. The whole system of that legislation, if system it deserves to be called, originated in the infancy of a phase of development which has now expanded beyond all anticipation. The limbs of the young giant are tightly swathed in the swaddling-clothes of the infant. The laws of Massachusetts regulating the rights, duties, and relations of railroads and community towards each other, intended in their conception as a temporary expedient to await the development of results, have been suffered to creep into a permanence. They have accordingly become antiquated and deficient, — repressive where they should be permissive, and permissive where they should be repressive. They at the same time check the natural tendency of the roads to development, and incite legislatures to a continual interference, always unsatisfactory and often hurtful. The limits assigned to this paper will not admit of a detailed discussion and proof of this statement. That it is true, most of those who have disinterestedly examined the

subject will admit.\* That in the practical control over railroads which renders them subservient to the interests of communities this country is years behind Europe, few will deny who have ever studied at all the systems of the two hemispheres.

It is time that this article drew to its close. In it nothing has been perfectly developed; much has been left wholly untouched. An attempt has been made to show why other cities have shot ahead of Boston in the race of modern material development. A few suggestions of reform have been thrown out. That the ground lost is not irretrievably lost, is still confidently maintained. That it will not, however, be recovered by spasmodic energy and unsystematic enterprise is amply demonstrated by the failures of the past. From the history of the State and the city in other emergencies is drawn the principle to which resort should now be had. More than thirty years ago the statute law of the Commonwealth had become confused, antiquated, and unascertainable. At another period, its system of education was crude and unsatisfactory. Yet again, its great harbor shoaled and grew narrow. In the investigation of each case the same course led to the same result. Now, again, the neglect of certain great laws and forces of modern development have jeopardized the material growth, independence, and influence of the community. In the ascertainment of these laws and in the cultivation of these forces only can salvation be found. A community must go back to first principles. As a preliminary, it must organize its intelligence. To organize that intelligence should be the labor of a new commission, composed of such men in material life as Story was in law, Mann in education, and Bache in science. These men must study causes, point out effects, and indicate remedies. Then, at last, with laws ascertained, with a system defined, with resources husbanded, with energies concentrated, and with an end well in view, Boston may hope again to resume her former course of nicely-balanced development, and confidently hope to leave that class of large towns of which Manchester and Lowell are types, and to take her place among the sisterhood of cosmopolitan cities.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

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\* See Article entitled "Railroad Legislation" in *American Law Review*, October, 1867, and *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, November, 1867.

- ART. II. —1. *Stornelli Italiani* di FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO. Milano : G. Daelli e Comp. 1863.
2. *Fantasie Drammatiche e Liriche* di FRANCESCO DALL' ONGARO. Firenze : Successori Le Monnier. 1866.
3. *Poesie* di F. DALL' ONGARO. Trieste : Tipografia Mare-nigh. 1840.

IN the month of March, 1848, news came to Rome of the insurrection in Vienna, and a multitude of the citizens assembled to bear the tidings to the Austrian ambassador, who resided in the ancient palace of the Venetian Republic. The throng swept down the Corso, gathering numbers as it went, and paused in the open space before the Palazzo di Venezia. At its summons, the ambassador abandoned his quarters, and fled without waiting to hear the details of the intelligence from Vienna. The people, incited by a number of Venetian exiles, tore down the double-headed eagle from the portal, and carried it for a more solemn and impressive destruction to the Piazza del Popolo, while a young poet erased the inscription asserting the Austrian claim to the palace, and wrote in its stead the words, "Palazzo della Dieta Italiana."

The sentiment of national unity expressed in this legend had been the ruling motive of Francesco Dall' Ongaro's life, and had already made his name famous through the patriotic songs that were sung all over Italy. Garibaldi had chanted one of his *Stornelli* when embarking from Montevideo in the spring of 1848 to take part in the Italian revolutions, of which these little ballads had become the rallying-cries; and if the voice of the people is in fact inspired, this poet could certainly have claimed the poet's long-lost honors of prophecy, for it was he who had shaped their utterance. He had ceased to assume any other sacred authority, though educated a priest, and at the time when he devoted the Palazzo di Venezia to the idea of united Italy, there was probably no person in Rome more unpriestly than he.

Dall' Ongaro was born in 1808, at an obscure hamlet in the district of Oderzo in the Friuli, of parents who were small freeholders. They removed with their son in his tenth year to

Venice, and there he began his education for the Church in the Seminary of the Madonna della Salute. The tourist who desires to see the Titians and Tintoretts in the sacristy of this superb church, or to wonder at the cold splendors of the interior of the temple, is sometimes obliged to seek admittance through the seminary, and it has doubtless happened to more than one of our readers to behold many little sedate old men in their teens, lounging up and down the cool, humid courts there, and trailing their black, priestly robes over the springing mould. The sun seldom strikes into that sad close, and when the boys form into long files, two by two, and march out for recreation, they have a torpid and melancholy aspect, upon which the daylight seems to smile in vain. They march solemnly up the long *Zattere*, with a pale young father at their head, and then march solemnly back again, sweet, genteel, pathetic spectres of childhood, and re-enter their common tomb, doubtless unenvied by the hungriest and raggedest *biricchino*, who asks charity of them as they pass, and hoarsely whispers "Raven!" when their leader is beyond hearing. There is no reason to suppose that a boy, born poet among the mountains, and full of the wild and free romance of his native scenes, could love the life led at the Seminary of the Salute, even though it included the study of literature and philosophy. From his childhood Dall' Ongaro had given proofs of his poetic gift, and the reverend ravens of the seminary were unconsciously hatching a bird as little like themselves as might be. Nevertheless, Dall' Ongaro left their school to enter the University of Padua as student of theology, and after graduating took orders, and went to Este, where he lived some time as a teacher of belles-lettres.

At Este his life was without scope, and he was restless and unhappy, full of ardent and patriotic impulses, and doubly restrained by his narrow field and his priestly vocation. In no long time he had trouble with the Bishop of Padua, and, abandoning Este, seems also to have abandoned the Church forever. The chief fruit of his sojourn in that quaint and ancient village was a poem entitled *Il Venerdì Santo*, in which he celebrated some incidents of the life of Lord Byron, somewhat as Byron would have done. Dall' Ongaro's poems, however,

confess the influence of the English poet less than those of other modern Italians, whom Byron infected so much more than his own nation, that it is still possible for them to speak of him as one of the greatest poets and as a generous man.

From Este, Dall' Ongaro went to Trieste, where he taught literature and philosophy, wrote for the theatre, and established a journal in which, for ten years, he labored to educate the people in his ideas of Italian unity and progress. That these did not coincide with the ideas of most Italian dreamers and politicians of the time, may be inferred from the fact that he began in 1846 a course of lectures on Dante, in which he combated the clerical tendencies of Gioberti and Balbo, and criticised the first acts of Pius IX. He had as profound doubt of Papal liberality as Nicolini, at a time when other patriots were fondly cherishing the hope of a united Italy under an Italian pontiff; and at Rome, two years later, he sought to direct popular feeling from the man to the end, in one of the earliest of his graceful *Stornelli*.

“PIO NONO.

“ Pio Nono is a name, and not the man  
 Who saws the air from yonder Bishop's seat;  
 Pio Nono is the offspring of our brain,  
 The idol of our hearts, a vision sweet;  
 Pio Nono is a banner, a refrain,  
 A name that sounds well sung upon the street.

“ Who calls, ‘ Long live Pio Nono ! ’ means to call,  
 Long live our country, and good-will to all !  
 And country and good-will, these signify  
 That it is well for Italy to die ;  
 But not to die for a vain dream or hope,  
 Not to die for a throne and for a Pope ! ”

During these years at Trieste, however, Dall' Ongaro seems to have been also much occupied with pure literature, and to have given a great deal of study to the sources of national poetry, as he discovered them in the popular life and legends. He had been touched with the prevailing romanticism ; he had written hymns like Manzoni, and, like Carrer, he sought to poetize the traditions and superstitions of his countrymen. He found a richer and deeper vein than the Venetian poet among his native

hills and the neighboring mountains of Slavonia, but we cannot say that he wrought it to much better effect. The two volumes which he published in 1840 contain many ballads which are very graceful and musical, but which lack the fresh spirit of songs springing from the popular heart, while they also want the airy and delicate beauty of the modern German ballads. Among the best of them are two which Dall' Ongaro built up from mere lines and fragments of lines current among the people, as in these later years he has more successfully restored us two plays of Menander from the plots and a dozen verses of each. "One may imitate," he says, "more or less fortunately, Manzoni, Byron, or any other poet, but not the simple inspirations of the people. And 'The Pilgrim who comes from Rome' and the 'Rosettina,' if one could have them complete as they once were, would probably make me blush for my elaborate variations." But study which was so well directed, and yet so conscious of its limitations, could not but be of the greatest value; and Dall' Ongaro, no doubt, owes to it his gift of speaking more authentically for the popular heart than any other living poet. That which he has done since shows that he studied the people's thought and expression *con amore*, and in no vain sentiment of dilettanteism, or antiquarian research, or literary patronage.

It is not to be supposed that Dall' Ongaro's literary life had at this period an altogether objective tendency. In the volumes mentioned there is abundant evidence that he was of the same humor as all men of poetic genius must be at a certain time of life. Here are pretty verses of occasion, upon weddings and betrothals, such as people write in Italy; here are stanzas from albums, such as people used to write everywhere; here are didactic lines; here are bursts of mere sentiment and emotion. In the volume of *Fantasie*, published at Florence in 1866, Dall' Ongaro has collected some of the ballads from his early works, but has left out the more subjective effusions. Nevertheless, these are so pleasing of their kind, that we may give here at least one passionate little poem, and not wrong the author.

" If, with delight and love aglow,  
Thou bendest thy brown eyes on me,

They darken me to all I know,  
To all that lives and breathes but thee.

“ And if thou sufferest me to steal  
Into my hand the silken skein  
Of thy loose tresses, love, I feel  
A chill like death upon my brain.

“ And if to mine thou near'st thy face,  
My heart with its great bliss is rent ;  
I feel my troubled breathing cease,  
And in my rapture sink and faint.

“ Ah ! if in that trance of delight  
My soul were rapt among the blest,  
It could not be an instant's flight  
To heaven's glory from thy breast.”

This is well, we say, in its way, for it is the poetry of the senses, and yet not coarse ; but we must take something else that the poet has rejected, from his early volume, because it is in a more unusual spirit than the above-given, and because, under a fantastic name and in a fantastic form, the poet expresses the most tragic and pathetic interest of the life to which he was himself vowed.

“ THE SISTER OF THE MOON.

“ Shine, moon, ah shine ! and let thy pensive light  
Be faithful unto me :  
I have a sister in the lonely night  
When I commune with thee.

“ Alone and friendless in the world am I,  
Sorrow's forgotten maid,  
Like some poor dove abandonéd to die  
By her first love unwed.

“ Like some poor floweret in a desert land  
I pass my days alone ;  
In vain upon the air its leaves expand,  
In vain its sweets are blown.

“ No loving hand shall save it from the waste,  
And wear the lonely thing ;  
My heart shall throb upon no loving breast  
In my neglected spring.

“ That trouble which consumes my weary soul  
No cunning can relieve,  
No wisdom understand the secret dole  
Of the sad sighs I heave.

“ My fond heart cherished once a hope, a vow,  
The leaf of autumn gales !  
In convent gloom, a dim lamp burning low,  
My spirit lacks and fails.

“ I shall have prayers and hymns like some dead saint  
Painted upon a shrine,  
But in love's blessed power to fall and faint,  
It never shall be mine.

“ Born to entwine my life with others, born  
To love and to be wed,  
Apart from all I lead my life forlorn,  
Sorrow's forgotten maid.

“ Shine, moon, ah shine ! and let thy tender light  
Be faithful unto me :  
Speak to me of the life beyond the night  
I shall enjoy with thee.”

It will here satisfy the strongest love of contrasts to turn from Dall' Ongaro the poet to Dall' Ongaro the politician, and find him on his feet, and making a speech at a public dinner given to Richard Cobden at Trieste, in 1847. Cobden was then, as always, the advocate of free trade, and Dall' Ongaro was then, as always, the advocate of free government. He saw in the union of the Italians under a customs-bond the hope of their political union, and in their emancipation from oppressive imposts their final escape from yet more galling oppression. He expressed something of this, and, though repeatedly interrupted by the police, he succeeded in saying so much as to secure his expulsion from Trieste.

Italy was already in a ferment, and insurrections were preparing in Venice, Milan, Florence, and Rome ; and Dall' Ongaro, consulting with the Venetian leaders Manin and Tommaseo, retired to Tuscany, and took part in the movements which wrung a constitution from the Grand Duke, and preceded the flight of that cowardly and treacherous prince. In December he went to Rome, where he joined himself with the Venetian refugees and with other Italian patriots, like D'Azeglio and Durando, who were striving to direct the popular mind toward Italian unity. The following March he was, as we

have seen, one of the exiles who led the people against the Palazzo di Venezia. In the mean time the insurrection of the glorious Five Days had taken place at Milan, and the Lombard cities, rising one after another, had driven out the Austrian garrisons. Dall' Ongaro went from Rome to Milan, and thence, by advice of the revolutionary leaders, to animate the defence against the Austrians in Friuli. One of his brothers was killed at Palmanuova, and another severely wounded. Treviso, whither he had retired, falling into the hands of the Germans, he went to Venice, then a republic under the presidency of Manin; and here he established a popular journal, which opposed the union of the struggling Republic with Piedmont under Carlo Alberto. Dall' Ongaro was finally expelled, and passed next to Ravenna, where he found Garibaldi, who had been banished by the Roman government, and was in doubt as to how he might employ his sword on behalf of his country. In those days the Pope's moderately liberal minister, Rossi, was stabbed, and Count Pompeo Campello, an old literary friend and acquaintance of Dall' Ongaro, was appointed minister of war. With Garibaldi's consent the poet proceeded to Rome, and used his influence to such effect that Garibaldi was authorized to raise a legion of volunteers, and was appointed general of those forces which took so glorious a part in the cause of Italian independence. Soon after, the Pope fled to Gaeta, and when the Republic was proclaimed, Dall' Ongaro and Garibaldi were chosen representatives of the people. Then followed events of which it is a pang keen as a personal grief to read: the malign force which has to-day done its worst to defeat the aspirations of a generous nation interposed then with fatal success. The troops of the French Republic marched upon Rome, and, after a defence more splendid and heroic than any victory, the city fell. The Pope returned to be that evil the world knows to his people, and all who loved Italy and freedom turned in exile from Rome. The cities of the Romagna, Tuscany, Lombardy, and Venetia had fallen again under the Pope, the Grand Duke, and the Austrians, and Dall' Ongaro took refuge in Switzerland.

Without presuming to say whether Dall' Ongaro has been mistaken in his political ideas, we may safely admit that he

was no wiser a politician than Dante or Petrarch. He is an anti-Papist, as these were, and like these he has opposed an Italy of little principalities and little republics. But his dream has been, unlike theirs, of a great Italian democracy, and in 1848-49 he opposed the union of the Italian patriots under Carlo Alberto, because this would have tended to the monarchy which has since proven so fatally dependent upon France. It is to be supposed that many of his hopes were wild; but the schemes of the coldest diplomates are scarcely to be called wise. His projects may have been untenable and unstable; but they have not yet been tried, and in the mean time the most solemn treaties, established upon the faith of the firmest governments, have been repeatedly broken.

But it is not so much with Dall' Ongaro's political opinions that we have to do as with his poetry of the revolutionary period of 1848, as we find in it the little collection of lyrics which he calls *Stornelli*, or "Starlings," perhaps because of their simple and familiar character. These commemorate nearly all the interesting aspects of that epoch; and in their wit and enthusiasm and aspiration we feel the spirit of a race, at once the most intellectual and the most emotional in the world, whose poets write as passionately of politics as of love. Arnaud awards Dall' Ongaro the highest praise, and declares him "the first to formulate in the common language of Italy patriotic songs which, current on the tongues of the people, should also remain the patrimony of the national literature. . . . In his popular songs," continues this critic, "Dall' Ongaro has given all that constitutes true, good, and — not the least merit — novel poetry. Metre and rhythm second the expression, imbue the thought with harmony, and develop its symmetry. . . . How enviable is that perspicuity which does not oblige you to re-read a single line to evolve therefrom the latent idea!" And we have no less to admire the perfect art which, never passing the intelligence of the people, is never ignoble in sentiment or idea, but always as refined as it is natural.

We do not know how we could better approach the readers whom we wish to win for our poet, than by first offering this lyric, written when, in 1847, the people of Leghorn rose in arms to repel a threatened invasion of the Austrians.

## "THE WOMAN OF LEGHORN.

" Adieu, Livorno ! adieu, paternal walls !  
 Perchance I never shall behold you more !  
 On father's and mother's grave the shadow falls.  
 My love has gone under our flag to war ;  
 And I will follow him where fortune calls ;  
 I have had a rifle in my hands before.

" The ball intended for my lover's breast,  
 Before he knows it, my heart shall arrest ;  
 And over his dead comrade's visage he  
 Shall pitying stoop, and look whom it can be ;  
 Then he shall see and know that it is I :  
 Poor boy ! how bitterly my love shall cry !"

The Italian editor of the *Stornelli* does not give the closing lines too great praise when he declares that "they say more than all the lament of Tancred over Clorinda." In this little flight of song, we pass over more tragedy than Messer Torquato could have dreamed in the conquest of many Jerusalems ; for, after all, there is nothing so tragic as fact. The poem is full at once of the grand national impulse, and of purely personal and tender devotion. It is very human ; and that fluttering, vehement purpose, thrilling and faltering in alternate lines, and breaking into a sob at last, is in every syllable the utterance of a woman's spirit and a woman's nature.

Quite as womanly, though entirely different, is this lament, which the poet attributes to his sister for their brother, who fell at Palmanuova, May 14, 1848.

## "THE SISTER.

(Palma, May 14, 1848.)

" And he, my brother, to the fort had gone,  
 And the grenade, it struck him in the breast ;  
 He fought for liberty, and death he won,  
 For country here, and found in heaven rest.

" And now only to follow him I sigh ;  
 A new desire has taken me to die, —  
 To follow him where is no enemy,  
 Where every one lives happy and is free."

All hope and purpose are gone from this woman's heart, for whom Italy died in her brother, and who has only these artless, half-bewildered words of regret to speak, and speaks them

as if to some tender and sympathetic friend acquainted with all the history going before their abrupt beginning. We think it most pathetic and natural, also, that even in her grief and her aspiration for heaven, her words should have the tint of her time, and she should count freedom among the joys of eternity.

Quite as womanly again, and quite as different once more, is the lyric which the reader will better appreciate when we remind him how the Austrians massacred the unarmed people in Milan, in January, 1848, and how later, during the Five Days, they murdered their Italian prisoners, sparing neither sex nor age.\*

“ THE LOMBARD WOMAN.

(Milan, January, 1848.)

“ Here, take these gaudy robes and put them by;  
I will go dress me black as widowhood;  
I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry  
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued.  
Henceforth no other ornament will I  
But on my breast a ribbon red as blood.

“ And when they ask what dyed the silk so red,  
I'll say, ‘ The life-blood of my brothers dead.’  
And when they ask how it may cleanséd be,  
I'll say, ‘ O, not in river nor in sea;  
Dishonor passes not in wave nor flood;  
My ribbon ye must wash in German blood.’ ”

The repressed horror in the lines,

“ I have seen blood run, I have heard the cry  
Of him that struck and him that vainly sued,”

is the sentiment of a picture that presents the scene to the reader's eye as this shuddering woman saw it; and the heart of woman's fierceness and hate is in that fragment of drama with which the brief poem closes. It is the history of an

\* “ Many foreigners,” says Emilio Dandolo, in his restrained and temperate history of *I Volontarii e Bersaglieri Lombardi*, “ have cast a doubt upon the incredible ferocity of the Austrians during the Five Days, and especially before evacuating the city. But, alas! the witnesses are too many to be doubted. A Croat was seen carrying a babe transfixed upon his bayonet. All know of those women's hands and ears found in the haversacks of the prisoners; of those twelve unhappy men burnt alive at Porta Tosa; of those nineteen buried in a lime-pit at the Castello, whose scorched bodies we found. I myself, ordered with a detachment, after the departure of the enemy, to examine the Castello and neighborhood, was horror-struck at the sight of a babe nailed to a post.”

epoch. That epoch is now past, however; so long and so irrevocably past, that Dall' Ongaro comments in a note upon the poem: "The word 'German' is left as a key to the opinions of the time. Human brotherhood has been greatly promoted since 1848. German is now no longer synonymous with enemy. Italy has made peace with the peoples, and is leagued with them all against their common oppressors."

We have still another of these songs, in which the heart of womanhood speaks, though this time with a voice of pride and happiness.

"THE DECORATION.

"My love looks well under his helmet's crest;  
He went to war, and did not let them see  
His back, and so his wound is the breast:  
For one he got, he struck and gave them three.  
When he came back, I loved him, hurt so, best;  
He married me and loves me tenderly.

"When he goes by, and people give him way,  
I thank God for my fortune every day;  
When he goes by he seems more grand and fair  
Than any crossed and ribboned cavalier:  
The cavalier grew up with his cross on,  
And I know how my darling's cross was won!"

We think this unaffected, fresh, and good. The poem, like that of *La Livornese* and *La Donna Lombarda*, is a vivid picture: it is a liberated city, and the streets are filled with jubilant people; the first victorious combats have taken place, and it is a wounded hero who passes with his ribbon on his breast. As the fond crowd gives way to him, his young wife looks on him from her window with an exultant love, unshadowed by any possibility of harm;—

"Mi menò a moglie e mi vuol tanto bene!"

This is country and freedom to her,—this is strength which despots cannot break,—this is joy to which defeat and ruin can never come nigh!

It might be any one of the sarcastic and quick-witted people talking politics in the streets of Rome in 1847, who sees the newly elected Senator—the head of the Roman municipality, and the legitimate mediator between Pope and people—as he passes, and speaks to him in these lines the dominant feeling of the moment:—

## "THE CARDINALS.

" O Senator of Rome! if true and well  
 You are reckoned honest, in the Vatican,  
 Let it be yours His Holiness to tell,  
 There are many Cardinals, and not one man.

" They are made like lobsters, and, when they are dead,  
 Like lobsters change their colors and turn red ;  
 And while they are living, with their backward gait  
 Displace and tangle good Saint Peter's net."

An impulse of the time is strong again in the following *Stornello*, — a cry of reproach that seems to follow some recreant from a beleaguered camp of true comrades, and to utter the feeling of men who marched to battle through defection, and were strong chiefly in their just cause. It bears the date of that fatal hour when the king of Naples, after a brief show of liberality, recalled his troops from Bologna, where they had been acting against Austria with the confederated forces of the other Italian states, and when every man lost to Italy was as an ebbing drop of her life's blood.

## "THE DESERTER.

(Bologna, May, 1848.)

" Never did grain grow out of frozen earth ;  
 From the dead branch never did blossoms start :  
 If thou lovest not the land that gave thee birth,  
 Within thy breast thou bear'st a frozen heart ;  
 If thou lovest not this land of ancient worth,  
 To love aught else, say, traitor, how thou art !

" To thine own land thou couldst not faithful be, —  
 Woe to the woman that puts faith in thee !  
 To him that trusteth in the recreant, woe !  
 Never from frozen earth did harvest grow :  
 To her that trusteth a deserter, shame !  
 Out of the dead branch never blossom came."

And this song, so fine in its picturesque and its dramatic qualities, is not less true to the hope of the Venetians when they rose in 1848, and intrusted their destinies to Daniele Manin.

## "THE RING OF THE LAST DOGE.

" I saw the widowed Lady of the Sea  
 Crownéd with corals and sea-weed and shells,  
 That her long anguish and adversity  
 Had seemed to drown in plays and festivals.

" I said : ' Where is thine ancient fealty fled ? —  
 Where is the ring with which Manin did wed  
 His bride ? ' With tearful visage she :  
 ' An eagle with two beaks tore it from me.  
 Suddenly I arose, and how it came  
 I know not, but I heard my bridegroom's name.'  
 Poor widow ! 't is not he. Yet he may bring —  
 Who knows ? — back to the bride her long-lost ring."

The poor Venetians of that day dreamed that San Marco might live again, and the fineness and significance of the poem could not have been lost on the humblest in Venice, where all were quick to beauty and vividly remembered that the last Doge who wedded the sea was named, like the new President, Manin.

We think the *Stornelli* of the revolutionary period of 1848 have a peculiar value, because they embody, in forms of artistic perfection, the evanescent as well as the enduring qualities of popular feeling. They give us what had otherwise been lost, in the passing humor of the time. They do not celebrate the battles or the great political occurrences. If they deal with events at all, it is with events that express some belief or longing, — rather with what people hoped or dreamed than with what they did. They sing the Friulan volunteers, who bore the laurel instead of the olive during Holy Week, in token that the patriotic war had become a religion ; they remind us that the first fruits of Italian longing for unity were the cannons sent to the Romans by the Genoese ; they tell us that the tricolor was placed in the hand of the statue of Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol, to signify that Rome was no more, and that Italy was to be. But the *Stornelli* touch with most effect those yet more intimate ties between national and individual life that vibrate in the hearts of the Livornese and the Lombard woman, of the lover who sees his bride in the patriotic colors, of the maiden who will be a sister of charity that she may follow her lover through all perils, of the mother who names her new-born babe Costanza in the very hour of the Venetian Republic's fall. And we like the *Stornelli* all the better because they preserve the generous ardor of the time, even in its fondness and excess.

After the fall of Rome, Italy, as we have seen, was no better than a cage for birds of their note ; and the poet did not

long remain unmolested even in his Swiss retreat. In 1852 the Federal Council yielded to the instances of the Austrian government, and expelled Dall' Ongaro from the Republic. He retired with his sister and nephew to Brussels, where he resumed the lectures upon Dante, interrupted by his exile from Trieste in 1847, and thus supported his family. Three years later, he gained permission to enter France, and up to the spring-time of 1859 he remained in Paris, busying himself with literature, and watching events with all an exile's eagerness. The war with Austria broke out, and the poet seized the long-coveted opportunity to return to Italy, whither he went as the correspondent of a French newspaper. On the conclusion of peace at Villafranca, this journal changed its tone, and being no longer in sympathy with Dall' Ongaro's opinions, he left it. Baron Ricasoli, to induce him to make Tuscany his home, instituted a chair of comparative dramatic literature in connection with the University of Pisa, and offered it to Dall' Ongaro, whose wide general learning and special dramatic studies peculiarly qualified him to hold it. He therefore took up his abode at Florence, dedicating his main industry to a course of public lectures on ancient and modern dramatic literature, and writing those wonderful restorations of Menander's "Phasma" and "Treasure," which have been heretofore noticed in an article on "Recent Italian Comedy."\* He has written much on many subjects, and always beautifully. His prose has a peculiar delightfulness; and his poems in the Venetian dialect are among the most charming in that winning patois. A Boston publisher has reprinted one of the popular romances in which he represents the humble life of his native province, and his dramas have nearly all been translated into French and German.

As with Dall' Ongaro literature had always been but an instrument for the redemption of Italy, even after his appointment to a university professorship he did not forget this prime object. In nearly all that he has since written, he has kept the great aim of his life in view, and few of the events or hopes of that dreary period of suspense and abortive effort between the conclusion of peace at Villafranca and the acqui-

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\* North American Review for October, 1864.

sition of Venice have gone unsung by him. Indeed, some of his most characteristic *Stornelli* belong to this epoch. After Savoy and Nice had been betrayed to Napoleon, and while the Italians waited in angry suspicion for the next demand of their hated ally, which might be the surrender of the island of Sardinia or the sacrifice of the Genoese province, but which no one could guess in the impervious Napoleonic silence, our poet wrote:—

“ THE IMPERIAL EGG.

(Milan, 1862.)

“ Who knows what hidden devil it may be  
 Under yon mute, grim bird that looks our way?—  
 Yon silent bird of evil omen,— he  
 That, wanting peace, breathes discord and dismay.  
 Quick, quick, and change his egg, my Italy,  
 Before there hatch from it some bird of prey,—

“ Before some beak of rapine be set free,  
 That, after the mountains, shall infest the sea;  
 Before some ravenous eaglet shall be sent  
 After our isles to gorge the continent.—  
 I'd rather a goose even from yon egg should come,—  
 If only of the breed that once saved Rome!”

When, in 1859, by virtue of the popular vote, the Romagna ceased to be part of Saint Peter's patrimony, and became a province of the kingdom of Italy, the Pope is credibly reported to have turned, in one of his frequent bursts of anger, to a crucifix, with the words of the Psalm, “*Clamavi ad te, et non exaudisti me!*” “So far,” says Dall' Ongaro, who relates this in a note to the following poem,—“so far history. The rest deserves confirmation.” And when the reader remembers how many reasons the poet had, as priest and patriot, to know and hate church-craft, and considers how different, after all, is the Christ of church-craft from the Christ of the Gospels, we think he will forgive his seeming profanity for his actual wit.

“ THE PLEBISCITE.

“ When all Bologna rose and with one voice  
 Chose Victor Emanuel her king and chief,  
 Mastai turned to Jesus on the cross:  
 ‘I knock and knock,’ he said, ‘and you play deaf.’

“ And to his vicar Jesus Christ replies :  
 ‘ Why, you ask me impossibilities !  
 Ask for a donkey that shall bend its knees,  
 Ask a Madonna that shall wink its eyes ;  
 And if these things do honor to our part,  
 I will oblige you, and with all my heart.  
 But to reduce Romagna to thy reign,  
 And make its People become Herd again,  
 Is not so light a miracle as you ’d make it ;  
 I know of no one who could undertake it.’ ”

The flight of the Grand Duke from Florence in 1859, and his conciliatory address to his late subjects after Villafranca, in which by fair promises he hoped to win them back to their allegiance ; the union of Tuscany with the kingdom of Italy ; the removal of the Austrian flags from Milan ; Garibaldi’s crusade in Sicily ; the movement upon Rome in 1862 ; Aspromonte, — all these events, with the shifting phases of public feeling throughout that time, the alternate hopes and fears of the Italian nation, are celebrated in the later *Stornelli* of Dall’ Ongaro. Since the last was written, Venice has fallen to Italy ; but thicker clouds have gathered about the destiny of Rome, for within a month we have seen the failure —

“ Ahi, quanto a dir qual’ era è cosa dura ! ” —

of Garibaldi’s rash heroic enterprise. The great line of prose which unites us to Europe, and commonly bears us the prices of the markets and the gossip of the courts, thrilled with a touch of unwonted poetry the other day, when it reported the vanquished champion of humanity as looking “ old, haggard, and disappointed,” on his return from the rout at Monte Rotondo ; and we fear that his long-tried friend and comrade could not have the heart to sing now as he sang in 1862, after the affair of Aspromonte : —

“ TO MY SONGS.

“ Fly, O my songs, to Varignano fly !  
 Like some lost flock of swallows homeward flying,  
 And hail me Rome’s Dictator, who there doth lie  
 Broken with wounds, but conquered not, nor dying :  
 Bid him think on the April that is nigh,  
 Month of the flowers and ventures fear-defying.  
 “ Or if it is not nigh, it soon shall come,  
 As shall the swallow to his last year’s home,

As on its naked stem the rose shall burn,  
 As to the empty sky the stars return,  
 As hope comes back to hearts crushed by regret; —  
 Nay, say not this to his heart ne'er crushed yet!"

We Americans, however, whose right and duty it is not to lose faith in the triumph of a just cause, can, even in its gloomiest hour, accept as prophecy these words from one who believes that liberty can triumph only through the submission of the Church to secular law, and the abolition of all her privileges: —

“WILLING OR LOATH.

“Willing or loath, the flames to heaven tend,  
 Willing or loath, the waters downward flow,  
 Willing or loath, when lightning strokes descend,  
 Crumbles the cliff, and the tower's crest sinks low;  
 Willing or loath, by the same laws that send  
 Onward the earth and sun, the people go.

“And thou, successor of Saint Peter, thou  
 Wilt stop the sun and turn us backward now?  
 Look thou to ruling Holy Church, for we  
 Willing or loath fulfil our destiny;  
 Willing or loath, in Rome at last we meet!  
 We will not perish at the mountain's feet.”

We have already noted the more obvious merits of the *Stornelli*, and we need not greatly insist upon them now. Their defects are equally plain; one sees that their simplicity all but ceases to be a virtue at times, and that at times their feeling is too much intellectualized. Yet for all this we must recognize their excellence, and the skill as well as the truth of the poet. It is very notable with what directness he expresses his thought, and with what discretion he leaves it when expressed. The form is always most graceful, and the success with which dramatic, picturesque, and didactic qualities are blent, for a sole effect, in the brief compass of the poems, is not too highly praised in the epithet of novelty. Nothing is lost for the sake of attitude; the actor is absent from the most dramatic touches, the painter is not visible in lines which are each a picture, the teacher does not appear for the purpose of enforcing the moral. It is not the grandest poetry, but it is true feeling, admirable art.

W. D. HOWELLS.

- ART. III.—1. *The Railway. Remarks at Belfast, Maine, July 4, 1867.* By JOHN A. POOR. Boston. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.
2. *Monthly Circulars of the National Anti-Monopoly Cheap-Freight Railway League for promoting Reform in Railroad Management, by securing Equal Rights and Cheap Transportation, with consequent increased Development of our Industrial Energies and National Resources.* Nos. I.—VII. New York. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.

It is related in the Sussex Archæological Collections, that in 1703, when the king of Spain went to Petworth, his equipage was engaged for six hours in traversing the last nine miles of this journey; and that Sir Herbert Springett went to church in the family coach drawn by eight oxen,—a stately and patriarchal mode, which arose from the necessity of having “the strong pull, the long pull, and the pull all together” of the bovine team, to which the power of horses is as naught.

The excellent roads of Telford and McAdam made a great change in England before the end of the eighteenth century, for there were by that time some thirty thousand miles of highways in Great Britain on which the traveller could, if he chose to pay for such a luxury, drive at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour, with perfect ease and safety. And half a century before the journey alluded to above, a primitive sort of railway was in use at the coal mines in the North of England; but it was not till the completion of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, in 1830, that the present system of railway travelling was fully introduced.

Forty-two years since, George Stephenson built the first locomotive employed on a public railway; and that engine, by the way, may now be seen, after having “run” till 1846, carefully preserved as a relic, on a pedestal in front of the Darlington station of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in England. Every one is familiar with the story of the Stephensons, the “Rocket,” and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Mr. Poor, the author of the pamphlet the title of which is at the head of this paper, tells us that it was his own

“good fortune to witness” one of the early experiments in railway locomotion in this country.

“The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company imported from Newcastle-upon-Tyne one of George Stephenson’s locomotives, — not unlike those placed upon the Bangor and Oldtown Road in 1836, — small in stature, but symmetrical in every particular, and finished with the exactness of a chronometer. Placed upon the track, its driver, who came with it from England, stepped upon the platform with almost the air of a juggler or a professor of chemistry, placed his hand upon the lever, and with a slight move of it the engine started at a speed worthy of a companion of the ‘Rocket,’ amid the shouts and cheers of the multitude.”

And he adds in another place : —

“The locomotive came upon the world like a miracle. All previous modes of land conveyance were slow and cumbersome. As the pack-horse relieved the solitary foot-passenger, so the common wagon, the pleasure-carriage, and the stage-coach came in its time to man’s relief ; but the greatest of all the means of transportation, the locomotive engine, produced in the lifetime of a single generation greater results affecting man’s physical and social condition than all the agencies of previous times.”

Those of us who recollect the discomforts of a long journey by stage-coach, — for instance, from Albany to Buffalo, or, by canal and coach, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, — and who happen to have lately made the same journey comfortably seated in a “monitor” or “palace car,” will cordially unite with Mr. Poor in this tribute to the genius of the man who invented the first successful locomotive engine for passenger conveyance.

Since the days of the “Rocket,” the power of the locomotive engine has been enormously increased, by giving the engine greater weight and dimensions, and by certain improvements which have naturally followed its introduction to general use. It can now drag a heavy train, on a good railway, at the rate of sixty miles an hour ; and, with such a load, can maintain that great speed without stopping for sixty miles and more. It can pull a load of one thousand tons at a slow rate ; and it can even ascend and descend mountainous roads, long considered impracticable to any motive power less docile and sure-footed than pack-horse or mule.

In outward form it varies with its various uses. There are the beautifully made "express engines"; the ponderous machines of the Pyrenean and German lines; those for the fast trains of the "London and Northwestern," with their seven and a half and eight feet "drivers," the mammoths of the broad gauge; the many-wheeled mountain engine of the Alleghany inclines; besides a great many others, "passenger" or "freight."\*

But the locomotive is not all. Without the rail, the progress of the engine would be slow, and its tractive force limited. Yet the railroad of 1867, at least in this country, is much more nearly like that of 1834 than are the locomotives of those dates. Improvements in the road have not kept pace with those in motive power and rolling stock. Of this, however, more hereafter. We will now proceed to avail ourselves of the statistics given by Mr. Poor, in connection with some others, in order to point out a few of the remarkable results which have followed the introduction of railroads, and then to make some remarks in reference to that reform the author of "The Railway" considers so urgent.

Of the 95,727 miles of railway which had at the end of the year 1866 been built in the world, — "a vast achievement for a single generation," — nearly 37,000 are, according to Mr. Poor, in the United States. But it must be remembered that the railways of the United States are, with comparatively few exceptions, single lines, while a large proportion of those in Europe are double lines.

Although such estimates are more curious than useful, it may perhaps convey some idea of the labor of constructing the 37,000 miles of railroad of the United States to state that it is estimated that the iron used weighed near four millions of tons; that at least six hundred square miles of forest have been cleared for the purpose of obtaining sleepers and other timber needed; and that, if the material which has been moved in the process of construction were spread over the largest city in the Union, it would bury it as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum are now buried! But most minds will perhaps

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\* Mr. Marsh, of Boston, is building a railway of extraordinary inclination up Mount Washington, in the White Mountains, which is to be traversed by a locomotive he has patented.

better than in any other way appreciate the skill, energy, and industry bestowed upon these railways, by knowing that they have cost no less than fifteen hundred millions of dollars.

Between the Atlantic cities and the valley of the Mississippi, from north to south, the country is so completely covered with railroads, intersecting each other in every direction, that it would now be impossible to describe even the great routes without the aid of a map. It is enough to say that they have been for the most part admirably projected so as to facilitate the business operations of the country, and for the great convenience of the traveller ; and that, although there may have been a great deal of wasteful expenditure, and many unwise schemes, the system as it now exists is a magnificent one, sufficiently comprehensive for the present moment, yet being constantly extended as rapidly as there seems to be occasion for its extension. Besides the lines eastward of the Mississippi, several are advancing towards the west, far beyond that river. The Great Pacific Railway is reported to have reached within a few miles the base of the Rocky Mountains. California is building towards the east, and St. Paul, at the extreme northwest, is now connected by rail with Chicago.

Railway engineering at the present day is so well understood that its practice is easy, except where unusual natural obstacles occur. Thirty years ago the case was different. It was then a new branch to the profession of the engineer. Its principles had to be discovered and applied,— here at least on a grand scale, but with inadequate means ; and the bold engineering of the great lines leading from the Atlantic to the West is a satisfactory as well as striking illustration of the ability with which those principles were applied by such men as Knight and Latrobe, McNeil, Whistler, the Robinsons, and Judge Wright.

It is to be regretted that there is no complete and uniform system of returns for working expenses, gross receipts, &c. required by the general government, similar to those of some States ; but the latter will afford means of showing results from which the magnitude of the general railway interest may be inferred. Take, for instance, the returns for the State of New York, where, in 1865, there were 3,089 miles of railroad, having

cost on an average \$50,000 per mile, and earning a gross revenue of \$14,157 per mile per annum. Take the gross earnings of the 1,254 miles of railroad in Massachusetts, returned for 1866, which were \$21,205,527, or \$16,910 per mile per annum, their average cost per mile having then been \$63,370. The gross earnings of the New York and Erie Railroad for 1866 were \$15,372,809; and those of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad for the same year, including branches and leased lines, were \$19,124,934. In 1864 the gross earnings of the 5,000 miles of railroad in Illinois were \$8,000 per mile per annum.\* Mr. Poor shows how wealth is created by building railroads, citing Ohio statistics as an illustration of the principle.

“Ohio is to-day the third State in the Union. In 1841 her valuation was but \$128,353,657; in 1847 she had 262 miles of railway only; in 1850, 575 miles; in 1860, 2,999 miles; and in 1866, 3,402 miles.

“Her valuation for taxation rose to \$433,872,632 in 1850, to \$860,877,354 in 1855, and to \$959,867,100 in 1860, with an actual valuation in 1860 of \$1,193,898,422, against an actual valuation of \$504,726,120 in 1850,—an absolute increase of \$689,172,300; while her 3,402 miles of railway cost only \$135,231,975. Ohio allowed towns, cities, and counties to aid railroads, and you see the result.”

An extract is also given by Mr. Poor from an article prepared by the editor of the “*Railroad Journal*” in 1852, part of which we copy, as an example in a different form of the same principle:—

“Upon the ordinary highways the economical limit of transportation is confined within a comparatively few miles, depending of course upon the kind of freight and character of the roads. Upon the average of such ways the cost of transportation is not far from fifteen cents per ton per mile, which may be considered as a sufficiently correct estimate for the whole country. Estimating, at the same time, the value of wheat at \$1.50 per bushel, and corn at seventy-five cents, and that thirty-three bushels of each are equal to a ton, the value of the former would be equal to its cost of transportation for 330 miles, and the latter 165 miles. At these respective distances from market neither of the above articles would have any commercial value with only a common earth road as an avenue to markets. But we find that we can move property upon railroads at the rate of 1½ cents per ton per mile, or for

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\* The Great West.

one tenth the cost upon the ordinary road. These works, therefore, extend the economical limits of the cost of transportation of the above articles to 3,300 and 1,650 miles respectively.

“At the limit of the economical movement of these articles upon the common highways, by the use of railroads wheat would be worth \$ 44.50, and corn \$ 22.27 per ton ; which sums respectively would represent the actual increase of value created by the interposition of such a work.”

We may add, in connection with the above, that the old highways of the country were invariably almost impassable for weeks together at certain seasons, and that the regular daily transmission of passengers and goods throughout the year, without serious interruption, is one of the greatest benefits conferred by railroads.

But so much has been written elsewhere on the advantages of the railway system, that we do not think it necessary to attempt to do full justice to the remarks of Mr. Poor by making further extracts from his pamphlet. Indeed, to readers interested we advise a perusal of the pamphlet itself. A mere allusion to the enormous interests involved will be a sufficient introduction to the suggestions we have to offer respecting reforms in railway management. One more extract from “The Railway” leads to the question. Mr. Poor says that the “vast sums wasted in the construction of railroads, through ignorance and inexperience, are of trifling amount compared with the waste now going on in railway management.”

As was perhaps unavoidable under the circumstances, there has indeed been a great deal of money lost in railroad building, through ignorance or otherwise ; but it is too much the custom to blame the engineers who were early connected with that work for insufficient estimates, extravagant expenditures, and so forth. And if the railroads which were designed by and built in this country under the direction of the engineers so referred to are now compared, as to their fitness for the purpose intended, and even as to their cost relatively with the profile and geological character of the country through which they pass, with some, indeed with nine tenths, of the lines subsequently built in the same field of operations, after valuable information gained by experience in every department

connected with the work of construction was available, we venture to assert that the injustice of such censure will be apparent. The truth is, so many lines were projected about the same time, that many persons took advantage of the demand, and exercised the calling of the civil engineer, who did not possess the necessary scientific attainments, and were not trustworthy in regard to contracts, their position making them the umpires in questions involving very large sums. The consequence was, that contractors, or unscrupulous directors, having their own special objects in view, were shrewd enough to take advantage of the deficiencies of such men ; and the works under their charge suffered accordingly, both in design and execution. The large fortunes of some contractors would not have been made under other circumstances. Nor would certain lines have been located as they are, had their engineers been men of sufficient character and ability to influence a choice of location independently of all interests except those of the general body of the shareholders.

Defective construction is, without doubt, one of the important elements which now affect the cost of transportation. The gradients on some railroads will be found, on examination, to exceed in inclination the rate intended to have been adopted as a maximum, and to secure which the contract prices were paid. Curves are irregular, and sharper than they were supposed to be, work and materials inferior to those contracted for have been accepted, ballast put down unfit for the purpose, and not so deep as intended, and so on. It does not require much knowledge of the subject to perceive that these are lasting evils, which the railway management of to-day has to meet as well as it can ; and though a judicious system of road repairs might set these things, in a great measure, right after a time, few companies have hitherto adopted such a system.

An investment in the shares of any railroad having its construction account closed, and with a well-established through and local traffic sufficient for its profitable support, ought to be perhaps more popular than an investment of any other kind, owing to its security and convenience ; but it is not so, for very apparent reasons. As with the building, so with the management. In many instances railroad managers have neither the

ability nor the honesty — or if the one, not the other — needed to give confidence to persons who seek security, as well as a good percentage for their capital.

There seem to be, indeed, some peculiarly demoralizing influences about the position of a railroad official. The possession of great power over men and money by individuals previously unused to anything of the sort may have had a bad effect. At all events, there have been, from time to time, painful exposures, and, no doubt, many disgraceful pecuniary transactions unfortunately not made public. When the over-issue or “watering” of stock, defalcation, or other robbery, is found out, there is some stir in the railroad world for a few days; but, so used is it to such occurrences, the excitement does not last long, and the whole affair is soon forgotten, except by the immediate sufferers. In order to eradicate this serious defect in railroad management, public sentiment must change; for the mild punishment of simply inducing the delinquent to make the loss good as far as possible, when he is found out, does not seem sufficient to cure the evil.

It is not to be inferred from the foregoing remarks that there are no men of high integrity engaged in railroad management. The contrary is eminently the fact. We have the pleasure of knowing most honorable railroad presidents, and other most conscientious railroad officials; but capitalists have not always the means of discriminating, and men of high character suffer in reputation from a state of things too notorious to need further remark.

We have already seen the figures which indicate the large sums annually earned by some of the great railroad companies; in other words, their gross revenue. It may be worth while to set against them the corresponding “working expenses,” the one taken from the other leaving, of course, their net revenues.

The gross receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which now has no less than 358 miles of double track main road, and works or leases several branch or other lines, were, in 1866, \$19,124,934. The total working expenses of the company for that year, including the cost of working the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, which seems to have re-

sulted in 1866 in loss, owing to the bad condition of the line, were \$13,436,075. Excluding the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, the gross earnings of the Pennsylvania Railroad, together with the other lines worked by the company, were, in 1866, \$16,583,882, and the total ordinary working expenses were \$10,616,362. The extraordinary expenses of the company, i. e. additional second track, and sidings, locomotive cars, &c., were \$2,174,547. The ordinary expenses for working and maintaining the company's roads are set down at 64 per cent of their revenues.

The income of the Erie Railroad of New York was, in 1866, \$15,372,809. The working expenses, exclusive of internal revenue taxes, \$11,503,153.55, or a little more than 74 per cent of the earnings.

The earnings and receipts, or gross revenue, of the New York Central for 1866 (the year, as with the other New York lines, ending the 30th of September), were \$14,596,785, and the corresponding working expenses were \$11,013,441, being 75.45 per cent of the gross earnings.

The income of the Hudson River Railroad was, in 1866, \$4,845,526, and the transportation expenses \$3,050,426, — nearly 63 per cent.

All the lines above named seem to have open construction accounts; the total cost of road and equipment of the Erie Railroad having been in 1865, \$45,879,522, and in 1866, \$48,507,544; the cost of road and equipment of the New York Central in 1865, \$33,701,919, and in 1866, \$34,133,911. That of the Hudson River, also including equipment, in 1865, was \$15,264,586; and in 1866, \$15,543,825.

The total earnings of the railroads of the State of New York, as returned, for the year 1866, were \$49,812,448, and their working expenses were \$37,640,588. The average working expenses 75.99 per cent of the earnings.

The total earnings of the railroads of the same State were in 1862 \$25,722,473, and their working expenses \$15,220,187, or a little more than 59 per cent.

In 1863 the total earnings were \$31,767,208; working expenses, \$19,230,490, or a little more than 60½ per cent.

In 1864, total earnings, \$39,597,520; working expenses, \$27,453,894, or 69.3 per cent.

In 1865, earnings, \$46,568,411; expenses, \$36,893,326, or 79.2 per cent: the percentage in 1866 being, as before stated, 75.99 per cent.

The total earnings of the railroads of Massachusetts were, in 1866, as stated by Mr. Poor, \$21,205,527; and their working expenses, \$14,534,236, or 68½ per cent. The total income of the Massachusetts railroads for 1864 was \$16,478,596; and the corresponding cost of working, \$10,496,978, or 63.7 per cent.

The common estimate formerly was fifty per cent for working expenses, but this is now much too low; seventy per cent of the earnings is nearer right; so that it has become a question whether the comparatively moderate earnings of ten years ago were not more desirable than the larger revenues of the present time. Organization, structures, and equipment which were sufficient for a small business may not be perfect enough for a large one. The payments for dividends by the New York companies were,\*

In 1864,	\$ 5,443,384
“ 1865,	4,624,786
“ 1866,	4,093,618

while their gross earnings were

For 1864,	\$39,597,520
“ 1865,	46,568,411
“ 1866,	49,222,228

That it is important to reduce “working expenses” is evident, but any effort to economize in this way will only succeed by means of better organization, by the adoption of every mechanical improvement applicable to the system, by repairing, renewing, or rebuilding, in a scientific manner, and by employing the best men available for the service.

The managing and operative systems of some of the great companies are already well arranged, and ought to be imitated as far as possible by the lesser ones. It is hardly necessary to say that, if the president of a railroad company is expected to be an executive as well as an administrative officer,

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\* The figures relating to the New York railroads are from the Report of the State Engineer.

he ought to be practically acquainted with the details of the business he has in charge, and also familiar with the construction and working of the line and its equipment, by means of which that business is to be done. Otherwise he can be of very little use in directing the men who act under him at the heads of the several departments, or in controlling the expenses of those departments.

It is equally evident that, if the superintendent is the principal executive officer, he should of course possess the indispensable qualifications specified above. But there are a great many men now at the head of railroad companies who have worked themselves into office by their own or their friends' manoeuvring; who had, at the time of their election, no peculiar fitness for the place, little knowledge of the common details of railroad traffic, and none whatever of the more important principles which should guide railroad operations; and who have consequently learnt the little they now know about such matters at the cost of their employers, the stockholders. Mechanical knowledge is the last thing learnt by such men. Their tastes lead them in another direction. They are not superior to the preparation of clap-trap advertisements, representing their lines as the shortest and cheapest routes, or to underhand negotiations for the purpose of diverting freight from rival lines. Among this class of railroad presidents are likely to be found the individuals who make use of the earnings of the line, the line itself, and the property belonging to it, as their own, and who indirectly, no doubt, do a great deal more harm by setting a bad example to the companies' under-agents, conductors, &c. It is said, indeed, that very large sums, in the aggregate, are annually lost by some railroad companies through the petty pilfering of the conductors, — a sort of robbery there is no effectual security against, except in the character of the men themselves, so long as it is found convenient to take fares in the trains. If the president's "irregularities" are known to his subordinates, and it may be safely assumed that in nine instances out of ten they are known to them, the conductor or other agent who is also dishonest feels more than ever safe against detection.

A secondary evil, though a very serious one, is that of

permitting president or director to be interested in furnishing new rails, or other "supplies," as a seller to his own company. Such sales may be made at the lowest market price, or even lower, but they put a stop to competition, and also to a rigid inspection on the part of the company of the material so furnished. It is impossible for the principal officer, who profits as a merchant by a sale to his own company of thousands of tons of railroad iron annually, to object to indirect receipts of the same kind, though far less in amount, taken by every one of the company's agents who may have in one way or another an opportunity in some degree similar. It is believed that many railroad agents not only have the opportunity, but avail themselves of it, to the serious injury of the stockholders. But this is not the disposition of most of that large and useful class of men. Their way of life is laborious and full of responsibility, their duties are well performed, and the wages they receive are fairly earned. It may be added, that there are numbers of men employed upon every railroad whose occupation removes them from the temptations we have referred to, and whom we have every reason to believe, judging from what we have seen of them, as conscientious, and in their sphere as respectable a body as any other in the community.

Generally speaking, no reduction can be made in the number of men employed by railroad companies. On the contrary, the public would be better served if their number were increased. Neither can wages be lowered, as they are not high when compared with the wages now paid for other kinds of labor. But we think very considerable saving may be effected by more judicious application of the large sums which are now annually spent for road repairs and renewals, so as to make the road-bed and superstructure as perfect as possible, and thus economize in power and wear of rolling stock. Upon most lines great improvement may be brought about in this respect, because there are a great many railroads in the country, after excepting some of those forming the great routes, upon which there is no officer connected with the management who is theoretically or practically acquainted with the mechanism which forms a well-built railroad of the present day. General ignorance of what has been done at a dis-

tance by engineers who make railroad engineering their special pursuit is not to be wondered at under such circumstances, and rails on some lines may therefore be seen which have been renewed over and over again, yet remain to-day almost the same in cross-section and fastenings with those first laid down upon them, as if the experience of twenty or thirty years afforded no guide to a form and application better fitted to bear the heavier engines and other rolling stock now in use.

And again, as regards quality. The rails of the past fifteen or twenty years have in most cases proved far inferior to those used at first. The reason of this, we suppose, is because the specifications under which the first rails were contracted for were drawn up by men who knew something about the manufacture of iron and its application to the making of rails, a price being paid accordingly, while the more modern contracts were simply for "rails," at the lowest possible rates. It is not too much to say that rails can be made at a profit to the manufacturer, which will stand the inspection of the authorities of many railroad companies, for a price thirty-three per cent lower than the price good rails would command. We must add, on the other hand, that praiseworthy efforts have been made for some years past, by some railroad companies, to secure by means of the improvements of the day a smoother and more durable superstructure for their trains to pass over, and new methods of construction or adaptation may be seen upon them, obviously and essentially better than the old ones, which improved methods ought to be generally adopted for the sake of economy and public safety, unless other better ones are in use on some other lines, or can be devised. Indeed, until all such improvements, within reasonable limits as to cost, have been generally introduced, the most obvious and easy step towards economy will have been neglected.

For railroads upon which such simple matters as thorough drainage, good ballast, and a tolerably perfect superstructure would add fifty per cent to the duration of their iron rails, the use of steel instead of iron seems needless refinement. Nevertheless, the question of laying down steel rails has of late attracted attention, and companies able to afford the expense are now trying them, with advantage to their own interests,

as well as to public security and comfort. Steel tires and steel boilers may follow next.

A paper on the "Maintenance and Renewal of Permanent Way"\* was read last year by R. Price Williams before the Society of Civil Engineers of England, and subsequently printed with "an abstract of the discussion upon the paper," by order of the society.

It has already been translated into French, and a few copies have found their way to this country. It contains valuable information relating to the Bessemer steel rail, in connection with its general subject. We venture to make one or two extracts, but the paper itself should be read.

"The introduction within the last few years of steel rails, manufactured chiefly by what is known as the Bessemer process, and the highly satisfactory nature of the results obtained, encourage the belief that at length a material has been obtained which was alone wanting to give something like real permanency to that which in name only has hitherto deserved the title of 'Permanent Way.'

"In 1862, some steel rails were laid at the Camden Town and Crewe stations of the London and Northwestern Railway, where, from the excessively heavy character of the traffic, iron rails were usually worn out in the course of a few months. Two 21-foot steel rails laid on May 2d, 1862, at the Chalk Farm Bridge, side by side with two ordinary iron rails, were, after outlasting sixteen faces of the iron rails, taken out in August, 1865; and the one face only, which had been exposed during a period of more than three years to the enormous traffic, amounting to something like 9,550,000 engines, trucks, &c., and 95,577,240 tons, although evenly worn to the extent of a little more than a quarter of an inch, still appears to be capable of enduring a good deal more work. . . .

"The general adoption of steel rails on main lines where the traffic is of the heavy description referred to, will, in the opinion of the author, not only prove cheaper in the end, but, what is of infinitely more importance, will, through the less frequent breaking up of the road, materially add to the safety of the travelling public. It will also, in a corresponding degree, lighten the great weight of anxiety and responsibility which attaches to the resident engineer, who, morally at least, is held accountable for all the accidents that occur through defects in the permanent way under his charge."

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\* "Permanent Way" would here be called "Superstructure" or "Track."

So long as an open construction account is kept, it will be difficult to find out what the real cost of working is, for, even with the best intentions on the part of the auditor, the difference between charges which should be debited "construction" and those properly chargeable to "working expenses" is often indistinct. New equipment, new stations and bridges, and new "superstructure," all better or on a larger scale than the old, may in some cases fairly belong to construction, or perhaps part of the outlay may belong to one account, and part to the other. It may be very troublesome to draw the line strictly. In short, it is easy to see that, when the figures are to be entered, there is a strong temptation to make as favorable a report as possible for the sake of a dividend, which dividend, whether it has really been earned or not, is to fix the market value of the shares for the next few months. This is one view of the case; but sometimes it happens, we believe,—in fact, such transactions are so openly talked about that it is not to be supposed they are generally considered improper,—that a dividend is paid by order of a board of directors, while there is no pretence that it has been earned, and where prudent regard for the future interests of the stockholders ought to have precluded its payment. As the amount of the semiannual dividend is, in the estimation of the ordinary purchaser of stock, the measure of the value of what he buys, a payment by the company of an unearned dividend, or of one improperly large, may lead him to invest under a false impression created by public misrepresentation. Railroad "financiering" did a great deal of mischief while railroads were building. It would be difficult to say what the phrase meant at that time, but in connection with railroads in operation it can only mean harm; for the absurdity of supposing extraordinary skill in money matters to be needed in the management of a railroad company has long since been apparent. The money has to be properly taken care of when earned, properly distributed, and clearly accounted for. Less book-keeping even would often be an improvement, with the introduction of accounts admitting statements simple and clear enough to satisfy the mind of any anxious proprietor. Nothing beyond the skill of a good accountant is really needed for this, and the rest is essentially mechanical.

Travellers from this country notice the difference between the European railway system and their own, and naturally compare the two systems as to economy, safety, speed, and comfort; but a contrast to what one is accustomed in travelling is very likely to be at first disagreeable, and this should be recollected when we are informed by letters or the newspapers that the American system is superior to the European system, particularly to that of England, — England usually affording the first opportunity for the observation. This sort of criticism is too hastily made to be serviceable; indeed, it does much harm, for it tends to make people overlook defects that might otherwise be easily remedied. We mean to say that there are some things connected with railroad travelling here which might be altered for the better, for the purpose of making it safer and more comfortable. As to economy, no traveller can possibly find fault with the passenger fares; nor can the “shipper” of freight reasonably complain of the usual freighting charges; and the speed is great enough at present. In fact, it must be admitted that the American Railroad System, as it is called, is already admirably adapted to the wants and habits of a great majority of the persons who travel by means of it, and also that it is, as a whole, much better suited to this country than the European system would be. And as much may probably be said of the European system. For it is already nearly the perfection of locomotion, according to the ideas of comfort and convenience prevailing with the people who use it most. But, after all, there are some details common to both systems which it will be worth while to compare, in the hope of attracting attention to something or other that may be considered worthy of imitation.

The question of safety would probably be the last one likely to weigh upon the mind of the railway traveller of the present day on entering a train; yet many passengers habitually buy their life-insurance tickets with their car tickets, and the business of railroad life-assurance is said to flourish exceedingly.

We are unable to give the number of accidents occurring on the 37,000 miles of railroad of the United States in any one

year, or even on any large part of the whole ; but if we take the statistics of accidents from the New York and Massachusetts returns for 1866, which are the only ones we happen to have at hand, — and they are probably as favorable for the purpose of comparison as the statistics of accidents for a larger number of States would be, — it will be seen that there were in those two States in that year, or, more precisely, in the twelve months embraced in that year's returns, 30 passengers killed, 112 passengers injured ; 286 employees and others killed, 160 employees and others injured ; a total of 316 passengers, employees, and others killed, and 272 passengers, employees, and others injured. A grand total of 588 persons either killed or injured during the twelve months on the railroads of New York and Massachusetts. They consist of but some 4,350 miles of the 37,000, and it is not to be imagined that they are managed with less regard to public safety than are those of the other States of the Union, though it is probable the number of passengers upon them is considerably larger in proportion to the mileage than is the case in most other States.

The number of passengers of all classes in New York and Massachusetts, for 1866, was 40,381,514 ; consequently one passenger was killed for every 1,346,050 passengers carried, and one passenger was either killed or injured for every 284,377 passengers carried.

The whole number of miles travelled by the trains, passenger and freight included, was 32,833,967 ; so that one life was lost of employees and others for every 114,804 miles travelled by trains, and one person exclusive of passengers was either killed or injured for every 73,619 miles travelled by the trains, — the miles travelled by the trains, of course, indicating the extent of accommodation afforded to the public. We will compare these figures with corresponding ones deduced from the railway returns of Great Britain and Ireland for 1862, as those are the only ones for the United Kingdom we have by us of so late a date. The comparative statistics of railway accidents in France, Germany, and Belgium would most likely be in favor of the Continental lines over those of Great Britain and Ireland ; but the case, as it is, will be found sufficient for our purpose.

Indeed, the system of management in the French lines is extremely precise and rigid, — probably the perfection of organization, — and the consequence is that they are very safe, as well as very profitable; but persons used to the great personal freedom of movement possible when travelling by train here might perhaps prefer to continue to incur the risk so much moving about causes, rather than bear the restraint that in some measure secures greater safety.

The whole number of passengers killed on the railways of Great Britain and Ireland in 1862 was 35, and there were during the same period 536 passengers injured. There were also 181 servants of companies or of contractors, trespassers, and others killed, and 64 injured. The distance travelled by the trains was 108,061,797 miles; and the total number of passengers carried — assuming that each holder of a season ticket made three journeys a week throughout the year — was, say 197,400,000. That is to say, one passenger was killed for every 5,640,000 carried; one passenger either injured or killed for every 345,709 passengers carried; one servant of company or contractors and others killed for every 597,026 miles travelled by the trains, and one servant of company, &c. either killed or injured for every 441,068 miles travelled by the trains.

If, therefore, the year 1862 for Great Britain and Ireland, and the year 1866 for New York and Massachusetts, are not exceptional ones, the ratio of accidents in proportion to public accommodation under the two systems is very nearly as below, viz. : —

- 21 passengers killed in New York and Massachusetts for 5 in Great Britain and Ireland;
- 6 passengers either injured or killed in New York and Massachusetts to 5 in Great Britain and Ireland;
- 21 persons other than passengers killed in New York and Massachusetts for 4 in Great Britain and Ireland;
- 6 persons other than passengers either injured or killed in New York and Massachusetts to 1 in Great Britain and Ireland.

The returns from which the above figures were drawn do not in all cases specify the number of passengers whose deaths were due to causes quite beyond their own control; some of

the passengers in the list having been killed in consequence of their own carelessness. To show how secure a railway passenger may be if he exercises proper caution, we copy a paragraph from a paper\* lately read before the "Inventors' Institute" in England:—

"In conclusion, I may observe that travellers are by no means aware of the almost daily improvements that are going on throughout the entire rolling stock and permanent way of railways. They would more fully appreciate these if they could run out of a first-class line at a high speed on to one of the old, original lines, such as the Liverpool and Manchester, with its rattle and jolting. Now, indeed, it is far more safe for one to be continually travelling, than to pass an active life under any other conditions. This statement is borne out from the official returns of the persons whose deaths were due to causes beyond their own control on the railways of the United Kingdom. The number has decreased from 38 in 1844 to 23 in 1859, and to only 15 in 1864, while the numbers that travelled during the last-named year amounted to the enormous figure of 229,350,000, or nearly eight times the whole population of the kingdom. Thus, the chance of death is 1 to 15,290,000, which may be taken practically as no chance at all. Let this be compared with the liability to fatal accidents from horse conveyances in London alone, with its population of nearly 3,000,000. By the returns from the Registrar-General's office, during the year 1865 there were 215 persons killed by horse conveyance, or 1 in every 14,000 of the population. The railway return already quoted gives 1 in every 2,000,000 of population, or 1 in every 15,290,000 of travellers. So that, taking the estimate by population, the railways are 150 times more safe than the streets of London."

So much for the relative safety of the two systems. Now as to their relative speed, for the rapidity with which a train passes over the rails influences its own safety directly and indirectly in many ways, though the result of a single accident occurring to it might, under some circumstances, be as disastrous if it travelled slower. The management and system suited to high speed, therefore, must be in every respect more nearly perfect than they need be if the speed were not so great, in order to maintain an equal degree of security to passengers and the public.

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\* By Robert Richardson, C. E.

Very great speed is made occasionally in this country, when a train is late, and its engineer is allowed to make up time, as it is called, at his own discretion ; but there are no lines in the country, we believe, on which as high speed is regularly maintained as would be within the power of the engines, were the rails in as good order as they might be, and were the system more complete in its organization and appointments. Indeed, if a foreign engineer were to walk over some of the railroads which are supposed to be as safe as any others in the country, and examine their structures critically, possibly seeing a road-bed half covered with grass, sleepers so much decayed that the rail fastenings are quite loose, joints now and then much too wide open, and shaken masonry, he would pronounce, without hesitation, that it would be impossible to maintain high speed upon them with any degree of safety or economy whatever. Thirty-three miles an hour, including stops, is good regular speed here for an express train, for a stretch of one hundred miles, though much higher rates are sometimes made,— we will add, “at the imminent risk of accident” ; while to show what railway travelling may be made as to speed, where line and rolling stock are both as perfect as modern science and money can make them, we must again refer to France or England. We are not writing with “time-tables” before us, but we should say that forty miles an hour, excluding stops, is not far from the speed of the quickest French trains for long distances, and that with the most perfect steadiness of motion and ease to the passenger conceivable. In England, fifteen years ago, the express trains of the Great Western Railway were making their trips, with the regularity of the hands of a clock, at fifty miles an hour, including stops ; the actual speed required to do this being often at the rate of sixty miles an hour, mile after mile. The narrow-gauge railways were obliged to emulate the speed established by Mr. Brunel and the Great Western, so that the speed of the fast trains of the several lines named below, which are run between the points indicated without intermediate stops, was very lately noted from personal observation, or taken down from official published tables, as follows :—

	Miles.	h.	m.
Brighton and South Coast, — London to Brighton,	50	1	5
London, Chatham, and Dover, — London to Dover,	88	1	55
London and Northwestern, — London to Rugby,	82½	1	50
Chester to Holyhead,	84	2	7
Great Western, — London to Swindon,	77½	1	30
Great Northern, — London to Peterborough,	76½	1	37
London and Southwestern, — London to Basingstoke,	48	1	10

This fast travelling is of course expensive, especially as a great deal of attention is paid to the comfort of the passenger, as well as to his safety; and the fares in the first-class carriages are accordingly high. The mechanical arrangement of these carriages is very complete; and although there is a vibratory movement differing from the long, easy swing of the cars here, there is on the whole less motion felt by the passengers by fast trains there than here, particularly when the passenger by train here happens to find himself seated near either end of a car. The average fare, if we take the rates upon a few of the great railways as an example, is not far from 2.22 *d.* per mile for first class, 1.66 *d.* per mile for second class, and a little less than a penny per mile for third class, by ordinary trains; while by express train — these trains carrying no third-class passengers — the rates are not far from 2.6 *d.* for first class, and 1.92 *d.* for second class. On the New York railroads the average passenger fare per mile, for 1866, was 2.42 cents; from 2.4 cents to 3.5 cents per mile being perhaps the most common rates throughout the country, for considerable distances.

While alluding to fares, and as an instance of extremely low rates, it may be interesting to notice what has been done within a few years past in India, where the English railway system has been established. Very large districts of British India offer great advantages for railroad operations in some respects; though, on the other hand, there is the necessity of employing, for the present, a great number of Europeans at high wages in working the lines, and also of often using very expensive fuel. The railways are well built, with bridges of masonry or iron, and have heavy rails, sometimes of steel. There were opened for traffic, up to May 1, 1866, 3,302 miles, of which only 250 miles were at that time made with a double line.

The general character, where the country admits of good gradients, may be judged of from the fact that the distance between Calcutta and Delhi, which is 1,020 miles, may now be travelled in thirty-seven hours. First-class fares average 1.73 *d.* per mile; second-class, .86 *d.* per mile; and third-class, .36 *d.* per mile. Of the whole number of passengers 94 per cent travelled in third-class cars, 4.78 per cent in second-class cars, and only 1.12 per cent in first-class cars.

The percentages for working expenses, taken from lines from which the published returns were complete, and setting them against those taken from the complete returns of 1864 for the United Kingdom, are pretty closely as below. We will add the same thing for New York, for 1866, referring again to the latter hereafter.

	New York.	India.	United Kingdom.
Maintenance of roadway and buildings, . . . . .	29.5	26.3	18.73
Motive power, . . . . .	30.2	37.3	27.76
Repairs and renewals of cars, . . . . .	11.0	6.2	8.56
Passenger and freight department, . . . . .	16.3	17.3	28.42
Compensation for personal injury and goods, . . . . .	0.5	2.4	1.60
Miscellaneous, . . . . .	12.5	10.5	14.93
	100.0	100.0	100.00

Freight in India is arranged in five classes, paying from 1*d.* to 7*d.* per ton per mile.

We do not purpose to mention more particularly the many ways in which the welfare of the passenger by train in this country is not sufficiently attended to. If travelling by railroad were more comfortable, or in other words less disagreeable, it is reasonable to suppose that a class of people to whom the price of fares has become a matter of small importance would travel oftener, and that railroad companies would find their receipts increased. And we think that railroad managers here might take many useful lessons from the European system, which system, we may add, would probably more often meet the approval of the traveller from this side of the water were it not for his reflections on being compelled to seat himself in a compartment with few companions, and to run the risk of a trip without the familiar bell-rope stretched above his head. We have nothing to do with criticising the English railway

system ; our object being rather to find something about it to praise, and, as far as practicable, to imitate usefully. But with regard to the compartment carriages, their use or disuse is evidently a matter of taste and habit.

The managers of two of the favorite routes between New York and Boston have placed compartment cars on their respective lines within five years past. These cars are luxuriously fitted up, and persons who care for comparative seclusion, wide seats, and fresh air, without annoyance to too many of their fellow travellers, can secure all these comforts by paying a small additional price for their tickets. And as to the want of a bell, there can be no harm in remarking that the reluctance on the part of English railway managers to adopt the simple plan in use in this country seems to be reasonable, because, though we have travelled a great deal by train since the adoption of the bell and decidedly approve of it for trains here, we happen to have seen it pulled improperly oftener than otherwise.

It would be extremely difficult to institute a comparison which would be valuable between the cost of working the railways of Great Britain and the United States. The differences in the price of labor and fuel, and in the engineering character of the lines, are enough to deter one from attempting it in the hope of arriving at a result in any degree adequate to the labor of the undertaking. The financial management of several well-known companies in one country or the other is the subject of frequent articles in the newspapers, and seems to be very bad, the faults being more or less identical. Indeed, we have just received a paper containing a severe criticism of the accounts published by one company in Great Britain, where the writer employs very much the same expression we have already made use of in allusion to the demoralizing influence of a seat as one of a Railway Board of Directors. But we will set down here several of the items which go towards making up the whole working expenses of the two systems respectively. It will then be seen in what proportion they each influence the dividend, and also in what direction it is most worth while to try to economize.

The working expenses of English railways may be stated at from 48 to 52 per cent of the gross receipts. The work-  
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ing expenses of the railways of this country, so far as we are in possession of official returns, range from 52 to 76 per cent of their gross receipts. And if we take the New York returns and make up the accounts as near as may be to correspond with those of the English returns, we shall have for the principal items the following per cent of working expenses: —

	For New York. 1866.	For the United Kingdom. 1862.
Maintenance of roadway and buildings,	29.5	18.99
Motive power,	30.2	27.79
Repairs and renewals of cars,	11.0	8.71
Passenger and freight department,	16.3	27.95
Compensation for personal injury,	0.4	1.11
Damages to goods and property,	0.1	0.48
Rates, taxes, and government duty,	5.2	6.81
Miscellaneous,	7.3	8.16

Our time and space are limited, and we must therefore hasten to a conclusion, in the hope that the figures we have set down, if not the statements we have made, may lead stockholders and managers to study the question of Railway Reform for the sake of their credit as well as their money. Here we will mention — though it must now be done briefly — the “National Anti-Monopoly Cheap Freight Railway League,” — a combination, so far as we have been able to inform ourselves, intending to make railroads free to the trains of all companies, or individuals, under certain indispensable restrictions; to adopt a slow rate of speed, and such systematic management as will allow of the incessant passage of trains at very short intervals of time, thereby meaning to reduce the cost of transportation and increase the amount of business. We believe it is not proposed to reduce the speed of passenger trains, but to build lines chiefly for freighting purposes, or to add more lines of rails to existing roads; and we are not aware that there is anything new in this. It was long ago proposed to make railroads free to the public on the payment of tolls, but there are obvious and very serious difficulties still in the way of adopting such a course generally; and as regards the cost of transportation, that is very much influenced by elements distinct from the mere amount of business, though of course an inces-

sant traffic ought to be more remunerative than an intermittent one. There are railways already so systematically worked that trains run upon them in as close succession as would be those proposed by the League. In fact, the scheme embraces questions of outlay and profit too intricate for hasty discussion. They are matters for estimate or calculation beyond the province of the superficial observer.

The reform we advocate is one of much more simple character, as well as of more immediate result, requiring no additional expense, and perhaps being the first step necessary towards the most important objects aimed at by the League. We think, indeed, that the railroad system of the country is susceptible of great improvement, and that it may be made to afford more accommodation in business and greater convenience to the traveller, with more public security against accident, and all this without needing any radical change. Its working organization is at present imperfect, and a large proportion of the officials who hold the more responsible places might be better qualified for their occupation. It has been seen that the expenses incurred for motive power, repairs of equipments, and maintenance of the line amount to seventy per cent of the whole expense of working. All inventions, therefore, which seem likely to economize fuel, to make the superstructure smoother and more durable, and to improve the machinery, ought to be reasonably encouraged, while efforts should be constantly making, through an interchange of information, to take advantage of the results of experience gained elsewhere, — otherwise it will be found that there has been relatively a steady annual increase of expense in all the departments just now named, and, finally, there should be a school for railway management by means of a regular system of promotion in every department of a railroad in operation, — to be relied upon as a matter of course, for the encouragement of faithful and efficient service. Those employed would then look to their own companies for long engagements, and would be less eager to find indirect means of increasing their remuneration.

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- ART. IV. —1. *The Works of JONATHAN SWIFT. With Notes and a Life by SIR WALTER SCOTT.* 19 Vols. Edinburgh. 1824.
2. *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, in a Series of Letters from JOHN, EARL OF ORRERY, to his Son, the Honorable Hamilton Boyle.* 4th Edition. London. 1752.
3. *Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, containing several singular Anecdotes relating to the Character and Conduct of that great Genius and the most deservedly celebrated Stella, in a Series of Letters to his Lordship.* (By PATRICK DELANY.) London. 1754.
4. *An Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. Jonathan Swift, interspersed with some Occasional Animadversions upon the Remarks of a late Critical Author upon the Observations on an Anonymous Writer on those Remarks.* London. 1754.
5. *A Letter to Dean Swift, Esq. on his Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character of Dr. J. Swift.* By the Author of the Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks. London. 1755.
6. *The Life of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.* By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M. London. 1784.
7. *New and Curious Anecdotes of the late Dean Swift and his favorite Stella.* Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1757.
8. *An Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift.* By the REV. JOHN BARRETT, D. D., and Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. London. 1808.
9. *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life, with Remarks on Stella.* By W. R. WILDE, M. D. Dublin. 1849.
10. DR. JOHNSON'S *Lives of the Poets.*
11. THACKERAY'S *English Humorists, and Henry Esmond.*
12. *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise.* Par HENRI TAINÉ. Paris. 1866.

Two hundred years ago, the 30th of last November, a man was born whose memory has been treated with extreme harshness. Jonathan Swift is often spoken of as a renegade in politics and a hypocrite in religion; as brutal in private

life, and filthy in tastes and ideas; as tyrannical to his inferiors, servile to his superiors, and misanthropical always. He is regarded as an outlaw, whose hand was against every man, and to whom no man should show mercy, now that he is dead. It has fared with his character as with his personal appearance. The stern aspect, the "muddy complexion," the heavy features, the double chin in old age, are remembered; but his fine figure in youth and his bright blue eyes — "azure as the heavens," Pope called them — have been forgotten. Ill-authenticated anecdotes of his later years, when he was alone in a half-civilized and oppressed country, stone-deaf and almost blind, the friends in correspondence with whom consisted his chief intellectual pleasure taken from him by death one after the other, his memory gone, his passions stimulated and his temper embittered by a terrible disease that burnt into his brain, — stories of what he said and did after he had begun to "die at the top," as he foresaw he should do, — are used to solve the enigmas of his life. "There is no surer method," says Hawthorne, "of annihilating the magic influence of a great renown, than by exhibiting the possessor of it in the decline, the overthrow, and the utter degradation of his powers, — buried beneath his own mortality, — and lacking even the qualities of sense that enable the most ordinary men to bear themselves decently in the eyes of the world." It was after he had reached the confines of this valley of the shadow of death that Swift wrote most of those exceptionable poems, which we read in boyhood, and which, later in life, we unreservedly condemn, with their author; forgetting that the tree may have borne better fruit than that of whose rottenest parts we indistinctly recall the flavor. Scandalous falsehoods, born after Swift's decease, and killed in the cradle by conscientious biographers, have been revived. One of the vilest, mentioned by Sir Walter Scott only that it may "never be repeated on any future occasion," disgraces the memoir prefixed to a Dublin edition (1840) of Gulliver's Travels; and William Howitt, in "Homes and Haunts of Eminent British Poets," after quoting Scott, has the effrontery to add, that there may be "*something*" in the story after all, — that early habits of dissipation may account for Swift's attacks of vertigo, and that "in this point of view his life presents a

deep moral lesson." Other biographers, who would scorn to give circulation to such slanders, are not ashamed to embody in their narrative discreditable stories that rest upon insufficient testimony, to reverse to Swift's prejudice the ordinary rules of evidence in criminal cases, and to condemn him with unjudicial warmth.

The superiority of Swift's understanding is admitted by all, and by none more readily — Dr. Johnson excepted — than by his detractors. But his acknowledged genius is allowed to raise no presumption in favor of its possessor, no doubt as to the justness of the judgment against him, but serves to point an antithesis or to enforce a moral. "An immense genius," says Thackeray, — "an awful downfall and ruin." "I turn to his writings," concludes Lord Mahon's diatribe, "and my contempt for the man is lost in my admiration of the author." But though a great man is not entitled to immunity from criticism, his critic is bound to approach the study in a generous spirit, to take into account the whole character, instead of fastening upon faults of manner or inequalities of temper, to consider the circumstances amid which the character was formed, and to hope, for the sake of human nature, that the casket was worthy of the divine jewel it held. But "the world is habitually unjust to such men," says Carlyle, — "unjust on many grounds, of which this one may be stated as the substance: it decides, like a court of law, by dead statutes, and not positively, but negatively, less on what is done right, than on what is or is not done wrong. Not the few inches of deflection from the mathematical orbit, which are so easily measured, but the *ratio* of these to the whole diameter, constitutes the real aberration. This orbit may be a planet's, its diameter the breadth of the solar system; or it may be a city hippodrome; nay, the circle of a gin-horse, its diameter a score of feet or paces. But the inches of deflection only are measured, and it is assumed that the diameter of the gin-horse and that of the planet will yield the same ratio, when compared with them. Here lies the root of many a blind, cruel condemnation of Burnses, Swifts, Rousseaus, which we can never listen to with approval. Granted the ship comes into harbor with shrouds and tackle damaged; and the pilot is therefore blameworthy,

for he has not been all-wise and all-powerful ; but to know how blameworthy, tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe, or only to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.”

In Swift's case, we unfortunately possess no record of his life, and no view of his character from the pen of any one who knew him in youth or in his prime. The four Irishmen whose recollections and hearsay anecdotes supply, with his writings and his friends' letters to him, the materials of all the biographies, made his acquaintance after his faculties began to decay, and his temper to suffer from disease and misfortune. Each lacks industry, insight, capacity to sift evidence. Each manifests so great a disposition to discredit the statements of the others, as to exemplify King William's observation, that, “if you should believe what Irishmen say, there is not one honest man in the whole kingdom.” The first of these works in order of time, the worst in execution, and the least trustworthy upon disputed points, has enjoyed undeserved currency and exercised an undue influence upon subsequent writers because it was written by an earl. But Orrery first met Swift when Swift was seventy years old, and never saw much of him. He was so ignorant that his own father, a man of learning, disinherited him of his library, and so snobbish, that he could not understand how a man of humble origin could associate on equal terms with the nobility, and therefore declares that Swift was “employed, not trusted,” by Oxford and Bolingbroke. Scott believes that this titled dunce never forgot Swift's indorsement upon a letter from him, of which the seal was unbroken,—“This will keep cool”; nor the impatient exclamation on receiving another beginning “Dear Swift,”—“Boy, boy, boy!” The best of these Irish Lives is by Thomas Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley ; but Thomas was a mere child when Swift and his father were intimate, and he wrote nearly forty years after Swift's death, and with no adequate preparation or special fitness for the task. Had Swift been blessed with a Boswell, the popular view of his character might be far more favorable.

Bad as the books just spoken of are, they are not the worst. Mrs. Pilkington, the profligate wife of a lying clergyman, who

had imposed upon the Dean's good-nature, published memoirs shortly after his death, the value of which may be inferred from Sir Walter Scott's expression, — "The following anecdote is authentic, *though* told by Mrs. Pilkington." This woman's book is forgotten, but the Life by Dr. Johnson, who had, as even Boswell allows, a strong prejudice against Swift, founded partly perhaps upon Swift's failure to procure a degree for him from Dublin University, and partly upon resemblances in character, is still read, and has supplied several hints to Thackeray. Sir Walter Scott's biography, though not altogether satisfactory, is a noble tribute from one man of genius to another. But it has produced less impression upon public opinion than the article which it called forth in the Edinburgh Review.

" Jeffrey ! pestest of the train  
Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery grain,"

never more fully justified Byron's comparison of him to Chief Justice Jeffries. He hears only the witnesses against Swift, himself acts as prosecuting attorney, and then, in sentencing the accused insults him with the terms "beast" and "murderer." Thackeray, who has been called the greatest of Swift's disciples, treats his dead master little better; — calls him an "ogre" in the nursery; a "bully" in the parlor; a "footpad," who would have "watched for you in a sewer and assailed you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon"; "bravo," "outlaw," "Yahoo." M. Paul de St. Victor (*Hommes et Dieux*, Paris, 1867) improves upon this a little. With him Swift is a "hedgehog rolling in filth," and his talent has the "manners of a hangman, the misanthropy of a hypochondriac, and the grin of a tyrant." After such expressions, Lord Mahon's verdict sounds gentle: "He had a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, — for they were his own." Almost all the cyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, and textbooks on English literature for schools, though more decorous in language, are tainted with the same spirit. One of them talks of Swift's "ferocious ill-nature," — of a "celebrity which, through his moral perversities, is not more enviable than a man would obtain by being exposed in the pillory"; another, of "incredible hardness of heart" and "utter selfishness." Even

those which call Thackeray's judgments too severe adopt some of the worst.

Yet this "monster" numbered among his intimate friends the greatest statesmen, the foremost men of genius, the most accomplished women, the noblest among the nobility, of the eighteenth century. Addison, who damned others with faint praise, in 1709 called Swift "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his times"; and nearly ten years later wrote to him thus: "I have always honored you for your good-nature, which is an odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world." Chiverton Charlton, captain of the Yeomen of the Queen's Guards, writes to him in 1710: "You have one unlucky quality which exposes you to the forwardness of those that love you,—I mean good-nature,—from which, though I did not always suspect you of it, I now promise myself an easy pardon." Lord Peterborough speaks of "the large heart of Swift," and writes to him as follows: "I find matter in yours to send you as far back as the golden age. How came you to frame a system in the times we live in to govern the world by love?" Bishop Atterbury writes to him: "No man in England is more pleased with your being preferred [in the Church] than I." Bishop Berkeley speaks of him with tenderness, as the "poor dead Dean." When the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline, "insisted upon your wit and good conversation," writes Dr. Arbuthnot to Swift, "I told her that was not what I valued you for, but for being a sincere, honest man, and speaking truth when others were afraid to speak it." The same Arbuthnot had written, after Queen Anne's death: "I have seen a letter from Dean Swift; he keeps up his noble spirit, and, though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance and aiming a blow at his adversaries." Lord Bolingbroke writes to him in 1719, five years after the political tie between them was ruptured: "I know enough of the tenderness of your heart to be assured that the letter I am now writing will," &c. "The truest reflection and at the same time the bitterest satire to be made upon the present age is, that to think as you think will make a man pass for roman

tic. Sincerity, constancy, tenderness are rarely to be found." Pope writes to him in 1714: "Of all the world, you are the man who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper." And in 1736 he says in a letter to Earl Orrery: "My sincere love for this valuable, indeed incomparable man, will accompany him through life. . . . His humanity, his charity, his condescension, his candor, are equal to his wit, and require as good and true a taste to be valued." The Earl of Oxford spoke of him as "a truly good-natured man," and wrote in 1717: "Two years' retreat has made me taste the conversation of my dearest friend with a greater relish than even at the time of my being charmed with it during our frequent journeys to Windsor." "It is hard to meet with wealth and happiness in the country you are in," says the Duchess of Ormond, in 1720, "and be as honest as you are." She calls herself his poor sister. Lady Betty Germaine, who had known Swift from his youth, writes to him in old age: "Though you are a proud person, yet give the Devil his due, — you are a sincere, good natured, honest one." Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State, said of him: "The reputation of some men is amiable; one can love their characters without knowing their persons." Lady Masham, writing to him in 1723, ten years after Queen Anne's death, says: "I could never impute your silence to want of friendship in one whose goodness to me has always been abundantly more than I could deserve. And I do assure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a person living I have a greater friendship for than yourself, and shall have to the end of my life."

Swift's Irish biographers, who knew him only in old age, unite in according to him perfect sincerity, absolute superiority to envy, and a religious conversation and behavior. Dr. Delany says: "The character of his life, like that of his writings, will bear to be reconsidered and re-examined with the utmost attention, and will always discover new beauties and excellences." Sheridan says that he was "perhaps the most disinterested man that ever lived; no selfish motive ever influenced his conduct." "Au fond," says Henri Taine, "il me parait honnête homme." And Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge

of the last century was, in the judgment of Macaulay, unsurpassed, says: "The distinguishing feature of his moral character was a strong sense of justice, which disposed him to exact with rigor, as well as in general scrupulously to observe, the duties of society. These powerful feelings, exasperated probably by some circumstances of his own life, were gradually formed into an habitual and painful indignation against triumphant wrong, which became the ruling principle of his character and writings. . . . His hatred of hypocrisy sometimes drove him to a parade of harshness, which made his character appear less amiable than it really was. His friendships were faithful, if not tender, and his beneficence was active, though it rather sprang from principle than feeling. No stain could be discoverable in his private conduct, if we could forget his intercourse with one unfortunate and with one admirable woman."

In the study of Swift it is well to bear in mind the general characteristics of the century in which he lived. Born in Dublin in 1667, he died there in 1745. Born in the reign of Charles II., he left the University in the year of the Revolution which placed William III. upon the throne, was in the prime of life during the reigns of Anne and George I., and lived eighteen years after the coronation of George II. During this period of nearly eighty years great changes were taking place. In Swift's youth witches still flourished,—among them the Duchess of Marlborough's mother; the philosopher's stone was still sought, even by men of parts like Richard Steele, as it had been a few years previously by Isaac Newton; the stars were consulted, until Swift killed astrology in the person of Partridge; the Universities still taught the scholastic logic from the ponderous folios of Burgersdicius, Keckermannus, and Smiglecius, which Locke, like Swift, rejected for history and poetry; Bacon's works were neglected, Newton's *Principia* was unnoticed, and Harvey's great discovery was discussed as an open question, and was still spoken of with contempt even by Sir William Temple. Society was divided into two classes,—the nobles and landed gentry above, and the people below. In the coun-

try the tenantry were still practically in vassalage to the lord of the manor, who administered justice, dispensed charity, and was surrounded by flatterers, prominent among whom was the "lackey in black," who preached in his church, and, if lucky, married his wife's waiting-maid. The library of a country house comprised half a dozen volumes, including a book of heraldry, a prayer-book, and a receipt-book. The landed gentry inherited the political and religious prejudices of their Cavalier ancestors, and the clergy instilled the same notions into the minds of the people. In the city the court gave the tone to society, and a low tone it was. The brilliancy of the dialogue in the plays, which paint those times with a fidelity never called in question, cannot hide the baseness of the situation. If there were the forms of politeness and the semblance of luxury at court, the former thinly covered a brutal profligacy, and the latter did not atone for the absence of comfort. Politics was a trade, in which he usually succeeded best who had least principle and was most adroit in changing sides. Offices were sought, not for the career they opened to a noble ambition, but for their emoluments, then so large that a thrifty minister could retire upon a fortune after a few years' service. Vile deeds did not exclude a nobleman from society or from political preferment. Lord Mohun, a professional rake, duellist, and gamester, equally brutal and unprincipled, was received everywhere. The Earl of Wharton, a brawling atheist and a notorious debauchee, was an acknowledged leader of the Whigs, and held high office under a ministry of which Somers was a member. An author who would succeed had to grovel before a noble patron, who paid for adulation sometimes with a pension or an office, and sometimes with guineas in hand. Below the nobility and gentry, with their parasites, drudged the people of England, not yet known as a people, but regarded as agricultural implements in peace and as food for powder in war. Nearly one quarter of the whole population were beggars or paupers, but there were no organizations for relieving their wants, enlightening their ignorance, or discouraging vice and crime amongst them. On the contrary, the invention of gin increased drunkenness, and the rivalry of the gentlemen Mohocks stimulated highway robbery on Hounslow

Heath and in the half-lighted and filthy streets of London. England was a barbarous country, where the upper classes competed with the lower in brutality, and the lower envied the upper their intrigues and corruption. Even more barbarous than England was Ireland. Far more degraded than the English poor were "the savage old Irish," who did not speak the language of their conquerors, and were looked upon by them as Indians are looked upon by our frontiersmen. "The aspect of affairs under William, Anne, and the first two Georges," says Henri Taine, "is repulsive; we are tempted to judge like Swift; we say to ourselves that the Yahoo whom he depicted he had seen, and that the Yahoo, whether naked or riding in his carriage, is not beautiful."

Before Swift's decease, the middle class was already felt as a power, to be conciliated, respected, dreaded. If the landed aristocracy were still masters in the rural districts, they were confronted in the city and in Parliament by representatives of the rapidly growing power of commerce. They no longer monopolized the offices. If government still felt bound to flatter their prejudices, its policy was often shaped in conformity with the views of the new men. If the court of George I. was as immoral as that of Charles II., it paid more regard to the decencies of life. Vices, attractive in the elegant French costume of the Restoration, were hated as soon as seen in their hideous German attire. If politicians were still venal and noblemen still profligate, they were less openly so than in the old times. The *roué* bragged less of his infamous exploits; the playwright turned the laugh less frequently upon the confiding husband. The influence of public opinion began to be felt. To guide it, to consult it, and to give it expression, new agencies were created, which have grown in power with the diffusion of education and the less unequal distribution of wealth. The newspaper, the pamphlet, the novel, appeared, Swift, with Defoe and Addison, assisting to usher them into the world. Authors addressed a mass of readers, to whose comprehension they adjusted their style. Literature, over-conscious of its high birth in the days of Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple, put on plain clothes, and met plain men on equal terms. Science

was on the march, under Sir Isaac Newton; philosophy had been summoned back to England by Locke and Berkeley; critical scholarship, of which Bentley, almost single-handed, held up the standard at the commencement of the century, was scaling the walls of the Universities. Woman assumed a higher position and exercised a better influence. With the rise of the middle class came more humane legislation, more liberal religion, greater refinement, comfort, and security.

To us at this distance, who see to what improvements events scarcely noticed at the time have led, the contrast between the England of 1667 and that of 1745 appears more striking than it could have done to a contemporary. He might see good reasons for preferring the old order of things to the new, even while contributing to the forward movement. However enlightened, he would never free himself altogether from the prejudices and habits of thought of his youth. Swift, banished in 1714 to Ireland, where progress was slower than in the mother-in-law island, had peculiarly unfavorable opportunities for observation. He perceived the inconveniences of breaking up camp, but the advantages of the new quarters proposed were prospective. He had experienced the excesses of the money-making spirit in the ruin of an uncle who had doled out to him in childhood the black bread of charity, and in the oppressive policy applied to Ireland; he had seen the wickedness and felt the ingratitude of the court under all ministries; the intolerance of the Dissenters had been brought home to him by the persecution of his grandfather, which had impoverished and exiled the family; he knew how much England had been indebted in times past to the Established Church and to the landed interest. The extension of commerce had led to stock-jobbing, selfish monopolies, and South Sea bubbles, but apparently had as yet done little to advance civilization and freedom; the sectaries had shown, when in power, less liberality than the Church, and a disposition, in the reign of James, to combine with her Catholic enemies against the liberties of England.

Thus may be reconciled the apparent discrepancies in Swift's public course and in his political writings. It is not fair in

Mr. Masson ("British Novelists") to say that "he hardly permits us to infer for what end he upheld the Church, save that Swifts as well as Lauds and Cranmers might work in it"; for there is every reason to believe that, with the bulk of the clergy and the great body of the nation, he maintained its cause against all comers in the honest conviction that it was, in his own words ("Sentiments of a Church of England Man") "the scheme of ecclesiastical government most agreeable to primitive institutions, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state; the abolishment whereof would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy"; so that "an enemy either to the constitution of the English government, or to the present establishment of the Church, must of necessity be so to both." If Swift was insincere in his support of the Church, he was so through life. The "Tale of a Tub," which, under the guise of an allegory, "celebrates," as the Author's Apology says, "the Church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine," was written at the University. Among Swift's earliest poems is an Ode to Archbishop Sancroft, on his deprivation for refusing the oath of allegiance to King William. The Church was his chosen profession. He declined the royal offer of a captaincy of cavalry and a civil appointment from Sir William Temple. To the latter proposal he replied that, since he "had now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance," he was "resolved to go to Ireland to take holy orders." "Although," — as he says in "Anecdotes of the Family of Swift," — "his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support." Swift's devotion to the Establishment manifested itself at every stage of his political career. While yet that anomaly,

"A Whig and one who wears a gown,"

while yet in affiliation with Halifax and Somers, he published pamphlets in advocacy of High-Church principles, which are believed by Scott to have caused the first coolness between him and the chiefs of the party. As the unpaid agent of the clergy of Ireland, he solicited from several ministries the re-

mission to the Church of "the first fruits," a part of its revenue which the crown had appropriated. It was this business which brought him into contact with Harley, and he never lost sight of it, whatever other projects occupied his attention, until he succeeded. The "Examiner," the political journal which he conducted at this time, frequently advocates the interests of the Church. One of his previous publications led to the erection, under the Oxford ministry, of fifty new churches in London. On numerous occasions after his return to Ireland, he appeared as the champion of his order. His voice was raised against every attempt in the Irish Parliament to repeal the Test Act, by which non-conformists were excluded from office, to curtail the revenues of the Establishment, or to aggrandize the bishops at the expense of the inferior clergy. "The Legion Club," a piece of terrible invective against the enemies of the Church in this assembly, was among the last poems he finished. Not a word can be found in his writings, not an act in his life, inconsistent with the devotion to the Establishment which he professed. But Swift never went to extremes with High-Churchmen. He did not intrigue for the restoration of the Stuarts. He explained the dogma of passive obedience to mean obedience to the supreme power, residing in an "absolute, unlimited legislature, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an executive duly limited." He believed in the Church, as established under the laws of England for the promotion of religion and good government, not for the destruction of freedom. He was for giving Dissenters "full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects to which no power is annexed"; thinking that, "to preserve their obedience in all emergencies, a government could not give them too much ease or too little power."

In politics, Swift consistently labored for freedom from 1701, when he published his first political treatise—"A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome"—against the exercise of arbitrary power by a Tory House of Commons, bent upon the impeachment of Somers, Halifax, Portland, and Oxford, to his philippics and pasquinades against Sir Robert Walpole and his Whig instruments in Ireland. He has been charged with apostasy, because,

having been a Whig in 1708, he became a Tory in 1710, when the Oxford Ministry went into power. But Swift was never an extreme Whig, for he did not sympathize with the bulk of the party in Church matters; nor an extreme Tory, for he never expressed, in public or private, a desire for the restoration of the Stuarts. He was always seeking a middle ground on which the moderate men of both parties could stand. Moreover, the Tory Ministry had gone into power on a Church question,—the trial of Sacheverell; the interest of the Church was their interest, and they readily did for the Church the things which Swift had at heart, and which he had failed to secure from their Whig predecessors. Very likely the non-fulfilment by Somers and Halifax, of their promises of his advancement, the coldness of his reception by Godolphin, and the deference shown him by Oxford, rendered a decision less difficult; but there are reasons enough for the change, without imputing it to chagrin at ill-usage or to expectation of personal advantage. Sympathizing with High-Churchmen from the first, he had been thrown into intimate relations with the Whigs in his youth, and had remained in that party from habit. He had never worked heartily for it, had published but a single tract—that concerning the Somers impeachment—in its behalf. His personal friends were no longer its chiefs. With the Marlboroughs and their connections he had little acquaintance or sympathy.

Next to the Church question, the issue on which the country was dividing was, Should the war with France, in which so much glory had been won and so much life and money expended, continue, or should every effort be made to secure an honorable peace? A man who had written verses in praise of Marlborough's generalship, three years previously, might now with entire consistency cry, "Hold, enough!" Marlborough, long a Tory, but now calling himself a Whig, was not ready to sheathe his sword; but one whose profession was peace might think it enough to have checked the ambition of the French king, might believe the great general's judgment to be warped by dreams of further glory and greater wealth. The officers of the army, the contractors, the speculators in the public funds, were not impartial judges in the premises. A great debt was rolling up, and Swift might well

say: "It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great."

This is not the place to discuss the merits of the Peace of Utrecht. The better opinion now is, perhaps, that the treaty contained provisions to which England ought not to have assented, but the reasons for and against are nearly balanced, and the desirableness of concluding a peace upon honorable terms is generally acknowledged. The apprehensions of national ruin through the debt contracted to carry on the war, and through the rise of "that set of people who are called the moneyed men," were unfounded; but they were honestly felt by intelligent men long after Swift wrote. As for the motives of Marlborough, they are quite as charitably interpreted by Swift as by Dr. Johnson in the next generation, or by Macaulay and Thackeray in this. Swift's own opinions on these questions underwent no change. In the "History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne," revised in his old age and published after his death, he expresses himself still more strongly than in the "Examiner," or in "The Conduct of the Allies." And one of the most telling passages in Gulliver's Travels concerns the effect produced upon the Emperor of Lilliput by the capture of the Blefuscudian fleet. His Majesty "seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Bigendian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain sole monarch of the world. But I endeavored to divert him from this design by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice; and I plainly protested, 'that I would never be the instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery'; and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion."

After the death of Queen Anne and the downfall of the Tories, Swift took no part in English politics. With the exception of two visits to friends in London, the remainder of his days were passed in Ireland, where he was pelted with pam-

phlets,—he counted a thousand of them,—persecuted by courts of law, and put under a social ban. He did not seek to propitiate the dominant faction. Whenever he obtained an audience of men in power, it was on behalf of Ireland. For, next to the interests of the Church, he labored for the welfare of the island which had given him birth. As early as 1708, he had urged the “injustice of binding a nation by laws to which they do not consent,” and had ironically imagined Ireland to say of England what Cowley says of his mistress:—

“Forbid it, Heaven, my life should be  
Weighed with her least conveniency.”

In 1710 he had prefaced “A short Character of the Earl of Wharton” with a few words touching the oppression of the Irish by their English governors, who “value themselves upon every step they make toward finishing the slavery of that people, as if it were gaining a mighty point to the advantage of England.” The first political pamphlet from his pen after his retirement to Dublin was “A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures and the Rejection of Everything wearable that comes from England,” published in 1720. Ireland had long suffered from the operation of statutes framed upon the false and barbarous principles of political economy then in vogue. Wool and woollen goods being her principal products, she was forbidden to export them to foreign countries, in order that the English manufacturer might get the raw material at the cheapest rate and with the least competition. Even Sir William Temple, when consulted by the Lord Lieutenant in 1673, says that, “as in the nature of its government, so in the very improvement of its trade and riches, Ireland ought to be considered, not only in its own proper interest, but in its relation to England, to which it is subordinate”; and he proceeds to urge “the careful and severe execution of the statutes forbidding the exportation of wool to other ports than England; which is the more to be watched and feared, since thereby the present riches of this kingdom would be mightily increased; whereas this would prove a most sensible decay, if not destruction, of manufactures both here and in England.” Fifty years had elapsed, but England was pursuing the same selfish and short-sighted policy, of which Ireland was reaping the fruits.

Swift urged the people, high and low, to join in a non-importation agreement, — similar to that proposed for America by Dr. Franklin, thirty years later, — to encourage home manufactures by using no others, and to invest their capital at home. “Whoever,” the pamphlet concludes, “travels this country, and observes the face of nature or the faces and habits of the natives, will hardly think himself in a land where law, religion, or common humanity is professed.” Orders came from England to prosecute the author of this pamphlet, and Chief Justice Whitshed, by sending the grand-jury out nine times, induced them to indict the printer. During the proceedings, the Chief Justice laid his hand upon his heart, and “protested that the author’s design was to bring in the Pretender.” But the case was never brought to trial, and a *nolle prosequi* was finally entered.

Three years later the famous Drapier’s Letters appeared. England had undertaken to supply Ireland with copper money, of which she was greatly in need. The patent was given to the Duchess of Kendall, one of the mistresses whom George I. had brought over from Hanover. She sold it to William Wood, an ironmonger. The coin may have been worth its face, — as Sir Isaac Newton, then Master of the Mint, found the pieces to be which he assayed, — but the Irish believed the contrary, and Dr. Johnson, writing in the next generation, is of their opinion. But though Swift dwells upon the badness of Wood’s farthings, as furnishing an argument against taking them which every man could understand, it is apparent that he also grounds his opposition to their introduction upon principles similar to those which inspired the American Colonies in their resistance to the oppressive measures of England. He protests against the coinage of money for one country by private contract with the citizen of another, declaring that Ireland is not “a depending kingdom”; that the Parliament of England has not “the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there,” since “all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery”; and that, “by the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your own country, you [the people of Ireland] are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren in England.” It was such expressions as

these that caused a reward to be offered for the writer's apprehension; but he continued the fight, not only by letters under the signature of M. B., Drapier, but by publications of every description, in prose and in verse, until England was forced, for the first time in history, to yield to the will of Ireland. Medals were struck in his honor, handkerchiefs and sign-boards bore the Drapier's head, and the people made his birthday a fete years after he was unable to understand the meaning of their demonstrations of gratitude.

The Drapier's Letters are the best known of Swift's efforts for Ireland, but were perhaps no more useful than the tracts published subsequently, which are, says Scott, "a bright record of the unceasing zeal with which he continued, through successive years and until the total decay of his mental faculties, to watch over the interests of Ireland, — to warn his countrymen of their errors, to laugh them out of their follies, to vindicate their rights against the oppressions of their powerful neighbors, and to be, in the expressive language of Scripture, the man set for their watchman to blow the trumpet and warn the people." He inveighed, not always in the politest terms, against the luxury and extravagance of women, the folly of improvident marriages, the absenteeism of landlords, the extortions of their agents, the expenditure in England of money wrung from Irish tenants. He described the condition of the unhappy kingdom; — spacious harbors without shipping; fertile soil, capable of producing needed corn and potatoes, but grazed on by sheep whose wool was useless, since its exportation was forbidden; undrained morasses; unrepaired fences; wretched hovels; wretched roads; able-bodied laborers without work; beggars swarming everywhere: and, over all, the English governors, civil, military, clerical, whose sole anxiety was to squeeze as much as possible out of their subjects. Swift's was the single voice crying in that wilderness loudly enough to be heard across the Channel. With bursts of indignation against the oppressor who would not hear, and against the oppressed who, hearing, did not understand, he pleaded for his country, appealing to every motive that could influence the master or the slave. In one pamphlet he suggested, as the only remaining means of relief, that the people should sell their children to the rich, as

a new delicacy for the table, and with the proceeds keep the wolf from their doors a little longer. The wonderful irony with which the advantages of the scheme are set forth, the scientific coolness with which the problem is worked out like a sum in arithmetic, so shocked the sensibilities of Thackeray, that he calls Swift an "ogre" in the nursery. But the meaning of the writer is apparent in every line. In numerous passages in previous tracts he had shown how inapplicable to Ireland was the generally received maxim that "People are the riches of a nation." If Swift played the ogre, it was not for the purpose of frightening children, but to warn parents, their landlords and rulers. England was the ogre whose part he assumed, in order the more forcibly to impress the fearful consequences of persistency in the policy which was ruining Ireland. Having assumed the part, he played it to the life, thinking less perhaps of the feelings of Thackeray and the ladies than of the serious work in hand. Bully Bottom had not been his instructor.

"Is it fair," asks Thackeray, "to call the famous Drapier's Letters patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough, too; but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian Island. [*There spoke John Bull!*] It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy, — the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage." Because Swift takes the Irish, not the English, view of the question, — because he goes to battle armed with the strength of his genius, the fire of his indignation, — he is therefore no patriot! What is it to be a patriot? To sit in the chimney-corner and make fine phrases about loving your country, or to go out and do battle for her? There was nothing in Ireland, in Swift's day, to which the affections could cling. The first thing to be done was to constitute a state worthy of love; the first steps to that end were in resistance to oppressive measures; the first feeling to be encouraged was hatred of the oppressor. It is true that Swift often spoke with contempt of the Irish, and that he regarded his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's as a decree of banishment from civilization and friendship. He showed little sentimental patriotism; but he understood the duties of a pa-

triot, and did his best to discharge them. He may sometimes have displayed the temper of Coriolanus; but, unlike the Roman, he endured unto the end. Nothing could show more strikingly the deep interest he felt in the welfare of the island, than the bitter lines composed, in an interval of his idiocy, upon the erection of a magazine for arms and stores near Dublin.

“ Behold a proof of Irish sense, —  
Here Irish wit is seen :  
When nothing’s left that’s worth defence,  
They build a magazine.”

And he calls himself in his epitaph, *strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem*. In answer to Thackeray, it is enough to call three witnesses. Dr. Johnson says that, “from the time Swift began to patronize the Irish, they may date their riches and prosperity.” John Wilson Croker (“Ireland Past and Present,” 1810) calls Swift Ireland’s “true patriot, her first, almost her last,” — who “first taught her that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot.” Sir James Mackintosh says: “He is a venerable patriot, — the first Irishman who felt for his oppressed country. His statue ought to be placed beside that of Grattan.”

Another and still more serious charge has been preferred against Swift. He “bound himself,” says the author of *Vanity Fair*, “to a lifelong hypocrisy”; he “put his apostasy out to hire,” and “suffered fearfully from the consequences of his own scepticism.” What are the proofs? That he wrote that “wild work, the ‘Tale of a Tub’”; that he “was educated in Epicurean Temple’s library”; “was the boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, chose these as the friends of his life and the recipients of his confidence and esteem, and must have heard many an argument and joined in many a conversation over Pope’s port or Bolingbroke’s burgundy which would not bear to be repeated at other men’s boards”; and “few things are more conclusive,” according to Mr. Thackeray, “as to the sincerity of Swift’s religion, than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the *Beggars’ Opera*, the wildest of the wits about town, — it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders, to invest in a cassock and bands, just as he advised

him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest." The errors in this last statement have already been pointed out. Gay had not yet written the *Beggars' Opera*, was by no means a wild fellow, but was a "sincere, kindly soul," as Thackeray himself calls him; and Swift never did seriously counsel him to enter the Church. Here is the only passage upon which the assertion could have been based: "Take care," writes Swift to Gay in 1722-3, "of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn parson and get a bishopric here. Would to God they would send us as good men from your side." In his reply, Gay takes this friendly advice as it was intended, and makes no allusion to the suggestion that he would make—as he doubtless would have done—a better bishop than many of those with whom Ireland was cursed. Thackeray's other evidence is equally feeble. The "*Tale of a Tub*" certainly does not read like a homily; the satire occasionally overruns the limits of pulpit decorum; there are "youthful sallies," for which Swift afterwards expressed his regret; but the design of the book was to get all the laughs on the side of the Establishment. "Though not intended for the perusal of clergymen, it rallies nothing," as its author truly says, "but what they preach against; contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or functions; advances no opinion they reject, and condemns none they receive." Even the "crazy prelate," Archbishop Sharpe, who dissuaded the "royal prude," Queen Anne, from appointing its author to a bishopric, subsequently confessed his error, and begged pardon of the man he had wronged. It was he, too, who laid Swift's "*Project for the Advancement of Religion*" upon the royal cushion. And no charge of levity was brought by formalists against any of the religious tracts which Swift composed after taking holy orders. Even weaker than the other counts in Thackeray's indictment is the insinuation that, because Swift lived in Temple's house and read in his library, because he enjoyed the society of Pope and Bolingbroke, he *must* have been an Epicurean with Temple, a Papist with Pope, and a sceptic with Bolingbroke. Then Addison was no Christian, because he was secretary to the atheist Duke of Wharton; Bishop Atterbury was an infidel, because he was

intimate with Bolingbroke! In "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," Swift has answered such criticisms in advance. "In my humble opinion," he says, "the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity; neither is there, perhaps, a more effectual way to forward the salvation of men's souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world, for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would improve and apply it. The men of pleasure who never go to church or read books of devotion form their idea of the clergy from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a month; while those of better figure and parts seldom appear to correct these notions. But men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies as other gentlemen, and would study the arts of conversation to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome at every party where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense, and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses, as well as actions. Neither would men of understanding complain that a clergyman was a restraint upon company, because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him.

"While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastical discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent which the Author of Christianity directs, and is the very method used by Saint Paul, who became all things to all men, — 'to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.' "

These are the grounds upon which rests this accusation against Swift. "Yet," says Mr. James Hannay, in a clever article touching upon some of his friend's misrepresentations of the Dean, "I have heard Mr. Thackeray maintain hypocrisy in religion to be something too awful to charge anybody with."

Were there no evidence on the other side of the question, "Not proven" must be the verdict; and we might content ourselves with saying, as Mr. Hannay does, that "no man can tell what Swift believed in his heart of hearts." But when to the testimony afforded by the unbroken series of his writings in support of the religion which he professed, and by the controlling influence of his High-Church principles upon his political affiliations, is added his record as a clergyman, the proof of his lifelong *sincerity*, "before the Heaven which he adored," as even Thackeray admits, "with such real wonder, humility, and reverence," becomes conclusive.

So far from playing the bigot, as a pretender to faith would have done, he advanced opinions and evinced a spirit in his more general treatises — such as "A Project for the Advancement of Religion," "A Letter to a Young Clergyman," and "Thoughts on Religion" — which would be considered liberal to-day. So far from feigning a zeal he did not feel, he carried his hatred of hypocrisy to such a degree as to deserve Lord Bolingbroke's characterization of him as a "hypocrite reversed." So far from saying his prayers at the corners of the streets to be seen of men, he performed his daily family devotions in such secrecy that Dr. Delany was six months in his house before discovering the fact. So far from laying undue stress upon forms and ceremonies, he did not fast rigidly in Lent. "I wish you a merry Lent," he writes: "I hate Lent; I hate different diets and furrinity and butter and herb porridge, and sour, devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks."

He carried as little sentiment into religion as into politics, but he believed in the essential doctrines of the Church as well as in the value of the Establishment to good government and good morals, and he discharged his duties as a clergyman with exemplary fidelity. The biographers, who speak from personal knowledge, are unanimous on this point. At Laracor he preached regularly for six years to an "audience of fifteen persons, some gentle and all simple," and read prayers every Wednesday and Saturday, the first time to his clerk alone, to whom he addressed the service thus: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places." At Dublin he adminis-

tered the Communion every Sunday, instead of once a month, as had been the practice. In the management of the revenues that passed through his hands he was as prudent as with his own money, having a single eye to the interest of the Church, and in no case increasing his income at the expense of his successor, as many deans and bishops had no hesitation in doing. In the pulpit he eschewed cant, — “he was too great and proud for that,” says Thackeray, — theological jargon, wit, rhetoric, appeals to the feelings, aiming to *convince* his hearers of the wisdom of goodness. His sermons on moral topics, of which a few have been preserved, abound in good sense and knowledge of human nature. They are “plain, honest stuff,” such as he said he should preach before Queen Anne, if invited into the royal pulpit. His extemporary prayers were compact and impressive. No man asked a blessing at table more reverentially, or in fewer words. He had no patience with pulpit orators, who used language that their hearers could not readily understand, or who made a display of their learning or metaphysical acumen. He would sit, pencil in hand, in front of the preacher at the Cathedral, noting subjects for criticism down to faults in pronunciation, and he handled them without gloves at the Deanery dinner, after church. He may or may not have had a just conception of the duties of a clergyman, — he may or may not have uniformly lived up to the standard he set for himself: but he did not act a farce all his life long.

It may be questioned whether Swift was right in retaining his living while engaged in politics at a distance, but the practice of the times is to be pleaded in justification. It may perhaps be questioned whether he should not have devoted all his time and all his talents to the direct service of religion; but what clergyman of what denomination in what century, from the Catholic author of “*Telemachus*” to the High-Church bishop who wrote the “*Theory of Vision*,” or the Low-Church bishop who wrote the “*History of His own Times*,” from the Unitarian head of the Sanitary Commission to the Episcopal writer of “*Alton Locke*,” or the Congregational writer of “*Norwood*,” — what clergyman possessing talents for work outside of his profession has buried them in the ecclesiastical

napkin? Yet Swift had his "moments of penitence on this score, which may be numbered," thinks his friend, Dr. Delany, "among the rectitudes and good dispositions of his heart. He often owned that before he left Laracor, in 1710, he was bent upon excelling in his profession as a preacher, in the hope that by constant application he might arrive at such a degree of reputation that the sexton might now and then be asked, Pray, does the Doctor preach to-day? But, he used to add with a sigh, from the day he was despatched by the bishops to London, his head had been taken up with cursed politics, to the utter neglect of his profession as a clergyman. Or, if he did sometimes exert himself in the pulpit, he could never rise higher than preaching pamphlets." What sensible man regrets that this Vicar-of-Wakefield dream came to an untimely end? Who regards the instruction of the fifteen simple souls who dwelt at Laracor as of more consequence than the conclusion of a general peace, the enfranchisement of Ireland, or the composition of "*Gulliver's Travels*"? Vicars good enough for Wakefield abound, but not one man in a century is competent to perform the labors of Swift.

While Dean of Saint Patrick's, Swift not only read the service and administered the temporal affairs of the Cathedral, but he also governed the district within its Liberties. Detested on his arrival by the Irish rabble on account of his politics, he lived to be, says Lord Orrery, "the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men." "They would have fought up to their knees in blood" for him, says Mr. Dean Swift. Knotty points in contracts, questions concerning property or personal rights, were submitted to his adjudication, from which an appeal was never taken. Corporations consulted him on matters of trade. "In a city where," says Sheridan, "the police was worse than in any other in Europe, he supplied the vacancy by his personal authority." He was supreme with the middle and lower classes, with the former of whom he used to say remained the "little virtue to be found in the world," the upper class being incorrigible. Of the unquestioning faith reposed in him by the populace a striking instance is given. An eclipse having been predicted, many terror-stricken people left their work; but Swift caused

proclamation to be made that the eclipse would be postponed by order of the Dean of Saint Patrick's, whereupon everybody went quietly about his business. After the authorship of the *Draper's Letters* was known, the whole island would gladly have fallen under Swift's magistracy. "When people ask me how I governed Ireland," writes the courtly Lord Lieutenant Carteret, "I reply, 'So as to please Dr. Swift.'" Sir Robert Walpole, enraged by one of his publications, threatened to arrest the author. "Don't try it," said one who knew the feeling of the people, "unless you have ten thousand men behind the warrant." "Had I lifted my finger," said the Dean to Archbishop Boulter, "they would have torn you in pieces." After his death every warm-hearted Irishman in the neighborhood begged for memory a lock of his hair, "white as flax," until the head was stripped. Long afterwards the people talked of *THE DEAN*. To one who visited Laracor a few years ago an old man said that the ruined wall, which is all that remains of the parsonage, had been there "from the time of the Dane." "The Dane," he added, "was a fine, bright man, and a very good man to the poor."

No wonder that his goodness to the poor is remembered in Ireland. "Albeit," says Dr. Delany, "he had as little as any man living of that sensibility of nature which makes us feel for others, and urges us by relieving their distresses to relieve our own, he laid himself out to do more charity in a greater variety of ways, and with a better judgment, than perhaps any other man of fortune in the world." He never gave to persons able to support themselves, but encouraged them to work by lending them small sums on interest. Where, however, actual distress existed, he relieved it, carefully proportioning his benefaction to the needs of the beggar. If requested to contribute to a charity, he subscribed a certain sum, on condition that others should give in the same ratio to their fortunes. In addition to a number of pensions, which he regularly paid, a fraction of his income, one tenth when it was smallest, afterwards a third, then a half, went to the poor. Whenever he went out for his daily walk, he put coins of different values in his pocket, of which he gave never more than one at a time. Economy was always with him the handmaid of charity. If

he saved sixpence by walking instead of taking a cab, or by drinking beer instead of wine with his dinner, it was at once sent to a poor neighbor. He held a levee of diseased and decrepit women, whom he called by names more descriptive than elegant, as *Cancerina*, *Stumpanympa*, *Pullagowna*. A servant, who had undertaken to prevent a poor old woman from making her wants known to his master, was discharged on the spot. Being without a recommendation, he was obliged to go to sea. Five years afterwards, he returned, when the Dean gave him the following letter, which procured him a place with Pope.

“DEANERY HOUSE, JAN. 9, 1740.

“Whereas the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and drunkard, I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.”

“If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor?” asks Mr. Thackeray. “I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith, than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner.” In the same spirit, this writer praises elsewhere, to the disadvantage of Swift, the goodness of heart of “poor Dick Steele,” or of “poor Harry Fielding.” The men of impulse, who cannot resist an appeal to their feelings, who drop a tear on the purse which they empty into the hand of the first beggar they meet, whose generosity to a man of whose needs they are ignorant prevents them from being just to honest tradesmen, their creditors, — who forget themselves, indeed, but forget other people as well, — have their eulogies in this world. But the man of principle, cold in manner, rough in speech perhaps, but doing what he conceives to be his duty, looking at all the circumstances of the case before unclasping his pocket-book, — the benefactor, not the philanthropist, — is rarely appreciated except by those who deal with him directly. Sensitive as Irishmen are to ill-usage, those whom Swift assisted never complained that he did not butter the parsnips he gave them with fine words.

From his servants he exacted obedience, but repaid them

with consideration. His occasional brusqueness of manner did not annoy the members of his household, such confidence did they place in his disposition to do them justice. He had learned in Sir William Temple's kitchen to understand life below stairs, as his well-known "Directions to Servants" testifies. He used to test applicants for his service by questions as to their willingness to perform degrading offices. An affirmative answer decided that they were not above their business. He paid the highest wages, gave extra pay for extra work, and was never happier than when a servant's savings amounted to so considerable a sum that he could pay interest upon it. The cook and the groom came to him with their questions of ethics, like the rest of his parishioners. The Dean's servants never would leave him. Topsy Patrick, whom he took to London in 1710, he was nearly two years in making up his mind to discharge. Every day's journal contains fresh complaints and a promise to get rid of the drunken rascal, and the next day it is the same story. The sole confidant of the authorship of the Drapier's Letters was the butler, who copied them for the press. One night, after three hundred pounds had been offered for the writer's apprehension, the butler absented himself without leave. On his return, Swift charged him with treachery, or at least with misconduct, because he conceived his master to be in his power. "Strip off your livery," he cried, "begone from the Deanery, and do the worst you can to revenge yourself." After the storm had blown over, the servant was not only pardoned, but his fidelity was rewarded by an appointment as verger in the Cathedral. One of Swift's cooks, named Sweetheart from her extreme homeliness, having served an overdone dish of meat, he politely requested her to take it down stairs and do it a little less. "But how can I?" "Then be careful next time to commit a fault which can be remedied." The orders to his servants most insisted upon were, that they should carefully shut the door in coming in or going out of the room. A chambermaid one day obtained permission to attend a sister's wedding, and the Dean lent her a horse for the journey. Fifteen minutes afterwards, a groom was despatched to summon her back. She presented herself in the study in terror,

and humbly asked what was wanted. "Nothing, child; only you forgot to shut the door." Nothing shows the kindness of the Dean for the members of his household more plainly than the inscription which may still be read upon a small tablet of white marble in a corner of St. Patrick's Cathedral: "Here lieth the body of Alexander M'Gee, servant to Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. His grateful master has caused this monument to be erected in memory of his discretion, fidelity, and diligence in his humble station." The epitaph as originally written read, "His grateful *friend* and master"; but some snob prevailed upon the Dean to strike out the italicized word.

No man enjoyed the society of his inferiors more than Swift, when at leisure. The Earl of Orrery accuses him of a predilection for the lower orders; and thus accounts for his habit, on his annual journey on foot from Sir William Temple's house to his mother's residence in Leicestershire, of lodging at the worst inns, where he paid a penny a night with sixpence for a pair of clean sheets,—a practice which he kept up in subsequent pedestrian journeys in Ireland. When he visited common people, he liked to be treated like one of themselves. Nothing would have vexed him more than such a reception as is often given to "the minister" by our good New England country wives. He would not have been at home in a musty parlor, closed, but for his visits, from one year's end to the other, with his hostess in the black silk reserved for great occasions, and her children in "go-to-meeting" clothes and faces. A farmer's wife spoiled an excellent dinner by her apologies to the Dean. "It really was not good enough for his worship to sit down to." "Then why don't you get a better? You knew I was coming. I've a great mind to go away and dine on a red herring." Another having come down stairs to receive him in the disguise of a lady of fashion, he would not recognize her. She had the wit to understand him, and presently appeared in her usual dress. "I am heartily glad to see you, Mrs. Reilly," he exclaimed. "This husband of yours would have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed in silks and the pink of the mode, but I was not to be taken in so." He tore a lace hat from her boy's head, but on going away returned it in a packet containing four guineas.

He was fond of dining with a poor clergyman and his wife, near Dublin, because they made him at home, and were not above being paid for their hospitality. He disliked to have people foisted into a position which they could not maintain. "I am far from discouraging you," he said to an unfortunate possessor of aspiring poor relations, "in any reasonable kindness to your friends; but let me tell you too much may hurt them more than too little. My advice to you is this: mend each of them in his present situation as much as you can conveniently, but never take one of them out of it."

If "at court the Doctor had no eye for any but the greatest," as Colonel Esmond asserts, it was because his business there was with them. He went to the Queen's antechamber, not to shake hands with Parson Teague from Cork, but to confer with the Ministers whose battle he was fighting; to learn the news, the drift of opinion; to solicit this or that nobleman on behalf of a friend or a countryman; to exchange courtesies with the first men in England; and sometimes—for Doctor Swift was poor and thrifty—to secure an invitation to dine at a house where he was sure of good company and good wine. Bishop Kennet, who saw him there one day, calls him "the principal man of talk and business, and the master of requests." Poor clergymen, poor poets, friends of all sorts from his country, made their wants known to great men through him. He solicits subscriptions for a new translation of the Iliad by Mr. Pope,—"a Papist," the Bishop maliciously adds,—declaring that he is the best poet in England, and that he shall not print till a thousand guineas have been subscribed by the courtiers. He gets a place for one poor parson in Ireland; for another, at Rotterdam. Another day he interceded for the retention in office of the Whig wits, Congreve, who had befriended him in his youth, Rowe, Tickell, Steele, Addison. He spoke a good word for more than one deserving man, from whom he had received unkindness. He prevented the printing of attacks upon his lukewarm friend, Archbishop King, though he half believed them to be well founded. He carried sixty guineas from the Secretary of State to "a poor poet in a nasty garret." Having obtained permission to present Parnell to the Lord Treasurer, he made

it appear that it was the minister, not the author, who desired the honor of an introduction.

“He would have sought me out eagerly enough,” continues Esmond, “had I been a great man with a title to my name or a star on my coat.” Not, however, because of your title or your star, Mr. Esmond; but, if at all, for an honorable purpose. “Your being a duke and a general,” he writes to Argyll, “would have swayed me not at all in my respect for your person, if I had not thought you to abound in qualities which I wish were easier to be found in persons of your rank.” “I would have you know, sir,” he tells Bolingbroke, “that if the Queen gave you a dukedom and the Garter tomorrow, with the Treasury just at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat.” In the same spirit, he writes anonymously in the *Tatler*: “If those who possess great endowments of mind would set a just value on themselves, they would think no man’s acquaintance whatever a condescension, nor accept it from the greatest.” And Pope says in a letter to Swift: “The top-pleasure of my life is one I learned from you, both how to gain and how to use the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors.” These citations explain the meaning of a passage from one of Swift’s letters to Bolingbroke, which Thackeray uses to sustain his assertion that Swift took “the road like Macheath, and made society stand and deliver.” “All my endeavors to distinguish myself,” he writes, “were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts, whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or a coach and six.”

This is simply another assertion of the absolute equality of genius and learning with rank,—a strange doctrine for those times. Congreve had earned his appointments by adulation of noblemen. Addison had written in his youth with an eye on the pension office, and was never, if Young may be believed, “quite free with his superiors.” Titles meant more in England than they do to-day; the distinctions of class were sharply drawn, and men of letters were too often glad to enjoy

under the table the crumbs let fall by noble patrons. But Swift could truly say, "I am of a temper to think no man great enough to set me on work"; "I never received a shilling from the Ministry, nor any other present, except a few books"; "I very often dined with the Lord Treasurer [Oxford] and Secretary [Bolingbroke], but in those days that was not considered a bribe"; "I absolutely refused to be Chaplain to the Lord Treasurer, because I thought it would ill become me to be in a state of dependence." His only quarrel with Oxford grew out of that Minister's attempt to reward him with money for the labors of his pen. He sent back the gift, required Oxford to ask pardon for the offence, and assured himself of the re-establishment of their friendship upon the old footing by calling him out of the House of Commons with the freedom of a brother minister. "I cannot find that Swift or Prior," says Lord Mahon, who was certainly not prepossessed in their favor, "mixed with the great on any other footing than that of equal familiarity or friendship, or paid any submissive homage to Lord Treasurer Oxford or Secretary St. John. When Oxford made Swift a Dean, or Bolingbroke made Prior an Ambassador, it was considered no badge of dependence. It was, of course, desirable for Swift to rise in the Church, and Prior in the State, but it was also desirable for the Administration to secure the services of an eloquent writer or a skilful diplomatist."

But one great difference between Swift and Prior showed itself in their intercourse with men in power. The former spoke his mind with the utmost freedom upon both private and public matters. Sir William Temple had taught him that "bluntness and plainness in a court are the most refined breeding." "Her Majesty [Queen Caroline, wife of George II.] said to a lady," Swift writes to Mrs. Howard in 1726, "I was an odd sort of man. But I forgive her, for it is an odd thing to speak freely to princes." He had made it an express condition with Oxford and his associates in the Ministry, fifteen years earlier, that "whoever did him an ill office they should inform him, that he might not be mortified with countenances estranged of a sudden, and he at a loss for the cause. And I think," he adds, "there is no person alive whose favor or

protection I would purchase at that expense." Bolingbroke appearing on one occasion to be out of humor, Swift demanded an explanation, and the Secretary ascribed his behavior to ill health and low spirits. A sample of his criticisms of the Prime Minister, whose habits of procrastination were proverbial, has been preserved. The Doctor had been presented by Colonel Hill with a snuff-box, on the outside of which a goose, with other figures, was painted. "Jonathan," said Oxford, "I think the Colonel has made a goose of you." "'Tis true, my Lord; but if you will look a little further, you will see that I am driving a snail before me." "That's severe enough, Jonathan, but I deserve it." One day, while the negotiations for peace were going on, he interpreted between the Ministers and M. Mesnager, the French Envoy. After enduring their diplomatic language until he had lost all patience, he started up indignantly, crying out to both sides to "speak plain truth and nothing else."

Swift was not altogether displeased with the consideration he enjoyed. A poor parish priest from an outcast country, without family interest, with only his genius to help him, might well be proud to meet the greatest men of England upon terms of equality; might reasonably take satisfaction in telling the woman to whom he told everything that the Prime Minister of England called him by his first name; that he was one of the Thursday Society of Brothers, all the others belonging to the Ministry or the Peerage; that the Duke of Hamilton jestingly held up his train as they went down to table; that the Duchess of Shrewsbury whispered with him behind her fan; that the Earl of Peterborough, on his return from the Continent, kissed him on both cheeks before speaking to a duke; that he obliged noblemen to make advances to him in proportion to their quality, and declined the acquaintance of the haughty Duke of Buckingham, that nobleman having neglected to acknowledge the visit he had paid him. Nor is it strange that he chronicled, in his old age, the names of the great men whom he had known intimately, or that he sometimes recalled earlier days. "Do you remember," he writes, "how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and I suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."

It is difficult to understand how Macaulay and Thackeray can find in such expressions proof that Swift felt "scorn" of Temple, or "rage" at his own subordination. The pain which he speaks of suffering was that which an acknowledged superior has it in his power to inflict. The contrast suggested extends to a change of feeling, as well as of position. A boy recently out of college does not look at the world with the same eyes as a man at forty-five. Jonathan could have had no opportunities of intimacy with the great at the Kilkenny boarding-school, which he entered at six, or at the University of Dublin, which he left at twenty. If there were noblemen's sons there, (there could not have been many, since all who could afford it were sent to English schools and universities,) they kept aloof from the poor servitor. Doubtless Sir William Temple was the first great man with whom Swift was brought into personal contact; and a very great man he was in his generation. He was at the head of one of the oldest families in England, and he passed for an illustrious statesman, scholar, and philosopher. He had been ambassador at several courts, was among the few upright politicians of his time, had been consulted by Charles II., James, and William upon questions of state, and might have held high office at home had he not preferred his ease. His dictum was accepted as decisive of questions disputed among scholars. His philosophy was of a piece with his life. "When I was young, and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be; mine were Health and Peace and Fair Weather,—which, though out of the way among young men, might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for Health in the body is like Peace in the state and Serenity in the air." Under these conditions Temple could enjoy life; but he stayed at home in times of political, or of atmospheric, disturbance, and he lost his temper with every twinge of the gout. The style of his essays, written when all was serene, is so pure, that Swift, long after the author's death, recommended it as a model.

Swift was Temple's opposite in temperament, but he could not have despised at twenty the nobleman of fifty, who was praised by all the world and worshipped in his household. He

was in an inferior position during the first part of his residence at Moor Park; but he had never been better off. His father had died before his birth, and his mother had removed to England before he was six years of age. From one uncle he had "received the education of a dog"; and though another, during the latter part of his college course, had treated him more generously, yet he had never known a home. Going to England without fortune or friends, he found at Moor Park food, clothing, and — what was then considered good pay — £20 a year, in return for slight services as amanuensis. He had an opportunity of pursuing his studies in a well-stocked library, and under the guidance of an accomplished scholar. He dined below stairs, like other persons in his situation; but he must have taken more pleasure in the merry company of the servants' hall than he could have done at that time in the stiff urbanity of Temple's table. He must have been a raw, ill-governed youth when he ate one hundred golden pippins at a time, — a piece of gluttony from the effects of which he never recovered, suffering thenceforward from attacks of vertigo, which eventually led to congestion of the brain and to idiocy. He must have been ignorant of his great powers when he composed those pindarics which called forth Dryden's remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," or chanted the praises of the "Athenian Society," a club of pretenders to science.

In view of all we know of Swift's early years, it is less surprising that he should have stood "in awe" — as he says he did — of his great patron, to whom he owed so many favors, than that he should have mounted by force of genius to the top round of the social ladder. It is difficult for Americans to understand the distance between the servants' hall at Moor Park and the drawing-room of the Duchess of Hamilton; or to believe that an educated man should have footmen and chambermaids for his associates. A letter is extant, written in 1690 by Sir William Temple to Sir R. Southwell, then about to go as Secretary of State to Ireland, praying him to take into his service the bearer, evidently Swift. Temple says that the young man had been seven years at the University of Dublin, and had since read and written for him. "Hee has Latine

and Greek, some French, writes a very good and current hand, is very honest and diligent, and has good friends. If you will please to accept him into your service, *either as a gentleman to wait on you or as a clarke to write under you*, and either to use him so if you like his service, *or upon any establishment of the Colledge to recommend him to a fellowship there*, wh<sup>ch</sup> he has a just pretence to, I shall acknowledge it," etc.

The wonder is, that Swift so rarely institutes a comparison between his situation in those early days and that which he subsequently attained for himself. Did he not think, while correcting the Queen's speech to Parliament, of this letter to Southwell, or of his own humble request for a certificate of good conduct from his employer, which Lady Temple indorsed, "Swift's penitential letter"? Did he not, when refusing to become Oxford's chaplain, remember his services to Temple and the Earl of Berkeley in that capacity? While employed in stifling reports against Archbishop King, did he forget that dignitary's opposition to the appointment of a certain "sprightly and ingenious young man" to the Deanship of Derry?

But Swift was, as he liked to say of himself, "too proud to be vain," and was free from a parvenu's self-consciousness. In 1711 he stated the solid grounds upon which rest the distinctions of class as follows:—

"Suppose there be nothing but opinion in the difference of blood, everybody knows that authority is very much founded on opinion. But surely that difference is not wholly imaginary. The advantages of a liberal education, of choosing the best companions to converse with, not being under the necessity of practising little mean tricks by a scanty allowance, the enlarging of thought and acquiring the knowledge of men and things by travel, the example of ancestors inciting to great and good actions, — these are usually some of the opportunities that fall in the way of those who are born of what we call the better families; and, allowing genius to be equal in them and the vulgar, the odds are clearly on their side. Nay, we may observe in some, who, by the appearance of merit, or favor of fortune, have risen to great stations from an obscure birth, that they have still retained some sordid vices of their parentage or education; either insatiable avarice or ignominious falsehood and corruption. To say the truth, the great neglect of education in several noble families, whose sons are suffered to pass the most improvable seasons of their youth in vice and idleness, have too much

lessened their reputation ; but even this misfortune we owe, among all the rest, to that Whiggish practice of reviling the Universities, under the pretence of their instilling pedantry, narrow principles, and High-Church doctrine.

“I would not be thought to undervalue merit and virtue, wherever they are to be found ; but will allow them capable of the highest dignities in a state, when they are in a very great degree of eminence. A pearl holds its value, though found in a dunghill ; but, however, that is not the most probable place to search for it. Nay, I will go further, and admit that a man of quality, without merit, is just so much the worse for his quality, which at once sets his vices in a more public view, and reproaches him for them. But, on the other side, I doubt those who are always undervaluing the advantages of birth, and celebrating personal merit, have principally an eye to their own, which they are fully satisfied with, and which nobody will dispute with them about ; whereas they cannot, without impudence and folly, pretend to be nobly born, because this is a secret too easily discovered ; for no men’s parentage is so nicely inquired into as that of assuming upstarts, especially when they affect to make it better than it is (as they often do), or behave themselves with insolence.”

Among the Whig lords, Swift’s chosen friends had been the accomplished Halifax and the wise Somers, “a pearl found in the dunghill” of a country attorney’s office ; of the Tory noblemen he consorted most with those who joined moral excellence with superior understanding. His conduct toward Oxford and Bolingbroke sheds a strong light on his character. For nearly two years he was almost their only common friend, and it was his frankness and tact that postponed an open rupture between two ambitious men who differed in temperament and policy as widely as Nicias and Alcibiades when in command of the Sicilian Expedition. The indecision and procrastination of Oxford were less to Swift’s taste than the boldness of Bolingbroke. He deemed St. John’s qualifications for executive business, and for the leadership of a party, superior to those of his rival ; but when required to choose between Oxford in disgrace, and Bolingbroke in power, he followed the fortunes of the man whom he loved. After all his attempts to reconcile the two had failed, he retired to the country, and wrote there a letter to Oxford, then about to be dismissed. “I always loved you just so much the worse for your station ; for in your

public capacity you have often angered me to the heart, but as a private man never once. So that, if I only look toward myself, I could wish you a private man to-morrow." After Oxford's dismissal, he writes to a friend: "I am writ to earnestly by somebody to come to town and join with those people now in power, but I will not do it. I told Lord Oxford I would go with him when he was out, and now he begs it of me, and I cannot refuse him. I meddle not with his faults, as he was a minister of state; but you know his personal kindness to me was excessive; he distinguished and chose me above all other men, while he was great; and his letter to me the other day was the most moving imaginable." When, on the accession of George I., the Whigs took their revenge on his friends, Swift was still by their side. He renewed his vows to Oxford in the Tower, to Bolingbroke stripped of his property and attainted, to Ormond in exile. In a tract published while their fortunes were lowest, he names them as his three dearest friends, and extols their virtues and their services to the country. Lady Bolingbroke, impoverished and alone, sends him letter after letter, imploring his counsel and turning to him for support, as the Duchess of Hamilton had done a few months previously in her great bereavement.

Swift's intimacies with his friends sometimes continued to their children. Oxford's son writes to him as to one of his father's best friends, advises him from time to time of the failing health of the Earl, and begs the honor of a visit. The charming letters of Lady Betty Germaine give new life to a friendship formed with her mother, the Countess of Berkeley, and contain frequent allusions to occurrences a score of years previously, when Lady Betty was a child and Swift the family chaplain. If he dropped all intercourse with the relatives of Sir William Temple, it was their fault. They had interfered with the discharge of his duties as literary executor of the deceased nobleman, and one of them had taunted him with his obligations to the family. He refused to see Temple's sister until she had begged pardon, and he answered Lord Palmerston's insolent letter with manly pride.

With such sentiments as Swift entertained, he was not the man to turn his back on old friends. Whatever estrangements

took place in his prosperous days are attributable to the violence of party feeling. It would have been impossible for him to maintain social relations with Halifax and Somers, at a time when his pen was eager for a policy which they opposed, — even if their failure to fulfil promises for his advancement had not bred a coolness. Whigs and Tories had less to do with each other in those days than Republicans and Peace Democrats during the late Rebellion. Tory ladies refused to be made acquainted with Whig gallants, and engagements of marriage were broken off in consequence of political differences. The coffee-houses were divided between the two parties, like the *cafés* in Venice during the Austrian occupation. But Swift did not attack Halifax at all, and, in speaking of Somers he dipped his pen into a paler ink than that with which he drew “A Short Character of the Duke of Wharton”; or branded Chief Justice Whitshed, the Scroggs of Ireland; or “bit into the live flesh for parchment” of John Waller, Esq., M. P., who killed the parson of his parish by a slow process of persecution, — cases that illustrated Swift’s position that the heinousness of crime is enhanced by nobility of birth or greatness of station.

With two exceptions Swift’s relations with men of letters whom he had known before his accession to influence remained unchanged. Steele insisted upon misconstruing his efforts to keep him in place, made a grossly personal attack upon him, refused all overtures for reconciliation, and received such a castigation as a less volatile mind would have remembered for life. The almost total cessation of intercourse at about the same time between Swift and Addison was owing to the latter’s jealousy and pride. When, after the return of the Whigs to power, he sought to renew their intimacy, he was welcomed with open arms. Swift’s own feeling may be gathered from his journal: “Leave was given me to settle matters with Steele, and in the evening I went to sit with Mr. Addison, as being the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are,

he will certainly lose his place unless I save him; and therefore *I will not speak to him, that I may report nothing to his disadvantage.* Is not this vexatious? And is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavor to act in the most exact points of honor and conscience, and my nearest friends will not have it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not."

But Swift kept up his interest in everybody he valued in Ireland, while hoping for preferment on the other side of the Channel. He was obliged to deny himself to importunate visitors, who measured the value of his time by the value of theirs; but even Parson Raymond, to whom he was often not at home, returned full of gratitude for his kindness. One day he spent in showing the sights of London to a party from Dublin. Another day he found a place in the throng for Raymond to see the Queen, or pointed out to an Irish bishop "who was who" at court. He was more hotly pursued by office-seekers than the most popular member of the American Congress, but he refused his aid to no deserving man. He had not the time to examine all the manuscripts which poetasters and politicasters submitted to his criticism; but he helped young Harrison, who was recommended by Addison, to start a new "Tatler," after Steele's paper had expired. He attached himself to persons of companionable qualities, and helped them on in the world. He was attracted to great men's houses by the society he was likely to meet there. "I don't want your bill of fare, but your bill of company," he said to the Lord Treasurer. In a few months he grew tired of ceremonious banquets, and fairly ran away from Oxford's daily invitations to dinner, preferring a herring at a neighbor's or a bit of bacon at his printer's. He never went to a coffee-house, the usual place of resort in London, as clubs are to-day, except in search of a letter; but hurried home to his cheerless lodgings to write to the low-born woman whom, of all persons in the world, he loved the best.

Who was this woman to whom the illustrious Dr. Swift, "the greatest genius of his age," the friend of duchesses, the confidant of the Prime Minister, the most important private

man in Great Britain, and one of the proudest men that ever lived, went, as in confession, every morning and evening, — for whom he kept a journal, in which are recorded his efforts for a peace, his anxieties for the Ministry, the waxing and waning of his friendships, his hopes and fears about preferment in the Church, his dinners, his petty economies, his colds, his apprehensions of small-pox, — all that befell or affected him, — about whose comfort and health he is constantly inquiring, and to whom he talks in the “little language” of love? Who was Stella, whose intimacy with Swift has already prolonged her life a century and a half? What was the nature of her relations with the Rector of Laracor and the Dean of Saint Patrick’s?

Hester Johnson was the daughter of the companion of Sir William Temple’s sister (there is no evidence worth considering for the hypothesis that she stood in a nearer relation to him), and was six years old when Swift, at the age of twenty, went to Moor Park to live. Six or eight years later she became his pupil. Shortly after Sir William Temple’s death she removed to Ireland, where she could receive a higher rate of interest for her little fortune, — £1,000 left her by Temple, — and could enjoy the society of her former teacher. She was accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, an elderly spinster, inoffensive and as scatter-brained as Mrs. Nickleby. They resided at Trim, a village within two miles of Laracor, but removed to Dublin during Swift’s absence in London in 1710–1713, and continued to live there after his appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick’s until Miss Johnson’s death in 1727, at the age of forty-four. When Swift was at home they were his neighbors, to whom he paid frequent visits, and who dined at the parsonage when invited. He never saw the younger lady except in the presence of her companion, or of some other third person. When he was out of town the two women moved into the parsonage and became his housekeepers. There is a story, resting upon hearsay testimony, some of which is contradicted by circumstantial evidence, that Swift, at Miss Johnson’s request, went through the forms of a secret marriage with her in 1716; but, however, their intercourse continued as before. Beyond this, nothing is known of the relations between

Swift and the woman whom he delighted to call Stella. Not a line exists in her handwriting, except her will, made a few months before her death, in which she calls herself "Hester Johnson, spinster." All statements respecting her feeling toward Swift, except so far as it may be gathered from what he has written of and to her, and from the influence he exercised upon her life, are conjectural.

Everybody who has discussed the subject asks, why Swift and Stella did not become husband and wife. And this question is so put as to imply a belief that they must have married, unless some extraordinary impediment existed. One writer attempts to account for the phenomenon by attributing life-long insanity to the Dean; others supposed that both were natural children of Sir William Temple, until it was ascertained that Temple was in Holland during the three years before Swift's birth, while his mother was living in Ireland. Of the two hypotheses still extant, one robs Swift of the attributes of manhood, the other of the feelings of a man, and both agree that, whether through his fault or through his misfortune, Miss Johnson was an ill-used woman, "whose hard fate wrung from her dear eyes," according to Thackeray, "so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom." Thackeray thinks that every man ought to "cast a flower of pity on her grave, and write over it a sweet epitaph." He talks of her "tragedy," her "sweet martyrdom," her "faithful pangs of love and grief," caused by Swift's "cold heart," — of "mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart." William Howitt calls Swift a "heartless villain, whose conduct must call thorough contempt and indignation from every manly mind"; and talks of Stella's "secret and corroding suffering," inflicted by an "intense selfishness beyond all possibility of palliation." Mrs. Jameson speaks of Swift's "barbarous selfishness," says that "he contrived to bind her to him for life, and to enslave her heart and soul to him forever," and seems indignant at his hard-heartedness in insisting upon the presence of a third person at his interviews with Stella, — forgetting that it was in consequence of such precautions that he was enabled to speak, with truthfulness, in the prayer composed for her in her last illness, of "her most unspotted name

in the world." Dr. Johnson, who accuses Swift of "appropriating Stella by a private marriage," is blamed by more recent biographers for dealing too leniently with this portion of his life.

The other hypothesis is the refuge of writers who are unable to find evidence of the "cruelty" imputed to Swift, or to reconcile it with his evident affection for Stella. It was first seriously urged by Sir Walter Scott, to whom a curious sentence in Sheridan's biography may have given the hint.\* But it is unsupported by contemporaneous evidence of any kind. The invention, after Swift's death, of a story of youthful excesses, raises a strong presumption of the non-existence, at that time, of an inconsistent theory. Swift's two letters to the sister of his college chum (Jane Waryng, *alias* Varina) also shed light upon the question. In the first, written in 1796, he "solemnly" protests that he will forego all the advantages promised by Sir William Temple's invitation to return to Moor Park, if she will be his. She had more than once previously, it would seem, declined his proposal, on the score of her ill health and his poverty. On the first point he says: "That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends is in perpetual danger to be removed from my sight. Varina's health is daily wasting; and though one just and honorable action could furnish health to you and happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doting upon her cruelty and me upon the cause of it." In answer to the other objection, he promises not to touch her or her fortune, until his affairs shall be settled to her satisfaction, and in the mean time to push his advancement with eagerness and courage. "By heaven, Varina, you are more experienced and have less virgin innocence than I. Love with the gall of too much discretion is a thousand times worse than none at all." He calls "all other sublunary things dross in comparison with a true, honorable, unlimited love," talks of its "rapture and delight," bursts into a strain worthy of

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\* "I remember a sentence of Swift's that he 'never yet saw a woman for whom he would part with the middle of his bed.' A saying which I believe could come from no person but one incapable of enjoying the highest and most innocent of all gratifications when sanctioned by marriage." — SHERIDAN'S *Biography*, p. 341.

Werther, — “O Varina, how imagination leads me beyond myself, and all my sorrows! It is sunk and a thousand graves open,” — but ends more calmly: “Only remember that, if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose him that has resolved to die, as he has lived; all yours.” The second letter was written in 1700, after Swift had been preferred to the rectory of Laracor; but before Stella had removed to Ireland. Miss Waryng’s health was no better; but his fortune having improved, and she being four years older, it became her turn to suggest that the hour for their union had struck, and his to pour “the gall of too much discretion” into the cup of love. And this Varina it is whom Thackeray calls one of “the blighted flowers at which Swift’s book of life opens!” Another scrap of evidence is contained in a letter written in 1706, by Thomas Swift, Jonathan’s “parson-cousin” and classmate at the University. He asks “whether Jonathan be married? Or whether he has been able to resist the charms of both those gentlewomen who marched quite from Moor Park to Dublin (as they would have marched to the North or anywhere else) to engage him?” And still another scrap, in his mother’s anxiety lest he should be entangled in a matrimonial alliance with a woman of no character in Leicestershire, who subsequently married an innkeeper, but who remembered Swift years after their acquaintance terminated, when she sent her daughter to beg assistance from the charitable Dean of St. Patrick’s, which he gave her.

The problem of Swift’s intimacy with Stella is not difficult of solution. It is unnecessary to deprive the most virile of writers of manhood, or to spoil the sweetness of Stella’s epitaphs, by inserting ill-natured attacks upon her friend. The simple explanation of the facts is the probable one.

Must a woman be unhappy because prevented from marrying the man whom she loves? Let us imagine a case. Supposing a woman to be convinced that she holds the first place in her friend’s regard; to have frequent opportunities of conversation with him when at home, and frequent communications from him when away; to hear often from his lips, and read often from his pen, those expressions of affection and esteem of which a woman is not easily tired; to be uniformly treated by him with

deference veined with tenderness ; to receive his entire confidence ; to have charge of his household affairs when he is absent, and thus live where he has lived ; and to be in a position to take care of him when he is sick ; — supposing him who honors her above all women to be a man of extraordinary powers, a great satirist, whose words consume, as with a torrent of lava, what he hates, but who comes, like a little child, to her for sympathy, encouragement, reproof, who treats her as an intellectual equal, regarding her conversation as “ the most engaging he has ever met with in man or woman,” and who crowns her birthdays with the flowers of his genius ; — supposing his intercourse with her to be free from stain and so carefully guarded from suspicion that she can enjoy the intimate friendship of several high-minded men ; — suppose her to have all the privileges of a wife, except the conjugal bed ; — stating thus the case of Swift and Stella exactly as it is known to us, we ask any man, acquainted with superior women, whether he does not know at least one who would accept life upon such terms. Plenty of women there are in the world who prefer a connubial hurdy-gurdy within doors to the guitar of love under the window, though touched by a Petrarch ; but it is no compliment to Stella to say that her object in life was an establishment with a man in it. It is unkind to her memory to assume, with some writers, that she would have accepted the hand of the Rev. Dr. Tisdall, had she not hope for a union with Swift. If she did insist upon going through the ceremony of marriage with the Dean in 1716, — a doubtful story, to say the least of it, — it was because she was jealous of another woman, who seemed determined to marry him, whether he would or no.

That unfortunate person bore the name of Esther Vanhomrigh (pronounced Vanum-ry), but Swift called her, after the fashion of the times, Vanessa. She was the daughter of a Dutch merchant, who had made money by the purchase of forfeited estates in Ireland ; who had married an Irish wife, and who died in the country where he had acquired his fortune. Probably Swift knew the family before his visit to London in 1710, for he mentions them early in his journal. He does not appear to have been intimate with them, however,

until some months later, when Miss Esther, her younger sister, and her two brothers were living with their widowed mother near his lodgings. They kept house in a small way, but received a good deal of pleasant company. Swift, with other friends, used to dine with them often, sometimes "out of mere listlessness," sometimes because it was a convenience, or because he had no invitation elsewhere that pleased him. He would drop in of an evening, on his way home from Lord Oxford's. When, after a severe illness, he moved to Chelsea for the air, he stopped at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's every day to change his gown and periwig, walking to and from the city in the old ones. So much may be learned from his journal. He also told Stella of a birthday party for "the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh," and of her intention to go to Ireland to look after her property; but he did not tell her of the most interesting features of his intimacy with "the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh," nor did he send her a copy of the poem entitled "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which they were sketched. From this poem we learn that he had taken charge — at whose instance or for what length of time does not appear — of Miss Vanhomrigh's studies, and that one day the teacher was astounded by a declaration of love from his pupil, who, although

"not in years a score,  
Dreams of a gown of forty-four,"

and informs the Doctor that his lessons had

"found the weakest part,  
Aimed at the head, but reached the heart.

"Cadenus felt within him rise  
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise;  
He knew not how to reconcile  
Such language with her usual style;  
And yet her words were so exprest,  
He could not hope she spoke in jest.  
His thoughts had wholly been confined  
To form and cultivate her mind.  
He hardly knew till he was told  
Whether the nymph were young or old;  
Had met her in a public place  
Without distinguishing her face;  
Much less could his declining age  
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;

And if her youth indifference met,  
 His person must contempt beget ;  
 Or grant her passion be sincere,  
 How shall his innocence be clear ?  
 Appearances were all so strong,  
 The world must think him in the wrong,  
 Would say he made a treacherous use  
 Of wit, to flatter and seduce ;

So tender of the young and fair !  
 It showed a true paternal care, —  
 Five thousand guineas in her purse !  
 The Doctor might have fancied worse."

Unable to return Vanessa's passion, he was also unable to moderate its transports. The poor girl had thenceforward but one object in life, and she pursued it with more ardor than delicacy. She followed Swift uninvited to Ireland, and against his remonstrances took up her residence at Dublin. He introduced to her several eligible suitors, but she refused them all. She retired in 1717 to Marley Abbey near Celbridge, where she lived in solitude till her death, in 1723. Swift warned her against the dangerous influence of a secluded life upon her health, and did not visit her in her retreat until 1720, about the time of her sister's death. During the remaining three years he went to see her occasionally. Every time he came, she planted a laurel in the garden, where they used to sit together at a table covered with books and papers. She had for months before she died been ill of a mortal disease ; but Swift's last visit to her, if the story of it be correct, may have accelerated her death. The story runs that she wrote to Stella to inquire whether she was married to the Dean ; that Stella sent him this indiscreet letter ; that the next day he entered Vanessa's apartment, threw a packet containing the letter upon the table, and galloped away without a word ; and that, in consequence of this harsh treatment, she revoked the will by which she had left her property to the Dean. At all events, her papers were bequeathed to Bishop Berkeley, who published the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," but destroyed the letters that had passed between Decanus Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh. Another copy of the letters was in existence, however, from which Scott printed them. The young lady is constantly

trying to throw herself upon the bosom of the middle-aged clergyman, who, with equal pertinacity, holds her at arm's length. He may perhaps be accused of repelling her advances a little roughly, but not of giving her encouragement. In the letter which contains the strongest expressions of affection, he advises her to settle her affairs and "leave this scoundrel island." In one of the last he says: "Last year I writ you civilities, and you were angry; this year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same." On her side there are complaints of his "killing, killing, killing words"; of his not writing, or not coming to see her more frequently, and of the affectionate tone of his letters to her sister; but not a word implying a belief in his love as existing, or as having existed. An attentive perusal of the correspondence will excite pity for both.

After the death of Vanessa, Swift retired to the North of Ireland for two months, while Stella remained at the house of a friend near Dublin. Her jealousy may have been excited by the publication of "Cadenus and Vanessa." It was at this time that she answered some busybody, who called it an excellent poem, that she was not surprised at that, for, as everybody knew, the Dean could write finely even upon a broomstick. As for Swift's sixty days of seclusion, we see no reason to ascribe it, as is often done, to remorse. Vanessa's death was, doubtless, a severe shock to him, for she stood high in his regard, and had loved him with unselfish devotion. He had blasted her life, however unwittingly, and he needed quiet to think over that long chapter. He might have blamed himself, if the story be true, for the fit of passion into which Vanessa's letter to Stella had thrown him; but the responsibility should be shared with the two women whose jealousy caused it. In all other respects, he seems to have tried to "act in the most exact points of honor and conscience." Yet it is upon this state of facts that Mr. Jeffrey has "no hesitation in pronouncing Swift the *murderer* of an innocent and accomplished woman"; that Mrs. Jameson says he "murdered her as absolutely as if he had plunged a poniard into her bosom"; that William Howitt accuses him of "immolating" one woman to satisfy another; that the Rev.

John Mitford (whose biography is prefixed to a popular edition of the poems) considers his conduct "heartless and treacherous," and talks of "Vanessa's sinking under the stern and selfish cruelty of a man on whom she had vainly lavished all the innocent and all the warmest affections of her life, and who suffered her to pine away in hopeless affliction, because he dared not avow to her the duplicity of his conduct, and his incapability of accepting the heart she offered"; that Thackeray merrily says almost the same thing, "thanking fate and the Dean for killing *that other person*, for Stella's sake"; and that Scott ascribes the catastrophe in part to Swift's "habits of flirtation,"—of which the sole evidence, such as it is, is contained in a letter written at the age of twenty-four, before he had entered the Church, and twenty years before he met Vanessa.

The mildest of these charges finds no support in the journal to Stella, the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," or the correspondence, where alone the history of this affair is to be found. The statement that Swift presented a number of suitors to Miss Vanhomrigh at Dublin is made with details by Mr. Deane Swift; that concerning the circumstances of his visits to her at Marley Abbey is derived from a correspondent of Sir Walter Scott; that concerning the last visit of all requires confirmation; and that to the effect that Vanessa shortened her days by drinking to excess it is charitable to consider a slander. But the story grows under the pen of each succeeding biographer. "Perhaps" becomes "certainly," or disappears, so that the romantic or ill-natured hypothesis of one writer is fact with the next. But the evidence must be considered together. If Swift's statements are allowed to show that he dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, they must be allowed, in the absence of other evidence, to show why he dined there. If his assertions that he gave lessons to Vanessa and that she made a declaration of love to him be taken as true, so must his assertion that he "aimed at the head," not at the heart, and that he was astonished by his pupil's avowal. It is bad to strike from the testimony of an uncontradicted witness that portion which makes in his favor, and worse to substitute a criminating hypothesis for the omitted portion.

Fatigued by business, harassed by anxieties, pursued by office-seekers, with no vices to occupy him, with no taste for the coffee-house or the theatre, where other bachelors spent their evenings, Doctor Swift was not displeased to find one house where he could be at his ease and was always welcome, where he met several lady friends whom he valued, and where he could have a good cup of coffee and good conversation. One of the ladies of the house, young enough to be his daughter, possessed uncommon intelligence, and he found it an agreeable relaxation from graver occupations to review his studies with her. But he should have foreseen that she would fall in love with him! He should have told her all about a certain dear friend who lived in Ireland! Can anything be more absurd? Unless intercourse between unmarried persons of the opposite sexes is to cease altogether, some risks must be run. A bachelor cannot reasonably be expected to presume that every young woman he meets will declare herself, unless warned in advance; or to present with his card a *catalogue raisonné* of his female friends. After Vanessa has spoken, what ought the Doctor to do? Must he marry her, whether he wants to or not, and whether Stella wants him to or not? Should he treat her, as men of genius, from Marlborough, Somers, and Sir Richard Steele to Goethe and Henry Clay, have too often treated women who loved them? Should he cease altogether to see her? Or should he try to work the miracle of changing the wine of love into the water of friendship? These questions may be left for discussion in a Provençal *cour d'amour*. Doctor Swift, who, with all his worldly wisdom, with all his knowledge of men, says that he knew less of woman than

“ every common beau  
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise  
Enough to read a lady's eyes,  
And will each accidental glance  
Interpret as a kind advance,”

tried all plans but the two first suggested. He attempted to cool the maiden's ardor, to marry her to somebody else, to break off communication with her. Everything fed the fire he wished to extinguish. She complained of his unkindness, she drew unwarrantable inferences from his kindness,

she would not go away from him, she would die upon his hands. Swift may be convicted of errors of judgment such as at least ninety-nine virtuous men out of a hundred would have committed in his situation, but of nothing more serious. Nor is it clear that Swift should have related to Stella the little romance of Cadenus and Vanessa. Meaning no evil himself, he did not care to have his actions misconstrued. The journal to Stella bears no marks, whatever may have been said to the contrary, of the writer's increasing interest in another quarter. There is one break during a visit to a friend in the country, one during his illness, and one, of which he apprises his correspondent in advance, while he is at work upon the "History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne." But the letters, though shorter, are, with a single exception, despatched every fortnight, as usual; although he complains that he has not heard from Dublin for more than seven weeks. After he has got the History off his hands, he renews the practice of writing every morning and evening. "How agreeable it is in a morning," is his first entry, December 19, 1712, "for Pdfr. to write journals again. It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it." Stella appears to have apologized for her own remissness, but not to have blamed that of Swift. Her jealousy was not awakened, so far as is known, until two years after Vanessa's arrival in Ireland, when she is said to have insisted upon marrying the Dean in order to defeat the designs of a rival, who might otherwise, as Thackeray thinks, have married him in spite of himself.

A part of the story about this marriage, resting upon the same evidence as the rest, is that, in answer to Stella's expression through a common friend of her desire to be united to Swift, he replied that early in life he had formed two resolutions with regard to matrimony: "that he would not marry until possessed of a competent fortune, and that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence he proposed he had not yet achieved, and on the other hand he was past that time of life" [being forty-nine years of age] "after which he had determined never to marry." It is our belief that these words, taken in connection with

the facts of Swift's early days, fully explain his unwillingness to marry. Why had he received "the education of a dog"? Why had he been left at the age of thirty-three, "with his fortune still to seek"? Because his father had died before his birth, leaving a wife and children penniless. Swift's hand had been refused at twenty on account of his poverty; his sister had married a bankrupt, against his advice, and he had been obliged to support her. Ireland furnished him with innumerable warnings of the folly of marrying without means, and a number of passages in his writings show how deeply they affected him. He resigned his living at Kilroot in favor of a deserving clergyman, who was trying to support his family upon a pittance. To another clergyman, who had married a poor girl without his father's consent, he told a story about his purchase in youth of a horse, without considering how he was to keep him alive, and of his relief at the death of the poor beast. The young man, bursting into tears, admitted the justice of the reproof. Swift soon afterwards reconciled him with his father, and procured him preferment. Other anecdotes illustrative of his feeling about improvident marriages are to be found in the biographies.

If Swift did fix the terms on which alone he would marry, the question was settled; for, says Earl Orrery, "during his whole life, his resolutions, like the decrees of fate, were immovable," "even," adds Dr. Delany, "after his understanding had almost deserted him." For example, he had early resolved never, upon the renewal of a lease from the Cathedral, to increase his own income by accepting a fine in lieu of an advancement of the rent, which would also be advantageous to his successor. Having occasion in extreme old age to carry this principle into practice, he remarked next day to Delany that he had done something for the benefit of his successor, he had forgotten what.

Too old at forty-nine to indulge a reasonable expectation of living till his children had grown up, Swift was not in sufficiently easy circumstances to support a family and to leave them comfortably off, in case of his decease. For, after four expensive years in London, he had taken the Deanery saddled with a debt of one thousand pounds which he could not yet

have paid off. Moreover, with ideas of wealth derived from life in London, with an expensive position, ill-health, and a charitable nature, he must have set the fortune without which he would not marry at a pretty high figure. Other causes may well have conspired to deter Swift from a marriage with Stella. Like himself, she had long been an invalid. The journal often speaks of the weakness of her "poor dear eyes," of her suffering head, of the necessity she is under of "taking the waters," riding on horseback, and taking long walks to keep well. An old bachelor is usually willing to let well enough alone, for at fifty the heart has

"a touch of the woodland time,  
Wanting to sleep now over its best."

Whether we accept the story of a secret marriage, as we are strongly inclined to do, or reject it as being one of numerous inventions during Swift's idiocy or after his decease, we find no evidence that he at any time wished to marry Stella or led her to think that he did. The tie between them had not been suddenly formed. She was six and he twenty when they first met; she was twelve and he twenty-six when he became her preceptor; she was nineteen and he thirty-three when they went to Ireland. Three years later he wrote from London as follows to Tisdall, then making pretensions to her hand: "I will, upon my conscience and honor, tell you the naked truth. If my fortunes and humor led me to think of that state, I should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. This was the utmost I ever gave way to. And secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would perhaps be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive that you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. . . . But the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune in losing so good a friend as her prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of

virgins in all other eyes but mine." It is to be observed that Tisdall was at this time at Dublin, near Stella; that Swift had half seriously complained in a previous epistle of Tisdall's showing his letters to "the ladies"; but that he is not forbidden to read to them a passage so well calculated to further his suit.

It has often been said that the journal, which commences six years after the Tisdall correspondence closed, contains words which Stella could have construed into a promise of marriage; but we have carefully read it twice, without discovering a phrase which will bear this interpretation. The same conclusion was reached by a woman who read it through with this question in mind. The "little language" — invented perhaps in the school-days at Moor Park — is taxed to its utmost for expressions of affection. M D. — so Stella is called — is assured more than once that Presto, i. e. Swift, loves her "as hope [to be] saved" millions of times better than life. Before reopening the "little letters," which he takes from under his pillow, he talks to them as a little girl talks to her doll. He wishes himself back among the willows of Laracor. He looks forward to the time when they *all three* — for the Journal is addressed to the two women, who answer jointly — may *again* be happy together. He declares more than once that his main reason for wishing advancement in the Church is to make them "easy." His letters often close with a prayer that God Almighty will preserve them. Once he declares himself "helpless as an elephant," for want of a "necessary woman." He grumbles, as bachelors occasionally do, at the inconveniencies and discomforts of his lodgings. He seems to feel that a man alone is unable to make a home for himself. He pets "Stellakins," and shows a capacity of being petted. Writing as if thinking aloud, he lays bare his heart; but is never betrayed into language which an intelligent woman, like Stella, who had known him so long, could have considered a declaration of love.

Swift was not absent from Ireland after his return in 1714, at the age of forty-seven, until 1726, when he paid a visit to Pope at Twickenham, and printed "Gulliver's Travels." During his absence he wrote often to "the ladies," as he informs

other correspondents, but none of the letters are preserved. Stella grew sensibly worse at this time, but his friends kept the truth from him for two months. At last it came from one whom he thanks for "racking" him, instead of leaving him "to be struck down on a sudden." "One of the two oldest and dearest friends I have in the world," he writes on receipt of this intelligence, "is in so desperate a condition of health as makes me expect every post to hear of her death. It is the younger of the two with whom I have lived in the greatest friendship for thirty-three years. As I value life very little, so the poor carnal remains of it, after such a loss, would be a burden that I must heartily beg God Almighty to enable me to bear; but especially at an age when it is too late to think of engaging in a new friendship. Besides, this was a person of my own rearing and instructing from childhood, who excelled in every good quality that can possibly accomplish a human creature. . . . Dear Jim, pardon me, I know not what I am saying; but believe me, that violent friendship is much more lasting and as engaging as violent love. If this accident should happen before I set out, I believe I shall winter in England, where it will be at least easier than upon the spot." A week later, he thanks Dr. Sheridan for not deceiving him, regrets that Stella had not followed his advice to go to Bath, Montpellier, or to London with him some months before, and adds: "I look upon this to be the greatest event that can ever happen to me, but all my preparations will not suffice to enable me to bear it like a philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate friendship between us from our childhood, and the greatest merit on her side that ever was in one human creature toward another. Nay, if I were now near her I would not see her; I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her sorrow. Judge in what a temper of mind I write this. The very time I am writing I conclude the fairest soul in the world hath left its body." Stella rallies, however, and the Dean returns to Ireland.

The next year he visits Pope again, again receives news of Stella's increasing illness, and writes in the same spirit as before. "I long knew that our dear friend had not the *stamina vitæ*; but my friendship could not arm me against this

accident, although I foresaw it. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health when such a friend is desperate. . . . I may overcome this present disorder; and to what advantage? Why, to see the loss of that person for whose sake only life was worth preserving. I brought both those friends over that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the knot is broken, and the remaining person, you know, has ill-answered the end; and the other who is now to be lost is all that was valuable." Careful to the last of Stella's reputation, he begs his friends to find her good airy lodgings, but not to let her die in the Deanery. It was at this time that he "slunk away," to use Mr. Thackeray's amiable language, "from Pope," and hurried to Dublin. He arrived in season to see her once more, but he could not bear to be present at her death-bed, or to attend her funeral. He composed a prayer for her, and in the solitude of a back chamber recorded with a calmness, not "terrible," as Thackeray calls it, but grand in its self-control, the main incidents of her life and her most striking qualities. Eighteen years afterwards, the executors of Swift's will found the phrase "only a woman's hair" indorsed upon a paper containing that memento of a friend. Thackeray thinks these words indicate "memory and remorse for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim." Scott considers them "an instance of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference." To us they seem to show the strength of his feeling for the dearest of friends, living or dead, and the tenderness of a nature for which common forms of expression would not suffice.

Swift "cruel" to Stella! Is it, then, impossible for a man and woman to be near and dear to each other, without becoming husband and wife? Impossible for a man who knows that a woman loves and would like to marry him — to put the case in a stronger form than is warranted by the facts known to us — to be friends with her and nothing more? Madame Récamier is not accounted "cruel" because she refused to marry Chateaubriand, or because she tamed her lovers into friends. No extraordinary hypotheses are devised to explain her conduct.

Yet she had a score of men at her feet, where Swift had one woman in love with him. A man's right to remain single is as absolute as a woman's right to marry him. If he does not wish to marry her, why should he do so? Swift had friendship, esteem, respect for Stella, intellectual and moral sympathies with her, the habitude of confiding in her, and of being confided in by her, but his feeling was

" All breathing human passion far above  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful, and cloyed,  
A burning forehead and a parching tongue."

She never lost her lustre in Swift's eyes. At sixteen she is "the brightest virgin on the green"; at thirty-six, hers is "an angel's face a little cracked"; at forty-four, "the fairest soul in this world" is about to leave its body. Shall we say, with Swift, that "violent friendship is more lasting than violent love"?

This view of the relations of Swift with Stella is confirmed by his general treatment of women. Nothing can be more unjust than the judgment which Thackeray puts into the mouth of Henry Esmond: "There's not a writer of my time of any note, with the exception of poor Dick Steele, that does not speak of a woman as of a slave, and scorn and use her as such. Mr. Pope, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Addison, Mr. Gay, every one of 'em sing in this key; each according to his nature and politeness; and louder and fouler than all in his abuse is Dr. Swift, who spoke of them, as he treated them, worst of all." We will not stop to defend the other writers aspersed, only noting that Addison was far from being the lord and master of the woman he married; that the relations between Gay and the Duchess of Queensbury resembled those between a page and his *châtelaine* in the Middle Ages; that Congreve's paper in "The Tatler" in praise of Aspasia (Lady Elizabeth Hastings) is as excellent as Steele's on the same subject; that Pope's works contain as fine verses as have ever been written in celebration of the social attractions of women, and that Pope's devotion to his venerable mother is proverbial. But what a gross misrepresentation of Swift, "among whose peculiar tenets perseveringly inculcated," as Mr. Masson truly says, "was that now called 'the emancipa-

tion of women.'” If there ever was a man who valued woman for her mental and moral qualities, it was he. The dedication of his “Project for the Advancement of Religion” to the Countess of Berkeley; his letters to women, from that bidding farewell to Varina to those to the Duchess of Queensbury; the passages in the journal to Stella about his female friends; his practice of insisting that ladies should, like dukes and earls, make the first advances toward an acquaintance with him,—all go to show this; but it is only by a perusal of his writings that the prominence which “the woman question” assumed in his mind can be perceived. He rails like a woman’s rights woman at the vanities and follies of the sex, their love of finery and scandal, their addiction to cards, their ignorance of affairs, their fondness for conversation which diverts without instructing them. “His chief delight,” says Deane Swift, “was to entertain and be entertained in small circles, which he liked the better if two or three women of good understanding happened to be of the party.” In his letter concerning the improvement of the English language he says: “Since the women have been left out of all meetings, except parties of play, or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation hath much degenerated.” In three of the countries which Gulliver visits the women are educated not less thoroughly than the men. The young ladies of Liliput, for example, “are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments, beyond decency and cleanliness. Neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them; for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young.”

If Swift’s advice to women seems sometimes elementary, we must remember that he lived in the last century, when even Queen Mary and the Duke of Marlborough did not know how to spell; and long before the bath-tub became a European institution. If several of his poems cannot be read by

ladies to-day, it is mainly because the manners of society have changed. The same is true of a paper by Addison, which Macaulay considers his best; of Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*, which Cowper read aloud to a circle of women during the reign of George III.; and of the novels of Aphra Behn, — "*Afra the Amazon, light of foot*," in Swift's "*Battle of the Books*," — which an old lady told Scott she could not read at eighty without blushing, although at sixteen she had observed no improprieties in them. One of Swift's early biographers says that "the most exceptionable of his poems were written principally with a view to correct the foibles of women, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at sixty as at twenty-five." One of the most disagreeable, addressed to a newly married pair, ends thus: —

"On sense and wit your passion found  
By decency cemented round;  
Let prudence with good-nature strive  
To keep esteem and love alive.  
Then come old age, whene'er it will,  
Your friendship shall continue still;  
And thus a mutual gentle fire  
Shall never but with life expire."

It is true that Swift's coarseness is extreme, for his realism is intense; yet he used to reprove Stella for breaches of decorum, such as were common among ladies. He was severe upon the obscene conversation in which the maids of honor indulged. He boasted that he would not allow blasphemy or vulgarity in his presence, and he enumerated among Oxford's excellences, that he was never "guilty of any expressions which could possibly tend to the indecent or the profane." It may be that in his old age, among his Irish companions, during the period in which most of the poems in question were written, he became less strict than he had been; but a man should not be judged by what he says and does while his brain is diseased.

We must close without touching upon many points which invite discussion; without refuting other charges against a character of which we cannot, within the compass of a single article, display all the noble traits. Thackeray thinks that Swift and he could not have lived together; but Oxford and

Bolingbroke liked to have Swift visit them ; Pope begged him to "give all to the poor, and come to die with" him ; the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury warmly seconded Gay's urgent invitation to him to make them a long visit. One or two instances of what appears at this distance to be ill-breeding prove nothing against the evidence of such invitations as Swift was constantly receiving from gentlemen and ladies. Had he been content with the position of a court jester, it might be said that he was asked to dinner to entertain the other guests ; but he came as an equal or not at all. A few splenetic expressions, many of them owing to disease, cannot outweigh the testimony to his good-nature of such witnesses as Addison, Bolingbroke, and Lady Betty Germaine. If he hated mankind, it was with the hate of a reformer. Like Martin Luther, he did his best work when angry ; like Dante, he

"Loved well because he hated,  
Hated wickedness that hinders loving."

Abuse the race as he would, he could not help working for it. It was while he was engaged in the composition of "Gulliver's Travels" that he fought his great battle for Ireland, served as God's almoner for Dublin, and watched over the health of the dying Stella. He cannot be convicted of child-hating by a single expression of impatience at Lady Masham's attendance at the bedside of a sick child, at a critical moment, when her presence with the queen seemed the one thing needful to stop the war. When public affairs were less pressing he had been to see Lady Masham's children, and, long after he used the language referred to, the mother besought his counsel and assistance, and he wrote her a pathetic letter that still moves the reader. When he was turned of seventy, was "emaciated, weak, morose, and prone to sudden fits of passion," says his biographer, Sheridan, "to me his behavior was gentle as it had always been from my early childhood, treating me with partial kindness, as being his godson, often giving me instruction, attended with frequent presents and rewards when I did well. I loved him from my boyish days, and never stood in the least awe before him, as I do not remember ever to have had a cross look or a harsh expression from him."

The more Swift is studied in a kindly spirit, the greater and the better his character will appear. He had faults: he lacked humility, faith that can remove mountains, charity that suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. He was fervent in spirit, but he was not rejoicing in hope, nor always patient in tribulation. He kept the promise of his youth that he would

"On a day make sin and folly bleed,"

but he did not invite to the table spread for the repentant. His love for the sinner was not equal to his hatred of the sin. In his old age he asked Dr. Delany whether "the corruptions and villanies of men did not eat his flesh and exhaust his spirits?" "No." "Why, why, how can you help it? How can you avoid it?" "Because I am commanded, 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers.'" That command Swift could not obey. Life was no luxury to him. He read the third chapter of Job on his birthdays; and he inscribed on his tombstone his joy that he was at last going where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest, *ubi sæva indignatio ullerius cor lacerare nequit.*

ADAMS SHERMAN HILL.

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ART. V. — *Report to the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to inquire into the Education given in Schools in England, not comprised within her Majesty's two recent Commissions, and to the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to inquire into the Schools in Scotland, on the Common-School System of the United States and of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.* By the REV. JAMES FRASER, M. A., Assistant Commissioner. Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. London. 1867.

In the first year of his administration, when considering the interests of the newly constituted Republic, Washington thus addressed the two Houses of Congress on the subject of National Education: "You will agree with me in opinion

that there is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than the promotion of science and literature. Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness. In one in which the measures of government receive their impression so immediately from the sense of the community as in ours, it is proportionably essential." The part of education in forming and then in freeing the Colonies, the power it had given of organizing a national government, the confidence it inspired in the institutions just set in operation, brought it into the very foreground of thought and action.

Events not then anticipated, movements not then within the possibility of anticipation, began in time to develop themselves; and as they grew the work which education had to do grew likewise. When immigration, attracted by the prospects of the young nation, set in with a force almost appalling, and while it brought new hands to labor, brought also new brains to inform and new lives to transform, no single institution appeared so capable of bearing the shock as the common school. To this, indeed, it was due that there was no shock, nothing that overthrew, or even suspended, the national progress. To this, at the present hour, we owe the calmness with which we contemplate the daily landing of emigrants, who in their best estate must be put on probation, and in their worst be sent to the almshouse or the penitentiary. A yet greater strain has come in our day with the emancipation of the slave, throwing upon us at once four millions of blacks, to say nothing of some millions of whites whom slavery had debased,—millions whom it is a matter of vital importance to train to their proper place within our institutions. To do it we resort instinctively to schools. On them the Freedmen's Bureau spends its best energies; on them the associations and individuals, whose care of the Southern population has given war a new aspect and peace a new object, rely in their wholly unprecedented enterprise; on them the whole nation leans, as upon the best of merely human means, to carry out the purposes which it reverently recognizes as Divine.

The work of the common school is twofold. It takes charge of children, trains them in habits of order, teaches them the use of speech and the pen, together with the elements of

language and numbers, disciplining the intellect and giving it the power of acquiring knowledge; and here its direct work ceases. Its indirect work is to help the mind to grow out of school as well as in it, enlightening the life, opening its relations with other lives, and revealing the laws above them all. Whatever influences besides its own affect its pupils, whatever they learn from the home, from society, and from the Church, the school is the source from which they draw much, often the greater part, of what they know, and, consequently, of what they are.

The common school, like everything human, is imperfect. Even where it has done, and is still doing, so great a work as is ascribed to it among ourselves, we can see that its work might be still greater. "I would point," says an Ohio representative, "to the schools of Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, and other cities of the State, if I desired a stranger to see the glory of Ohio. I would point to the thirteen thousand school-houses and the seven hundred thousand pupils in the schools of Ohio." "The returns," says the Ohio School Commissioner, "reveal the humiliating fact that there were six hundred and eighteen townships and special districts in the State in each of which the schools were in session, on an average, less than twenty-four weeks — one hundred and twenty days — during the year. But this is not all; three hundred and forty townships sustained their schools less than twenty weeks; two hundred and three less than sixteen weeks; and forty-five less than twelve weeks." The colors of the two pictures need blending to show our schools as they are and as they should be.

The volume whose title stands at the head of this article is one of the most valuable contributions ever made towards the formation of a correct opinion concerning the common schools of the United States. A foreigner's impressions are always worth having, not because they are certain to be right, but because they are almost certain to be different from our own, and therefore to give us a point of comparison to which ours may be referred.

"Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?"  
 'No, Cassius, for the eye sees not itself  
 But by reflection, by some other things.'"

The value of such means to see ourselves and our institutions is greatly enhanced when the foreign critic is, as in the present instance, a man of principle, good-will, and intelligence.

The Rev. James Fraser, Rector of Upton, Reading, is an active clergyman of the English Church. He came to the United States, under an appointment described on his title-page, in the spring, and went back in the autumn of 1865, spending most of his time in this country, and the rest in Canada. His Report was written within a few months after his return, but not made public for more than a year. It is a blue book of four hundred and thirty pages, of which all but a hundred and twenty relate to the United States, and it is to this portion of the Report that we propose to confine ourselves.

The Report is, throughout, distinguished by its manly and liberal religious tone. It makes no professions, but from first to last its standard is the faith and duty of a Christian. The earnestness of the writer is evident, his sincerity unquestionable.

The kindness of his spirit is not less manifest. Strong as are his convictions, they are modestly expressed, and with the plain purpose of doing good to all whom they concern. Candor and charitableness dwell in these pages, and draw us towards their author with a personal interest that blue books are not wont to inspire. From judgments so temperate and so considerate as his we ought to derive some benefit, nor can we fail to do so, if we take them up in the same spirit in which they are brought forward.

Mr. Fraser says many pleasant things about us and our schools. "It is no flattery or exaggeration," he remarks, "to say that it [the American people] is, if not the most highly educated, yet certainly the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth." \* "I cannot disguise from myself," he confesses, "that the average American, and particularly the average American of the mechanic or laboring class, stands on a vantage-ground, in respect both of knowledge and intelligence, as compared with the average Englishman." † He is much impressed with the national interest in education, especially at such

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\* Page 203.

† Page 172.

a time as that of the recent war. "Never before," he observes, "were realized so strongly the national blessings of education, and the necessity of democratic institutions resting for a foundation upon the intelligence and public spirit of the people. Never before, therefore, were more liberal appropriations voted by the townships for the support of schools; never before were private benefactions more frequent or munificent; never before was there displayed a more universal determination to uphold in all its integrity, and if possible to carry onward to a still higher degree of efficiency, the education of the people." \* The repute of the teacher's profession appears remarkable. "The teacher of the humblest district school," says Mr. Fraser, "occupies a far higher social position than the teacher of an elementary school in England. Opinion and sentiment upon a matter of this kind are formed in the two countries by two entirely different influences. . . . As far as his [the teacher's] profession is concerned, he is on a level with anybody." † Warm terms are used in describing the natural aptitude of Americans, particularly of American women, for teaching. "They certainly have the gift of turning what they know to the best account; they are self-possessed, energetic, fearless; they are admirable disciplinarians, firm without severity, patient without weakness; their manner of teaching is lively, and fertile in illustration; classes are not likely to fall asleep in their hands. They are proud of their position, and fired with a laudable ambition to maintain the credit of their school; a little too anxious, perhaps, to parade its best side and screen its defects; a little too sensitive of blame, a little too greedy of praise; but still, as I judged them from the samples which I saw, and in spite of numerous instances to the contrary which I read of, but did not see, a very fine and capable body of workers in a noble cause. . . . I know not the country in which the natural material out of which to shape the very best of teachers is produced in such abundance as in the United States." ‡

These are general tributes. Of the more particular testimonies in favor of our schools we have space to cite but one,

\* Page 11.

† Pages 84, 85.

‡ Pages 71 - 75.

and that one the strongest. Mr. Fraser speaks of the English High School at Boston as "a school which I should have liked, if possible, to put under a glass case, and bring to England for exhibition as a type of a thoroughly useful middle-class school." \* Further on he repeats his commendation. "I have already mentioned the English High School at Boston as the one above all others that I visited in America which I should like the Commissioners to have seen at work as I myself saw it at work on the 10th of last June,—the very type of a school for the middle classes of this country, managed in the most admirable spirit, and attended by just the sort of boys one would desire to see in such a school. . . . It was not the programme of study (in which my own judgment would dispose me to make several alterations) that elicited my admiration of this school,—indeed, I have learnt to attach very little weight either to programmes or systems,—but the excellent spirit that seemed to pervade it, the healthy, honest, thorough way in which all the work on the part both of masters and pupils seemed to be done. . . . In a word, everything is done to sustain the intellectual tone of the school at a high pitch, yet without straining; while there was an honesty, a frankness, and an absence of restraint in the 'rapports' between the teacher and the taught which indicated that the moral atmosphere of the school was as healthy and bracing as the intellectual. Taking it for all in all, and as accomplishing the end at which it professes to aim, the English High School at Boston struck me as the model school of the United States. I wish we had a hundred such in England." †

These citations are quite enough to prove the readiness with which Mr. Fraser acknowledges the merits of our common-school system. Its defects are stated with corresponding frankness.

First in order of importance, the very head and front of our failing, comes the want of high culture. Mr. Fraser falls back on De Tocqueville to sustain his judgment, but it needs no other support in American eyes than that which Americans themselves are prepared to give. We know, too well, that the great necessity of our common school is the same as that of all our

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\* Page 129.

† Pages 140-142.

educational, all our intellectual interests, and that nothing will supply it but the increase of thorough scholarship and thorough scholars. Whether new organizations are needed is a point on which we may not agree, but we are of one mind that the old organizations need a new inspiration.

"Till the world is brought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

High culture is to the intellectual life what a pure atmosphere is to the physical; and just as it fails or abounds, the school will struggle or flourish.

Mr. Fraser remarks upon the frequent want of local interest — it may be said, of local capability, — with regard to our schools. Dependent as they are on State or district organizations, "local self-government" being, as Mr. Fraser observes, "the main-spring of the American school system," if this works badly, they cannot possibly work well. The district system is much objected to in this Report, as it is in many of our own publications, but there does not seem to be anything in it intrinsically wrong. A dull or stingy centralization would be worse, for its evil effects would spread everywhere, while those of the district system are within bounds. But there can be no question that the schools often suffer, and suffer terribly, from the failure of the community, through a short-sighted regard for a nominal economy, or through indifference to the cause of education, to afford them a liberal and intelligent support.

A large part of the Report is occupied with our teachers. Their natural capacities, as we have seen, are rated very high; but their training seems to Mr. Fraser exceedingly imperfect. He contrasts the English course of nine years — "five years as pupil-teachers, two years at the Normal School, and two years under probation" — with the American way of teaching without having learned to teach, sometimes, it must be confessed, though he does not say so, without having learned to learn. "More than five hundred persons," says the Connecticut Superintendent of Schools, "each year begin their experience in teaching in the common schools of the State." Normal Schools are few and far between, wholly insufficient to supply the demand, even such as it is, for trained teachers. "During the last two years" (1865, 1866), says the Principal of the

Bridgewater Normal School in Massachusetts, "the number of applications for teachers which I have received is by actual count nearly five times the number of graduates for this time." \* Even if the quantity were sufficient, we fear that the quality might not be the best, at least so far as training is concerned; for the Normal courses are but brief at the best, and many pupils leave them uncompleted. Of practical instruction there is altogether too little, although we can hardly credit the statement that but one Normal School — that at Boston — includes an experimental department.

The social position of American teachers makes it difficult for Mr. Fraser to understand why they are poorly paid. The explanation he hits upon is, that the simplest means to keep down the cost of education is to keep down the teachers' salaries. Other reasons will readily suggest themselves. But however we account for the evil, its existence is a fact, and its removal a necessity. We must pay our teachers well, or we shall have none worth paying; none will be trained as they ought to be, none, whether trained or untrained, will continue in a calling with which poverty walks hand in hand. One of the troubles with which our schools have to contend is the readiness of teachers to change their places, or to give up teaching altogether. An Ohio report observes that "the rapid withdrawal of the more enterprising from the profession is crippling the schools." It is not only crippling them, but blinding them, making them deaf and mute and senseless; for if a school has eye or speech or sense, it is through its teachers: they are its organs, and their loss is greater than it can bear. The wind of parsimony that has blown so long is not altogether ill, for it has thrown open many a school door to female teachers whom committees have condescended to take at a low rate, but whose work has turned out as valuable as if it had been highly paid. A School Commissioner of Rhode Island regards women as equal to men in teaching, and superior to them in forming the tastes and manners of their pupils. But so long as the teacher is paid, not according to the value of his or her services, but at the lowest rate at which any one can be found

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\* Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education (Mass.), p. 95.

to do the required work, the administration of our schools is as unjust as it is unwise. Man or woman, the teacher earns a liberal compensation, and when it is given, the school, instead of costing more, really costs less than when it is not given; for in the one case, generally speaking, there is a good school, in the other a bad one.

Mr. Fraser thinks the want of inspection a very serious one in our system. Only the larger cities and more active towns provide superintendents for their schools; and though there is but one opinion as to the service rendered by these officers, their number does not multiply, nor would their increase, all over the country, unless they were associated and placed under some general supervision, constitute a system of inspection like that of the European states. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his Report on Popular Education in France, thus describes the French inspection: \* "The primary inspectors are the very life of the school system; their inspection is a reality, because made when not expected; the Nancy inspector, who went round the schools of that town with me, had a pass-key by which he let himself into any one of them when he pleased, and he told me that he entered every public school in the town fifty times in the year. The academy inspectors, receiving the reports of the primary inspectors, and themselves in connection with the sixteen academies of France, supply local centres for dealing with the mass of details received from the primary inspectors, and thus relieve the central office in Paris. The four inspectors-general, in personal communication with the school authorities, the primary inspectors, and the minister preserve the latter from the danger of falling a victim to the routine of his own bureau, while he also obtains from four picked and superior men a unity of appreciation of school matters which he would seek for in vain from the two hundred and seventy-five primary inspectors." If there is too much centralization in this system, there is not a grain too much of inspection to be adapted, under necessary modifications, to our own school system. We have, at last, something to suggest a Ministry of Public Education in the Bureau re-

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\* Page 95.

cently established by Congress, and much may be hoped from the long experience and unwavering enthusiasm of Mr. Commissioner Barnard. He will collect and diffuse information, as the act of Congress prescribes, to the great advantage, doubtless, of educational institutions and activities. But he is not an inspector-general, nor has he inspectors under him to reach a single school, or to provide the inspection from which, whether national or local, every school in the land would be the gainer. Besides all the advantages of detail to be derived from inspection, there is the general advantage, hardly to be over-estimated in our country, resulting from the substitution of the practised judgment of an inspector in place of the haphazard votes of a committee, or the unreflecting applauses of a popular assemblage.

Inspection would soon lessen, if it did not entirely remove, another evil on which Mr. Fraser remarks,— the use, or rather abuse, of text-books. He takes particular exception to the grammars and text-books of the classical courses, as “fatal to anything like thorough grounding and intelligent progress,”— the grammars, because of their inordinate details; and the text-books, because of their notes and ready-made translations. There are very few text-books in any course which do not offend against simplicity, of all qualities the one to which they should universally adhere. Like the sheep’s head, which the Scotchman was eating to the Englishman’s astonishment, the text-book of the American schools has “a deal o’ confused feedin’ about it.” But, unlike the Scotch dish, it excites no enthusiasm in its uncertain consumers. A good book may be a hindrance, if it is too much relied upon; how much more a bad book, whose mistakes are beyond the teacher’s reach, and therefore crowded pell-mell into the pupil’s brain. Mr. Fraser quotes a burst of fine writing from a Cincinnati report: “The Genius of Education sits like Niobe in our schools, weeping over the maltreatment of the fresh and beautiful minds which she would endow with so many charms; and Memory, the deity to whom all this incense is offered, falls at last, and rejects the profuse sacrifice.” Niobe might shed a tear for many a parent, likewise, whose slender purse is drawn upon by frequent changes of text-books, the result

of competition, and, it must be confessed, of jobbery among the publishers.

"Americans do all their work," says Mr. Fraser, "with an intensity which has no parallel among us more phlegmatic Englishmen; to use a common and expressive phrase, they 'take twice as much out of themselves,' in the same time, as an ordinary English school-boy or school-girl would do. The result is exciting serious apprehensions in many far-seeing minds."\* To put a school of unforeseeing and unresisting children under high-pressure, and drive them on to danger, perhaps to death, is an offence not only against their youth, but against the powers that are to last when youth is no more. Of course it is perpetrated only in the minority of schools throughout the country; but were no more than a single school injured by it, it should be stopped, once and for all.

One happy result from stopping it would be a check to what Mr. Fraser calls "speechification." A public-school platform, as we all have reason to know, is too much like a stand at a race-course, where every voice is raised to goad on those contending for the prize. The speakers at the school, to be sure, are themselves goaded to their office. "A few remarks," whispers the teacher; "A few remarks," ask the committee; and a few follow, then a few more, and a gust of words sweeps through the room. "The staple of most that I heard," says Mr. Fraser, "was the well-worn theme of the infinite career that lay before them, and the possibility of every boy who listened to the speaker becoming President of the United States."† That a drag should be put on this ever-rolling wheel of oratory is almost too much to hope for, did not hope spring eternal.

Thus far we have followed Mr. Fraser, confessing the faults he finds, and wishing that criticism so thoughtful and so kind as his may help us to correct them. From other opinions, equally unfavorable, which he forms concerning our schools, we venture to differ, for reasons that may be very briefly presented.

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\* Page 114.

† Page 180.

He considers the discipline of the schools too mechanical. Mechanical it must be, though it ought to be something more ; but even if nothing more, we need not acknowledge that "it is purchased at the price of the repression of those high animal spirits which delight in athletic exercises." \* Evidently Mr. Fraser did not get acquainted with many American boys. It is rather droll, by the by, to hear an Englishman say that our school discipline "is of a kind of which it would be hopeless to attempt to get five hundred English boys of the upper or middle class to submit." American nature is not so rebellious after all.

"The grand defect of all which I should venture to signalize in the American system," remarks Mr. Fraser, "is, that it ignores, if it does not smother, individuality." By individuality he says he means "the development of individual abilities and character." With all due deference, not only to Mr. Fraser, but to others who say the same thing about schools, here and elsewhere, we doubt its significance. It means, in all probability, not that the individual is left untaught, but that he is taught with others, instead of being taught by himself ; consequently, that his tastes or capacities cannot be regarded to the exclusion of his fellow-pupils. The common school teaches by classes : how can it teach otherwise ? but to teach a class, it must teach the members of the class, and every one of them. Each, therefore, as he proceeds in his studies, finds himself growing in knowledge, and in the power to acquire knowledge ; and this is at least one of the most effective means for the development of latent individuality. The pupil that needs more must go to a private school, perhaps to a private tutor ; and even then, unless his teacher is gifted with unusual insight into his nature, or unusual responsiveness to its wants, his individuality will suffer. But it is not the office of any teacher or of any school, exclusively, to develop individual ability or individual character. That is the work of home as well as school, and of parent yet more than teacher, — the work, it may be said, of life itself, and of the influences under which life passes.

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\* Page 171.

From the school comes intellectual training ; from the home, and from the life beginning there, comes the training of body and soul, in which individual character finds opportunity of development a hundred-fold greater than that which the training of the mind alone supplies.

But, Mr. Fraser would say, it is not the mind alone that should be trained at school. "The one thing lacking in the American method," he observes, is "sound and substantial grounding in the principles of the Christian religion."\* On a point so momentous he must be fully heard :—

"The tone of an American school, — the *nescio quid* so hard to be described, but so easily recognized by the experienced eye, so soon felt by the quick perceptions of the heart, — if not unsatisfactory, is yet incomplete. It is true that the work of the day commences with the reading of the Word of God, generally followed by prayer. It is true that decorous if not reverent attention is paid during both these exercises ; but the decorum struck me as rather a result or a part of discipline than as a result of spiritual impressions ; there was no 'face as it had been the face of an angel' ; no appearance of kindled hearts. The intellectual tone of the schools is high ; the moral tone, though perhaps a little too self-conscious, is not unhealthy ; but another tone, which can only be vaguely described in words, but of which one feels one's self in the presence when it is really there, and which, for want of a better name, I must call the 'religious' tone, one misses, and misses with regret." † "I do not like to call the American system of education, or to hear it called, *irreligious*. It is perhaps even going too far to say that it is *non-religious*, or purely secular. If the cultivation of some of the choicest intellectual gifts bestowed by God on man, the perceptions, memory, taste, judgment, reason ; if the exaction of habits of punctuality, attention, industry, and 'good behavior' ; if the respect which is required and which is paid during the reading of a daily portion of God's holy Word and the daily saying of Christ's universal prayer, — are all to be set down as only so many contrivances for producing 'clever devils,' it would be vain to argue against such a prejudice." ‡ "Sorry as I should be, with all its imperfections, to give up the denominational principle of education, because I believe it to be the best possible for *us here*, I should consider myself to be tendering a most fatal piece of advice if, with all its advantages, I recommended its adoption *there*. The safer hope is that American Chris-

\* Page 172, note.

† Page 179.

‡ Page 183.

tians, less trammelled by articles, confessions, subscriptions, rubrics, formularies, than we Christians of the Old World, may be brought to take larger, broader views than they now do of their common faith; may dismiss from their minds that ever-recurring and unworthy suspicion of sectarianism; may believe that religion may be taught in schools without the aim of making proselytes; and that 'all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity' may unite in one earnest endeavor to bestow upon their schools the one thing lacking, and permit the morality which they profess to teach and desire to promote to be built upon the one only sure foundation, — the truths, the principles, the sanctions of the Gospel.\*

There is no arguing against the spirit, or much of the letter, of these passages. In our judgment, they do the writer the highest credit as a religious, a charitable, and an earnest man. But as to the one thing lacking in our schools, if it is the teaching of religion, we have to take the other side. Let there be no misunderstanding; it is not the observation or the reverence of religion, but the teaching of it, — not the indirect teaching of it, by example or by religious use of all the opportunities of school, but the direct teaching that consists in doctrinal or practical religious instruction, the grounding, as Mr. Fraser terms it, in the principles of religion, — which we have no wish to introduce into our system, so long as the divisions of the Christian Church, or the habits of thought and action characteristic of the American people, continue as they are.

And why not? Because the common school is not the place for teaching religion. Because the teachers of the common school are not the persons to teach religion. Because the office of the common school, in moulding the various elements of the nation, and thus preserving and developing our nationality, — an office which no other institution or power among us seems able at present to perform, — is one with which the teaching of religion would so far interfere, especially with one large class not needing to be named, as to diminish, if not altogether prevent, its success. Because, for these three reasons, to allege no more, religion itself would suffer, while other interests, less important indeed, but still important, would suffer even more.

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\* Page 185.

The common school will continue, we trust, to teach religiously, but it will not undertake, we also trust, to teach religion.

Space fails us for meeting other criticisms of Mr. Fraser's. There are parts of his Report which might be criticised in turn, either as to structure or as to statement. There is some confusion and a good deal of repetition in the arrangement, as if the author were writing hurriedly. There are also a few misapprehensions, such as that "in all cities the wealthier class, indeed, all who can afford to do so, almost without exception, send their children to private schools"; \* or that "this temper [restlessness] more than any other . . . is the motive power which sustains the schools"; † or that "the Roman matron of the old Republic is, perhaps, the type of female excellence." ‡ Mr. Fraser was too short a time among us to become thoroughly acquainted with our institutions or our ideals. The wonder is that he learned so much, and that he has done justice, so generally, to the common school, of all our characteristic institutions the one perhaps most difficult for a stranger to understand.

The Report touches but slightly on one subject, which it may be well to consider more at length. Mr. Fraser points out "the admitted increase of the twin evils, absenteeism and truancy"; says that both the percentage and period of attendance are hardly so good as in England; quotes several gloomy passages from American reports; and, citing the Massachusetts and Connecticut laws which make education compulsory, declares that public sentiment is not with them, and that they are therefore almost dead letters. § Here is evidently a great evil, but we are not quite so helpless under it as might be inferred from Mr. Fraser's statements.

The evil arises almost entirely from emigration. A very small proportion of absentees or truants are of American parentage. The class is recruited from abroad, and in this respect, as so many others, the habits of the Old World continue in the New. Mere poverty is seldom the cause of absenteeism or truancy. Here and there a child needs clothing, or his parents, generally his widowed mother, require all he can do or beg for a struggling household. In manufac-

\* Page 99.

† Page 168.

‡ Page 195.

§ Page 39.

turing towns, parents are tempted to think themselves in want of their children's wages, by the great facility with which they find employment. But, taking town and country together, it is not poverty so much as intemperance or immorality which keeps children from school, — victims of their parents' faults rather than their parents' misfortunes.

The common-school system, therefore, must be put to the test, whether it is capable of coping, not only with the child, but with his parents. It cannot afford to let absenteeism or truancy go on; the very class most in need of its offices would not receive them, and its work for the nation would be left undone. What, then, can it do?

In the first place, it can make its schools attractive. It can give them so kindly an aspect as to draw children, even children of degradation, and to keep them within its walls. If it cannot change human nature, so that the whining school-boy will no more creep unwillingly to school, it can change itself, so that the school-boy, when once in school, will prefer to stay there instead of running away. In the next place, it can reach out beyond the school, to the home. There lies the root of the evil; there are the ignorance and the wickedness which develop it; there, after all, it is to be eradicated. In this teachers and committees must be aided, either by officials of some sort, or by volunteers from the same class which labors in mission chapels or Sunday schools. The work is missionary rather than educational, but not the less suited to be done in connection with the school.

In calling upon parents to send their children, and upon the children to come, there should be a spice of consideration. Concessions may be made to individuals or classes, and at certain seasons the pressure may be generally relaxed, as it is in many European states where education is compulsory.\* Let not ours be as compulsory as if it were the work of

“ Too busy senates, who with over-care  
To make us better than our kind can bear, . . . .  
And straining up too high, have spoiled the cause.”

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\* In the canton of Friburg, Switzerland, the inspector may excuse such children as are absolutely needed at home. In the canton of Vaud, children above twelve, whose services are required by their parents, may be excused. — *Mr. M. Arnold's Report*, p. 125. In some manufacturing towns in Germany children are obliged to attend only noon or evening schools. — *The Rev. M. Pattison's Report*, p. 195.

Only in the last place, when efforts and concessions alike have failed, is the law to be invoked. As yet there is no general law upon the subject. In some States of the Union no law has been proposed; in others it has been advocated; in one or two it has been adopted; in one alone it has been both framed and executed. Massachusetts was a Colony in her teens, when, in 1642, she ordered "that the selectmen of every town in the several precincts and quarters where they dwell shall have a vigilant eye over their brothers and neighbors, to see, first, that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism in any of their families as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein." This, if we mistake not, was the first statute of compulsory education.\* Almost two centuries had passed, emigration had begun its work, and New England manufactories theirs, when Massachusetts, in 1836, again raised her voice in the Factory Act, which, as amended in 1866, provides that no child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment, and that no child under fourteen shall be employed unless he has attended school for six months in the year preceding his employment, and continues at school for six months in each year during his employment, under penalties for which the owner, agent, or superintendent of the establishment, as well as the parent or guardian of the child, is liable. A law to reach truants and absentees, passed in 1850 and amended at various dates until 1862,† obliges every city and town to make provision concerning truant and vagrant children between the ages of five

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\* "The compulsory school attendance [of Germany] dates from the earliest period of the Reformation, and was a recognized religious duty long before it became a law of the state. . . . If the consistorial edicts which were issued to this effect (e. g. that for the Mark of Brandenburg, 1573) were issued in the name of the prince, they were not the less Church ordinances. When, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Friedrich Wilhelm began to issue royal ordinances for the regulation and improvement of elementary schools," etc. — *The Rev. M. Pattison's Report*, pp. 204, 205.

† The story of its struggles into efficient shape is well told by Mr. J. D. Philbrick, Superintendent of Schools, in his valuable Reports on Truancy and Compulsory Education in the City of Boston.

and sixteen, and to bring them under certain penalties, a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or committal to a house of reformation or other suitable institution for a period not exceeding two years. Massachusetts has thus fully committed herself to compulsory education. Whatever the cause,—the death or degradation of the parent, the helplessness or wilfulness of the child,—there can be neither truancy nor absenteeism, unless the city or town connive at them, except at the risk of fine or imprisonment.

To this system Boston has lately added a finishing touch. Among her boys, long her hope and pride, there grew up a class whose present condition no one could behold without pity, and to whose future none could look forward without alarm. News-boys, boot-blacks, and pedlers, to the number of five hundred or more, were spending their days in the streets, and many of them their nights at the theatres or far more dangerous places. The first exertion for their instruction was individual; then followed associated effort, of which we should be glad to relate the history, did we not feel that those engaged in it prefer to pursue their labors undisturbed; until, within the last few months, a city ordinance was framed, according to which no minor is to be licensed as a pedler or boot-black except upon his parent's or guardian's application, and none is to retain his license unless he attends "some school designated for this purpose by the school committee" for two hours daily. It is to be hoped that this wise and salutary ordinance will be fully executed in Boston, and as fully adopted wherever there exists even a handful of news-boys to be snatched from actual ignorance or possible crime.

The execution of the Massachusetts statutes is left to municipal authority. As a general rule, a town \* appoints one or more of the police to act as truant officers, and they proceed much as one of their number in Boston describes. "In cases," says Officer Reed, "where I fail to check the habit of truancy, and the child becomes an habitual truant, I make a complaint

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\* According to the last Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, ninety-eight cities and towns of the State have appointed truant officers.

before one of the justices of the Police Court; a warrant is granted, made returnable at the justice's private room in the Court-House; I arrest the child, and summon the teacher to appear at the time and place named in the warrant. I likewise notify the parents, that they may be present and heard. If the child is found guilty by the court, a sentence of one or two years in the House of Reformation is passed; and in other instances the cases are continued from time to time, in order that the truants may have an opportunity to reform."\*

In commenting upon the Massachusetts system, the first point to raise is, whether the child ought to be held responsible for truancy or absenteeism. If it is the parent who keeps the child from school, or makes no sort of exertion to send him to school, then the parent, as it seems, rather than the child, deserves to be punished. So he is, indeed, if the child is fined and the parent pays the fine; but if the child goes to the reformatory or the jail, and the parent goes free, it does not look like even-handed justice. In four of the Swiss cantons where compulsory education is established, — Vaud, Friburg, Neuchâtel, and the Valais, — and it is the same in Germany, the parent is liable to fine or imprisonment. He is liable under the Factory Act of Massachusetts; why should he not be under the Truant Act?

Suppose, however, that the fault is with the child, the Massachusetts mode of treating him is not above objection. There is nothing gained by dealing with young lives, even when turned towards evil, as if positively hardened. The German mode of proceeding is much better. At Berlin they have a commission of unpaid members, to visit the parent in private, before an official admonition is given. An unexcused absence occurring within a month after the admonition brings out a warning that the parent is liable to punishment. If another unexcused absence occurs within a month, the case is transferred to the school board, under which the commission acts, and the board give it into the hands of a committee, who, upon inquiry, assess a fine, and order the payment within eight days, during which time an appeal may be had to the civil authority. Our system,

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\* Mr. Philbrick's First Report, p. 45.

if less complicated, is much less considerate. "I believe," says Officer Cole of Boston, "in using all other means to reform truants before bringing them before the court; my experience has been, that a judicious use of the lock-up is one of the most effectual methods of checking truancy." \*

Even if he must come to sentence and an imprisonment, the child should not be sent invariably to a House of Reformation. "What we want," says the School Committee of Concord, "is a home, a farm-school, which shall inflict no stigma on the character, and where there are no older sinners to teach every vile habit, and where unruly youth can be sent to receive a wise and saving discipline." † This is an admirable suggestion, and one that might be pushed further, so as to propose the treatment of truants in families rather than in any schools or institutions. In our day, at the university, the student corresponding to the school truant was liable to be rusticated; but, instead of going into purgatory with others, he went alone, under the guidance of some angelic Alumnus, who would read Juvenal with him, and refit him for the academic sphere. If the truant cannot expect so soft a fall as this, it need not be so hard as to cripple him for life. At all events, he should not be thrown in among others worse than himself, or even as bad as himself, unless his punishment is the first object and his reformation the second. No straggler gets back to his regiment by being incorporated with a mass of other men as much out of line as he is. Moreover, the child, once placed under restraint, should be allowed, we think, to shorten his term by good behavior. A scale of marks, like those of the Irish prisons, would be a ready means of proving his disposition; and if it were favorable, he should be encouraged by the hope of earning a release within the period for which he was sentenced. It ought to be his effort, as well as the effort of those who have him in charge, to obtain his restoration to school; just as it should be the purpose, in punishing any offence, to restore the offender to the place where he belongs, and not to cut him off from it for life.

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\* Mr. Philbrick's Second Report, p. 39.

† Thirteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education (Mass.), School Committees' Reports, p. 72.

Compulsory education has its opponents everywhere. They dwell upon the rights of the father, insisting that to compel him to send his child to school is to break up his authority as the head of his family, and therefore to break up the family itself, and thus destroy the corner-stone of society. They pronounce the system contrary to free institutions, a violation of the *laissez-faire* principle which is their essence, a substitution of force for reason, which is their safeguard, and, as M. Guizot writes in explanation of his not adopting it during his Ministry of Public Instruction, one of "those rules which bear the mark of the convent or the barrack." \* They declare it to have been the creature of centralization, as of Sparta in ancient times or of Louis XIV. in modern times, and that to adopt it, where the individual is not already swallowed up in the state, will insure his being speedily devoured. Many of these points were made at a session of the International Social Science Congress, consisting of delegates from all parts of Europe, and meeting at London in 1862. The majority of the Congress decided against compulsory education.

Against this decision may be set that of another Congress, the International Workingmen's, assembled a few months ago at Lausanne. Representing the class which suffers, if any does, from the infraction of parental and popular rights involved, as is said, in compulsory education, the Congress, after a discussion of considerable heat, committed itself to the system with but one reservation, that the education should be national, not denominational. It is a long step forward towards the general establishment of the system when such a body declares in its favor; for should their constituents follow their lead, the ground of opposition would be gone. The late gathering of the British Social Science Association at Belfast took up the question, and, if we are rightly informed, generally approved the arguments in behalf of compulsory education. Such we may judge to be the current of opinion among the educated still more than among the uneducated classes of Europe. Whether there is any opinion among ourselves strong enough to create a prevailing current in the same direction is doubtful; the popular prepossessions against it are

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\* *Mém. pour Servir à l'Hist. de Mon Temps*, Tome III. p. 61.

very evident. As for the history of the system, on which its opponents rely a good deal, the facts are on the side of its advocates. It began in Europe with the Reformation; in America, thirty-five years after the English occupation, with the first Colony whose charter gave power to introduce it; on both sides the ocean, therefore, it is associated with the growth of liberty. One of the blows dealt against the ancient *régime* by the French Revolution was the establishment of compulsory education; and though the sweep of the Revolution may have been but a *déluge de mots*, as it has been called, its surges show what was thought liberal by those to whom liberalism was a matter of life and death. Its liberal character is still more fully supported by the recent development of the system in Massachusetts, where centralization and its train are not supposed to be making much headway. The child, it is to be further noted, has his rights, and, as far as they relate to education, the system of compulsion protects them. The father has his duties, and, as far as they relate to education, the system enforces them. To enforce the father's duties is not, we take it, to invade his rights, not to undermine the family, not to undermine society, not, in fine, to bring about any of the evils conjured up by the opponents of compulsory education. On the contrary, it would seem that the system, instead of being an assault upon the individual, or upon the family, or upon society, is, to the extent of its influence, a defence of all the three.\*

All education is a development, an opening through the ignorances and errors that lie between us and the life before us. It begins within, but works outwardly, and leads us forth from encompassing obstructions to broader ground and clearer skies. Compulsory education does the same, in breaking a way for children or for classes whose training is obstructed, and setting them fast in the direction of light and truth.

SAMUEL ELIOT.

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\* Mr. Fraser (p. 41, note) quotes from the report of the Superintendent of Connecticut Schools as follows: "It is a question . . . whether the safety of the State and the best interests of society do not require that some measures shall be adopted which shall insure the attendance of all of school age not justifiably absent. The services of the older children may be of some value to the parent or employer now, but it is not a wise arrangement, or one just to the child or the State, which robs one of his birthright under a free, intelligent government, or the other of the power, security, and wealth which educated minds bring."

- ART. VI.—1. *Progress of the Working Class. 1832–1867.* By J. M. LUDLOW and LLOYD JONES. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.
2. *Les Associations Ouvrières de Consommation, de Crédit, et de Production en Angleterre, en Allemagne, et en France.* Par EUGÈNE VERON. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1865.
3. *Le Mouvement Coopératif à Lyon, et dans le Midi de la France.* Par EUGÈNE FLOTARD. Paris: Librairie des Sciences Sociales. Noirot et Cie. 1867.
4. *Les Sociétés Coopératives en Allemagne, et le Projet de loi Français.* Par FRÉDÉRIC REITLINGER. Paris: E. Dentu. 1867.
5. *Le Mouvement Coopératif International. Étude Théorique et Pratique sur les Différentes Formes de l'Association.* Par EUGÈNE PELLETIER. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1867.
6. *Co-operative Stores. Their History, Organization, and Management; based on the recent German Work of EUGENE RICHTER. Specially adapted for Use in the United States.* New York: Leypoldt and Holt. 1867.
7. *The History of Co-operation in Rochdale.* By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. Sixth Edition. "London Book Store." 1867.
8. *Co-operation in its different Branches. Tracts of Chambers's Social Science Series.* London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. 1861.
9. *Trades Unions and the Commission thereon.* By HENRY D. LE MARCHANT, Barrister at Law. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.
10. *The Co-operator: a Fortnightly Record of Co-operative Progress by Workingmen.* London: F. Pitman. 1867.
11. *The Friendly Societies' Journal and Co-operative Guide.* Published Monthly. London: James Horsey. 1867.
12. *La Cooperation. Journal du Progrès Social.* Paris: Abel Davaud. 1867.

THE press, in England, France, and Germany, has during the past seven years teemed with books and pamphlets upon the co-operative movement. It has been treated from nearly every point of view by lecturers and writers on political

economy. It has in each of these countries periodical publications of its own, entirely devoted to reports and explanations of its working, and to the elucidation of its principles. It has, moreover, engaged the attention of a large body of reformers who are not specially connected with the working classes. It has excited amongst them an amount of interest such as no other movement of modern times has called forth, and with their assistance and encouragement it is effecting a social revolution of the first magnitude. There were in Great Britain, at the end of the year 1866, seven hundred co-operative societies of one sort or other, containing nearly two hundred thousand members. During the same year the amount received on shares by these societies was upwards of \$3,000,000, while the total amount invested in them since the beginning of their operations is estimated at \$6,700,000. These sums are of course in gold. It must be borne in mind, too, that the returns made to the Registrar of Friendly Societies are somewhat imperfect. Numbers of small associations exist all over the country, which, through ignorance or carelessness, make no return at all, so that the above estimate is certainly below the mark. In Germany, where the movement has shown itself mainly in the establishment of co-operative banks, there is a Central Bureau, forming a sort of federal head of all the associations throughout the country. From the returns of this office, which are also imperfect, — for the same reason that the English registrar's returns are imperfect, — we learn that there were, at the close of 1865, over one thousand associations known to be in existence. Of these five hundred and fifteen had made formal returns to the bureau, showing the number of members to be one hundred and seventy-three thousand five hundred and eleven; the total amount of capital owned by them, \$3,750,000; while that held by them on deposit or as loans was no less than \$13,811,559. It must be remembered that these are only the co-operative banks. There are no accurate returns of the others, which are of all sorts, but they are supposed to number about three hundred and fifty. Of these about two hundred are co-operative stores, containing about thirty-nine thousand members. We doubt if any full returns of the French societies are to be had. The movement in France is still in its

infancy, owing to difficulties to be mentioned hereafter. We learn, however, of about forty societies in Paris, and perhaps nearly a hundred in the Southern departments, mostly associations of producers, and their number is increasing, and is likely to increase still more rapidly when they have been placed on a sound basis before the law.

Of course, all that has as yet been done is but very little compared to what has still to be done; but enough has been accomplished to prove the principle of the movement a sound one, and to make its success, in raising the great body of the working classes from the condition of hirelings into that of independent producers, at least very probable. It is difficult, therefore, considering the interest which the condition of this class has been exciting during the last twenty years, considering the deep disturbance in the relations of labor and capital which its growing discontent has been creating, to account for the ignorance about co-operation or indifference to it which prevails in all other classes of society. By many it is still regarded as an offshoot of communism, or phalansterism, hostile to property and therefore dangerous to civilization; by others, simply as an expression of political discontent, part of a great levelling process which will end in something very destructive, they cannot exactly say what. There are very intelligent men amongst ourselves, such as Mr. Wade of Ohio, who look on it as a wild invention of Horace Greeley's. For the most part, however, it is little known. It may be good or bad, permanent or transient, but only very few know anything about it,—very few even of those on whom what has been happily called the "enthusiasm of humanity" has taken strongest hold,—who are most afflicted by the spectacle of human misery.

The causes of this ignorance or indifference, on the part of persons interested in social reforms, are of course various. The great cause we take to be the prevalence and strength of the idea that what may be called the *régime* of wages, that is, the dissociation of labor from capital, is a fundamental principle of the social organization; that, as a general rule, the owners of capital and the owners of labor must form two separate and distinct classes. Of course, it is readily admitted

that there are exceptions to this rule, but only in the case of operations on a small scale; the small farmer and the artisan working himself for customers are familiar illustrations of the combination of the capitalist and laborer in the same person; but what is said is, that the moment you attempt to carry on operations on a great scale, to use more capital in your business than you yourself can work, the division begins; the laborer falls into the rank of the hired man, and the owner of the capital assumes the position of employer and superintendent. Out of this position, too, there is, according to the received theory, no road for the laborer. Considering what his wages must be, the most he can hope to save from them is a provision for sickness or old age; considering what his facilities for education are, the highest degree of mental culture he can expect to reach is one which will keep him out of the grog-shop, and cause him to appreciate the society of his wife and family in the evening. This theory is, in the main, as so many other social theories are, the product of an association of ideas. Those who possessed most brute power, or most of the knowledge which dominates brute power, were the first capitalists, and naturally assumed the task of superintendence. The ignorant or weak man naturally became the laborer. From long familiarity with this state of things, the doctrine gradually grew up that the bulk of workers were born to be hired and serve, while a small and select few were born to hire and superintend them; and, as is usual, a code of morality was framed to support this doctrine, and was blindly accepted. In this code the employer assumed the rank, not simply of a social, but also of a moral superior, with no duty towards his *employés* but that of mercy and consideration; the employed assumed the position of a moral inferior, whose whole faculties of mind and body were due to his employer, and who was living his highest life when he was serving him to the full extent of his ability, both physical and mental. It was this code which produced the faithful retainers and servants and apprentices so common down to the last century, and over whose almost total disappearance we hear and read so many lamentations.

Under this code there prevailed, all over the civilized world,

down to the French Revolution, the most frightful misery amongst the laboring classes, but the laboring classes were nearly all in the country. The towns were small, and peopled by guilds or close corporations of artisans, which only admitted new members after they had passed through a long and elaborate system of education, and which of course kept their numbers small and their earnings high. Over the face of the country the peasants toiled, either in an open or virtual serfdom to the great landed proprietors, or wandered about as vagabonds or beggars, which, owing to the absence of police and defectiveness of means of communication, they were enabled to do with impunity. But the discontent of a country population has rarely proved formidable. Peasants have always been too scattered, too little used to unity of action, and too slow-minded, to initiate any reform in their own condition, or to make these sufferings a source of serious danger to the state. In spite of the horrible misery of the French peasantry from the fourteenth century to the Revolution, they exercised little influence on the government, and the final outburst which overturned it came from the population of the great towns, who had least to complain of. The application of steam to manufactures and locomotion, at the beginning of the present century, by creating a demand for labor in the great towns, and at the same time enabling the laborers to meet it, first gave the physical and moral condition of the working classes real importance in the eyes of those above them. The misery of men in masses — their squalor, their vices, their passions — are always revolting or alarming. Moreover, when laborers became crowded together, they rapidly acquired unity of feeling, the habit of discussing, of grumbling in concert, and developed that quickness of mind which most strongly distinguishes the artisan from the agricultural laborer. We accordingly find that the condition of the working classes, as a great political and social problem, first began to occupy the attention of the upper classes and of governments contemporaneously with the development of the cotton and woollen manufactures. There was plenty of charity before then towards individual cases of suffering, but the idea that the working classes as such were entitled to special care and

attention, and that the amelioration of their condition was a matter of political concern, if it existed at all before the growth of what are called the "great centres of industry," was confined to individual philanthropists. Moreover, it was not before the working classes became massed together that they became fully sensible of their own social degradation, and showed any disposition to engage themselves in a positive and united effort for its amelioration. The great factories and workshops then became centres of agitation, in which all the circumstances of the workingman's condition, and of his relations to the rest of society, and the possibility of improvement, were canvassed day by day, — at first, no doubt, with a very small amount of either knowledge or discretion, but always with great and increasing acuteness, and increasing indisposition to accept the social theories of the classes above them.

One of the first objects of their distrust and hostility was the current politico-economical theory of the nature of wages. Wages will be found defined in all the books as the workingman's share of the product of labor and capital, which is quite correct. It will also be found laid down that the amount of this share is to be ascertained by the law of supply and demand; that is, that if there be an abundance of capital seeking profit, and little labor seeking employment, labor will be high; so also that if there be little capital and much labor, although profits may be high, the laborer's share of them will be small. It would require a treatise in itself to set forth in full the causes of the workingman's dissatisfaction with this theory. We must confine ourselves to saying that, in practice, the ignorance and poverty of the owners of labor have been found to be, in most countries, so great as to deprive the hiring of laborers by capitalists of the essential features of a contract. In practice, labor has not been a commodity, sold like any other commodity in open market for a price fixed by general competition. The laborer, standing alone, has been too miserable to wait in order to test the accuracy of the capitalist's bid. Moreover, the quantity of labor in the market has always been artificially swelled by the laborer's ignorance, which confined him to one place, while the capitalist has generally been able

to rove freely in search of hands ; so that the price of labor in any one locality has rarely been an exact indication of the proportion borne by the whole capital of a country to the whole of its labor.

Moreover, the workingman very soon discovered that another very important proposition of the economists, "that the interests of labor and capital are identical," although laid down in the books as absolute, is in practice subject to one important modification. The interests of labor and capital *are* identical, but only in the long run. They are *not* identical in any given week or month or year, and this to the workingman is the important point. Laborers and capitalists are both paid out of profits, but in many of the most important branches of business, in all businesses, in fact, requiring large buildings and expensive and complicated machinery, capital may for two or three years at a time secure an enormous increase of profits, without making any addition to the wages of the laborer. How this may occur hardly needs illustration ; but still, as it is not an obvious, and certainly not the received view of the matter, we may mention that, as industrial operations are now carried on, capital does not rush into a business readily, under the stimulus of high profits. Mills, forges, and manufactories of all kinds take time and consideration, and considerable certainty as to the future, for their construction. Therefore, under the influence of crises like the late war, or a sudden and pressing demand for goods, for any cause, many of the greatest employers of labor might make enormous profits for a limited period, with complete immunity against competition ; and in these increased profits the laborer would have no share, as the demand for labor would not undergo any sensible increase. Therefore, the interests of labor and capital are not always identical. On any given day or week or month, it is the interest of the capitalist to get labor for as little as possible. In the end this would, no doubt, be good for the laborer, as it would increase the amount of capital available for the employment of labor ; but the effect of this increase in raising wages might not be felt for years ; in certain contingencies it might never be felt.

Of course, if the laborer could wait and hold out, as other dealers do, he would inevitably force the capitalist in the end to pay

him the price which the state of the market and the amount of his profits justified ; but he cannot hold out. He may know that his employer is making one hundred per cent on capital, while paying him as if he were making only ten per cent ; and he may feel that abstract justice, as well as a prudent regard for his own future and that of his family, demand that he should insist on having a share in this sudden prosperity ; but he cannot insist on it. If he ask for it, and support his demand by a refusal to work, he runs the risk of starving and seeing his children starve.

It is this inability of the individual laborer to bargain with the capitalist on equal terms which has led to the formation of the Trades Unions. The Trades Unions — a combination of great bodies of laborers, acting in concert — have in reality put the laborer and capitalist for the first time on equal terms, economically considered. We are not now defending or eulogizing these organizations. Many of their effects on trade and on the character of the working classes are most pernicious ; but they have rendered, and are rendering, to the working classes one essential service, — by enabling them for the first time in their history to contract with the masters as free agents, and on equal terms, and therefore to force the masters to base the rate of wages on profits, and not on the laborer's ignorance or necessities. They are, in fact, slowly converting the practice of at once proportioning wages to profits into an established usage, and they answer all objections to the legitimacy of this process, economically considered, by pointing to the example of clergymen, lawyers, brokers, and divers other professions, in which the rate of wages is determined by usage and not by competition.

There is, however, diffused through the working classes a repugnance, which we wish were more deeply seated, — though we have little doubt that it is increasing in intensity, — to the whole system of payment by wages, that is, by a fixed sum per day. We will give first the workingman's objection to it, and then we will give our own. The workingman's objection we gather from the expressions of the opinion of the workmen in France, where this objection is stronger and has found a wider expression in literature, and where it has been more vigorously

combated by economists than it has been in either England or America. It is this: that the receipt of wages, however legitimate a mode of sharing in profits it may be, is regarded by the world as a badge of dependence, of social and moral inferiority. It is not looked upon in any country as simply the portion of the results of production, due to one of the two great agents in production. The hired *employé* is not simply a man who has contracted to furnish a certain amount of labor for a certain sum of money. He is a servant, in the old sense of the word, — a person who has surrendered a certain portion of his social independence, who has become dependent for his comfort, or even, to use the popular phrase, “for his bread and butter,” on another person’s approval. He does not stand to his employer even in the relation of a dealer to a customer: he stands in the relation of an inferior to a superior. It is not the workingmen only who think so: the employers think so; society thinks so. Nor can it be said that the workingman’s inferiority in the social scale to his employer is due to difference in habits, manners, and education. The distinction between the employer and employed runs through every walk of life. It divides the merchant from his clerks, just as sharply as it divides the factory owner from “his hands.” In truth, the recognition of the fact that there is a certain stigma attaching to the receipt of a salary in payment for labor, except from governments or associations, finds popular recognition in the almost universal anxiety of young men to get “into business for themselves,” as it is called, even if they are sure to be no better off pecuniarily than when working for others. This feeling is no doubt largely conventional, but that it has a certain basis in nature might, we believe, be easily shown. The anxiety of the working classes to escape from the wages system, especially in countries such as France, in which, while the feeling of human equality and of personal dignity are highly developed, social position is still largely determined by the nature of a man’s occupation, is therefore readily understood. That this feeling is not stronger in England may be accounted for by the fact that class distinctions are there still accepted to a great degree as part of the natural order of society; and that it is not stronger in this country is probably due to the absence

of class distinctions, to the facility with which various happy circumstances enable men to pass from the ranks of employed into those of the employers, and to the almost complete absence of connection, except perhaps in the large cities, between social position and occupation.

The objections which ordinary social and political inquirers may naturally feel to the subjection of so large a portion of the population of every civilized country as now live under it to the *régime* of wages are very similar to those which may be alleged against the exclusion of a large proportion of the population from participation in the work of government. Whatever circumstance in a man's life narrows the circle of his interest and observation has undoubtedly a dwarfing and deteriorating influence on his character, and hinders his mental and moral development; and there could scarcely be any surer mode, consistent with his personal freedom, of narrowing the circle of a man's interest and observation, than condemning him to live from year to year, as the working classes live, by weekly wages. In the first place, wages are hardly ever large enough to make it possible for a workingman, especially if married, to look forward to any material improvement in his condition through saving. That the working classes do save largely in the aggregate, savings-bank statistics show, but they do not save, on the whole, more than enough to provide for sickness, or death, or seasons of business depression. No great and general change in the condition of the working classes can be looked for from this source, at the present rate of interest on money. The utmost that wages do for the working classes in any country at present is to enable them, with great sobriety, economy, and self-restraint, to live with decency. Now, hopelessness as to the possibility of effecting any great change in one's condition through saving is well known to be one of the greatest promoters of extravagance; and the working class are, on the whole, reckless and extravagant in their use of money. Much of this is, no doubt, due to want of moral and mental training; but the greater part of their improvidence, I think, is due to the comparative fruitlessness of saving. Men would be more than human if the prospect of having a hundred dollars

in the savings bank, at a low rate of interest, as the result of ten years of scrimping and screwing, acted as a powerful motive to economy.

In the second place, the motives by which the life of a man working for wages are generally governed are in themselves in the highest degree belittling and debasing. They are, first, the desire of giving the least possible amount of work for the largest possible amount of money; and this leads of course to the most demoralizing of all habits, the habit of intentional idleness, of intentional slurring over work, and intentional imperfection in the performance of work, of deliberate suppression of all natural pride in skill and strength and industry. We fear that the influence of the Trades Unions in cultivating this habit of mind is deplorably great. Secondly, the fear of offending his employer, an individual for whom he has no moral respect, and whose approval he covets simply for its pecuniary value, and which, therefore, is an insufficient inducement to doing one's best. It is, however, no longer of great importance to the members of Trades Unions to stand well with their employers, so that one great source of deception and hypocrisy, of shamming; in short, is removed. On the other hand, under the action of the Trades Unions, no motive whatever to the display of extraordinary skill and diligence is left. The evil effects of this, if co-operation be not speedily brought about, it would be difficult to exaggerate.

There is one other objection to the wages system, which we have reserved to the last, because we consider it, on the whole, the weightiest. Industry — by which we mean the work of producing and exchanging — has come to occupy a very large portion of modern life. It is absorbing the greater portion of the energies of every civilized nation, and is affecting national character and national progress to a degree of which people a hundred years ago never dreamed. It is conducted on an enormous scale; the operations of great manufacturers and great merchants now cover the whole earth; and on the principles on which these operations are conducted the happiness and progress of the masses are in a great degree — every day in a greater degree — dependent. The great commercial problems of our time require for their solution an amount of judgment,

foresight, grasp, and comprehension of details, such as only statesmen in the last century were called upon to display. The laws of trade may, as feudal usages and traditions lose their power, be said to be the laws of modern society. Now, to have the larger portion of the population of every country, as the working classes now are, prevented by the circumstances of their lives from taking any interest in, or attempting the solution of, the problems presented by these laws cannot but be regarded as a great loss and misfortune.

Until the working classes take an intelligent and active part, that is, participate with their heads as well as their hands, in the industrial operations of the day, our social condition must be pronounced unsound. No amount of book-learning they can possibly acquire can complete their social training. In industry as in politics, practical acquaintance with its workings, and the habit of solving its difficulties, are essential to a correct understanding of it. Non-electors are generally poor politicians, and are apt to have few of the qualities which make a man an intelligent citizen; so also hired men are apt to be very indifferent "business men," and have a very vague conception of the course of conduct which will best promote their interests, and of the remote consequences of their acts, and of the relations of their interests to those of society. You may deliver lectures on political economy to the working classes as much as you please: they will perhaps listen to you, but they will always either misunderstand you or distrust you, till they have themselves had practical experience of its working; and this they cannot have as long as their part in life consists simply in spending a certain number of hours every day in a factory, as a means of drawing a fixed sum of money at the end of every week. At present the great industrial operations in which they physically participate are directed by the great employers of labor; and although the workman's bread is dependent on the master's prudence and ability, he knows nothing about either one or other; and when the master's recklessness or dishonesty bring on a financial crash, the working classes, on whom the heaviest burden of the woe falls, meet their fate in blind and helpless ignorance of its causes. They learn no lesson from it, and when they begin over again they have neither the

knowledge nor power to prevent a repetition of the catastrophe. Nobody can consider this a healthy condition of society. Modern society will never be sound until the heads as well as hands of all its members are engaged in its operations and laboring for its prosperity, until all the springs of human activity are brought into play for its benefit.

The manner in which workingmen secure an increase in their wages seems to us very much more important than the increase itself, for it is lamentably true that high wages are not always, not even generally, accompanied or followed by great economy or sobriety or industry. In other words, morality and self-restraint do not increase in the ratio of wages. It is found in England, in fact, that drunkenness, with all its attendant misery, is more prevalent in the more highly paid trades than in the lower. The English iron-puddlers, who are amongst the most highly paid, are greatly given to drink, and live in squalor. Mr. Chadwick, in a paper read two years ago before the English Social Science Association, mentioned the case of a coal-dealer near Manchester, who refused to give credit to any man who earned more than twenty-four shillings a week, because he found from experience that if he did he never got paid. We ought to add, however, that competent observers testify that, generally, the trades in which drunkenness is most prevalent are those in which the labor is most exhausting. Still, it is nevertheless true that character does not depend on the rate of wages. In other words, the important question for reformers is, not whether workingmen cannot obtain more money, but whether they cannot obtain more money in a better way,—in a way which will bring more of their faculties into exercise, and supply them with a higher class of motives of conduct than those by which they are now animated. This question the co-operative movement seems likely to solve, and we know of nothing else that seems likely to do so. We should be sorry to depreciate, or appear to depreciate, the power of even that amount of school education the man who has to work for a living with his hands can expect to receive; but I do not believe that it can ever, until science has done vastly more than it has yet done to lighten his labors, do very much for him, apart

from practical acquaintance with the business of life. This he has not got, and, as a hired man, he cannot get. The Trades Unions, by giving him affairs to manage, by giving him practice in organization, by making him familiar with the difficulties which human nature, human prejudices, human weaknesses, social traditions, throw in the way of the practical realization of social theories, have done much towards making him what is called a "business man," but very little compared with what remains to be done. We all know what a business man is, what are the peculiarities of his character and of his faculties; and although the predominance of his peculiarities is not to be considered a desirable thing in a community, it is safe to say that no sound progress is possible in any community in which these qualities are not generally diffused. If they are confined to the capitalist class, there must always be an enormous deal of work left for government to do; and a large portion of it must be ill done, and a large amount of energy wasted in simply keeping ignorance and delusion from working mischief.

The varying shape which the co-operative movement has taken, in the countries in which it may be said to flourish, has been strikingly illustrative either of social and industrial condition or of working-class character, — a fact which lends it a good deal of its interest, and proves its claim to be considered a real social revolution. In Germany, for instance, where it has reached, as we have already mentioned, enormous dimensions, manufacturing industry cannot as yet be said to be conducted on a great scale. There are few great industrial cities, such as are found in France and England and this country, in which capital and labor are both concentrated, and in which the working classes are to be found in masses. The workmen there, instead of being crowded in great factories and workshops, do most of their work in their own homes. Traces of the guild system, too, still exist amongst them, doing much to repress enterprise and initiative. Accordingly, as might have been expected *a priori*, if what we have said as to the influence of the great manufacturing towns in developing the mental activity of the workmen be true, the co-operative movement in Germany has not come from the workmen. It has originated, not below, but above. It may be said to owe its existence

in the main to one man, a member of the middle class, a Prussian magistrate, M. Schultze-Delitsch. His interest in the working classes, previous to 1848, exposed him to the suspicion of the government after the outbreak of that unfortunate year, and he was relegated to a remote post on the borders of Russia, where, however, his humane enterprise did not flag. He soon after resigned his office, and has ever since devoted his whole life and whole energies to the diffusion of co-operative banks, with a patience, a perseverance, an enthusiasm, and at the same time a comprehension of the nature of the difficulties with which he had to contend, which have had few if any parallels in the history of philanthropy. At the outset of his labors, too, he had to contend with an adversary (M. Lasalle) whose zeal was as great as his own, and whose eloquence was greater, and who presented himself to the workingman armed with the most specious and dangerous of all doctrines,—a doctrine, too, which workingmen in all countries, in the present state of their economical knowledge, find very attractive,—that improvement in their condition must be worked by the state; and that, if they need credit, the government ought to supply it. The debates between the two adversaries were long, and the result often doubtful. M. Lasalle showed easily that government loans would come at once; that the growth of co-operative banks would necessarily be slow, their establishment would exact long and painful sacrifices, and their success be doubtful. All this M. Schultze-Delitsch could not deny; all he could say was, that co-operative banks would be the workmen's own; and that in establishing them they would cultivate the virtues of prudence, order, self-denial, and self-reliance; and, to the honor of human nature be it said, he carried the day. M. Lasalle was beaten out of the field. All claim to, or expectation of, government assistance was given up; the co-operative banks spread, and have proved a splendid success; and there is not one of them which is not the result of the voluntary saving. A year ago, the workingmen of the various associations raised in Germany a large sum (\$20,000) by subscription, and presented it to M. Schultze, in testimony of their gratitude and esteem. He retained \$5,000 for the purchase of a small country place, and handed

the rest over to the associations, to be expended for the common recreation or improvement of the members.

The Schultze-Delitsch system is based on the theory, which the facts in Germany justified, that what the workingman most needs is credit,—some means of getting money to provide himself with tools and materials, or to pay his rent, or to carry him over periods of sickness, without forcing him to sell his goods, when the only security he had to offer was what no other moneyed institutions in existence would accept,—his character. The capital stock was to be made up in part by the savings of members of the association, partly by loans from the general public. In other words, the aim of this system is to supply individual workmen with capital.

The process as actually in operation is this: Every member is obliged to make a certain weekly payment into the common stock. As soon as it reaches a certain sum, he is allowed to raise a loan, exceeding his share in the inverse ratio of the amount of his deposit. For instance, after he has deposited one dollar, he is allowed to borrow five or six; but if he had deposited twenty dollars, he is allowed only to borrow thirty. The security he is compelled to offer is his own and that of two other members of the association, who become jointly and severally liable. He may have no assets whatever beyond the amount of his deposits, nor may his guarantors; the bank relies simply on the character of the three, and the two securities rely on the character of their principal; and the remarkable fact is, that the security has been found sufficient, that the interest of the men in the institutions, and the fear of the opinion of their fellows, has produced a display of honesty and punctuality such as perhaps is not to be found in the history of any other banking institutions. Such is the confidence inspired by these institutions, that they hold on deposit or as loans from third parties an amount exceeding by more than three fourths the total amount of their own capital. The monthly contribution of the members may be as low as ten cents; but the amount which each member is allowed to have in some banks is not more than seven or eight dollars, in none more than three hundred dollars. He has a right to borrow to the full amount of his deposit, without giving

security ; if he desires to borrow a larger sum, he must furnish security in the manner we have described. The liability of the members is unlimited. The plan of limiting the liability to the amount of the capital deposited was tried at first ; but it inspired no confidence, and the enterprise did not succeed till every member was made generally liable. Each member on entering is obliged to pay a small fee, which goes towards forming or maintaining a reserve fund, apart from the active capital. The profits are derived from the interest paid by borrowers, which amounts to from eight to ten per cent, — which may not sound very large in our ears, but in Germany is very high. Not over five per cent is paid on capital borrowed from outsiders. All profits are distributed in dividends amongst the members of the association, in the proportion of the amount of their deposits, after the payment of the expenses of management, of course, and the apportionment of a certain percentage to the reserve fund. Every member, as we have said, has a right to borrow to the extent of his deposit without security ; but then if he seeks to borrow more, whether he shall obtain any loan, and if so, how large a one, is decided by the board of management, who are guided in making their decision, just as all bank officers are, by a consideration of the circumstances of the bank as well as of those of the borrower. All the affairs of the association are discussed and decided in the last resort by a general assembly composed of all the members.

In France, the condition of industry, and of the workingman's mind, has given a different character to the origin of the movement. The French workman frets under what he considers the social degradation of the wages system, and he is full of fraternal feeling. He feels deeply for his class, is ready to sacrifice himself for it with enthusiasm, and is ruled by ideas to a degree unknown in any other country. Before 1848 he was a Communist, but a political communist ; he expected his regeneration to come from the government, and was convinced that it was the duty of the state to find work for all who needed it, exacting from each, according to the received formula of the sect, according to his capacity, and giving him according to his wants. The failure of Louis

Blanc's national workshops in 1848 was a cruel blow to thousands, but it served the purpose of a lesson, and it proved an invaluable lesson. It utterly destroyed the workingman's reliance on the state, and taught him that, if he was to quit the condition of a hireling at all, it must be through his own exertions. A large number of co-operative associations were formed during the first year of the Republic, and a sum of three millions of francs was voted by the Constituent Assembly to start them in business; but it is a remarkable fact that not one of them succeeded. The state aid acted like a curse to them; and there is not a single association now in existence which did not originate in the combination of a few poor and friendless men, with capital created by contributions of a few francs each, and which was not upheld through weary months, and often through weary years, at the cost almost of starvation to its members. There was one very successful co-operative store in operation at Lyons, at the time of the *coup d'état* in 1851; but all associations of workingmen after that event excited the suspicion of the government, and this one, the first and most successful of its kind, was summarily suppressed by General Castellane, then in command of the district. A touching letter of remonstrance, forwarded to him by the association, was returned to the writers unopened, and he refused to receive a deputation which waited for some days at his head-quarters. After the dictatorial fever had subsided, it was enabled to resume operations; and several co-operative stores are now in operation in the South of France, and are generally successful. But the co-operative stores do not seem to have spread widely in France as yet. The co-operative store is, after all, only a means of enabling the workingman to save from his wages. The French workman wants to get rid of wages altogether,—to be his own master, and to change completely the social status of the class to which he belongs. Consequently, the majority of the French societies are, and have been from the outset, manufacturing associations. Nobody who follows their history can avoid seeing that, as might have been expected on *a priori* grounds, the great difficulty of all the associations is the difficulty of management. In order to insure success, there has to be at

the head of affairs a shrewd and capable man of business, and he has to be supported by members with more or less business experience. Now the business of production is the most difficult kind of business. Raw materials have to be bought at the lowest price, worked up with economy, and sold at the right time, in order to keep the concern agoing; and this requires a combination of qualities which are as yet not readily found amongst workingmen.

The opening of co-operative stores, as the form of co-operation needing least business skill and experience, is what the shrewder friends of the movement have, ever since the success of the now famous Rochdale Pioneers, recommended as the most desirable form to commence with. The risk is small, the sphere of operations limited, and, beyond accuracy in keeping accounts, few qualities are needed which members of the working classes do not possess in abundance. The members of most of the successful producing associations now in existence in England received their training in the management of co-operative stores started simply for the purpose of supplying cheap and good provisions to the members. But it was not because they were considered likely to furnish experience for higher and more complicated operations that these stores were first established in England. The real reason, we take it, was that the English workingman is more sober-minded, more practical, more prosaic, less influenced by ideas, less possessed by "the enthusiasm of humanity," than the Frenchman. The English began with stores, because it was the easiest thing to do, and because they wanted cheap flour and bacon; the success of the principle, and its capabilities as since revealed, have probably astonished nobody so much as the pioneers themselves. But the results have been magnificent; and the experience of the English co-operators proves, we think conclusively, that, as a general rule, the proper and only sure path of progress is from co-operation for consumption to co-operation for production. The virtues needed for the vast and complicated work of production and distribution are best acquired in this way; and as soon as the workingmen have shown the power, as they have both in England and Germany, of creating capital by their savings, and using it in suc-

cessful competition in nearly every field of manufacturing industry, there is nothing for which they may not co-operate. There are now in these two countries co-operative lecture and music halls, gymnasiums, libraries, gardens; and, in fact, there is hardly any comfort or luxury enjoyed by the wealthier classes which co-operation is not rapidly placing within the reach of workingmen. The movement, too, is spreading with great rapidity, but, as might be expected, somewhat more rapidly than the intelligence or self-restraint of the working classes will justify. A large number of associations are every year formed which do not last over a few months. The hearts of the projectors or their organizing power fail them, and the enterprise dies.

Of co-operation in America we are sorry to have little to say. In fact, the co-operative movement can hardly be said to exist here, although there is plenty of discontent amongst the working classes. There are one or two associations for production in New York, but they are in an inchoate condition. There is, we believe, a very successful Hatters' Association in Newark, New Jersey, but they keep their affairs to themselves, and seem to be in no way anxious for the diffusion of the movement. The same thing may be said of the Associated Founders in Troy. The system has made little progress in the West. Some general conclusions which may be drawn from the history of the co-operative movement in Europe will throw some light both on the cause of its tardy growth in this country and on its future.

The first thought of discontented workmen in all countries is, that the remedy for their grievances must be found in legislation, that the state must mend their condition. Therefore the first thing they do when they get discontented is to agitate for government interference, either by shortening their hours of labor, or by fixing a minimum of wages, or by lending them capital to go into business on their own account. The English workmen passed through this phase in the Chartist agitation of 1848 and the ten preceding years; the French, in the Communist movement of the same period. The German workmen escaped it, mainly owing to the fact, already mentioned, that their first attempt at co-operation did not originate

with themselves, but with a wise and enlightened member of the middle class, under whose guidance they happily continued to act. We see the counterpart of all this in the eight-hour agitation here, and in the wild talk indulged in at what are called Labor Congresses.

The next stage is the Trades Unions. The great body of the workmen in England and here are still in this stage. This is a form of co-operation, but it is co-operation for intimidation and coercion; and, although some of these combinations are conducted with great skill, and, considering their power, with great moderation, they have, beyond furnishing the workman with a little experience in co-operation, rendered him only one service,—that of enabling him to bargain with his employer on equal terms; but they have produced, and are producing, evils which far more than counterbalance their services. If we did not believe that they, too, are only a passing phase of working-class progress, and will disappear before the increase of knowledge and self-restraint, we should regard their existence as a great misfortune, as one of the most ingenious means of debasing the workman's character ever invented. They unquestionably promote insubordination, want of punctuality, sluggishness, and indifference, and systematically repress excellence and ambition. We do not believe they will last very long in their present form: but it is to them that the thoughts of the American workman are now turned; and as long as he is satisfied—as we trust he will not continue to be—with simply getting high wages for little and bad work, he will not look elsewhere. He will probably, however, find out soon that the abuse of the Trades Unions, by lessening production, lessens wages.

The small amount of interest in the general diffusion and progress of the movement displayed by the few co-operative associations now in existence is doubtless due, in great measure, to the small amount of class feeling which exists in this country. There is little or none of that sense of isolation from the rest of the community which pervades the working classes in Europe, and which, as it were, forces them into harmony, and infuses into them a veritable *esprit de corps*, and a veritable loyalty to their class as a class. The suc-

cessful Newark hatters, therefore, probably do not in the least look on themselves as pioneers or evangelists. They probably think they are simply a party of citizens who have hit on a good plan of doing business, which they would be very sorry to have widely known; and regard their association as simply a new kind of joint-stock company. This is, however, simply speculation, and we may be doing them injustice. We offer this view as an explanation of a somewhat striking phenomenon; and it derives some support from the fact that there has already appeared among the more successful associations in France and England a strong tendency to capitalist feeling and exclusiveness. The practice of refusing all share in profits to newcomers, and employing them simply as hired workmen at wages, has shown itself in more than one association; but this practice is generally denounced as treason to the order and to the movement, and has in many cases been abandoned.

The movement will spread, we think, in the ratio of the spread of education and sobriety amongst workingmen. A great promoter of intelligence and virtue, it needs, from the start, like republican government, a certain amount of virtue and intelligence to work it. If the progress of the main body should be slow, and the movement should remain where it is at present,—in the hands of the *élite* of the whole body,—there is some danger that its success may prove its ruin; that the growth of the existing associations in wealth and power may convert them simply into money-making corporations, without moral character or moral aims. But we do not fear this very much, although, as we have pointed out, there are some symptoms of it. The spectacle of the success of each association of course exercises an educating influence on those who do not belong to it as well as on those who do.

However, the mass of the capital of the world being in the hands of individuals,—and being, in the nature of things, likely for the present to remain there, let the success of the co-operative movement be what it may,—capitalists will always continue to play a leading part in industry. They will perhaps, in many cases, lend money to co-operators; but the services of a great body of them as superintendents of labor will be too valuable to be dispensed with, and it seems there-

fore likely that "industrial partnerships," as they are called, — that is, the admission of the laborer to a certain share in the employer's profits, either in lieu of fixed wages or in addition to fixed wages, — which have been in many cases tried in England with remarkable success, will spread more rapidly than co-operative associations, and will, for a long time to come, possess attractions for the less enterprising or less economical workmen, such as co-operative associations will be unable to offer. But it is to be observed that the formation of partnerships of this sort will always be much easier and simpler in branches of industry such as mines, in which the labor bears a large proportion to the capital, than in great mills, where the capital invested is enormous, and the amount paid in wages very trifling. But whatever the form which the movement may next take, it is, beyond question, the most important movement of the age.

How to raise the working classes nearer to the level of the rest of the community, in comfort, intelligence, and self-restraint, is now the great problem both of political and social science. As long as it is not solved, nothing is solved, nothing is settled, nothing can be called sure or lasting.

It only remains to notice two objections, which have been recently made to co-operation by economists in this country. We pass by the suggestion that workingmen have not sufficient intelligence and self-restraint either to co-operate amongst themselves or co-operate with their employers by taking a share of profits in lieu of wages. The answer to this is, that the thing has been done, and is now in actual working in so many places that doubts about its possibility, even if based on a hundred failures, are of no more force than doubts about the possibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam, based on the various cases of shipwreck which have occurred since it began. But an idea seems to prevail, and found expression at the recent meeting of the Social Science Association in New York, that co-operation is in some way intended to strike a blow at the principle of competition, and to introduce some new method of determining the rate of wages and price of commodities, and that therefore economists of the strict *laissez-faire* school are justified in pronouncing it visionary. But there could hardly be a greater mistake.

There is nothing, either in the principle on which the co-operative associations are founded or in their practical working, which infringes in the smallest degree on any well-settled economical law. A co-operative association is simply a partnership, in which the partners not only furnish the capital, but the labor. To this there is absolutely no objection whatever to be found in any economical system. It no more involves a repudiation of the principle of competition than the formation of any joint-stock company. Of course, when a certain number of men enter into partnership for the purpose of selling goods or running a stage, instead of each opening a store or running a stage of his own, they give up competition as between themselves, but they do not give it up as regards the rest of the world. The same thing may be said of the co-operative associations. In fact, if co-operative associations are economically unsound, so is every partnership and joint-stock company in existence. Political economy does not require that every individual should compete with every other; it requires simply that each commercial unit, whether that unit be one man or a copartnership or company, shall compete with all the others; or, to speak more correctly, it points this out as the law by which Providence secures the progress of the human race. It is not a law of political economy simply; it is a law of human nature, and the folly of the Communists and Socialists has consisted in the delusion that they could get rid of this law, and substitute one of their own, under which the needful amount of effort would be extracted from the race by simply appealing to the individual interest in the general weal. But no communistic association has ever lived by this theory. Even the Oneida Community, who glory in having everything in common, even wives and children, are very keen traders, and compete with the world outside in the sale of tops and jam, as energetically as any dealer in New York or Boston. Co-operative associations, even if they had absorbed the whole working class and the whole capital of the country, would still be subject to the *régime* of competition. They would have to compete with each other, and their success would depend on the extent to which they could surpass other manufacturers or dealers in skill, industry, and enterprise.

They would still have to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; the good old rule, that the less there is produced the less there will be to divide amongst the producers, would still prevail. What workmen do in co-operating is to endeavor to be as economical, as industrious, as self-reliant, and as fair-minded as possible; and although we may believe that they will not be economical enough, industrious enough, or self-reliant enough for their purpose, we cannot tell them that they are injuring society or violating the laws of political economy in trying to be so.

The other objection is, that the system is not suited to America. One cannot help thinking that this objection has its root in the feeling, so widely spread, and productive of so much mischief, that America is, in some mysterious manner, an exception to all economical rules, and that therefore lessons drawn from the experience of other countries are of no use to it. Much of the twaddle talked in Congress on financial subjects is due to the prevalence of this theory, and so are many of the blunders and abuses which we witness both in legislation and in administration. The economical difference between this country and Europe consists simply in the fact that the laws of political economy have here freer play than in Europe, but they are the same laws in both. Wherever production is the result of labor and capital, and labor a necessity of existence, and property a fundamental institution, and men love to accumulate it and fear to lose it, the laws of political economy remain the same, for they are in reality the laws of human nature. Moreover, the condition of the workman in this country differs from the condition of the workman in Europe solely in his greater independence of his employer. His relations to his employer are the same in kind. Therefore, to be strictly accurate, we ought to say, not that the co-operative system is not suited to America, but that it is not so necessary in America as in Europe. That its establishment here is desirable, and highly desirable, is proved by the fact that the relations of labor and capital are notoriously in an unsatisfactory condition; that, what with strikes and Trades Unions, the losses in all branches of business every year is enormous; that the proportion of production to labor is every year decreasing in all trades in which machinery

is not used ; and that the workingmen are being steadily demoralized by the means to which they have resorted to enable themselves to extract from their employers what they think their fair share of profits, and that their attempts to embody their delusions in legislation threaten to produce, not only great political, but great economical derangement. In fact, nothing is clearer than that the wages system, — the complete separation of labor and capital, — has not really succeeded here any better than in Europe. That it should seem to succeed better is simply due to the fact that the scarcity of labor and the abundance of waste land enable workmen to escape from it, or make their own terms under it somewhat more readily.

That co-operation would have greater difficulties to contend with here than in Europe we readily grant. The union, harmony, and self-sacrifice which it requires would not be enforced here by the sanctions of suffering and dependence and hopelessness outside of it, by which they are enforced in Europe. Workingmen here would submit to its needful restraints less readily than in Europe, for the same reason that they submit to all restraints less readily. Associations, too, would run a risk of being converted into political clubs, which in Europe they do not run, or run only in a less degree. But, on the other hand, the habit of association is stronger here than it is in Europe. Intelligence and self-reliance are more widely diffused ; hope, too, is more powerful, and social ambition more of a living force amongst the working classes. Therefore, although co-operative associations may be less needed here than in the Old World, and have some difficulties to contend with here which they do not meet with there, they have also advantages here which they have not there. Whatever claim to consideration they derive from the general disturbance of the relation of wages to capital, they possess in nearly as strong a degree here as abroad, as any one may satisfy himself by asking employers of labor in any of the great fields of industry — such as ship-building, mining, iron-foundries, and building — what their experience of the wages system has been during the last seven years.

EDWIN L. GODKIN.

- ART. VII. — 1. *Salem Witchcraft, with an Account of Salem Village, and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects.* By CHARLES W. UPHAM. Boston : Wiggin and Lunt. 1867. 2 vols.
2. IOANNIS WIERI *de praestigiis daemonum, et incantationibus ac veneficiis libri sex, postrema editione sexta aucti et recogniti. Accessit liber apologeticus et pseudomonarchia daemonum. Cum rerum et verborum copioso indice. Cum Caes. Maiest. Regisq; Galliarum gratia et privelegio.* Basilæ ex officina Poriniani, 1583.
3. SCOT'S *Discovery of Witchcraft: proving the common opinions of Witches contracting with Devils, Spirits, or Familiars; and their power to kill, torment, and consume the bodies of men, women, and children, or other creatures by diseases or otherwise; their flying in the Air, &c.; To be but imaginary Erronious conceptions and novelties; Wherein also the lewde, unchristian practises of Witchmongers, upon aged, melancholy, ignorant and superstitious people in extorting confessions by inhumane terrors and Tortures, is notably detected. Also The knavery and confederacy of Conjurors. The impious blasphemy of Inchanters. The imposture of Soothsayers, and infidelity of Atheists. The delusion of Pythonists, Figure-casters, Astrologers, and vanity of Dreamers. The fruitlesse beggarly art of Alchimystry. The horrible art of Poisoning and all the tricks and conveyances of juggling and liegerdemain are fully deciphered. With many other things opened that have long lain hidden: though very necessary to be known for the undeceiving of Judges, Justices, and Juries, and for the preservation of poor, aged, deformed, ignorant people; frequently taken, arraigned, condemned and executed for Witches, when according to a right understanding, and a good conscience, Physick, Food, and necessaries should be administered to them. Whereunto is added a treatise upon the nature and substance of Spirits and Devils &c. all written and published in Anno 1584.* By REGINALD SCOT, Esquire. Printed by R. C. and are to be sold by Giles Calvert dwelling at the Black Spread-Eagle, at the West-End of Pauls, 1651.
4. *De la Demonomanie des Sorciers.* A MONSEIGNEUR M.

CHRESTOFE DE THOU, Chevalier, Seigneur de Cœli, premier President en la Cour de Parlement et Conseiller du Roy en son privé Conseil. Reveu, Corrigé, et augmenté d'une grande partie. Par I. BODIN ANGEVIN. A Paris : Chez Iacques Du Puys, Libraire Juré, à la Samaritaine. M.D.LXXXVII. Avec privilege du Roy.

5. *Magica, seu mirabilium historiarum de Spectris et Apparitionibus spirituum : Item, de magicis et diabolicis incantationibus. De Miraculis, Oraculis, Vaticiniis, Divinationibus, Prædictionibus, Revelationibus et aliis eiusmodi multis ac varijs præstigijs, ludibrijs et imposturis malorum Dæmonum.* Libri II. Ex probatis et fide dignis historiarum scriptoribus diligenter collecti. Islebiæ, cura, Typis et sumptibus Henningi Grossij Bibl. Lipo. 1597. Cum privilegio.
6. *The displaying of supposed Witchcraft wherein is affirmed that there are many sorts of Deceivers and Impostors, and divers persons under a passive Delusion of Melancholy and Fancy. But that there is a corporeal league made betwixt the Devil and the Witch, or that he sucks on the Witch's body, has carnal copulation, or that Witches are turned into Cats, Dogs, raise Tempests or the like is utterly denied and disproved. Wherein is also handled, The existence of Angels and Spirits, the truth of Apparitions, the Nature of Astral and Sydereal Spirits, the force of Charms and Philters ; with other abstruse matters.* By JOHN WEBSTER, Practitioner in Physick. *Falsa etenim opinionones Hominum non solum surdos sed et cæcos faciunt, ita ut videre nequeant quæ aliis perspicua apparent.* Galen. lib. 8, de Comp. Med. London : Printed by I. M. and are to be sold by the booksellers in London. 1677.
7. *Sadducismus Triumphatus : or Full and Plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions. In two Parts. The First treating of their Possibility ; the Second of their Real Existence.* By JOSEPH GLANVIL, late Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, and Fellow of the Royal Society. The third edition. The advantages whereof above the former, the Reader may understand out of D<sup>r</sup> H. More's Account prefixed thereunto. With two Authentick, but wonderful Stories of certain Swedish Witches. Done into English by A. HORNECK DD. London, Printed for S. L. and are to be sold by Anth. VOL. CVI. — NO. 218.

Baskerville at the Bible, the corner of Essex-street, without Temple-Bar. M.DCLXXXIX.

8. *Demonologie ou Traitte des Demons et Sorciers : De leur puissance et impuissance* : Par FR. PERRAUD. Ensemble L'Antidemon de Mascon, ou Histoire Veritable de ce qu'un Demon a fait et dit, il y a quelques années en la maison dudit Sr Perreaud à Mascon. I. Jacques iv. 7, 8. *Resistez au Diable, et il s'enfuira de vous. Approchez vous de Dieu, et il s'approchera de vous.* A Geneve, chez Pierre Aubert. M,DC,LIII.
9. *The Wonders of the Invisible World. Being an account of the tryals of several witches lately executed in New-England.* By COTTON MATHER, D. D. *To which is added a farther account of the tryals of the New England Witches.* By INCREASE MATHER, D. D., President of Harvard College. London : John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1862. (First printed in Boston, 1692.)
10. I. N. D. N. J. C. *Dissertatio Juridica de Lamüs earumque processu criminali, Bon Hexen und dem peincl. Prozeß wider dieselben. Quam, auxiliante Divina Gratia, Consensu et Autoritate Magnifici Jctorum Ordinis in illustribus Athenis Salanis sub præsidio Magnifici, Nobilissimi, Amplissimi, Consultissimi, atque Excellentissimi. Dn ERNESTI FRIDER. Sçröter hereditarii in Wüderstädt, Jcti et Antecessoris hujus Salanæ Famili geratissimi, Consiliarii Saxonici, Curizæ Provincialis, Facultatis Juridicæ, et Scabinatus Assessoris longe Gravissimi, Domini Patroni, Præceptoris et Promotoris sui nullo non honoris et observantiæ cultu sanctè devenerandi, colendi, publicæ Eru ditorum censuræ subjicit Michael Paris Walburger, Græbzigâ Anhaltinus, in Acroaterio Jctorum ad diem 1. Maj. A. 1670. Editio Tertia. Jenæ, Typis Pauli Ehrichii. 1707.*
11. *Histoire de Diables de Loudun, ou de la Possession des Religieuses Ursulines, et de la condamnation et du suplice d'Urbain Grandier, Curé de la même ville. Cruels effets de la Vengeance du Cardinal de Richelieu.* A Amsterdam Aux depens de la Compagnie. M.DCC.LII.
12. *A view of the Invisible World, or General History of Apparitions. Collected from the best Authorities, both Antient and Modern, and attested by Authors of the highest Reputation and*

*Credit. Illustrated with a Variety of Notes and parallel Cases; in which some Account of the Nature and Cause of Departed Spirits visiting their former Stations by returning again into the present World, is treated in a Manner different to the prevailing Opinions of Mankind. And an Attempt is made from Rational Principles to account for the Species of such supernatural Appearances, when they may be suppos'd consistent with the Divine Appointment in the Government of the World. With the sentiments of Monsieur LE CLERC, Mr. LOCKE, Mr. ADDISON, and Others on this important Subject. In which some humorous and diverting instances are remark'd, in order to divert that Gloom of Melancholy that naturally arises in the Human Mind, from reading or meditating on such Subjects. Illustrated with suitable Cuts. London: Printed in the year M,DCC,LII. [Mainly from DeFoe's "History of Apparitions."]*

13. *Satan; Invisible World discovered; or, a choice Collection of Modern Relations, proving evidently, against the Atheists of this present Age, that there are Devils, Spirits, Witches and Apparitions, from Authentic Records, Attestations of Witnesses, and undoubted Verity. To which is added that marvellous History of Major Weir and his Sister, the Witches of Balgarran, Pittenweem and Calder, &c. By GEORGE SINCLAIR, late Professor of Philosophy in Glasgow. No man should be vain that he can injure the merit of a Book; for the meanest rogue may burn a City or kill a Hero; whereas he could never build the one, or equal the other. Sir George M'Kenzie. Edinburgh: Sold by P. Anderson, Parliament Square. M.DCC.LXXX.*
14. *La Magie et l'Astrologie dans l'Antiquité et au Moyen Age, ou Étude sur les superstitions païennes qui se sont perpétuées jusqu'à nos jours. Par L. F. ALFRED MAURY. Troisième Edition revue et corrigée. Paris: Didier. 1864.*

CREDULITY, as a mental and moral phenomenon, manifests itself in widely different ways, according as it chances to be the daughter of fancy or terror. The one lies warm about the heart as Folk-love, fills moonlit dells with dancing fairies, sets out a meal for the Brownie, hears the tinkle of airy bridle-bells

as Tamlane rides away with the Queen of Dreams, changes Pluto and Proserpine into Oberon and Titania, and makes friends with unseen powers as Good Folk ; the other is a bird of night, whose shadow sends a chill among the roots of the hair : it sucks with the vampire, gorges with the ghoul, is choked by the night-hag, pines away under the witch's charm, and commits uncleanness with the embodied Principle of Evil, giving up the fair realm of innocent belief to a murky throng from the slums and stews of the debauched brain. Both have vanished from among educated men, and such superstition as comes to the surface now-a-days is the harmless Jacobitism of sentiment, pleasing itself with the fiction all the more because there is no exacting reality behind it to impose a duty or demand a sacrifice. And as Jacobitism survived the Stuarts, so this has outlived the dynasty to which it professes an after-dinner allegiance. It nails a horseshoe over the door, but keeps a rattle by its bedside to summon a more substantial watchman ; it hangs a crape on the beehives to get a taste of ideal sweetness, but obeys the teaching of the latest bee-book for material and marketable honey. This is the æsthetic variety of the malady, or rather, perhaps, it is only the old complaint robbed of all its pain and lapped in waking dreams by the narcotism of an age of science. To the world at large it is not undelightful to see the poetical instincts of friends and neighbors finding some other vent than that of verse. But there has been a superstition of very different fibre, of more intense and practical validity, the deformed child of faith, peopling the midnight of the mind with fearful shapes and phrenetic suggestions, a monstrous brood of its own begetting, and making even good men ferocious in imagined self-defence.

Imagination has always been, and still is, in a narrower sense, the great mythologizer ; but both its mode of manifestation and the force with which it reacts on the mind are one thing in its crude form of childlike wonder, and another thing after it has been more or less consciously manipulated by the poetic faculty. A mythology that broods over us in our cradles, that mingles with the lullaby of the nurse and the winter-evening legends of the chimney-corner, that brightens day with the

possibility of divine encounters, and darkens night with intimations of demonic ambushes, is of other substance than one which we take down from our bookcase, sapless as the shelf it stood on, and remote from all present sympathy with man or nature as a town history. It is something like the difference between live metaphor and dead personification. Primarily, the action of the imagination is the same in the mythologizer and the poet, that is, it forces its own consciousness on the objects of the senses, and compels them to sympathize with its own momentary impressions. When Shakespeare in his "Lucrece" makes

"The threshold grate the door to have him heard,"

his mind is acting under the same impulse that first endowed with human feeling and then with human shape all the invisible forces of nature, and called into being those

"Fair humanities of old religion,"

whose loss the poets mourn. So also Shakespeare no doubt projected himself in his own creations; but those creations never became so perfectly disengaged from him, so objective, or, as they used to say, extrinsecal, to him, as to react upon him like real and even alien existences. I mean permanently, for momentarily they may and must have done so. But before man's consciousness had wholly disentangled itself from outward objects, all nature was but a many-sided mirror which gave back to him a thousand images more or less beautified or distorted, magnified or diminished, of himself, till his imagination grew to look upon its own incorporations as having an independent being. Thus, by degrees, it became at last passive to its own creations. You may see imaginative children every day anthropomorphizing in this way, and the dupes of that superabundant vitality in themselves, which bestows qualities proper to itself on everything about them. There is a period of development in which grown men are childlike. In such a period the fables which endow beasts with human attributes first grew up; and we luckily read them so early as never to become suspicious of any absurdity in them. The Finnic epos of "Kalewala" is a curious illustration of the same fact. In that everything has the affections,

passions, and consciousness of men. When the mother of Lemminkäinen is seeking her lost son, —

“Sought she many days the lost one,  
Sought him ever without finding;  
Then the roadways come to meet her,  
And she asks them with beseeching:  
‘Roadways, ye whom God hath shapen,  
Have ye not my son beholden,  
Nowhere seen the golden apple,  
Him, my darling staff of silver?’  
Prudently they gave her answer,  
Thus to her replied the roadways:  
‘For thy son we cannot plague us,  
We have sorrows too, a many,  
Since our own lot is a hard one  
And our fortune is but evil,  
By dog’s feet to be run over,  
By the wheel-tire to be wounded,  
And by heavy heels down-trampled.’”

It is in this tendency of the mind under certain conditions to confound the objective with subjective, or rather to mistake the one for the other, that Mr. Tylor, in his “*Early History of Mankind*,” is fain to seek the origin of the supernatural, as we somewhat vaguely call whatever transcends our ordinary experience. And this, no doubt, will in many cases account for the particular shapes assumed by certain phantasmal appearances, though I am inclined to doubt whether it be a sufficient explanation of the abstract phenomenon. It is easy for the arithmetician to make a key to the problems that he has devised to suit himself. An immediate and habitual confusion of the kind spoken of is insanity; and the hypochondriac is tracked by the black dog of his own mind. Disease itself is, of course, in one sense natural, as being the result of natural causes; but if we assume health as the mean representing the normal poise of all the mental faculties, we must be content to call hypochondria subnatural, because the tone of the instrument is lowered, and to designate as supernatural only those ecstasies in which the mind, under intense but not unhealthy excitement, is snatched sometimes above itself, as in poets and other persons of imaginative temperament. In poets this liability to be possessed by the creations of their own

brains is limited and proportioned by the artistic sense, and the imagination thus truly becomes the shaping faculty, while in less regulated or coarser organizations it dwells forever in the *Nifelheim* of phantasmagoria and dream, a thaumaturge half cheat, half dupe. What Mr. Tylor has to say on this matter is ingenious and full of valuable suggestion, and to a certain extent solves our difficulties. Nightmare, for example, will explain the testimony of witnesses in trials for witchcraft, that they had been hag-ridden by the accused. But to prove the possibility, nay, the probability, of this confusion of objective with subjective is not enough. It accounts very well for such apparitions as those which appeared to Dion, to Brutus, and to Curtius Rufus. In such cases the imagination is undoubtedly its own *doppel-gänger*, and sees nothing more than the projection of its own deceit. But I am puzzled, I confess, to explain the appearance of the *first* ghost, especially among men who thought death to be the end-all here below. The thing once conceived of, it is easy, on Mr. Tylor's theory, to account for all after the first. If it was originally believed that only the spirits of those who had died violent deaths were permitted to wander,\* the conscience of a remorseful murderer may have been haunted by the memory of his victim, till the imagination, infected in its turn, gave outward reality to the image on the inward eye. After putting to death Boëtius and Symmachus, it is said that Theodoric saw in the head of a fish served at his dinner the face of Symmachus, grinning horribly and with flaming eyes, whereupon he took to his bed and died soon after in great agony of mind. It is not safe, perhaps, to believe all that is reported of an Arian; but, supposing the story to be true, there is but a short step from such a delusion of the senses to the complete ghost of popular legend. But, in some of the most trustworthy stories of apparitions, they have shown themselves not only to persons who had done them no wrong in the flesh, but also to such as had never even known them. The *eidolon* of James Haddock appeared to a man named Taverner, that he might interest himself in recovering a piece of land unjustly kept from the dead man's infant son. If we may trust Defoe, Bishop

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\* Lucian, in his "Liars," puts this opinion into the mouth of Arignotus.

Jeremy Taylor twice examined Taverner, and was convinced of the truth of his story. In this case, Taverner had formerly known Haddock. But the apparition of an old gentleman which entered the learned Dr. Scott's study, and directed him where to find a missing deed needful in settling what had lately been its estate in the West of England, chose for its attorney in the business an entire stranger, who had never even seen its original in the flesh.

Whatever its origin, a belief in spirits seems to have been common to all the nations of the ancient world who have left us any record of themselves. Ghosts began to walk early, and are walking still, in spite of the shrill cock-crow of *wir haben ja aufgeklärt*. Even the ghost in chains, which one would naturally take to be a fashion peculiar to convicts escaped from purgatory, is older than the belief in that reforming penitentiary. The younger Pliny tells a very good story to this effect: "There was at Athens a large and spacious house which lay under the disrepute of being haunted. In the dead of the night a noise resembling the clashing of iron was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains; at first it seemed at a distance, but approached nearer by degrees; immediately afterward a spectre appeared, in the form of an old man, extremely meagre and ghastly, with a long beard and dishevelled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. . . . By this means the house was at last deserted, being judged by everybody to be absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost. However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this great calamity which attended it, a bill was put up giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that the philosopher Athenodorus came to Athens at this time, and reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so. When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the fore part of the house, and, after calling for a light, together with his pen and tablets, he directed all his people to retire. But that his mind

might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention. The first part of the night passed with usual silence, when at length the chains began to rattle; however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but diverted his observation by pursuing his studies with greater earnestness. The noise increased, and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up and saw the ghost exactly in the manner it had been described to him; it stood before him, beckoning with the finger. Athenodorus made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; but the ghost still rattling his chains in his ears, he looked up and saw him beckoning as before. Upon this he immediately arose, and with the light in his hand followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with his chains, and, turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus, being thus deserted, made a mark with some grass and leaves where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information of this to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was there found; for the body, having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied and mouldered away from the fetters. The bones, being collected together, were publicly buried, and thus, after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more." \* This story has such a modern air as to be absolutely disheartening. Are ghosts, then, as incapable of invention as dramatic authors? But the demeanor of Athenodorus has the grand air of the classical period, of one *qui connaît son monde*, and feels the superiority of a living philosopher to a dead Philistine. How far above all modern armament is his prophylactic against his insubstantial fellow-lodger! Now-a-days men take pistols into haunted houses. Sterne, and after him Novalis, discovered that gunpowder made all men equally tall, but Athenodorus had found out that pen and ink establish a superiority in spiritual stature. As men of this world, we feel our dignity exalted by his keeping

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\* Pliny's Letters, vii. 27. Melmoth's translation.

an ambassador from the other waiting till he had finished his paragraph. Never surely did authorship appear to greater advantage. Athenodorus seems to have been of Hamlet's mind :

" I do not set my life at a pin's fee,  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal, as itself? " \*

A superstition, as its name imports, is something that has been left to stand over, like unfinished business, from one session of the world's *wilcnagemot* to the next. The vulgar receive it implicitly on the principle of *omne ignotum pro possibili*, a theory acted on by a much larger number than is commonly supposed, and even the enlightened are too apt to consider it, if not proved, at least rendered probable by the hearsay evidence of popular experience. Particular superstitions are sometimes the embodiment by popular imagination of ideas that were at first mere poetic figments, but more commonly the degraded and distorted relics of religious beliefs. Dethroned gods, outlawed by the new dynasty, haunted the borders of their old dominions, lurking in forests and mountains, and venturing to show themselves only after nightfall. Grimm and others have detected old divinities skulking about in strange disguises, and living from hand to mouth on the charity of Gammer Grethel and Mère l'Oie. Cast out from Olympus and Asgard, they were thankful for the hospitality of the chimney-corner, and kept soul and body together by an illicit traffic between this world and the other. While Schiller was lamenting the gods of Greece, some of them were nearer neighbors to him than he dreamed ; and Heine had the wit to turn them to delightful account,

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\* Something like this is the speech of Don Juan, after the statue of Don Gonzales has gone out :

" Pero todas son ideas  
Que da a la imaginacion  
El temor ; y temer muertos  
Es muy villano temor.  
Que si un cuerpo noble, vivo,  
Con potencias y razon  
Y con alma no se tema,  
¿ Quien cuerpos muertos temió ? "

*El Burlador de Sevilla*, A. iii. s. 15.

showing himself, perhaps, the wiser of the two in saving what he could from the shipwreck of the past for present use on this prosaic Juan Fernandez of a scientific age, instead of sitting down to bewail it. To make the pagan divinities hateful, they were stigmatized as cacodæmons; and as the human mind finds a pleasure in analogy and system, an infernal hierarchy gradually shaped itself as the convenient antipodes and counterpoise of the celestial one. Perhaps at the bottom of it all there was a kind of unconscious manicheism, and Satan, as Prince of Darkness, or of the Powers of the Air, became at last a sovereign, with his great feudatories and countless vassals, capable of maintaining a not unequal contest with the King of Heaven. He was supposed to have a certain power of bestowing earthly prosperity, but he was really, after all, nothing better than a James II. at St. Germain's, who could make Dukes of Perth and confer titular fiefs and garters as much as he liked, without the unpleasant necessity of providing any substance behind his shadows. That there should have been so much loyalty to him, under these disheartening circumstances, seems to me, on the whole, creditable to poor human nature. In this case it is due, at least in part, to that instinct of the poor among the races of the North, where there was a long winter, and too often a scanty harvest,—and the poor have been always and everywhere a majority,—which made a deity of Wish. The *Acheronta-movebo* impulse must have been pardonably strong in old women starving with cold and hunger, and fathers with large families and a small winter stock of provision. Especially in the transition period from the old religion to the new, the temptation must have been great to try one's luck with the discrowned dynasty, when the intruder was deaf and blind to claims that seemed just enough, so long as it was still believed that God personally interfered in the affairs of men. On his death-bed, says Piers Plowman,

“ The poore dare plede and prove by reson  
To have allowance of his lord ; by the law he it claimeth ;

Thanne may beggaris as beestes after boote waiten  
That al hir lif han lyved in langour and in defante  
But God sente hem som tyme som manere joye,  
Outher here or ellis where, kynde wolde it nevere.”

He utters the common feeling when he says that it were against nature. But when a man has his choice between here and elsewhere, it may be feared that the other world will seem too desperately far away to be waited for when hungry ruin has him in the wind, and the chance on earth is so temptingly near. Hence the notion of a transfer of allegiance from God to Satan, sometimes by a written compact, sometimes with the ceremony by which homage is done to a feudal superior.

Most of the practices of witchcraft — such as the power to raise storms, to destroy cattle, to assume the shape of beasts by the use of certain ointments, to induce deadly maladies in men by waxen images, or love by means of charms and philtres — were inheritances from ancient paganism. But the theory of a compact was the product of later times, the result, no doubt, of the efforts of the clergy to inspire a horror of any lapse into heathenish rites by making devils of all the old gods. Christianity may be said to have invented the soul as an individual entity to be saved or lost; and thus grosser wits were led to conceive of it as a piece of property that could be transferred by deed of gift or sale, duly signed, sealed, and witnessed. The earliest legend of the kind is that of Theophilus, chancellor of the church of Adana in Cilicia, some time during the sixth century. It is said to have been first written by Eutychianus, who had been a pupil of Theophilus, and who tells the story partly as an eyewitness, partly from the narration of his master. The nun Hroswitha first treated it dramatically in the latter half of the tenth century. Some four hundred years later Rutebeuf made it the theme of a French miracle-play. His treatment of it is not without a certain poetic merit. Theophilus has been deprived by his bishop of a lucrative office. In his despair he meets with Saladin, *qui parloit au deable quant il voloit*. Saladin tempts him to deny God and devote himself to the Devil, who, in return, will give him back all his old prosperity and more. He at last consents, signs and seals the contract required, and is restored to his old place by the bishop. But now remorse and terror come upon him; he calls on the Virgin, who, after some demur, compels Satan to bring back his deed from the infernal muniment-chest (which must have been fire-proof beyond any skill of our modern safe-mak-

ers), and the bishop, having read it aloud to the awe-stricken congregation, Theophilus becomes his own man again. In this play, the theory of the devilish compact is already complete in all its particulars. The paper must be signed with the blood of the grantor, who does feudal homage (*or joing tes mains, et si devien mes hom*), and engages to eschew good and do evil all the days of his life. The Devil, however, does not imprint any stigma upon his new vassal, as in the later stories of witch-compacts. The following passage from the opening speech of Theophilus will illustrate the conception to which I have alluded of God as a liege lord against whom one might seek revenge on sufficient provocation,— and the only revenge possible was to rob him of a subject by going over to the great Suzerain, his deadly foe:—

“N'est riens que por avoir ne face ;  
 Ne pris riens Dieu et sa manace.  
 Irai me je noier ou pendre ?  
 Ic ne m'en puis pas à Dieu prendre,  
 C'on ne puet à lui avenir.

Mès il s'est en si haut lien mis,  
 Por eschiver ses anemis  
 C'on n'i puet trere ni lancier.  
 Se or pooie à lui tancier,  
 Et combattre et escrimir,  
 La char li feroie fremir.  
 Or est là sus en son solaz,  
 Laz ! chetis ! et je sui ès laz  
 De Povreté et de Soufrete.”\*

During the Middle Ages the story became a favorite topic with preachers, while carvings and painted windows tended still further to popularize it, and to render men's minds familiar with the idea which makes the nexus of its plot. The plastic hands of Calderon shaped it into a dramatic poem not surpassed, perhaps hardly equalled, in subtile imaginative quality by any other of modern times.

In proportion as a belief in the possibility of this damnable merchandising with hell became general, accusations of it grew more numerous. Among others, the memory of Pope

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\* Théâtre Français au Moyen Age (Monmerqué et Michel), pp. 139, 140.

Sylvester II. was blackened with the charge of having thus bargained away his soul. All learning fell under suspicion, till at length the very grammar itself (the last volume in the world, one would say, to conjure with) gave to English the word *gramary* (enchantment), and in French became a book of magic, under the alias of *Grimoire*. It is not at all unlikely that, in an age when the boundary between actual and possible was not very well defined, there were scholars who made experiments in this direction, and signed contracts, though they never had a chance to complete their bargain by an actual delivery. I do not recall any case of witchcraft in which such a document was produced in court as evidence against the accused. Such a one, it is true, was ascribed to Grandier, but was not brought forward at his trial. It should seem that Grandier had been shrewd enough to take a bond to secure the fulfilment of the contract on the other side; for we have the document in fac-simile, signed and sealed by Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Elimi, Leviathan, and Astaroth, duly witnessed by Baalberith, Secretary of the Grand Council of Demons. Fancy the competition such a state paper as this would arouse at a sale of autographs! Commonly no security appears to have been given by the other party to these arrangements but the bare word of the Devil, which was considered, no doubt, every whit as good as his bond. In most cases, indeed, he was the loser, and showed a want of capacity for affairs equal to that of an average giant of romance. Never was comedy acted over and over with such sameness of repetition as "The Devil is an Ass." In popular legend he is made the victim of some equivocation so gross that any court of equity would have ruled in his favor. On the other hand, if the story had been dressed up by some mediæval Tract Society, the Virgin appears in person at the right moment *ex machina*, and compels him to give up the property he had honestly paid for. One is tempted to ask, Were there no attorneys, then, in the place he came from, of whom he might have taken advice beforehand? On the whole, he had rather hard measure, and it is a wonder he did not throw up the business in disgust. Sometimes, however, he was more lucky, as with the unhappy Dr. Faust; and even so lately as 1695, he came in the shape of a "tall fellow

with black beard and periwig, respectable looking and well dressed," about two o'clock in the afternoon, to fly away with the Maréchal de Luxembourg, which, on the stroke of five, he punctually did as per contract, taking with him the window and its stone framing into the bargain. The clothes and wig of the involuntary aeronaut were, in the handsomest manner, left upon the bed, as not included in the bill of sale. In this case also we have a copy of the articles of agreement, twenty-eight in number, by the last of which the Maréchal renounces God and devotes himself to the enemy. This clause, sometimes the only one, always the most important in such compacts, seems to show that they first took shape in the imagination, while the struggle between Paganism and Christianity was still going on. As the converted heathen was made to renounce his false gods, none the less real for being false, so the renegade Christian must forswear the true Deity. It is very likely, however, that the whole thing may be more modern than the assumed date of Theophilus would imply, and if so, the idea of feudal allegiance gave the first hint, as it certainly modified the particulars, of the ceremonial.

This notion of a personal and private treaty with the Evil One has something of dignity about it that has made it perennially attractive to the most imaginative minds. It rather flatters than mocks our feeling of the dignity of man. As we come down to the vulgar parody of it in the confessions of wretched old women on the rack, our pity and indignation are mingled with disgust. One of the most particular of these confessions is that of Abel de la Rue, convicted in 1584. The accused was a novice in the Franciscan Convent at Meaux. Having been punished by the master of the novices for stealing some apples and nuts in the convent garden, the Devil appeared to him in the shape of a black dog, promising him his protection, and advising him to leave the convent. Not long after going into the sacristy of the convent, he saw a large volume fastened by a chain, and further secured by bars of iron. The name of this book was *Grimoire*. Thrusting his hands through the bars, he contrived to open it, and having read a sentence (which Bodin carefully suppresses), there suddenly appeared to him a man of middle stature, with a pale and very frightful

countenance, clad in a long black robe of the Italian fashion, and with faces of men like his own on his breast and knees. As for his feet they were like those of cows. He could not have been the most agreeable of companions, *ayant le corps et haleine puante*. This man told him not to be afraid, to take off his habit, to put faith in him, and he would give him whatever he asked. Then laying hold of him below the arms, the unknown transported him under the gallows of Meaux, and then said to him with a trembling and broken voice, and having a visage as pale as that of a man who has been hanged, and a very stinking breath, that he should fear nothing, but have entire confidence in him, that he should never want for anything, that his own name was Maître Rigoux, and that he would like to be his master; to which De la Rue made answer that he would do whatever he commanded, and that he wished to be gone from the Franciscans. Thereupon Rigoux disappeared, but returning between seven and eight in the evening, took him round the waist and carried him back to the sacristy, promising to come again for him the next day. This he accordingly did, and told De la Rue to take off his habit, get him gone from the convent, and meet him near a great tree on the high-road from Meaux to Vaulx-Courtois. Rigoux met him there and took him to a certain Maître Pierre, who, after a few words exchanged in an undertone with Rigoux, sent De la Rue to the stable, after his return whence he saw no more of Rigoux. Thereupon Pierre and his wife made him good cheer, telling him that for the love of Maître Rigoux they would treat him well, and that he must obey the said Rigoux, which he promised to do. About two months after, Maître Pierre, who commonly took him to the fields to watch cattle, said to him there that they must go to the Assembly, because he (Pierre) was out of powders, to which he made answer that he was willing. Three days later, about Christmas eve, 1575, Pierre having sent his wife to sleep out of the house, set a long branch of broom in the chimney-corner, and bade De la Rue go to bed, but not to sleep. About eleven, they heard a great noise as of an impetuous wind and thunder in the chimney; which hearing, Maître Pierre told him to dress himself, for it was time to be gone. Then Pierre took some grease from a little box and

anointed himself under the arm-pits, and De la Rue on the palms of his hands, which incontinently felt as if on fire, and the said grease stank like a cat three weeks or a month dead. Then, Pierre and he bestriding the branch, Maître Rigoux took it by the butt and drew it up chimney as if the wind had lifted them. And, the night being dark, he saw suddenly a torch before them lighting them, and Maître Rigoux was gone unless he had changed himself into the said torch. Arrived at a grassy place some five leagues from Vaulx-Courtois, they found a company of some sixty people of all ages, none of whom he knew, except a certain Pierre of Dampmartin and an old woman who was executed, as he had heard, about five years ago for sorcery at Lagny. Then suddenly he noticed that all (except Rigoux, who was clad as before) were dressed in linen, though they had not changed their clothes. Then, at command of the eldest among them, who seemed about eighty, with a white beard and almost wholly bald, each swept the place in front of himself with his broom. Thereupon Rigoux changed into a great he-goat, black and stinking, around whom they all danced backward with their faces outward and their backs towards the goat. They danced about half an hour, and then his master told him they must adore the goat who was the Devil, *et ce fait et dict, veit que ledict Bouc courba ses deux pieds de devant et leua son cul en haut, et lors que certaines menues graines grosses comme testes d'espingles, qui se conuertissoient en poudres fort puantes, sentant le soulfhre et poudre à canon et chair puant meslés ensemble seroient tombeés sur plusieurs drappeaux en sept doubles.* Then the oldest, and so the rest in order, went forward on their knees and gathered up their cloths with the powders, but first each *se seroit incliné vers le Diable et iceluy baisé en la partie honteuse de son corps.* They went home on their broom, lighted as before. De la Rue confessed also that he was at another assembly on the eve of St. John Baptist. With the powders they could cause the death of men against whom they had a spite, or their cattle. Rigoux before long began to tempt him to drown himself, and, though he lay down, yet rolled him some distance towards the river. It is plain that the poor fellow was mad or half-witted or both. And yet Bodin, the author of the *De Republica*, reckoned one of the

ablest books of that age, believed all this filthy nonsense, and prefixes it to his *Démonomanie*, as proof conclusive of the existence of sorcerers.

This was in 1587. Just a century later, Glanvil, one of the most eminent men of his day, and Henry More, the Platonist, whose memory is still dear to the lovers of an imaginative mysticism, were perfectly satisfied with evidence like that which follows. Elizabeth Styles confessed, in 1664, "that the Devil about ten years since appeared to her in the shape of a handsome Man, and after of a black Dog. That he promised her Money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the World for twelve years, if she would with her Blood sign his Paper, which was to give her soul to him and observe his Laws and that he might suck her Blood. This after Four Solicitations, the Examinant promised him to do. Upon which he pricked the fourth Finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper Joynt (where the Sign at the Examination remained) and with a Drop or two of her Blood, she signed the Paper with an O. Upon this the Devil gave her sixpence and vanished with the Paper. That since he hath appeared to her in the Shape of a *Man*, and did so on *Wednesday* seven-night past, but more usually he appears in the Likeness of a *Dog*, and *Cat*, and a *Fly* like a Millar, in which last he usually sucks in the Poll about four of the Clock in the Morning, and did so *Jan.* 27, and that it is pain to her to be so sucked. That when she hath a desire to do harm she calls the Spirit by the name of *Robin*, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, *O Salhan, give me my purpose*. She then tells him what she would have done. And that he should so appear to her was part of her Contract with him." The Devil in this case appeared as a black (dark-complexioned) man "in black clothes, with a little band," — a very clerical-looking personage. "Before they are carried to their meetings they anoint their Foreheads and Hand-Wrists with an Oyl the Spirit brings them (which smells raw) and then they are carried in a very short time, using these words as they pass, *Thout, tout a tout, throughout and about*. And when they go off from their Meetings they say, *Rentum, Tormentum*. That at every meeting before the Spirit vanisheth away, he appoints the next meeting place and time, and at his

departure there is a foul smell. At their meeting they have usually Wine or good Beer, Cakes, Meat or the like. They eat and drink really when they meet, in their Bodies, dance also and have some Musick. The Man in black sits at the higher end, and *Anne Bishop* usually next him. He useth some words before meat, and none after; his Voice is audible, but very low. The Man in black sometimes plays on a Pipe or Cittern, and the Company dance. At last the Devil vanisheth, and all are carried to their several homes in a short space. At their parting they say, *A Boy! merry meet, merry part!*” *Alice Duke* confessed “that *Anne Bishop* persuaded her to go with her into the Churchyard in the Night-time, and being come thither, to go backward round the Church, which they did three times. In their first round they met a Man in black Cloths who went round the second time with them; and then they met a thing in the Shape of a great black Toad which leapt up against the Examinant’s Apron. In their third round they met somewhat in the shape of a Rat, which vanished away.” She also received sixpence from the Devil, and “her Familiar did commonly suck her right Breast about seven at night in the shape of a little Cat of a dunnish Colour, which is as Smooth as a Want [mole], and when she is suckt, she is in a kind of Trance.” Poor *Christian Green* got only fourpence half-penny for her soul, but her bargain was made some years later than that of the others, and quotations, as the stock-brokers would say, ranged lower. Her familiar took the shape of a hedgehog. *Julian Cox* confessed that “she had been often tempted by the Devil to be a Witch, but never consented. That one Evening she walkt about a Mile from her own House and there came riding towards her three Persons upon three Broomstaves, born up about a yard and a half from the ground. Two of them she formerly knew, which was a Witch and a Wizzard that were hanged for Witchcraft several years before. The third person she knew not. He came in the shape of a black Man, and tempted her to give him her Soul, or to that effect, and to express it by pricking her Finger and giving her name in her Blood in token of it.” On her trial Judge *Archer* told the jury, “he had heard that a Witch could not repeat that Petition in the Lord’s Prayer, viz. *And lead us not into*

*temptation*, and having this occasion, he would try the Experiment." The jury "were not in the least measure to guide their Verdict according to it, because it was not legal Evidence." Accordingly it was found that the poor old trot could say only, *Lead us into temptation*, or *Lead us not into no temptation*. Probably she used the latter form first, and, finding she had blundered, corrected herself by leaving out both the negatives. The old English double negation seems never to have been heard of by the court. Janet Douglass, a pretended dumb girl, by whose contrivance five persons had been burned at Paisley, in 1677, for having caused the sickness of Sir George Maxwell by means of waxen and other images, having recovered her speech shortly after, declared that she "had some smattering knowledge of the Lord's prayer, which she had heard the witches repeat, it seems, by her vision, in the presence of the Devil; and, at his desire, which they observed, they added to the word *art* the letter *w*, which made it run, 'Our Father which wart in heaven,' by which means the Devil made the application of the prayer to himself." She also showed on the arm of a woman named Campbell "an *invisible* mark which she had gotten from the Devil." The wife of one Barton confessed that she had engaged "in the Devil's service. She renounced her baptism, and did prostrate her body to the foul spirit, and received his mark, and got a new name from him, and was called *Margaratus*. She was asked if she ever had any pleasure in his company? 'Never much,' says she, 'but one night going to a dancing upon Pentland Hills, in the likeness of a rough tanny [tawny] dog, playing on a pair of pipes; the spring he played,' says she, 'was *The silly bit chicken, gar cast it a pickle, and it will grow meikle.*'" \* In 1670, near seventy of both sexes, among them fifteen children were executed for witchcraft at the village of Mohra in Sweden. Thirty-six children between the ages of nine and sixteen were sentenced to be scourged with rods on the palm of their hands, once a week for a year. The evidence in this case against the accused seems to have been mostly that of children. "Being asked

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\* "There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast,  
A towzy tyke, black, grim, an' large,  
To gie them music was his charge."

whether they were sure that they were at any time carried away by the Devil, they all declared they were, begging of the Commissioners that they might be freed from that intolerable slavery." They "used to go to a Gravel pit which lay hardby a Cross-way and there they put on a vest over their heads, and then danced round, and after ran to the Cross-way and called the Devil thrice, first with a still Voice, the second time somewhat louder, and the third time very loud, with these words, *Antecessour, come and carry us to Blockula.* Whereupon immediately he used to appear, but in different Habits; but for the most part they saw him in a gray Coat and red and blue Stockings. He had a red Beard, a highcrowned Hat, with linnen of divers Colours wrapt about it, and long Garters upon his Stockings." "They must procure some Scrapings of Altars and Filings of Church-Clocks [bells], and he gives them a Horn with some Salve in it wherewith they do anoint themselves." "Being asked whether they were sure of a real personal Transportation, and whether they were awake when it was done, they all answered in the Affirmative, and that the Devil sometimes laid something down in the Place that was very like them. But one of them confessed that he did only take away her Strength, and her Body lay still upon the Ground. Yet sometimes he took even her Body with him." "Till of late they never had that power to carry away Children, but only this year and the last, and the Devil did at this time force them to it. That heretofore it was sufficient to carry but one of their Children or a Stranger's Child, which yet happened seldom, but now he did plague them and whip them if they did not procure him Children, insomuch that they had no peace or quiet for him; and whereas formerly one Journey a Week would serve their turn from their own town to the place aforesaid, now they were forced to run to other Towns and Places for Children, and that they brought with them some fifteen, some sixteen Children every night. For their journey they made use of all sorts of Instruments, of Beasts, of Men, of Spits, and Posts, according as they had opportunity. If they do ride upon Goats and have many Children with them," they have a way of lengthening the goat with a spit, "and then are anointed with the aforesaid Ointment. A little Girl of Elfdale confessed, That,

naming the name of JESUS, as she was carried away, she fell suddenly upon the Ground and got a great hole in her Side, which the Devil presently healed up again. The first thing they must do at Blockula was that they must deny all and devote themselves Body and Soul to the Devil, and promise to serve him faithfully, and confirm all this with an Oath. Hereupon they cut their Fingers, and with their Bloud writ their Name in his Book. He caused them to be baptized by such Priests as he had there and made them confirm their Baptism with dreadful Oaths and Imprecations. Hereupon the Devil gave them a Purse, wherein their filings of Clocks [bells], with a Stone tied to it, which they threw into the Water, and then they were forced to speak these words: *As these filings of the Clock do never return to the Clock from which they are taken, so may my soul never return to Heaven.* The diet they did use to have there was Broth with Colworts and Bacon in it, Oatmeal-Bread spread with Butter, Milk, and Cheese. Sometimes it tasted very well, sometimes very ill. After Meals, they went to Dancing, and in the mean while Swore and Cursed most dreadfully, and afterward went to fighting one with another. The Devil had Sons and Daughters by them, which he did marry together, and they did couple and brought forth Toads and Serpents. If he hath a mind to be merry with them, he lets them all ride upon Spits before him, takes afterwards the Spits and beats them black and blue, and then laughs at them. They had seen sometimes a very great Devil like a Dragon, with fire about him and bound with an Iron Chain, and the Devil that converses with them tells them that, if they confess anything, he will let that great Devil loose upon them, whereby all *Sweedland* shall come into great danger. The Devil taught them to milk, which was in this wise: they used to stick a knife in the Wall and hang a kind of Label on it, which they drew and stroaked, and as long as this lasted the Persons that they had Power over were miserably plagued, and the Beasts were milked that way till sometimes they died of it. The minister of Elfdale declared that one Night these Witches were to his thinking upon the crown of his Head and that from thence he had had a long-continued Pain of the Head. One of the Witches confessed, too, that the Devil had sent her to torment

the Minister, and that she was ordered to use a Nail and strike it into his Head, but it would not enter very deep. They confessed also that the Devil gives them a Beast about the bigness and shape of a young Cat, which they call a *Carrier*, and that he gives them a Bird too as big as a Raven, but white. And these two Creatures they can send anywhere, and wherever they come they take away all sorts of Victuals they can get. What the Bird brings they may keep for themselves ; but what the Carrier brings they must reserve for the Devil. The Lords Commissioners were indeed very earnest and took great Pains to persuade them to show some of their Tricks, but to no Purpose ; for they did all unanimously confess, that, since they had confessed all, they found that all their Witchcraft was gone, and that the Devil at this time appeared to them very terrible with Claws on his Hands and Feet, and with Horns on his Head and a long Tail behind." At Blockula "the Devil had a Church, such another as in the town of Mohra. When the Commissioners were coming, he told the Witches they should not fear them, for he would certainly kill them all. And they confessed that some of them had attempted to murder the Commissioners, but had not been able to effect it."

In these confessions we find included nearly all the particulars of the popular belief concerning witchcraft, and see the gradual degradation of the once superb Lucifer to the vulgar scarecrow with horns and tail. "The Prince of Darkness *was* a gentleman." From him who had not lost all his original brightness, to this dirty fellow who leaves a stench, sometimes of brimstone, behind him, the descent is a long one. For the dispersion of this foul odor Dr. Henry More gives an odd reason. "The Devil also, as in other stories, leaving an ill smell behind him, seems to imply the reality of the business, those adscititious particles he held together in his visible vehicle being loosened at his vanishing and so offending the nostrils by their floating and diffusing themselves in the open Air." In all the stories vestiges of paganism are not indistinct. The three principal witch gatherings of the year were held on the days of great pagan festivals, which were afterwards adopted by the Church. Maury supposes the witches' Sabbath to be derived from the rites of Bacchus Sabazius, and accounts in this way

for the Devil's taking the shape of a he-goat. But the name was more likely to be given from hatred of the Jews, and the goat may have a much less remote origin. Bodin assumes the identity of the Devil with Pan, and in the popular mythology both of Kelts and Teutons there were certain hairy wood-demons called by the former *Dus* and by the latter *Scrat*. Our common names of *Deuse* and *Old Scratch* are plainly derived from these, and possibly *Old Harry* is a corruption of *Old Hairy*. By Latinization they became Satyrs. Here, at any rate, is the source of the cloven hoof. The belief in the Devil's appearing to his worshippers as a goat is very old. Possibly the fact that this animal was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder, may explain it. Certain it is that the traditions of Vulcan, Thor, and Wayland \* converged at last in Satan. Like Vulcan, he was hurled from Heaven, and like him he still limps across the stage in Mephistopheles, though without knowing why. In Germany, he has a horse's and not a cloven foot, † because the horse was a frequent pagan sacrifice, and therefore associated with devil-worship under the new dispensation. Hence the horror of hippophagism which some French gastronomes are striving to overcome. Everybody who has read "Tom Brown," or Wordsworth's Sonnet on a German stove, remembers the Saxon horse sacred to Woden. The raven was also his peculiar bird, and Grimm is inclined to think this the reason why the witch's familiar appears so often in that shape. It is true that our *Old Nick* is derived from *Nikkar*, one of the titles of that divinity, but the association of the Evil One with the raven is older, and most probably owing to the ill-omened character of the bird itself. Already in the apocryphal gospel of the "Infancy," the demoniac Son of the Chief Priest puts on his head one of the swaddling-clothes of Christ which Mary has hung out to dry, and forthwith "the devils began to come out of his mouth and to fly away as crows and serpents."

It will be noticed that the witches underwent a form of baptism. As the system gradually perfected itself among the least imaginative of men, as the superstitious are apt to be, they could

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\* Hence, perhaps, the name Valant applied to the Devil, about the origin of which Grimm is in doubt.

† One foot of the Greek Empusa was an ass's hoof.

do nothing better than describe Satan's world as in all respects the reverse of that which had been conceived by the orthodox intellect as Divine. Have you an illustrated Bible of the last century? Very good. Turn it upside down, and you find the prints on the whole about as near nature as ever, and yet pretending to be something new by a simple device that saves the fancy a good deal of trouble. For, while it is true that the poetic fancy plays, yet the faculty which goes by that pseudonym in prosaic minds (and it was by such that the details of this Satanic commerce were pieced together) is hard put to it for invention, and only too thankful for any labor-saving contrivance whatsoever. Accordingly, all it need take the trouble to do was to reverse the ideas of sacred things already engraved on its surface, and behold, a kingdom of hell with all the merit and none of the difficulty of originality! "Uti olim Deus populo suo Hierosolymis Synagogas erexit ut in iis ignarus legis divinæ populus erudiretur, voluntatemque Dei placitam ex verbo in iis prædicato hauriret; ita et Diabolus in omnibus omnino suis actionibus simiam Dei agens, gregi suo acherontico conventus et synagogas, quas satanica sabbata vocant, indicit. . . . . Atque de hisce Conventibus et Synagogis Lamiarum nullus Antorum quos quidem evolvi, imo nec ipse Lamiarum Patronus [here he glances at Wierus] scilicet ne dubiolum quidem movit. Adeo ut tuto affirmari liceat conventus a diabolo certo institui. Quos vel ipse, tanquam præses collegii, vel per dæmonem, qui ad cujuslibet sagæ custodiam constitutus est, . . . . vel per alios Magos aut sagas per unum aut duos dies antequam fiat congregatio denunciât. . . . . Loci in quibus solent a dæmone cœtus et conventicula malefica institui plerumque sunt sylvestres, occulti, subterranei, et ab hominum conversatione remoti. . . . . Evocatæ hoc modo et tempore Lamiaë, . . . . dæmon illis persuadet eas non posse conventiculis interesse nisi nudum corpus unguento ex corpusculis infantum ante baptismum necatorum præparato illinant, idque propterea solum illis persuadet ut ad quam plurimas infantum insontium cædes eas alliciat. . . . . Unctionis ritu peracto, abiturientes, ne forte a maritis in lectis desiderantur, vel per incantationem somnum, aurem nimirum vellicando dextra manu prius prædicto unguine illita, conciliant maritis ex quo non facile possunt

excitari; vel dæmones personas quasdam dormientibus adumbrant, quas, si contigeret expergisci, suas uxores esse putarent; vel interea alius dæmon in forma succubi ad latus maritorum adjungitur qui loco uxoris est. . . . Et ita sine omni remora insidentes baculo, furcæ, scopis, aut arundini vel tauro, equo, sui, hirco, aut cani, *quorum omnium exempla prodidit Remig.* L. I. c. 14, devehuntur a dæmone ad loca destinata. . . . Ibi dæmon præses conventus in solio sedet magnifico, forma terrificæ, ut plurimum hirci vel canis. Ad quem advenientes viri juxta ac mulieres accedunt reverentiæ exhibendæ et adorandi gratia, non tamen uno eodemque modo. Interdum complicatis genibus supplices; interdum obverso incedentes tergo et modo retrogrado, in oppositum directo illi reverentiæ quam nos præstare solemus. In signum homagii (sit honor castis auribus) Principem suum hircum in [obscænissimo quodam corporis loco] summa cum reverentiâ sacrilego ore osculantur. Quo facto, sacrificia dæmoni faciunt multis modis. Sæpe liberos suos ipsi offerunt. Sæpe communione sumpta benedictam hostiam in ore asservatam et extractam (horreo dicere) dæmoni oblatam coram eo pede conculcant. His et similibus flagitiis et abominationibus execrandis commissis, incipiunt mensis assidere et convivari de cibis insipidis, insulsis,\* furtivis, quos dæmon suppeditat, vel quos singulæ attulere, interdum tripudiant ante convivium, interdum post illud. . . . Nec mensæ sua deest benedictio cœtu hoc digna, verbis constans plane blasphemis quibus ipsum Beelzebub et creatorem et datorem et conservatorem omnium profitentur. Eadem sententia est gratiarum actionis. Post convivium, dorsis invicem obversis . . . choreas ducere et cantare fescenninos in honorem dæmonis obscænissimos, vel ad tympanum fistulamve sedentis alicujus in bifida arbore saltare . . . tum suis amasüs dæmonibus fœdissime commisceri. Ultimo pulveribus (quos aliqui scribunt esse cineres hirci illis quem dæmon assumpserat et quem adorant subito coram illius flamma absumpti) vel venenis aliis acceptis, sæpe etiam cuique indicto nocendi penso, et pronunciato Pseudothei dæmonis decreto, ULCISCAMINI VOS, ALIOQUI MORIEMINI. Duabus aut tribus horis in hisce ludis exactis circa Gallicinium dæmon

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\* Salt was forbidden at these witch-feasts.

convivas suas dimittit.”\* Sometimes they were baptized anew. Sometimes they renounced the Virgin, whom they called in their rites *extensam mulierem*. If the Ave Mary bell should ring while the demon is conveying home his witch, he lets her drop. In the confession of Agnes Simpson the meeting place was North Berwick Kirk. “The Devil started up himself in the pulpit, like a meikle black man, and calling the row [roll] every one answered, *Here*. At his command they opened up three graves and cutted off from the dead corpses the joints of their fingers, toes, and nose, and parted them amongst them, and the said Agnes Simpson got for her part a winding-sheet and two joints. The Devil commanded them to keep the joints upon them while [till] they were dry, and then to make a powder of them to do evil withal.” This confession is sadly memorable, for it was made before James I., then king of Scots, and is said to have convinced him of the reality of witchcraft. Hence the act passed in the first year of his reign in England, and not repealed till 1736, under which, perhaps in consequence of which, so many suffered.

The notion of these witch-gatherings was first suggested, there can be little doubt, by secret conventicles of persisting or relapsed pagans, or of heretics. Both, perhaps, contributed their share. Sometimes a mountain, as in Germany the Blocksberg,† sometimes a conspicuous oak or linden, and there were many such among both Gauls and Germans sacred of old to pagan rites, and later a lonely heath, a place where two roads crossed each other, a cavern, gravel-pit, or quarry, the gallows, or the churchyard, was the place appointed for their diabolic orgies. That the witch could be conveyed bodily to these meetings was at first admitted without any question. But as the husbands of accused persons sometimes testified that their wives had not left their beds on the alleged night of meeting, the witchmongers were put to strange shifts by way of account-

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\* De Lamiis, p. 59 *et seq.*

† If the *Blokula* of the Swedish witches be a reminiscence of this, it would seem to point back to remote times and heathen ceremonies. But it is so impossible to distinguish what was put into the mind of those who confessed by their examining torturers from what may have been there before, the result of a common superstition, that perhaps, after all, the meeting on mountains may have been suggested by what Pliny says of the dances of Satyrs on Mount Atlas.

ing for it. Sometimes the Devil imposed on the husband by a *deceptio visus*; sometimes a demon took the place of the wife; sometimes the body was left and the spirit only transported. But the more orthodox opinion was in favor of corporeal de- portation. Bodin appeals triumphantly to the cases of Habba- kuk (now in the Apocrypha, but once making a part of the Book of Daniel), and of Philip in the Acts of the Apostles. "I find," he says, "this ecstatic ravishment they talk of much more wonderful than bodily transport. And if the Devil has this power, as they confess, of ravishing the spirit out of the body, is it not more easy to carry body and soul without sepa- ration or division of the reasonable part, than to withdraw and divide the one from the other without death?" The author of *De Lamiis* argues for the corporeal theory. "The evil Angels have the same superiority of natural power as the good, since by the Fall they lost none of the gifts of nature, but only those of grace." Now, as we know that good angels can thus trans- port men in the twinkling of an eye, it follows that evil ones may do the same. He fortifies his position by a recent exam- ple from secular history. "No one doubts about John Faust, who dwelt at Wittenberg, in the time of the sainted Luther, and who, seating himself on his cloak with his companions, was conveyed away and borne by the Devil through the air to distant kingdoms."\* Glanvil inclines rather to the spiritual than the material hypothesis, and suggests "that the Witch's anointing herself before she takes her flight may perhaps serve to keep the body tenantable and in fit disposition to receive the spirit at its return." Aubrey, whose "Miscellanies" were pub- lished in 1696, had no doubts whatever as to the physical asportation of the witch. He says that a gentleman of his acquaintance "was in Portugal *anno* 1655, when one was burnt by the inquisition for being brought thither from Goa, in East India, in the air, in an incredible short time." As to the con- veyance of witches through crevices, keyholes, chimneys, and the like, Herr Walburger discusses the question with such comical gravity that we must give his argument in the undi-

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\* Wierus, whose book was published not long after Faust's death, apparently doubted the whole story, for he alludes to it with an *ut fertur*, and plainly looked on him as a mountebank.

minished splendor of its jurisconsult latinity. The first sentence is worthy of Magister Bartholomæus Kuckuk. "Hæc realis delatio trahit me quoque ad illam vulgo agitatam quæstionem: *An diabolus Lamias corpore per angusta foramina parietum, fenestrarum, portarum aut per cavernas ignifluas ferre queant?*" (Surely if *tace* be good Latin for a candle, *caverna igniflua* should be flattering to a chimney). "Resp. Lamie prædicto modo sæpius fatentur sese a diabolo per caminum aut alia loca angustiora scopis insidentes per ærem ad montem Bructerorum deferri. Verum deluduntur a Satana istæc mulieres hoc casu egregie nec revera rimulas istas penetrant, sed solummodo dæmon præcedens latenter aperit et claudit januas vel fenestras corporis earum capaces, per quas eas intromittit quæ putant se formam animalculi parvi, mustelæ, catti, locustæ, et aliorum induisse. At si forte contingat ut per parietem se delatam confiteatur Saga, tunc, si non totum hoc præstigiosum est, dæmonem tamen maxima celeritate totquot sufficiunt lapides eximere et sustinere aliosne ruant, et postea eadem celeritate iterum eos in suum locum reponere, existimo: cum hominum adspectus hanc tartarei latomi fraudem nequeat deprehendere. Idem quoque iudicium esse potest de translatione per caminum. Siquidem si caverna igniflua justæ amplitudinis est ut nullo impedimento et hæsitatione corpus humanum eam perrepere possit, diabolo impossibile non esse per eam eas educere. Si vero per inproportionatum (ut ita loquar) corporibus spatium eas educit tunc meras illusiones præstigiosas esse censeo, nec a diabolo hoc unquam effici posse. Ratio est, quoniam diabolus essentiam creaturæ seu lamie immutare non potest, multo minus efficere ut majus corpus penetret per spatium inproportionatum, alioquin corporum penetratio esset admittenda quod contra naturam et omne Physicorum principium est." This is fine reasoning, and the *ut ita loquar* thrown in so carelessly, as if with a deprecatory wave of the hand for using a less classical locution than usual, strikes me as a very delicate touch indeed.

Grimm tells us that he does not know when broomsticks, spits, and similar utensils were first assumed to be the canonical instruments of this nocturnal equitation. He thinks it comparatively modern, but I suspect it is as old as the first

child that ever bestrode his father's staff, and fancied it into a courser shod with wind, like those of Pindar. Alas for the poverty of human invention! It cannot afford a hippogriff for an every-day occasion. The poor old crones, badgered by inquisitors into confessing they had been where they never were, were involved in the further necessity of explaining how the devil they got there. The only steed their parents had ever been rich enough to keep had been of this domestic sort, and they no doubt had ridden in this inexpensive fashion, imagining themselves the grand dames they saw sometimes flash by, in the happy days of childhood, now so far away. Forced to give a *how*, and unable to conceive of mounting in the air without something to sustain them, their bewildered wits naturally took refuge in some such simple subterfuge, and the broom-stave, which might make part of the poorest house's furniture, was the nearest at hand. If youth and good spirits could put such life into a dead stick once, why not age and evil spirits now? Moreover, what so likely as an *emeritus* implement of this sort to become the staff of a withered beldame, and thus to be naturally associated with her image? I remember very well a poor half-crazed creature, who always wore a scarlet cloak and leaned on such a stay, cursing and banning after a fashion that would infallibly have burned her two hundred years ago. But apart from any adventitious associations of later growth, it is certain that a very ancient belief gave to magic the power of imparting life, or the semblance of it, to inanimate things, and thus sometimes making servants of them. The wands of the Egyptian magicians were turned to serpents. Still nearer to the purpose is the capital story of Lucian, out of which Goethe made his *Zauberlehrling*, of the stick turned water-carrier. The classical theory of the witch's flight was driven to no such vulgar expedients, the ointment turning her into a bird for the nonce, as in Lucian and Apuleius. In those days, too, there was nothing known of any camp-meeting of witches and wizards, but each sorceress transformed herself that she might fly to her paramour. According to some of the Scotch stories, the witch, after bestriding her broomstick, must repeat the magic formula, *Horse and Hatlock!* The flitting of these ill-omened night-birds, like

nearly all the general superstitions relating to witchcraft, mingles itself and is lost in a throng of figures more august.\* Diana, Bertha, Holda, Abundia, Befana, once beautiful and divine, the bringers of blessings while men slept, became demons haunting the drear of darkness with terror and ominous suggestion. The process of disenchantment must have been a long one, and none can say how soon it became complete. Perhaps we may take Heine's word for it, that

"Genau bei Weibern  
Weiss man niemals wo der Engel  
Aufhört und der Teufel anfängt."

Once goblinized, Herodias joins them, doomed still to bear about the Baptist's head; and Woden, who, first losing his identity in the Wild Huntsman, sinks by degrees into the mere *spook* of a Suabian baron, sinfully fond of field-sports, and therefore punished with an eternal phantasm of them, "the hunter and the deer a shade." More and more vulgarized, the infernal train snatches up and sweeps along with it every lawless shape and wild conjecture of distempered fancy, streaming away at last into a comet's tail of wild-haired hags, eager with unnatural hate and more unnatural lust, the nightmare breed of some exorcist's or inquisitor's surfeit, whose own lie has turned upon him in sleep.

As it is painfully interesting to trace the gradual degeneration of a poetic faith into the ritual of unimaginative Tupperism, so it is amusing to see pedantry clinging faithfully to the traditions of its prosaic nature, and holding sacred the dead shells that once housed a moral symbol. What a divine thing the *outside* always has been and continues to be! And how the cast clothes of the mind continue always to be in fashion! We turn our coats without changing the cut of them. But was it possible for a man to change not only his skin but his nature? Were there such things as *versipelles*, *lycanthropi*, *werwolfs*, and *loup-garous*? In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the later poetry has become science. The phenomena of nature, imaginatively represented, were not long in becoming myths. These the primal poets reproduced again as symbols, no longer of physical, but of moral truths. By and by

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\* See Grimm's D. M., under *Hexenart*, *Wütendes Heer*, &c.

the professional poets, in search of a subject, are struck by the fund of picturesque material lying unused in them, and work them up once more as narratives, with appropriate personages and decorations. Thence they take the further downward step into legend, and from that to superstition. How many metamorphoses between the elder Edda and the Nibelungen, between Arcturus and the "Idyls of the King"! Let a good, thorough-paced proser get hold of one of these stories, and he carefully desiccates them of whatever fancy may be left, till he has reduced them to the proper dryness of fact. King Lycaon, grandson by the spindleside of Oceanus, after passing through all the stages I have mentioned, becomes the ancestor of the werwolf. Ovid is put upon the stand as a witness, and testifies to the undoubted fact of the poor monarch's own metamorphosis:—

"Territus ipse fugit, nactusque silentia ruris  
Exululat, frustra que loqui conatur."

Does any one still doubt that men may be changed into beasts? Call Lucian, call Apuleius, call Homer, whose story of the companions of Ulysses made swine of by Circe, says Bodin, *n'est pas fable*. If that arch-patron of sorcerers, Wierus, is still unconvinced, and pronounces the whole thing a delusion of diseased imagination, what does he say to Nebuchadnezzar? Nay, let St. Austin be subpoenaed, who declares that "in his time among the Alps sorceresses were common, who, by making travellers eat of a certain cheese, changed them into beasts of burden and then back again into men." Too confiding tourist, beware of *Gruyère*, especially at supper! Then there was the Philosopher Ammonius, whose lectures were constantly attended by an ass,— a phenomenon not without parallel in more recent times, and all the more credible to Bodin, who had been professor of civil law.

In one case we have fortunately the evidence of the ass himself. In Germany, two witches who kept an inn made an ass of a young actor,— not always a very prodigious transformation it will be thought by those familiar with the stage. In his new shape he drew customers by his amusing tricks,— *voluptates mille viatoribus exhibebat*. But one day making his escape (having overheard the secret from his mistresses),

he plunged into the water and was disasized to the extent of recovering his original shape. "Id Petrus Damianus, vir sua ætate inter primos numerandus, cum rem sciscitatus est diligentissime ex hero, *ex asino*, ex mulieribus sagis confessis factum, Leoni VII. Papæ narravit, et postquam diu in utranque partem coram Papa fuit disputatum, hoc tandem posse fieri fuit constitutum." Bodin must have been delighted with this story, though perhaps as a Protestant he might have vilipended the infallible decision of the Pope in its favor. As for lycanthropy, that was too common in his own time to need any confirmation. It was notorious to all men. "In Livonia, during the latter part of December, a villain goes about summoning the sorcerers to meet at a certain place, and if they fail, the Devil scourges them thither with an iron rod, and that so sharply that the marks of it remain upon them. Their captain goes before; and they, to the number of several thousands, follow him across a river, which passed, they change into wolves, and, casting themselves upon men and flocks, do all manner of damage." This we have on the authority of Melancthon's son-in-law, Gaspar Peucerus. Moreover, many books published in Germany affirm "that one of the greatest kings in Christendom, not long since dead, was often changed into a wolf." But what need of words? The conclusive proof remains, that many in our own day, being put to the torture, have confessed the fact, and been burned alive accordingly. The maintainers of the reality of witchcraft in the next century seem to have dropped the *werwolf* by common consent, though supported by the same kind of evidence they relied on in other matters, namely, that of ocular witnesses, the confession of the accused, and general notoriety. So lately as 1765 the French peasants believed the "wild beast of the Gevaudan" to be a *loup-garou*, and that, I think, is his last appearance.

The particulars of the concubinage of witches with their familiars were discussed with a relish and a filthy minuteness worthy of Sanchez. Could children be born of these devilish amours? Of course they could, said one party; are there not plenty of cases in authentic history? Who was the father of Romulus and Remus? nay, not so very long ago, of Merlin? Another party denied the possibility of the thing al-

together. Among these was Luther, who declared the children either to be supposititious, or else mere imps, disguised as innocent sucklings, and known as *Wechselkinder*, or changelings, who were common enough, as everybody must be aware. Of the intercourse itself Luther had no doubts.\* A third party took a middle ground, and believed that vermin and toads might be the offspring of such amours. But how did the Demon, a mere spiritual essence, contrive himself a body? Some would have it that he entered into dead bodies, by preference, of course, those of sorcerers. It is plain, from the confession of De la Rue, that this was the theory of his examiners. This also had historical evidence in its favor. There was the well-known leading case of the Bride of Corinth, for example. And but yesterday, as it were, at Crossen in Silesia, did not Christopher Monig, an apothecary's servant, come back after being buried, and do duty, as if nothing particular had happened, putting up prescriptions as usual, and "pounding drugs in the mortar with a mighty noise"? Apothecaries seem to have been special victims of these Satanic pranks, for another appeared at Reichenbach not long before, affirming that "he had poisoned several men with his drugs," which certainly gives an air of truth to the story. Accordingly the Devil is represented as being unpleasantly cold to the touch. "Caietan escrit qu'une sorciere demanda un iour au diable pourquoy il ne se rechauffoit, qui fist response qu'il faisoit ce qu'il pouuoit." Poor Devil! But there are cases in which the demon is represented as so hot that his grasp left a seared spot as black as charcoal. Perhaps some of them came from the torrid zone of their broad empire, and others from the thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice. Those who were not satisfied with the dead-body theory contented themselves, like Dr. More, with that of "adscititious particles," which has, to be sure, a more metaphysical and scholastic flavor about it. That the demons really came, either corporeally or through some diabolic illusion that amounted to the same thing, and that the witch devoted herself to him body and soul, scarce any-

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\* Some Catholics, indeed, affirmed that he himself was the son of a demon who lodged in his father's house under the semblance of a merchant. Wierus says that a bishop preached to that effect in 1565, and gravely refutes the story.

body was bold enough to doubt. To these familiars their venerable paramours gave endearing nicknames, such as My little Master, or My dear Martin, — the latter, probably, after the heresy of Luther, and when the rack was popish. The famous witch-finder Hopkins enables us to lengthen the list considerably. One witch whom he convicted, after being “kept from sleep two or three nights,” called in five of her devilish servitors. The first was “*Holt*, who came in like a white kitling”; the second, “*Jarmara*, like a fat spaniel without any legs at all”; the third, “*Vinegar Tom*, who was like a long-tailed greyhound with an head like an oxe, with a long tail and broad eyes, who, when this discoverer spoke to and bade him go to the place provided for him and his angels, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a child of four years old, without a head, and gave half a dozen turns about the house and vanished at the doore”; the fourth, “*Sack and Sugar*, like a black rabbit”; the fifth, “*News*, like a polcat.” Other names of his finding were Elemauzer, Pywacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, Grizzel, and Greedygut, “which,” he adds, “no mortal could invent.” The name of *Robin*, which we met with in the confession of Alice Duke, has, perhaps, wider associations than the woman herself dreamed of; for, through Robin des Bios and Robin Hood, it may be another of those scattered traces that lead us back to Woden. Probably, however, it is only our old friend Robin Goodfellow, whose namesake Knecht Ruprecht makes such a figure in the German fairy mythology. Possessed persons called in higher agencies, — Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Powers; and among the witnesses against Urbain Grandier we find the names of Leviathan, Behemoth, Isaacarum, Belaam, Asmodeus, and Beherit, who spoke French very well, but were remarkably poor Latinists, knowing, indeed, almost as little of the language as if their youth had been spent in writing Latin verses.\* A shrewd Scotch physician tried them with Gaelic, but they could make nothing of it.

It was only when scepticism had begun to make itself un-

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\* Melancthon, however, used to tell of a possessed girl in Italy who knew no Latin, but the Devil in her, being asked by Bonamico, a Bolognese professor, what was the best verse in Virgil, answered at once : —

“Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos,” —

a somewhat remarkable concession on the part of a fallen angel.

comfortably inquisitive, that the Devil had any difficulty in making himself visible and even palpable. In simpler times, demons would almost seem to have made no inconsiderable part of the population. Trithemius tells of one who served as cook to the Bishop of Hildesheim (one shudders to think of the school where he had graduated as *Cordon bleu*), and who delectebatur esse cum hominibus, loquens, interrogans, respondens familiariter omnibus, aliquando visibiliter, aliquando invisibiliter apparens. This last feat of "appearing invisibly" would have been worth seeing. In 1554, the Devil came of a Christmas eve to Lawrence Doner, a parish priest in Saxony, and asked to be confessed. "Admissus, horrendas adversus Christum filium Dei blasphemias evomuit. Verum cum virtute verbi Dei a parrocho victus esset, intolerabili post se relicto foetore abiit." Splendidly dressed, with two companions, he frequented an honest man's house at Rothenberg. He brought with him a piper or fiddler, and contrived feasts and dances under pretext of wooing the goodman's daughter. He boasted that he was a foreign nobleman of immense wealth, and, for a time, was as successful as an Italian courier has been known to be at one of our fashionable watering-places. But the importunity of the guest and his friends at length displicuit patri-familias, who accordingly one evening invited a minister of the word to meet them at supper, and entered upon pious discourse with him from the word of God. Wherefore, seeking other matter of conversation, they said that there were many facetious things more suitable to exhilarate the supper-table than the interpretation of Holy Writ, and begged that they might be no longer bored with Scripture. Thoroughly satisfied by their singular way of thinking that his guests were diabolical, paterfamilias cries out in Latin worthy of Father Tom, "Apagite, vos scelerati nebulones!" This said, the tartarean impostor and his companions at once vanished with a great tumult, leaving behind them a most unpleasant foetor and the bodies of three men who had been hanged. Perhaps if the clergyman-cure were faithfully tried upon the next fortune-hunting count with a large real estate in whiskers and imaginary one in Baratavia, he also might vanish, leaving a strong smell of barber's-shop, and taking with him a body that will come to the

gallows in due time. It were worth trying. Luther tells of a demon who served as *famulus* in a monastery, fetching beer for the monks, and always insisting on honest measure for his money. There is one case on record where the Devil appealed to the courts for protection in his rights. A monk, going to visit his mistress, fell dead as he was passing a bridge. The good and bad angel came to litigation about his soul. The case was referred by agreement to Richard, Duke of Normandy, who decided that the monk's body should be carried back to the bridge, and his soul restored to it by the claimants. If he persevered in keeping his assignation, the Devil was to have him, if not, then the Angel. The monk, thus put upon his guard, turns back and saves his soul, such as it was.\* Perhaps the most impudent thing the Devil ever did was to open a school of magic in Toledo. The ceremony of graduation in this institution was peculiar. The senior class had all to run through a narrow cavern, and the venerable president was entitled to the hindmost, if he could catch him. Sometimes it happened that he caught only his shadow, and in that case the man who had been nimble enough to do what Goethe pronounces impossible, became the most profound magician of his year. Hence our proverb of *the Devil take the hindmost*, and Chamisso's story of Peter Schlemihl.

There is no end to such stories. They were repeated and believed by the gravest and wisest men down to the end of the sixteenth century; they were received undoubtingly by the great majority down to the end of the seventeenth. The Devil was an easy way of accounting for what was beyond men's comprehension. He was the simple and satisfactory answer to all the conundrums of Nature. And what the Devil had not time to bestow his personal attention upon, the witch was always ready to do for him. Was a doctor at a loss about a

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\* This story seems mediæval and Gothic enough, but is hardly more so than bringing the case of the Furies *v.* Orestes before the Areopagus, and putting Apollo in the witness-box, as Æschylus has done. The classics, to be sure, are always so classic! In the *Eumenides*, Apollo takes the place of the good angel. And why not? For though a demon, and a lying one, he has crept in to the calendar under his other name of Helios as St. Helias. Could any of his oracles have foretold this?

case? How could he save his credit more cheaply than by pronouncing it witchcraft, and turning it over to the parson to be exorcised? Did a man's cow die suddenly, or his horse fall lame? Witchcraft! Did one of those writers of controversial quartos, heavy as the stone of Diomed, feel a pain in the small of his back? Witchcraft! Unhappily there were always ugly old women; and if you crossed them in any way, or did them a wrong, they were given to scolding and banning. If, within a year or two after, anything should happen to you or yours, why, of course, old Mother Bombie or Goody Blake must be at the bottom of it. For it was perfectly well known that there were witches, (does not God's law say expressly, "Suffer not a *witch* to live?") and that they could cast a spell by the mere glance of their eyes, could cause you to pine away by melting a waxen image, could give you a pain wherever they liked by sticking pins into the same, could bring sickness into your house or into your barn by hiding a Devil's powder under the threshold; and who knows what else? Worst of all, they could send a demon into your body, who would cause you to vomit pins, hair, pebbles, knives, — indeed, almost anything short of a cathedral, — without any fault of yours, utter through you the most impertinent things *verbi ministro*, and, in short, make you the most important personage in the parish for the time being. Meanwhile, you were an object of condolence and contribution to the whole neighborhood. What wonder if a lazy apprentice or servant-maid (Bekker gives several instances of the kind detected by him) should prefer being possessed, with its attendant perquisites, to drudging from morning till night? And to any one who has observed how common a thing in certain states of mind self-connivance is, and how near it is to self-deception, it will not be surprising that some were, to all intents and purposes, really possessed. Who has never felt an almost irresistible temptation, and seemingly not self-originated, to let himself go? to let his mind gallop and kick and curvet and roll like a horse turned loose? in short, as we Yankees say, "to speak out in meeting"? Who never had it suggested to him by the fiend to break in at a funeral with a real character of the deceased, instead of that Mrs. Grundyified view of him which the clergyman is so pain-

fully elaborating in his prayer? Remove the pendulum of conventional routine, and the mental machinery runs on with a whirl that gives a delightful excitement to sluggish temperaments, and is, perhaps, the natural relief of highly nervous organizations. The tyrant Will is dethroned, and the sceptre snatched by his frolic sister Whim. This state of things, if continued, must become either insanity or imposture. But who can say precisely where consciousness ceases and a kind of automatic movement begins, the result of over-excitement? The subjects of these strange disturbances have been almost always young women or girls at a critical period of their development. Many of the most remarkable cases have occurred in convents, and both there and elsewhere, as in other kinds of temporary nervous derangement, have proved contagious. Sometimes, as in the affair of the nuns of Loudon, there seems every reason to suspect a conspiracy; but I am not quite ready to say that Grandier was the only victim, and that some of the energumens were not unconscious tools in the hands of priestcraft and revenge. One thing is certain: that in the dioceses of humanely sceptical prelates the cases of possession were sporadic only, and either cured, or at least hindered from becoming epidemic, by episcopal mandate. Cardinal Mazarin, when Papal vice-legate at Avignon, made an end of the trade of exorcism within his government.

But scepticism, down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, was the exception. Undoubting and often fanatical belief was the rule. It is easy enough to be astonished at it, still easier to misapprehend it. How could sane men have been deceived by such nursery-tales? Still more, how could they have suffered themselves, on what seems to us such puerile evidence, to consent to such atrocious cruelties, nay, to urge them on? As to the belief, we should remember that the human mind, when it sails by *dead reckoning*, without the possibility of a fresh observation, perhaps without the instruments necessary to take one, will sometimes bring up in very strange latitudes. Do we of the nineteenth century, then, always strike out boldly into the unlandmarked deep of speculation and shape our courses by the stars, or do we not sometimes con our voyage by what seem to us the firm and familiar

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headlands of truth, planted by God himself, but which may, after all, be no more than an insubstantial mockery of cloud or airy juggle of mirage? The refraction of our own atmosphere has by no means made an end of its tricks with the appearances of things in our little world of thought. The men of that day believed what they saw, or, as our generation would put it, what they *thought* they saw. Very good. The vast majority of men believe, and always will believe, on the same terms. When one comes along who can partly distinguish the thing seen from that travesty or distortion of it which the thousand disturbing influences within him and without him would *make* him see, we call him a great philosopher. All our intellectual charts are engraved according to his observations, and we steer contentedly by them till some man whose brain rests on a still more unmovable basis corrects them still further by eliminating what his predecessor thought *he* saw. We must account for many former aberrations in the moral world by the presence of more or less nebulous bodies of a certain gravity which modified the actual position of truth in its relation to the mind, and which, if they have now vanished, have made way, perhaps, for others whose influence will in like manner be allowed for posterity in their estimate of us. In matters of faith astrology has by no means yet given place to astronomy, nor alchemy become chemistry, which knows what to seek for and how to find it. In the days of witchcraft all science was still in the condition of *May-be*; it is only just bringing itself to find a higher satisfaction in the imperturbable *Must-be* of law. We should remember that what we call *natural* may have a very different meaning to one generation from that which it has to the next. The boundary between the "other" world and this ran till very lately, and at some points runs still, through a vast tract of unexplored border-land of very uncertain tenure. Even now the territory which Reason holds firmly as Lord Warden of the marches during daylight, is subject to sudden raids of Imagination by night. But physical darkness is not the only one that lends opportunity to such incursions; and in mid-summer 1692, when Ebenezer Bapson, looking out of the fort at Gloucester in broad day, saw shapes of men, sometimes in blue coats like Indians, sometimes in white waistcoats like

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Frenchmen, it seemed *more* natural to most men that they should be spectres than men of flesh and blood. Granting the assumed premises, as nearly every one did, the syllogism was perfect.

So much for the apparent reasonableness of the belief, since every man's logic is satisfied with a legitimate deduction from his own postulates. Causes for the cruelty to which the belief led are not further to seek. Toward no crime have men shown themselves so cold-bloodedly cruel as in punishing difference of belief, and the first systematic persecutions for witchcraft began with the inquisitors in the South of France in the thirteenth century. It was then and there that the charge of sexual uncleanness with demons was first devised. Persecuted heretics would naturally meet in darkness and secret, and it was easy to blacken such meetings with the accusation of deeds so foul as to shun the light of day and the eyes of men. They met to renounce God and worship the Devil. But this was not enough. To excite popular hatred and keep it fiercely alive, fear must be mingled with it; and this end was reached by making the heretic also a sorcerer, who, by the Devil's help, could and would work all manner of fiendish mischief. When by this means the belief in a league between witch and demon had become firmly established, witchcraft grew into a well-defined crime, hateful enough in itself to furnish pastime for the torturer and food for the fagot. In the fifteenth century witches were burned by thousands, and it may well be doubted if all paganism together was ever guilty of so many human sacrifices in the same space of time. In the sixteenth, these holocausts were appealed to as conclusive evidence of the reality of the crime, terror was again aroused, the more vindictive that its sources were so vague and intangible, and cruelty was the natural consequence. Nothing but an abject panic, in which the whole use of reason, except as a mill to grind out syllogisms, was altogether lost, will account for some chapters in Bodin's *Démonomanie*. Men were surrounded by a forever-renewed conspiracy whose ramifications they could not trace, though they might now and then lay hold on one of its associates. Protestant and Catholic might agree in nothing else, but they were unanimous in their dread of this invisible enemy. If fright could turn civilized

Englishmen into savage Iroquois during the imagined negro plots of New York in 1741 and of Jamaica in 1865, if the same invisible omnipresence of Fenianism shall be able to work the same miracle, as it probably will, next year in England itself, why should we be astonished that the blows should have fallen upon many an innocent head when men were striking wildly in self-defence, as they supposed, against the unindictable Powers of Darkness, against a plot which could be carried on by human agents, but with invisible accessories and by supernatural means? In the seventeenth century an element was added which pretty well supplied the place of heresy as a sharpener of hatred and an awakener of indefinable suspicion. Scepticism had been born into the world, almost more hateful than heresy, because it had the manners of good society and contented itself with a smile, a shrug, an almost imperceptible lift of the eyebrow, — a kind of reasoning especially exasperating to disputants of the old school, who still cared about victory, even when they did not about the principles involved in the debate.

The Puritan emigration to New England took place at a time when the belief in diabolic agency had been hardly called in question, much less shaken. They brought it with them to a country in every way fitted, not only to keep it alive, but to feed it into greater vigor. The solitude of the wilderness (and solitude alone, by dis-furnishing the brain of its commonplace associations, makes it an apt theatre for the delusions of imagination), the nightly forest noises, the glimpse, perhaps, through the leaves, of a painted savage face, uncertain whether of redman or Devil, but more likely of the latter, above all, that measureless mystery of the unknown and conjectural stretching away illimitable on all sides and vexing the mind, somewhat as physical darkness does, with intimation and mis-giving, — under all these influences, whatever seeds of superstition had in any way got over from the Old World would find an only too congenial soil in the New. The leaders of that emigration believed and taught that demons loved to dwell in waste and wooded places, that the Indians did homage to the bodily presence of the Devil, and that he was especially enraged against those who had planted an outpost of the true faith upon

this continent, hitherto all his own. In the third generation of the settlement, in proportion as living faith decayed, the clergy insisted all the more strongly on the traditions of the elders, and as they all placed the sources of goodness and religion in some inaccessible Other World rather than in the soul of man himself, they clung to every shred of the supernatural as proof of the existence of that Other World, and of its interest in the affairs of this. They had the countenance of all the great theologians, Catholic as well as Protestant, of the leaders of the Reformation, and in their own day of such men as More and Glanvil and Baxter.\* If to all these causes, more or less operative in 1692, we add the harassing excitement of an Indian war (urged on by Satan in his hatred of the churches), with its daily and nightly apprehensions and alarms, we shall be less astonished that the delusion in Salem Village rose so high than that it subsided so soon.

I have already said that it was religious antipathy or clerical interest that first made heresy and witchcraft identical and cast them into the same expiatory fire. The invention was a Catholic one, but it is plain that Protestants soon learned its value and were not slow in making it a plague to the inventor. It was not till after the Reformation that there was any systematic hunting out of witches in England. Then, no doubt, the innocent charms and rhyming prayers of the old religion were regarded as incantations, and twisted into evidence against miserable beldames who mumbled over in their dotage what they had learned at their mother's knee. It is plain, at least, that this was one of Agnes Simpson's crimes.

But as respects the frivolity of the proof adduced, there was nothing to choose between Catholic and Protestant. Out of civil and canon law a net was woven through whose meshes

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\* Mr. Leckie, in his admirable chapter on Witchcraft, gives a little more credit to the enlightenment of the Church of England in this matter than it would seem fairly to deserve. More and Glanvil were faithful sons of the Church; and if the persecution of witches was especially rife during the ascendancy of the Puritans, it was because they happened to be in power while there was a reaction against Sadducism. All the convictions were under the statute of James I., who was no Puritan. After the restoration, the reaction was the other way, and Hobbism became the fashion. It is more philosophical to say that the age believes this and that, than that the particular men who live in it do so.

there was no escape, and into it the victims were driven by popular clamor. Suspicion of witchcraft was justified by general report, by the ill-looks of the suspected, by being silent when accused, by her mother's having been a witch, by flight, by exclaiming when arrested, *I am lost!* by a habit of using imprecations, by the evidence of two witnesses, by the accusation of a man on his death-bed, by a habit of being away from home at night, by fifty other things equally grave. Anybody might be an accuser, — a personal enemy, an infamous person, a child, parent, brother, or sister. Once accused, the culprit was not to be allowed to touch the ground on the way to prison, was not to be left alone there lest she have interviews with the Devil and get from him the means of being insensible under torture, was to be stripped and shaved in order to prevent her concealing some charm, or to facilitate the finding of witch-marks. Her right thumb tied to her left great-toe, and *vice versa*, she was thrown into the water. If she floated, she was a witch; if she sank and was drowned, she was lucky. This trial, as old as the days of Pliny the Elder, was gone out of fashion, the author of *De Lamiis* assures us, in his day everywhere but in Westphalia. "On halfproof or strong presumption," says Bodin, the judge may proceed to torture. If the witch did not shed tears under the rack, it was almost conclusive of guilt. On this topic of torture he grows eloquent. The rack does very well, but to thrust splinters between the nails and flesh of hands and feet "is the most excellent gehenna of all, and practised in Turkey." That of Florence, where they seat the criminal in a hanging chair so contrived that if he drop asleep it overturns and leaves him hanging by a rope which wrenches his arms backwards, is perhaps even better, "for the limbs are not broken, and without trouble or labor one gets out the truth." It is well in carrying the accused to the chamber of torture to cause some in the next room to shriek fearfully as if on the rack, that they may be terrified into confession. It is proper to tell them that their accomplices have confessed and accused them ("though they have done no such thing") that they may do the same out of revenge. The judge may also with a good conscience lie to the prisoner and tell her that if she admit her guilt, she may

be pardoned. This is Bodin's opinion, but Walburger, writing a century later, concludes that the judge may go to any extent *citra mendacium*, this side of lying. He may tell the witch that he will be favorable, meaning to the Commonwealth; that he will see that she has a new house built for her, that is, a wooden one to burn her in; that her confession will be most useful in saving her life, to wit, her life eternal. There seems little difference between the German's white lies and the Frenchman's black ones. As to punishment, Bodin is fierce for burning. Though a Protestant, he quotes with evident satisfaction a decision of the magistrates that one "who had eaten flesh on a Friday should be burned alive unless he repented, and if he repented, yet he was hanged out of compassion." A child under twelve who will not confess meeting with the Devil should be put to death if convicted of the fact, though Bodin allows that Satan made no express compact with those who had not arrived at puberty. This he learned from the examination of Jeanne Harvillier, who deposed, "that, though her mother dedicated her to Satan so soon as she was born, yet she was not married to him, nor did he demand that, or her renunciation of God, till she had attained the age of twelve."

There is no more painful reading than this, except the trials of the witches themselves. These awaken, by turns pity, indignation, disgust, and dread,—dread at the thought of what the human mind may be brought to believe not only probable, but proven. But it is well to be put upon our guard by lessons of this kind, for the wisest man is in some respects little better than a madman in a strait-waistcoat of habit, public opinion, prudence, or the like. Scepticism began at length to make itself felt, but it spread slowly and was shy of proclaiming itself. The orthodox party was not backward to charge with sorcery whoever doubted their facts or pitied their victims. Bodin says that it is good cause of suspicion against a judge if he turn the matter into ridicule, or incline toward mercy. The mob, as it always is, was orthodox. It was dangerous to doubt, it might be fatal to deny. In 1453 Guillaume de Lure was burned at Poitiers on his own confession of a compact with Satan, by which he agreed "to preach and did preach that

everything told of sorcerers was mere fable, and that it was cruelly done to condemn them to death." This contract was found among his papers signed "with the Devil's own claw," as Howell says speaking of a similar case. It is not to be wondered at that the earlier doubters were cautious. There was literally a reign of terror, and during such *régimes* men are commonly found more eager to be informers and accusers than of counsel for the defence. Peter of Abano is reckoned among the earliest unbelievers who declared himself openly.\* Chaucer was certainly a sceptic, as appears by the opening of the Wife of Bath's tale. Wierus, a German physician, was the first to undertake (1563) a refutation of the facts and assumptions on which the prosecutions for witchcraft were based. His explanation of the phenomena is mainly physiological. Mr. Leckie hardly states his position correctly, in saying "that he never dreamed of restricting the sphere of the supernatural." Wierus went as far as he dared. No one can read his book without feeling that he insinuates much more than he positively affirms or denies. He would have weakened his cause if he had seemed to disbelieve in demoniacal possession, since that had the supposed warrant of Scripture; but it may be questioned whether he uses the words *Satan* and *Demon* in any other way than that in which many people still use the word *Nature*. He was forced to accept certain premises of his opponents by the line of his argument. When he recites incredible stories without comment, it is not that he believes them, but that he thinks their absurdity obvious. That he wrote under a certain restraint is plain from the Colophon of his book, where he says: "Nihil autem hic ita assertum volo, quod æquiori iudicio Catholicæ Christi Ecclesiæ non omnino submittam, palinodia mox spontanea emendaturus, si erroris alicubi convincar." A great deal of latent and timid scepticism seems to have been brought to the surface by his work. Many eminent persons wrote to him in gratitude and commendation. In the Preface to his

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\* I have no means of ascertaining whether he did or not. He was more probably charged with it by the inquisitors. Mr. Leckie seems to write of him only upon hearsay, for he calls him Peter "of Apono," apparently translating a French translation of the Latin "Aponus." The only book attributed to him that I have ever seen is itself a kind of manual of magic.

shorter treatise *De Lamiis* (which is a mere abridgment), he thanks God that his labors had "in many places caused the cruelty against innocent blood to slacken," and that "some more distinguished judges treat more mildly and even absolve from capital punishment the wretched old women branded with the odious name of witches by the populace." In the *Pseudomonarchia Dæmonum*, he gives a kind of census of the diabolic kingdom,\* but evidently with secret intention of making the whole thing ridiculous, or it would not have so stirred the bile of Bodin. Wierus was saluted by many contemporaries as a Hercules who destroyed monsters, and himself not immodestly claimed the civic wreath for having saved the lives of fellow-citizens. Posterity should not forget a man who really did an honest life's work for humanity and the liberation of thought. From one of the letters appended to his book we learn that Jacobus Savagius, a physician of Antwerp, had twenty years before written a treatise with the same design, but confining himself to the medical argument exclusively. He was, however, prevented from publishing it by death. It is pleasant to learn from Bodin that Alciato, the famous lawyer and emblematiser, was one of those who "laughed and made others laugh at the evidence relied on at the trials, insisting that witchcraft was a thing impossible and fabulous, and so softened the hearts of judges (in spite of the fact that an inquisitor had caused to burn more than a hundred sorcerers in Piedmont), that all the accused escaped." In England, Reginald Scot was the first to enter the lists in behalf of those who had no champion. His book, published in 1584, is full of manly sense and spirit, above all, of a tender humanity that gives it a warmth which we miss in every other written on the same side. In the dedication to Sir Roger Manwood he says: "I renounce all protection and despise all friendship that might serve towards the suppressing or supplanting of truth." To his kinsman, Sir Thomas Scot, he writes: "My greatest adversaries are *young ignorance* and *old custom*; for what folly soever tract of time hath fostered, it is

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\* "With the names and surnames," says Bodin, indignantly, "of seventy-two princes, and of seven million four hundred and five thousand nine hundred and twenty-six devils, errors excepted."

so superstitiously pursued of some, as though no error could be acquainted with custom." And in his Preface he thus states his motives: "God that knoweth my heart is witness, and you that read my book shall see, that my drift and purpose in this enterprise tendeth only to these respects. First, that the glory and power of God be not so abridged and abased as to be thrust into the hand or lip of a lewd old woman, whereby the work of the Creator should be attributed to the power of a creature. Secondly, that the religion of the Gospel may be seen to stand without such peevish trumpery. Thirdly, that lawful favor and Christian compassion be rather used towards these poor souls than rigor and extremity. Because they which are commonly accused of witchcraft are the least sufficient of all other persons to speak for themselves, as having the most base and simple education of all others, the extremity of their age giving them leave to dote, their poverty to beg, their wrongs to chide and threaten (as being void of any other way of revenge), their humor melancholical to be full of imaginations, from whence chiefly proceedeth the vanity of their confessions. . . . And for so much as the mighty help themselves together, and the poor widow's cry, though it reach to Heaven, is scarce heard here upon earth, I thought good (according to my poor ability) to make intercession that some part of common rigor and some points of hasty judgment may be advised upon." . . . The case is nowhere put with more point or urged with more sense and eloquence than by Scot, whose book contains also more curious matter, in the way of charms, incantations, exorcisms, and feats of legerdemain than any other of the kind.

Other books followed on the same side, of which Bekker's, published about a century later, was the most important. It is well reasoned, learned, and tedious to a masterly degree. But though the belief in witchcraft might be shaken, it still had the advantage of being on the whole orthodox and respectable. Wise men, as usual, insisted on regarding superstition as of one substance with faith, and objected to any scouring of the shield of religion, lest, like that of Cornelius Scriblerus, it should suddenly turn out to be nothing more than "a paltry old sconce with the nozzle broke off." The Devil continued to

be the only recognized Minister Resident of God upon earth. When we remember that one man's accusation on his death-bed was enough to constitute grave presumption of witchcraft, it might seem singular that dying testimonies were so long of no avail against the common credulity. But it should be remembered that men are mentally no less than corporeally gregarious, and that public opinion, the fetish even of the nineteenth century, makes men, whether for good or ill, into a mob, which either hurries the individual judgment along with it, or runs over and tramples it into insensibility. Those who are so fortunate as to occupy the philosophical position of spectators *ab extra* are very few in any generation.

There were exceptions, it is true, but the old cruelties went on. In 1610 a case came before the tribunal of the *Tourelle*, and when the counsel for the accused argued at some length that sorcery was ineffectual, and that the Devil could not destroy life, President Séguier told him that he might spare his breath, since the court had long been convinced on those points. And yet two years later the grand-vicars of the Bishop of Beauvais solemnly summoned Beelzebuth, Satan, Motelu, and Briffaut, with the four legions under their charge, to appear and sign an agreement never again to enter the bodies of reasonable or other creatures, under pain of excommunication! If they refused, they were to be given over to "the power of hell to be tormented and tortured more than was customary, three thousand years after the judgment." Under this proclamation they all came in, like reconstructed rebels, and signed whatever document was put before them. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, the safe thing was still to believe, or at any rate to profess belief. Sir Thomas Browne, though he had written an exposure of "Vulgar Errors," testified in court to his faith in the possibility of witchcraft. Sir Kenelm Digby, in his "Observations on the Religio Medici," takes, perhaps, as advanced ground as any, when he says: "Neither do I deny there are witches; I only reserve my assent till I meet with stronger motives to carry it." The position of even enlightened men of the world in that age might be called semi-sceptical. La Bruyère, no doubt, expresses the average of opinion: "Que penser de la magie et du sortilège? La théorie en est

obscurcie, les principes vagues, incertains, et qui approchent du visionnaire ; mais il y a des faits embarrassants, affirmés par des hommes graves qui les ont vus ; les admettre tous, ou les nier tous, paraît un égal inconvénient, et j'ose dire qu'en cela comme en toutes les choses extraordinaires et qui sortent des communes règles, il y a un parti à trouver entre les âmes crédules et les esprits forts."\* Montaigne, to be sure, had long before declared his entire disbelief, and yet the Parliament of Bourdeaux, his own city, condemned a man to be burned as a *noûeur d'aiguillettes* so lately as 1718. Indeed, it was not, says Maury, till the first quarter of the eighteenth century that one might safely publish his incredulity in France. In Scotland witches were burned for the last time in 1722. Garinet cites the case of a girl near Amiens possessed by three demons, — Mimi, Zozo, and Crapoulet, — in 1816.

The two beautiful volumes of Mr. Upham are, so far as I know, unique in their kind. It is, in some respects, a clinical lecture on human nature, as well as on the special epidemical disease under which the patient is laboring. He has written not merely a history of the so-called Salem Witchcraft, but has made it intelligible by a minute account of the place where the delusion took its rise, the persons concerned in it, whether as actors or sufferers, and the circumstances which led to it. By deeds, wills, and the records of courts and churches, by plans, maps, and drawings, he has re-created Salem Village as it was two hundred years ago, so that we seem wellnigh to talk with its people and walk over its fields, or through its cart-tracks and bridle-roads. We are made partners in parish and village feuds, we share in the chimney-corner gossip, and learn for the first time how many mean and merely human motives, whether consciously or unconsciously, gave impulse and intensity to the passions of the actors in that memorable tragedy which dealt the death-blow in this country to the belief in Satanic compacts. Mr. Upham's minute details, which give us something like a photographic picture of the in-door and out-door scenery that surrounded the events he narrates, help us materially to understand their origin and the course they inevitably took. In this respect his book is original and full of new interest. To know

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\* Cited by Maury, p. 221, note 4.

the kind of life these people led, the kind of place they dwelt in, and the tenor of their thought, makes much real to us that was conjectural before. The influences of outward nature, of remoteness from the main highways of the world's thought, of seclusion, as the foster-mother of traditionary beliefs, of a hard life and unwholesome diet in exciting or obscuring the brain through the nerves and stomach, have been hitherto commonly overlooked in accounting for the phenomena of witchcraft. The great persecutions for this imaginary crime have always taken place in lonely places, among the poor, the ignorant, and, above all, the ill-fed.

One of the best things in Mr. Upham's book is the portrait of Parris, the minister of Salem Village, in whose household the children who, under the assumed possession of evil spirits, became accusers and witnesses, began their tricks. He is shown to us pedantic and something of a martinet in church discipline and ceremony, somewhat inclined to magnify his office, fond of controversy as he was skilful and rather unscrupulous in the conduct of it, and glad of any occasion to make himself prominent. Was he the unconscious agent of his own superstition, or did he take advantage of the superstition of others for purposes of his own? The question is not an easy one to answer. Men will sacrifice everything, sometimes even themselves, to their pride of logic and their love of victory. Bodin loses sight of humanity altogether in his eagerness to make out his case, and display his learning in the canon and civil law. He does not scruple to exaggerate, to misquote, to charge his antagonists with atheism, sorcery, and insidious designs against religion and society, that he may persuade the jury of Europe to bring in a verdict of guilty.\* Yet there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his belief. Was Parris equally sincere? On the whole, I think it likely that he was. But if we acquit Parris, what shall we say of the demoniacal girls? The probability seems to be that those who began in harmless deceit found themselves at length involved so deeply, that dread of shame and punishment drove them to an extremity where their only choice was between sacrificing them-

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\* There is a kind of compensation in the fact that he himself lived to be accused of sorcery and Judaism.

selves, or others to save themselves. It is not unlikely that some of the younger girls were so far carried along by imitation or imaginative sympathy as in some degree to "credit their own lie." Any one who has watched or made experiments in animal magnetism knows how easy it is to persuade young women of nervous temperaments that they are doing that by the will of another which they really do by an obscure volition of their own, under the influence of an imagination adroitly guided by the magnetizer. The marvellous is so fascinating, that nine persons in ten, if once persuaded that a thing is possible, are eager to believe it probable, and at last cunning in convincing themselves that it is proven. But it is impossible to believe that the possessed girls in this case did not know how the pins they vomited got into their mouths. Mr. Upham has shown, in the case of Anne Putnam, Jr., an hereditary tendency to hallucination, if not insanity. One of her uncles had seen the Devil by broad daylight in the novel disguise of a blue boar, in which shape, as a tavern sign, he had doubtless proved more seductive than in his more ordinary transfigurations. A great deal of light is let in upon the question of whether there was deliberate imposture or no, by the narrative of Rev. Mr. Turell of Medford, written in 1728, which gives us all the particulars of a case of pretended possession in Littleton, eight years before. The eldest of three sisters began the game, and found herself before long obliged to take the next in age into her confidence. By and by the youngest, finding her sisters pitied and caressed on account of their supposed sufferings while she was neglected, began to play off the same tricks. The usual phenomena followed. They were convulsed, they fell into swoons, they were pinched and bruised, they were found in the water, on the top of a tree or of the barn. To these places they said they were conveyed through the air, and there were those who had seen them flying, which shows how strong is the impulse which prompts men to conspire with their own delusion, where the marvellous is concerned. The girls did whatever they had heard or read that was common in such cases. They even accused a respectable neighbor as the cause of their torments. There were some doubters, but "so far as I can

learn," says Turell, "the greater number believed and said they were under the evil hand, or possessed by Satan." But the most interesting fact of all is supplied by the confession of the elder sister, made eight years later under stress of remorse. Having once begun, they found returning more tedious than going o'er. To keep up their cheat made life a burden to them, but they could not stop. Thirty years earlier, their juggling might have proved as disastrous as that at Salem Village. There, parish and boundary feuds had set enmity between neighbors, and the girls, called on to say who troubled them, cried out upon those whom they had been wont to hear called by hard names at home. They probably had no notion what a frightful ending their comedy was to have; but at any rate they were powerless, for the reins had passed out of their hands into the sterner grasp of minister and magistrate. They were dragged deeper and deeper, as men always are by their own lie.

The proceedings at the Salem trials are sometimes spoken of as if they were exceptionally cruel. But, in fact, if compared with others of the same kind, they were exceptionally humane. At a time when Baxter could tell with satisfaction of a "*reading* parson" eighty years old, who, after being kept awake five days and nights, confessed his dealings with the Devil, it is rather wonderful that no mode of torture other than mental was tried at Salem. Nor were the magistrates more besotted or unfair than usual in dealing with the evidence. Now and then, it is true, a man more sceptical or intelligent than common had exposed some pretended demoniac. The Bishop of Orléans, in 1598, read aloud to Martha Brossier the story of the Ephesian Widow, and the girl, hearing Latin, and taking it for Scripture, went forthwith into convulsions. He found also that the Devil who possessed her could not distinguish holy from profane water. But that there were deceptions did not shake the general belief in the reality of possession. The proof in such cases could not and ought not to be subjected to the ordinary tests. "If many natural things," says Bodin, "are incredible and some of them incomprehensible, *a fortiori* the power of supernatural intelligences and the doings of spirits are incomprehensible. But error has risen to its height in this, that those who

have denied the power of spirits and the doings of sorcerers have wished to dispute physically concerning supernatural or metaphysical things, which is a notable incongruity." That the girls were really possessed seemed to Stoughton and his colleagues the most rational theory, — a theory in harmony with the rest of their creed, and sustained by the unanimous consent of pious men as well as the evidence of that most cunning and least suspected of all sorcerers, the Past, — and how confront or cross-examine invisible witnesses, especially witnesses whom it was a kind of impiety to doubt? Evidence that would have been convincing in ordinary cases was of no weight against the general prepossession. In 1659 the house of a man in Brightling, Sussex, was troubled by a demon, who set it on fire at various times, and was continually throwing things about. The clergy of the neighborhood held a day of fasting and prayer in consequence. A maid-servant was afterwards detected as the cause of the missiles. But this did not in the least stagger Mr. Bennet, minister of the parish, who merely says: "There was a *seeming blur* cast, though not on the whole, yet upon some part of it, for their servant-girl was at last found throwing some things," and goes off into a eulogium on the "efficacy of prayer."

In one respect, to which Mr. Upham first gives the importance it deserves, the Salem trials were distinguished from all others. Though some of the accused had been terrified into confession, yet not one persevered in it, but all died protesting their innocence, and with unshaken constancy, though an acknowledgment of guilt would have saved the lives of all. This martyr proof of the efficacy of Puritanism in the character and conscience may be allowed to outweigh a great many sneers at Puritan fanaticism. It is at least a testimony to the courage and constancy which a profound religious sentiment had made common among the people of whom these sufferers were average representatives. The accused also were not, as was commonly the case, abandoned by their friends. In all the trials of this kind there is nothing so pathetic as the picture of Jonathan Cary holding up the weary arms of his wife during her trial, and wiping away the sweat from her brow and the tears from her face. Another remarkable fact is this, that while in other

countries the delusion was extinguished by the incredulity of the upper classes and the interference of authority, here the reaction took place among the people themselves, and here only was an attempt made at some legislative restitution, however inadequate. Mr. Upham's sincere and honest narrative, while it never condescends to a formal plea, is the best vindication possible of a community which was itself the greatest sufferer by the persecution which its credulity engendered.

If any lesson may be drawn from the tragical and too often disgusting history of witchcraft, it is not one of exultation at our superior enlightenment or shame at the shortcomings of the human intellect. It is rather one of charity and self-distrust. When we see what inhuman absurdities men in other respects wise and good have clung to as the cornerstone of their faith in immortality and a divine ordering of the world, may we not suspect that those who now maintain political or other doctrines which seem to us barbarous and unenlightened, may be, for all that, in the main as virtuous and clear-sighted as ourselves? While we maintain our own side with an honest ardor of conviction, let us not forget to allow for mortal incompetence in the other. And if there are men who regret the Good Old Times, without too clear a notion of what they were, they should at least be thankful that we are rid of that misguided energy of faith which justified conscience in making men unrelentingly cruel. Even Mr. Leckie softens a little at the thought of the many innocent and beautiful beliefs of which a growing scepticism has robbed us in the decay of supernaturalism. But we need not despair; for, after all, scepticism is first cousin of credulity, and we are not surprised to see the tough doubter Montaigne hanging up his offerings in the shrine of our Lady of Loreto. Scepticism commonly takes up the room left by defect of imagination, and is the very quality of mind most likely to seek for sensual proof of supersensual things. If one came from the dead, it could not believe; and yet it longs for such a witness, and will put up with a very dubious one. So long as night is left and the helplessness of dream, the wonderful will not cease from among men. While we are the solitary prisoners of darkness, the witch seats herself at the loom of thought, and weaves strange figures into

the web that looks so familiar and ordinary in the dry light of every-day. Just as we are flattering ourselves that the old spirit of sorcery is laid, behold the tables are tipping and the floors drumming all over Christendom. The faculty of wonder is not defunct, but is only getting more and more emancipated from the unnatural service of terror, and restored to its proper function as a minister of delight. A higher mode of belief is the best exorciser, because it makes the spiritual at one with the actual world instead of hostile, or at best alien. It has been the grossly material interpretations of spiritual doctrine that have given occasion to the two extremes of superstition and unbelief. While the resurrection of the body has been insisted on, that resurrection from the body which is the privilege of all has been forgotten. Superstition in its baneful form was largely due to the enforcement by the Church of arguments that involved a *petitio principii*, for it is the miserable necessity of all false logic to accept of very ignoble allies. Fear became at length its chief expedient for the maintenance of its power; and as there is a beneficent necessity laid upon a majority of mankind to sustain and perpetuate the order of things they are born into, and to make all new ideas manfully prove their right, first, to be at all, and then to be heard, many even superior minds dreaded the tearing away of vicious accretions as dangerous to the whole edifice of religion and society. But if this old ghost be fading away in what we regard as the dawn of a better day, we may console ourselves by thinking that perhaps, after all, we are not so *much* wiser than our ancestors. The rappings, the trance mediums, the visions of hands without bodies, the sounding of musical instruments without visible fingers, the miraculous inscriptions on the naked flesh, the enlivenment of furniture,—we have invented none of them, they are all heirlooms. There is surely room for yet another schoolmaster, when a score of seers advertise themselves in Boston newspapers. And if the metaphysicians can never rest till they have taken their watch to pieces and have arrived at a happy positivism as to its structure, though at the risk of bringing it to a no-go, we may be sure that the majority will always take more satisfaction in seeing its hands mysteriously move on, even if they should err a little as to the precise time of day established by the astronomical observatories.

## ART. VIII. — NOMINATING CONVENTIONS.

IN the introductory chapter to his treatise on Liberty Mr. Mill points out the fact, that, in a government "of all by all," "the 'people' who exercise the power are not always the same people with those over whom it is exercised, and the self-government spoken of is not the government of each by himself, but of each by all the rest." In fact, self-government means the absolute power of the many over the few. Who are the many? In our own country the negroes and "poor white trash" of the South, the mass of foreign emigrants, "the dangerous classes" in our cities, the unskilled laborers, the ignorant generally, who represent the physical force of the community. The many include much that is morally good, much also of depravity and vice caused by the weakness and temptations of ignorance and poverty. And who are the few? In a country like ours, which offers such a boundless field and such ample rewards to intelligent industry, they are a large class, though unable to cope in numbers with the former. They are the men of letters and science and high culture; they are the men of fortune and leisure and refined manners and elegant tastes; they are the owners of property, from the millionaire down to him whose modest means, though not included in the income tax, are enough to give him the feeling of independence and self-respect which property confers,—a "stake in the hedge" that protects the rights of all. The few are the men of business and enterprise who direct the commerce, the finance, the manufactures, and agriculture of the country from the great capitalist down to the small trader, from the farmer who cultivates and improves a thousand acres to the cottager with ten. They are the men whose *thought* creates the wealth of the country, who lay the railroad track through the wilderness, who build and adorn cities, who found libraries and colleges, churches and charities, who encourage all the arts by which civilized is distinguished from rude and barren life.

These men are out-voted. They pay the taxes which are imposed by the majority, so that the maxim that taxation

should be founded on representation is virtually violated. They have, no doubt, commanding influence over those questions about which educated and intelligent men differ in opinion, because they only think about such questions at all, and because the press must represent their views or represent nothing, and must address them or address nobody. But over the primary, essential principles upon which all rights and all security depend, and about which enlightened men do not differ, they have little direct power. They are the minority, the governed, and all that they possess is held by sufferance and permission, and not by right and authority.

Heretofore, however, the majority has not proved an unjust or oppressive master. Traditionary habits of thought have so far prevailed that rights have been, if not universally, so generally secure, that confidence in the supremacy of order and law has been maintained, and has caused such a rapid and flourishing growth of prosperity throughout our country, that we ourselves, in common with all the world, behold it with wonder. The war, however, and the events growing out of it, and the chaos of opinion and passion now surging around us, have made many more than the philosophic few thoughtful and alarmed. A feeling of distrust in the future is pervading society. Many indications prove that the idea is rapidly gaining ground that political power is in the wrong place, and that universal suffrage threatens the country with terrible calamities.

With this idea is connected the question, How is power to be put in the right place? A fearful question, for on it hang the issues of life and death. How can power be taken out of the hands of the many? Not by votes, for they have the votes. Not by force, for they have the force. Can no answer be given to this question by our age of culture and civilization? Can it point only to the experience of the past, which tells us that power in the wrong place, like pent-up steam, bursts its way out with explosive violence, scattering around it wounds and death, though when well managed, like steam it gives motion to the machinery of industry and trade. It seems so, for no answer has been given. The only reply has been: "No, there is no hope. Political power, once granted, cannot be withdrawn, without a struggle fatal to liberty. The mere proposal would

destroy any public man or party by whom it was made. Therefore it never will be made. But may not the power, even of the multitude, be restrained and guided? That is the only question worth discussing, for all reasoning on the subject of government is conditioned by the possible. If this, too, be impossible, then we must prepare our minds to meet, as best we can, the perils of the future."

Out of this conviction have grown various plans to regulate the elective franchise: such as Mr. Hare's, of personal representation; and plural voting, by which persons of the superior classes have each more than one vote; and cumulative voting, by which all the votes that would otherwise be distributed among several candidates may be given to one;—schemes, all of them, whose purpose is to give representation to a minority, and thus curb the power of the many over the few.

These plans have their value. They should be carefully considered, as they may correct or mitigate the evils of our system. But they fail to provide for one thing which is necessary to the successful working of any plan, and that is, the nomination of fit persons for office.

It being impossible for the people themselves to administer their power, they must delegate it to agents and representatives. As the exercise of power over the interests of a great and civilized nation requires a degree of knowledge and ability superior to that of the average, men above the average must be chosen, or public affairs, and, as a consequence, private affairs too, would fall into hopeless ruin and confusion. A government of the ignorant, elected by the ignorant, would be an impossibility, except among savage tribes, and even they select for chiefs and rulers their ablest and strongest men. It follows, therefore, that, even under our system, which is the government of the few by the many, the trustees of power, those who for a time apply it to persons and things, and regulate both private and national interests, must be chosen from the enlightened few and not from the ignorant many.

They have been for the most part so chosen heretofore, and are so now, though less frequently than formerly. If the executive offices, the legislature, and the judiciary were filled by workmen unable to read and write, or, possessing so

much knowledge, wholly ignorant of law and the nature of government and of the principles that control finance and commerce and industry,—men whose hands were familiar with the hod and the wheelbarrow, the anvil and the plough, and whose talk was only of bullocks,—it is clear that the life of such a government would soon cease amid the wrecks which it had created. Yet it would be a government of the ignorant many, by representatives chosen from the many. Instances of daily occurrence show that it is the sort of government towards which ours is tending. The executive office shows it; the Congressional debates show it; and Congress itself, where sit at this moment gamblers and pugilists, drunkards and criminals and men wholly destitute of every sort of knowledge proper for the place. This is the tendency, notwithstanding the high average of intelligence and practical ability, and, in some instances, the eminent talents, which Congress still displays. It is a tendency whose movement is likely to be hastened by growing influences. Means to resist it are therefore a pressing want of the time.

The meaning of the phrase “the power of the people” is not easily defined. Theoretically, they are said to be sovereign over themselves; but this can be true only of a majority, and it is another way of saying that one portion has supreme power over another portion, unless all should agree. But how can this sovereignty be exerted? The people cannot make laws or execute them, cannot administer justice, cannot make war or impose taxes, or do any of the thousand things which yet must be done for their safety and welfare. They are obliged to choose or permit somebody to do these things for them,—in other words, to govern them. This somebody, whether composed of one or many, whether chosen or accepted or endured for a longer or shorter time, is the government to whom they have given or yielded their power. So that, as power which cannot be exerted does not exist, it is a fallacy to say that the people govern themselves, and the province of the government has been well described to be, to do for the people what they cannot do for themselves. But, it is said, the people when free govern themselves by their representatives, and in the power of choosing these consists their sovereignty. But can

they make this choice? On this question hinges the problem of democratic government. If they cannot, any more than they can make and execute laws, then somebody must do it for them. We know, in fact, that somebody does do it for them, and, it is easy to show, because they cannot do it for themselves.

Each man in the community cannot separately make a choice, and propose it to all the others. This would be impossible, except in a very small number of people, such as a boat's crew or a ship's company. If a large number collected together, there would at once arise a necessity for organization and leaders, and they would offer the candidate, who, if accepted, would be really the choice of these leaders. If this assembly did not include the whole number of voters, then those not present would be obliged to vote for the persons thus selected, or not vote at all, so that the leaders would choose for them also. Should any number of the people be dissatisfied with the choice thus made, and wish to oppose it, they must meet and organize in the same way, and their leaders must select a candidate, and one of the two thus nominated must be elected; but he will in reality be elected, not by the many who voted for him, but by the few who offered him to be voted for. It is true that if each of the voters, or a very large proportion of them, did, after examination, approve the choice thus made, the electors might be said themselves to select their representatives, though even then the initiatory step, which is the important one, would be made by the few, perhaps by one only, for there probably would be several candidates eager for the place, either of whom, if presented to the voters, would be chosen. The one chosen, therefore, would obviously have great influence over these leaders, might indeed by intimidation or promise of reward beforehand obtain their decision in his favor.

We see, therefore, that, even on a small scale, it is very difficult, if not impossible, for the people, however respectable they may be, to choose their representatives, and that the tendency of power is always to concentrate itself in a few hands. If the electors or a majority of them be of a low order, morally and intellectually, they blindly deliver themselves up to men who become their leaders by flattering their passions and by

promising success to their wild hopes and dangerous schemes. Such men present as candidates others like themselves. Thus the rule of the many is always liable to become the reign of ignorance and corruption.

The same process is necessary whether on a large or a small scale, though the larger the number of electors the more completely do they fall into the hands of a few, and the less chance is there of their exerting any control over the choice of their representatives. In a large and populous region, covered with cities and villages and factories, where elections are frequent and the offices to be filled numerous, any intelligent selection of candidates by the people becomes impossible. The people are necessarily divided into parties, representing opposite opinions on public affairs and conflicting interests. These parties are composed of large masses of men, who become excited by contest, heated often by violent and reckless passion, and, in proportion to their zeal or rage, eager for victory. For effective action, concert, method, rules, plans, and persons appointed to make those plans and execute them, are essential conditions. Thence the formation, management, and "drill" of parties; thence the growth of a body of men, active, clever, energetic, learned in the statistics of votes, experts in popular arts, skilful to touch the chords of popular passions, and able to set in motion and work the varied machinery which governs an election.

These men form a disciplined corps of various ranks and duties, from the holders or expectants of high office down to the lowest underling who does the dirty work. They do not work for nothing, high or low, but play for a large stake. To many of them that stake is the welfare of the country, which they think dependent on the opinions they support, the triumph of truth and justice and sound doctrine, the gratification of an honorable ambition which seeks distinction in a fair field for intellectual effort and display. But the stake includes some hundred of millions of dollars annually, to be disbursed by the winning party, and to this fund the lower ranks of these managers look for a less noble reward. Such a body of men is the inevitable growth of a representative government. Parties must exist, and without managers parties cannot be organized and

moved, any more than an army without officers can be disciplined and brought into action. Party managers, therefore, are a necessity. They form a voluntary society, a secret league scattered everywhere throughout the country, united by a common purpose, exercising immense power without legal duties or responsibility, paid or expecting pay from the public treasury, assuming no authority, distinguished by no badge or title, and only vaguely known by the appropriate name given to them by the popular voice of "trading politicians." These are the men who nominate candidates, and their nomination is the real election.

They cannot do this openly themselves, for that would be to avow themselves members of a distinct profession, and to assume power, whereas the secret of their power lies in their claiming none, and in their denial of membership in any society clothed with power. The people must apparently be free to choose their representatives. The slightest suspicion of any interference with that privilege would be fatal to those who made it. But it is impossible for the people to choose candidates for the place of representative; they can only vote for those chosen by somebody else. Now, the success of an election depends often on the character of the candidates offered to the people, and those elected control the administration of the government, control the patronage, control the treasury. Victory at the elections being the sole object of parties, or rather the means by which parties obtain their objects, unless the managers can govern the elections they are of no use. They can do nothing for their party or for themselves. As a party can only vote for candidates selected by somebody else, the task of selecting them belongs necessarily to the leaders of a party.

Out of this necessity and the conditions annexed to it have grown up an institution known to our practice by the name of Nominating Conventions. They were invented to do what the people cannot do for themselves, but which must be done,—select candidates to be voted for by the people. To confer a trust so important on persons not chosen by the people would violate the ruling principle of popular sovereignty. The conventions, therefore, are elected by each party, at what are called primary meetings. But here another inexorable condition

reveals itself. A political party must be an organized body with rules of action and with leaders, otherwise it is a mere powerless, unconnected crowd. The leaders therefore must govern, more especially in the vital work of choosing representatives of the party. Thence it has become a maxim that every one must vote for the "regularly nominated candidates" of the party. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that, somehow or other, the constituted authorities of the party must control these primary elections.

Because it is necessary, they do control them. The great mass of the party, anxious for the success of its principles and policy, leave the direction of its forces to those who have become its managers, for thus only can success be attained. They do not go to the primary meetings. They are too busy. Regular elections are so numerous that they have become burdensome. It is enough that they vote at these. Besides, why should they go? To gain a knowledge of the merits of the candidates for the many officers now elected by the people would be a very difficult undertaking, requiring much time and labor,—more than they can give, without injury to their private business. Moreover, it would be to interfere with the regular management of the party and endanger its success. Practically, they vote for any one nominated, without inquiry. The control of the primary elections thus falls inevitably into the hands, not of the more respectable leaders of the party, those who determine its general policy, but of the working managers, an inferior class. They arrange beforehand who shall be members of the convention, they preside at the meeting and bring together a crowd of voters, generally a small one, upon whose obedience they can depend. By what arts these meetings are sometimes managed is told in the following extract from the "Nation" of November 22, 1866, one of the ablest and most influential journals in the country:—

"The machinery by which the selection of candidates is usually arranged in the Northern States consists of primary elections; that is, of elections held within the ranks of each party, and managed without any control on the part of the State. At these elections delegates are chosen to conventions, which nominate candidates on each side, who are thenceforth called 'regular.'

“The nature and working of these primary elections are, therefore, matters of deep interest to every thoughtful and patriotic citizen. No one who studies politics at all should fail to study the operation of this branch of political machinery.

“We do not pretend to know much about primary elections in the rural districts, or even in other cities than New York and Brooklyn ; but, judging from what we hear, and from the visible fruits of the system in the country at large, we should say that a picture drawn from the reality in New York would be recognized by politicians in nearly all other cities, and even in many country villages, as not unlike scenes familiar to them.

“The Democratic party retains the primary election in all its pristine glory, such as it was fifteen years ago in both the great parties of the day. The election is held in the lowest groggery of the ward. A mob of vagabonds surround the door, and, well supplied with liquor by the candidates, vote just as many times each as they can crowd their way to and from the poll during the time fixed for the election. Thus a collection of two or three hundred patriots will easily cast six or eight hundred votes. The inspectors, if experienced in their business, never object to a vote. Why should they? Why irritate a true Democrat, bent upon exercising his franchise three or four times over, when a milder remedy may be found? A clever inspector knows better. When he comes to count the votes, his sleeve is filled with ballots of the right sort, and after emptying these upon the table, he adroitly sweeps a few score of obnoxious ballots into his lap. As the three inspectors are almost invariably united in interest, it is obvious that they can do effective work in this way. But a yet neater method has been in use for some years at a number of polls. The inspectors shut out the unwashed and tipsy crowd of voters, sit for an hour or two over their whiskey and cigars, and, without going through the ridiculous form of counting the votes, return the numbers in such manner as seems to them most for the good of the party, and best calculated to replenish their purses.”

It is not asserted that this picture is universally true, but practices similar to those described are so general that they account for the number of inferior men elected to fill important offices, and for the widespread corruption that is eating like a canker into every branch of our government, national and State. Bribery has become so common a practice, that it is the rule, honesty the exception. The air is thick with it.

Fraud penetrates into every detail of administration, even to the management of public charities and schools. The legislatures of our large cities are described constantly in the daily press as bands of thieves living on the plunder of the public. The "Nation" of November 28, 1867, thus speaks of the government of New York:—

"We firmly believe that the prolongation of the existing system of government in New York does more in two years to make men deaf to the claims of justice, indifferent to suffering, to corruption, and to villany, than ten years of lecturing and preaching and article-writing would remove."

Such is the crop which grows on the soil of popular ignorance invested with power. But whether the masses be enlightened or ignorant, although the character of their government will be different, there are, if our reasoning be correct, two natural laws by which a representative government is controlled: one of these is, that the people cannot choose their representatives; the other is, that the choice will inevitably be made by the managers of the successful party. These managers are thus the real electors and govern the country, so far as it can be governed or influenced by the character of the men selected to administer its political power. It is useless to resist these laws. If we seek a remedy for the alarming evils growing out of their action, we must recognize and obey them, for it is only by obedience that we can use them for our purpose.

Let us accept, then, the truth that the nomination of a candidate is the real election, and that the persons who make the nomination will always be chosen by party leaders. This at once invests the office of nominator with deep interest. It is an office of great power and importance. Is it not strange that it is one unknown to the law and scarcely thought of by the people, who imagine that it is by *their* votes that their representatives are chosen, simply because they do vote at an election? One would think that the law would surround such a power by all sorts of checks and guards to secure its wise and honest administration; would take care to impose on those who fill the office legal duties and responsibilities, and to insure their appointment in some open and legal manner, so

that at least their names might be known to the public. According to the present practice, no one, except the small number of the initiated, knows who they are or who those are by whom they are selected. The general belief is that neither the choosers nor the chosen are people of high character; that often they are of very low character, — demagogues, rowdies, gamblers, and keepers of grog-shops. The debates of these important societies or clubs are secret, but the results of their proceedings are known in the choice of candidates, often of such infamous character that honest men refuse to vote for them, although by refusing they withdraw their support from measures and principles which they deem of vital importance to the country.

It is not surprising that honorable and cultivated men avoid public life when they must undergo the ordeal of a nomination by such a body. It is no wonder that corruption prevails so generally in all the departments of our government. The wonder is that, under such a system, any healthy life is left in the government at all, and that there are still in office enough honest men to prevent it from falling into hopeless confusion and ruin. The evil has reached such a monstrous growth that every one sees it, dreads it, and while some, in the apathy of despair, yield to it as a fate, others are inquiring for a remedy. How can we curb and regulate, if we cannot get rid of, this power that has thus quietly and gradually grown to such gigantic bulk that it rules the country and threatens to destroy it?

The national Constitution affords us some light in attempting to answer this question. In the formation of all branches of the government except the House of Representatives, it has recognized the wisdom of the rule that the trustees of political power should be the chosen of the chosen. That they should be removed by one step at least from direct action of popular opinion, so liable to be inflamed by passion and to be controlled by demagogues. It may be assumed that the people, unless unfit for free government, will select persons above the average in capacity and virtue, and that these, acting under the responsibility of an important duty, if appointed to choose persons fit for a high trust, will prefer men better than

themselves. Thus Senators in Congress are chosen by the legislatures of the States. The judges of the Federal courts are appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate; and the President is chosen by electors, appointed by each State, "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct." It was not intended by the framers that the President should be chosen by the people. The electors were to make the choice, and even they were not necessarily to be elected by the people. This intention was immediately defeated, and the result has proved the wisdom of the Constitution. All these important offices were meant to be filled by the chosen of the chosen, and the choosers were persons appointed by the law for the purpose.

To the application of this rule De Tocqueville ascribes the superiority of the Senate over the House.

"On entering the House of Representatives," he says, "one is struck by the vulgar demeanor of that great assembly. The eye frequently does not discover a man of celebrity within its walls. Its members are almost all obscure individuals whose names present no association to the mind; they are mostly village attorneys, men in trade, or even persons belonging to the lower classes of society. In a country where education is very general, it is said that the Representatives of the people do not always know how to write correctly. At a few yards' distance from this spot is the door of the Senate, which contains within a small space a large proportion of the celebrated men of America. [He was writing thirty years ago.] Scarcely an individual is to be perceived in it who does not recall the idea of an active and illustrious career.

"The Senate is composed of eloquent advocates, distinguished generals, wise magistrates and statesmen of note, whose language would at all times do honor to the most remarkable parliamentary debates in Europe. . . . Why is the former body remarkable for its vulgarity and its poverty of talent, whilst the latter seems to enjoy a monopoly of intelligence and sound judgment? . . . The only reason that seems to me adequately to account for it is, that the House of Representatives is elected by the populace directly, and that the Senate is elected by elected bodies. . . . This transmission of popular authority through an assembly of chosen men operates an important change in it by refining its discretion and improving the forms it adopts. Men who are chosen in this manner accurately represent the majority of the nation that governs them; but they represent the elevated thoughts which are

current in the community, the generous propensities which prompt its nobler action, rather than the petty passions which disturb or the vices which disgrace it."

And he adds, in what events are proving to have been a prophetic spirit, —

"The time may be already anticipated at which the American Republics will be obliged to introduce the plan of election by an elected body more frequently into their system of representation, or they will incur no small risk of perishing miserably amongst the shoals of democracy."

It is worth remarking, in confirmation of these views, that from the beginning the most respectable branches of our government, presenting in their annals a high average of ability and virtue, and some of the most illustrious names that adorn our history, are the Senate and the judiciary, the chosen of the chosen; whilst almost every name that disgraces it is to be found on the list of our Presidents and the members of the lower house of Congress, both elected directly by the people.

In the cases where power is intrusted by the Constitution to the chosen of the chosen, the choosers are persons pre-appointed by the law, who therefore are known to the public, and perform legal duties subject to legal responsibility. The candidates selected by nominating conventions are the chosen of the chosen; but who are the choosers? Voluntary associations of obscure men, wielding great power, without legal duty or responsibility. Though nominally elected by the people, they are really appointed, as we have shown, by the managers of a party, — another voluntary association of obscure and often corrupt men, wielding great power, and, like the former, unknown to the law. The object of both is party success, and to gain it they are very unscrupulous as to the means employed to secure votes. Concessions are made to the lowest of the populace, even to the criminal classes, and candidates of their own order, and favored by them, are nominated for the sake of their support. Once nominated, they receive the votes of the party, even of the best men in it, who as a rule know nothing whatever about them, not even their names, which

they put, without reading the list, into the ballot-box, intending thereby, not a choice of candidate, but a support of the principles and policy of a party. Persons of infamous character are thus often unconsciously voted for by the most respectable men in the community, and sometimes consciously though reluctantly, because otherwise they could not vote at all, except for the opposite party, whose principles they do not approve, and whose men are as bad or worse.

It is obvious that the point of this machinery to which a remedy, if there be any, must be applied is the nominating convention. The party managers are a necessity which can neither be got rid of nor controlled, and whose influence for good or for evil depends on the character of the constituency of the party. Neither can they be prevented from controlling the primary meetings who elect the nominating conventions. But why may not the law control the nominating conventions, since they have become an overshadowing power in the state? Why not recognize their existence, and the necessity for it? Why not invest them with legal power, and thus with responsibility? This would be in accordance with the analogy of the Constitution. The legislatures of the States who choose Senators in Congress are legal assemblies, known to the people, elected publicly according to law, deliberating publicly, and meeting publicly at a decent place, not in secret at a low tavern in Equality Alley. Upon them the duty of choosing Senators is imposed by law, and for the due performance of it they are legally and morally responsible. The national judges are appointed in a similar way, and so the Constitution intended that the President should be chosen. The nominating convention is a more important institution for this purpose than either, for it chooses the President and the lower house of Congress, and the executive, legislative, and judiciary departments of all the State governments, all officers and legislatures of municipal governments, and a countless number of subordinate officers elected by the people. Yet it is a power unknown to the law, and untrammelled by any civil authority; its members and their doings are almost unknown to the people; and for its performances and their results, it is not responsible to any one, legally or morally.

But it may be said, What can the government do with such an institution, more especially if it be necessarily under the commanding influence of another which the law cannot control? The answer is, that by giving the former a legal existence, it may impose upon it such checks and responsibilities as may at least greatly diminish the evils it now inflicts upon the country, perhaps render its normal action safe and beneficial; for if the nominating conventions could be made to represent the enlightened opinion and sober sentiment of the people, they would be safe and useful. If they were composed of men superior in education and position to the mass of the people, they would at least refuse to offer as candidates to the people persons wholly unworthy to exercise political power.

For this purpose we venture to suggest some such plan as this.

Let the law provide for the election, at stated periods, of boards of nominors, whose duty it shall be to receive and consider all applications for offices whose incumbents are chosen by the popular vote, and from them let it select a number of candidates to be presented to the people for their suffrages.

Let it be provided that none other than those so selected shall become candidates, and let the members of the board be sworn to the performance of this duty without fear, favor, or affection, and let adequate penalties be provided to prevent bribery or fraud. This would be merely to enforce by law the duties which these conventions now profess to perform without law.

The chief difficulty would be to annex to the office of nominor such qualifications as might raise those who filled it above dishonest motives, and secure in them identity of interest with all classes of the community, and at the same time sufficient education, that they might truly represent the enlightened opinion of the country. If these qualifications be fixed too high, the plan would be rejected, if too low, many of the present abuses would continue. In determining, therefore, what these qualifications should be, a compromise must be made between what is desirable and what is practicable. Among them are those which are indicated by race, nationality, age, education, and

property. Considering therefore the vast power connected with the office, we should say that to secure the best results, every person who held it should be a native-born American citizen of the white race, not less than forty years of age, educated according to a standard to be fixed by law, and possessed of an amount of income or property sufficient to elevate him above the class working for wages; and further, that during his term he should not hold any office under the national, State, or municipal government, nor for one year after the expiration of his term of service.

It is very true that nominating conventions are often composed of persons who satisfy all these conditions, but the majority of them as now constituted do not. It is true that a wide scope would still be left to partisan intrigue and corruption, but nevertheless some evil influences would be excluded. It is true that such conventions, however constituted, must still be greatly influenced by party managers; but the good character of the conventions would resist the lowest and basest sort of influence, and invite the highest, and thus tend to raise the tone of party politics to a higher level. Voters conscious of their inability to inquire into the merits of candidates, if the choice were confided to a body of men expressly selected for the duty and competent to perform it, could vote without misgiving or disgust for the party whose principles they approved. And honorable and cultivated men, ambitious of a public career, could present themselves without loss of self-respect to a legal and intelligent tribunal able to appreciate and willing fairly to consider their claims.

The plan we have ventured to suggest is, of course, a mere outline. Should it, or one like it, ever come to be applied in practice, many matters of detail must be added. If the principles on which it is founded be correct, these could easily be furnished by persons versed in the working of party politics.

Perhaps by some such scheme as this, aided by the plans for voting so as to secure representation to minorities already referred to, the intelligence of our people may be able to disarm universal suffrage of its admitted evils and risks, and at the same time preserve whatever of good it possesses. This is its

tendency to increase the self-respect of the lower classes, and to educate them by active participation in public affairs ; to prevent the odious and invidious distinctions which create and im-bitter the animosities of caste ; and to diminish the temptation to disaffection, tumult, and disorder.

We have said above that the ignorant many, when possessed of political power, must choose from the enlightened few the persons to intrust with its administration, or must lose their power. It is very easy for such a government to be thus destroyed, for power will not long remain in the hands of ignorance, and the enlightened, with or without votes, are natural rulers. The object of the plan we have ventured to suggest is to secure obedience to this principle by law.

SIDNEY G. FISHER.

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ART. IX. — GOVERNOR ANDREW.

JOHN ALBION ANDREW, late Governor of Massachusetts, was born May 31, 1818, at Windham, a small town near Lake Sebago, about fifteen miles from Portland,—two years before the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. The family was English in origin, descending in America from Robert Andrew, who immigrated to Rowley Village, now Boxford, in Essex County, Mass., and died there in 1668. It was connected by marriage with several of the famous ancient families of the Colony,—a grandmother of the Governor being a granddaughter of the brave Captain William Pickering, who commanded the Province Galley in 1707, to protect the fisheries against the French and Indians, and the mother of her husband being Mary Higginson, a direct descendant from Francis Higginson, the organizer of the first church in the Colony. A portrait of this old clergyman, his ancestor, depicted with snow-white hair and gray mustache, clad in a black robe, holding a book in one hand, on the index finger of which a large signet-ring is displayed, hung over the mantel

on the chimney of the Council-Chamber during the whole of the Governor's administration. The grandfather of the Governor, whose name he bore, was a silversmith, and afterwards a successful merchant in the old and wealthy city of Salem. He removed to Windham and died there in 1791. His son Jonathan was born in Salem and lived there until manhood, when he, too, went to Windham, and married Nancy G. Pierce, a teacher in the Fryeburg Academy, where Daniel Webster also was once a teacher. In after years they removed to Boxford, where they died.

The Governor was their oldest son. He was a school-boy at Windham and at Salem, and then a student in Bowdoin College. Of his college life Mr. Chandler spoke as follows in his felicitous eulogy at the bar meeting, held on November 4, after the Governor's death: —

“ He took no rank as a scholar, and seemed to have not the slightest ambition for academical distinction ; he had no part at Commencement. This rosy, club-faced boy, genial, affectionate, and popular, gave no indications of future renown, nor of that ability, energy, and breadth of view for which he is now so celebrated. He was not regarded as dull, very much the contrary ; but he seemed to be indifferent to the ordinary routine of college honors, — possessed of that happy temperament which enabled him then and for many years afterwards to pass quietly along without a touch of the carking cares and temptations that wait on the ambitious aspirations of the young as well as the old.”

Immediately after graduating at college he came to Boston to study law, and prepared for the profession in the office of Henry H. Fuller, an uncle of Margaret Fuller. Then followed twenty years of steady practice at the Suffolk bar. It was not a conspicuous career, but in it his biographer will find the marks of all the great qualities he afterwards displayed in office, for never was a life more consistent. In the latter years of his practice before becoming Governor, he was engaged in a remarkable succession of cases involving high questions of constitutional law. In 1854 he defended the parties indicted at Boston for rescuing the fugitive slave Burns ; in 1855 he defended the British Consul at Boston against the charge of violating our neutrality laws during the Crimean war ; in 1856 he argued the petition for a writ of *habeas corpus* to test the

legality of the imprisonment of the free State officers of Kansas at Topeka. More lately, in 1859, he initiated and directed the measures for the legal defence of John Brown in Virginia; and in 1860 he was of counsel for F. B. Sanborn, at his discharge by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts from the custody of the United States Marshal, by whom he had been arrested on a warrant from the Vice-President of the United States to compel his appearance before the Congressional Committee of Investigation into the affair at Harper's Ferry. He had himself appeared before that committee as a witness the same year. On his theory of duty as a lawyer, he never hesitated to defend unpopular and even odious causes. In illustration, besides his defence of the British Consul, may be named his advocacy of Burnham, in 1860, against the inquisition of the Massachusetts Legislature, and also his defence in the United States courts, the same year, of the notorious slaver-yacht *Wanderer* against forfeiture. In questions of domestic relation, perhaps no member of our bar had a more extensive practice, or had made deeper study of the law. His mind thus was busy always with the higher problems of philosophic jurisprudence, and his course of practice had led him to comprehend thoroughly the mutual relations of the government and the people in all questions of personal liberty, so that when, in mature life, he was called to be Governor, he was already a well-trained political philosopher.

Whether he would be as efficient in practice as he had been studious of theory was unknown. Never but once before had he held political office, and then only for one session as a member of the lower house of the Legislature, although, to be sure, he became at once the leader of that house. The condition of his private fortune had debarred him from the practical political training which in this country almost always precedes elevation to the highest offices, and had required his uninterrupted devotion to a profession which always demands constancy as a condition of success. But, in 1860, he was suddenly chosen Governor by a popular vote larger than that received by any of his predecessors.

There was a furious snow-storm on January 5, 1861, the day of his inauguration. Without waiting for it to abate, his first offi-

cial act, immediately after the inaugural ceremonies, was to despatch a confidential messenger to the Governors of New Hampshire and Maine, to acquaint them with his determination to prepare the active militia of Massachusetts for instant service, and to invite their co-operation. Then followed, week by week, in the face of ridicule from many sources, and bitter opposition from many more, that series of military orders and those purchases of war material to which the whole country now looks back as evidences of unequalled foresight.

At last the signal-gun of the Rebellion was fired. Patient in the extreme through all the attempts to prevent war, sympathizing and corresponding with Mr. Adams during all the efforts and proffers to the South which were made in the faint hope to avert it, yet when it came he welcomed it as the sure solution of all difficulties. In his own memorable words spoken in the address with which he opened the session of the General Court which was speedily called, "a grand era had dawned," and he "perceived nothing now about us which ought to discourage the good or to alarm the brave." "Senators and Representatives," said he, "grave responsibilities have fallen, in the providence of God, upon the government and people, — and they are welcome. They could not have been safely postponed. They have not arrived too soon. They will sift and try this people, all who lead and all who follow."

Never was a finer illustration of the couplet of the poet, that

"When once their slumbering passions burn,  
The peaceful are the strong."

This man, of sympathies nurtured on the most advanced ideas of his age, yearning, hoping, praying for a peaceful end of all wrong, yet possessed a foresight so intuitive and a mind so practical, that he had calmly prepared for war, unmoved by the ridicule and abuse of men of coarser fibre; and when war came, accepted it so solemnly and earnestly that there seemed and there was no inconsistency between his principle and his practice. "Devoted in heart to the interests of peace," said he in that same great address, "painfully alive to the calamities and sorrows of war, yet I cannot fail to see how plainly the rights and liberties of a people repose upon their own capacity to maintain them."

The arrangement of the private executive rooms at the State-House was unchanged during the whole of Governor Andrew's administration. It was faulty in many respects, and a few simple changes in it, enabling him to seclude himself, would have saved him from much care and annoyance. They were on the same floor with the Council-Chamber, and were reached through a long and narrow corridor, which led into an antechamber. Out of this the Governor's apartment opened directly, with no intervening room. It was a low-studded chamber, perhaps twenty-five feet square, lighted by two windows opening westward. In the centre was a massive square table, on the side of which, facing the door of the antechamber, the Governor had his seat. Directly opposite him, at the same table, sat his secretary. At a desk near one of the windows was the place of an assistant secretary. The chairs and sofa were very plain and covered with green plush. The large book-cases along the northern wall, empty at the beginning of his administration, became filled before the end of it with more than two hundred volumes of the correspondence conducted under his immediate direction. A large mirror, with a heavily carved black-walnut frame, surmounted the mantel, gas-fixtures projecting from among the carving; and on these, during the first year of the war, while Massachusetts was arming and equipping her own troops, he was accustomed to hang specimens of shoddy clothing or defective accoutrements, labelled with the names of the faithless contractors, thus publicly exposed to the indignation of the hundreds of visitors who frequented the room. His only means of seclusion was to retreat into a room beyond the antechamber, from which there was no other outlet than the door of entrance, which was of solid iron. Every frequenter of the State-House may remember seeing him, after being pestered beyond endurance, hasten across the antechamber into this room, where he would bolt and bar out the waiting crowd until he could finish some urgent work demanding freedom from the interruptions to which he was subject in his own apartment. Once behind that iron door he was free; and it was the only place in the whole building where he was secure from intrusion.

His patience, however, under all manners of interruption,

was marvellous. Now and then it would give way in little acts of nervousness, such as pulling unconsciously at a bell-rope which hung over his table, or insisting on the immediate attendance of an old and favorite clerk from the Adjutant-General's office who had been dead a year or more. By some curious psychological process, when the Governor had been especially vexed at anything which went wrong in that office, he more than once forgot the old gentleman's death, and sent down stairs for him.

He was accessible always to all kinds and conditions of people, and in the freedom of his intercourse with them he fully exemplified and might well have adopted the words with which De Quincey, in his "Confessions," introduces the story of the friendless girl of the London streets: "The truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any person who wore a human shape; on the contrary, from my very earliest youth, it has been my pride to converse freely, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way, — a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher, for a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low, to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and innocent."

It was his custom to devote the early hours of the day, first to his morning mail; then to reports from the departments of the State government, and interviews with officials of those departments and with officers of the United States having business with him; then to interviews with officers from the field or engaged in recruiting or organizing troops at home; and finally, at some time between noon and one o'clock, to throw open the doors of his room to the public. By that hour a great crowd had assembled in the antechamber, eager for admittance. Except the similar though rarer public receptions by President Lincoln, there were no scenes in which it

was possible to witness more of the effect of the war on all classes of society than in those daily inroads. Instantly the room would be filled with the crowd. Then, with that patience which almost never failed, he would hear and examine personally into every case, or give the applicant in charge to his staff-officers to make the examination under his own supervision, and would do all that could be done to relieve suffering or anxiety, stimulate patriotism or reward merit.

He had not that smooth way of refusing without seeming to refuse, in which his predecessor so excelled. It was often to be wished, for his own comfort, that he could develop ever so small a degree of that official manner which checks and repels intrusion; but he never did. There was not, in his nature, the germ of formalism. One day, among the many exhibitors of military notions who beset him, was a man with a patent knapsack. There were many visitors in attendance, some of high distinction, awaiting audience; but the knapsack man was before them in obtaining his ear. He listened to his description of the article; and when he was told that some of our Massachusetts troops wished it as a substitute for the regulation knapsack, he forgot the presence of everybody, asked for it to be packed and buckled over his own shoulders, and then marched up and down the room, testing himself its asserted merits, before he would turn to any other business.

In those daily receptions, women anxious for the safety or health of fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, in the armies before Richmond or Vicksburg, or in the Rebel prisons, or having grievances to present as to the administration of "State aid" to their families; soldiers complaining of injustice or of suffering in the field or at home; selectmen and recruiting committees suggesting plans or asking favors to promote enlistments; an endless host of applicants for appointments, military and civil; citizens of every class seeking indorsement and aid of schemes for sanitary and other charities; petitioners for pardon of criminals, for admission of deaf and dumb or blind or idiotic children as public beneficiaries to the charitable institutions of the State,—these, and a countless multitude of others, on every conceivable variety of business, all found a willing ear and an attention justly proportioned to their affairs,

whether serious or trivial. To all these various wants and needs never was a heart more sensitive, never a disposition more paternal; and this recalls the testimony borne by Mr. Hillard, his political opponent, but his life-long friend, when (at the same bar meeting at which Mr. Chandler gave the description of the Governor's college life, already quoted), after first declaring his belief that the loss of Governor Andrew was a greater loss to Massachusetts than that of any citizen either in the early or the later history of the State, he said that,

"In conclusion, he wished to make another remark, which might seem as extraordinary as that with which he opened his address, but which he believed sincerely was truth, and that was that he never knew a man whose daily life and conversation embodied the teachings of the Saviour as laid down in holy writ more than his. He never knew a man who left this world with less of the stain of sin than he."

In spite of the harassing character of cares like these on a nature so sympathetic, his power of endurance was extraordinary. Almost invariably he was at the State-House as early or even earlier than either of his secretaries, and his appearance was always the signal for fresh work in every department of the building. Paying hasty calls at the offices of the Adjutant-General and the Surgeon-General, on his way, nine o'clock rarely found him absent from his own desk; and there he continued always until sunset, and often until long past midnight, unless some public duty called him elsewhere.

His private affairs went utterly neglected. His family he rarely saw by daylight, except in the early morning and on Sundays, and to a man of so affectionate a disposition this was the greatest sacrifice. Even on Sundays there was often no respite of work. Sometimes, however, his children would come to his crowded room at the State-House, and linger there for an hour in the early afternoon on their way home from school. No matter how urgent his business, there was always a moment to spare for an affectionate word or a caress, and an encouragement to make a play-room of the chamber. During the first few months of the war his labor at the State-House averaged more than twelve hours daily, and during April and May, 1861, the gray light of morning often mingled with the gaslight over his table, before he abandoned work, dis-

charged his weary attendants, and walked down the hill to his little house in Charles Street to snatch a few hours of sleep before beginning the task of another day. It must have been an iron constitution as well as an iron will which sustained these irregularities with constantly renewing vigor. After his invariable bath and hasty breakfast he would reappear at the State-House as fresh as the morning itself, without a trace perceptible to the casual visitor of irritation or fatigue, while perhaps half an hour later his attendants of the previous night would come to their places cross and jaded.

Unsparring to himself, he did not spare others; filled himself with a sustaining enthusiasm, he expected and demanded from others efforts corresponding in proportion to their ability. His secretary once recommended to him an increase of the pay of a subordinate. The letter bears the indorsement instantly made: "I cordially assent, but *on condition* that he shall come at nine o'clock, A. M." This was in the case of an officer whose residence was out of the city, and whose duties kept him at the State-House almost always until sunset and often until midnight. It was an indorsement not unkind,— never from all those years can any of his associates or subordinates recall a single act or word of unkindness done or spoken by Governor Andrew, — but it was characteristic of his habit to hold every one strictly to the full measure of duty. So was his indignation, one dreary afternoon, the day before Christmas, at finding that the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth was closed half an hour earlier than usual. There was a severe snow-storm raging, which suspended business through the city, and the clerks of that office had closed it, forgetting that there should have been drawn and forwarded up stairs during the day, for the Governor's signature, a pardon which had been granted to a convict in the State-Prison, according to a custom which prevailed with him to grant one pardon, upon the recommendation of the Warden, every Christmas morning. It irritated him that the clerks below should have forgotten such a duty. During his own hard work through the day, the thought of the happiness which the morrow would bring to that convict had lightened his heart, and he felt a positive pain that others should not have shared that feeling. Though

unwell, he hastily broke out of the room, walked through the driving snow across the city to the house of one of the officers of the State Department, brought him back to the State-House, stood by him while the pardon was drawn and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth was affixed to it, signed it, and then despatched it by one of his secretaries to the Warden at Charlestown.

The preliminary investigation of applications for pardon he never delegated to others, even at the height of his military labor. By the Constitution of the State, the assent of the Council was necessary to confirm every pardon proposed by the Governor, and there was a regular committee for formal investigation of pardon cases; but it was his habit to decide whether or not to refer any particular application to that committee, only after preliminary investigation himself, oftentimes involving no little toil. During his term of office there was hardly a place of confinement of criminals in the whole Commonwealth, from Nantucket to Berkshire, which he did not personally visit. He believed that care of our penal institutions was next in importance, for the welfare of the State, to the care of the schools.

The legal obligation to consult the Council, not only with regard to all matters of pardon, but with regard also to almost all matters whatsoever of administration, whether of finance or appointment, was a great drain upon his patience. But there were certain advantages in it which he was quick to appreciate. Chiefly, it methodized in his own mind the reasons for his acts. The necessity oftentimes of expressing reasons to the Council, and the liability at all times to be called on to express them, compelled him to avoid altogether that vagueness of thought which accompanies the acts of most men. Almost daily, during the war, there was a session of the Council at which he was obliged to attend for one, two, or three hours. Usually it began in the early afternoon, after the close of his public reception.

Before leaving his own apartment for the Council-Chamber he was accustomed to retreat from visitors into a little intermediate room, where he partook of a simple lunch, generally of only bread and cheese with a cup of tea. Dr. Johnson was

not a more devoted lover of tea. He held to the theory that it is a positive nourisher of nervous force, and always was ready to drink tea at any time of the day or the night. He was present once at an informal dinner at a public place of entertainment in New York, when, in the midst of the courses, a servant appeared with a cup of tea and a plate of toast which he set upon the table before him. One of the gentlemen present thinking that this was some awkward mistake, directed the servant to remove them, when it appeared that the Governor had ordered them himself. He was simple in all his diet, although, like almost all busy professional men, he was a hearty and rapid eater; but he enjoyed and appreciated the pleasures of the table, for he was a thoroughly developed man in all the elements of manhood, physical as well as intellectual and moral. In his great argument against the principle of a prohibitory liquor law, while reciting the causes which combined to increase the perils of New-Englanders from drunkenness, besides "a hard climate, much exposure, few amusements, a sense of care and responsibility cultivated intensely, and the prevalence of ascetic and gloomy theories of life, duty, and Providence," he enumerates also "the absence of light, cheering beverages, little variety in food, and great want of culinary skill." He was fond of wine and used it freely, but always with temperance; and he despised, from the bottom of his heart, the prevailing hypocrisy as to its use. No one respected more the discretion of the individual who should abstain from it, either for fear of being tempted beyond self-control, or for example to others in danger; but he demanded equal respect for his own discretion. Believing that law has of itself no reforming power, that it may punish and terrify but cannot convert, he attacked the doctrine of prohibitory legislation at its root. In all his life, public and private, there was not a single act which afforded him more internal satisfaction than that attack. The subject had been with him one of earnest thought and clear conviction for many years; but for fear of dividing the people on a local question when they should be united on the great national issues, he abstained from presenting it to the Legislature until after the war. The result of the State election that occurred

the week after his death, completely revolutionizing the policy of Massachusetts on the question, and vindicating his position, was a proof of the sagacity with which he foresaw the verdict of the people on a theory of legislation which only one year before it required high moral courage even to challenge.

During the war, his determination to unite Massachusetts in its support was paramount to every other consideration, and was the key to many acts which pained some of his friends and offended others. The deference to certain classes of society of which he was accused in some of his appointments was only one feature of a settled policy. Many a gallant young officer went down from Massachusetts into Virginia to battle, an unconscious hostage for the loyalty of men at home, who in times of disaster might otherwise easily have fallen into indifference or opposition. This deep determination was rewarded with success. Massachusetts was a unit from the day when the flag ceased to fly over Sumter to the day when it crowned again the ruins of the fort. Divided, we might have perished. United, we led the van of the war. No one felt the perils of discord more than he, especially during that period when there was talk of "leaving New England out in the cold." The official records of those days show how he pleaded and argued with the West for a more cordial union; but while he had an implicit trust in the issue of the war as it did result, yet he had too little pride of opinion, and was too truly a statesman, not to consider and provide against a different issue. In event of the success of the Rebellion, he anticipated the formation of a northeastern confederacy which should combine the greater part of New England with Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and a part of Canada; and if our present Union had been doomed to failure, he would not have considered such a destiny for Massachusetts as hopeless. In such a confederacy he beheld all the elements of a first-rate power, — a homogeneous population of more than five millions, rapidly increasing; the great harbors of Boston, Portland, and Halifax, with a capacity to command the commerce of the Northern Atlantic; control of the outlet of the great lakes by possession of the southern bank of the St. Lawrence; mines of

iron and coal ; forests of timber for every use of architecture and navigation ; the mechanic arts fully developed ; manufactures in maturity ; and education, literature, and the fine arts at the highest point of culture they have attained in America. But his heart was with the Union as it is. Never in public letter or speech did he tolerate the idea of its failure. He had an abiding faith in God's will to preserve it ; and with him faith always availed more than reason, the heart more than the intellect. But intellectually regarding the success of the Rebellion as a possibility, he devoted much attention to the relations of the British Provinces to New England, a study to which he was previously attracted, also, by a conviction that, in more intimate bonds of commerce with them, Boston would find rich sources of material prosperity. After retiring from office his interest in the subject even increased. He was deeply concerned for the success of the railway by which uninterrupted communication will be effected between Boston and Halifax ; and during the summer before his death he passed his vacation in a tour through the Provinces.

Much has been said, since his death, of his unvarying sweetness of disposition, which is liable to give a wrong impression of the man. He never allowed himself to be drawn into a quarrel, and he had no personal hatred, even against those who did him most grievous personal wrong. But his whole soul was devoted to the grand principles of civil and political liberty which were at stake in the war ; and with some men who, he believed, were obstructing right and justice in the policy of the government he was in mortal antagonism. Such hatreds as those he cherished intensely, and they harmonized with his natural kindness like shade and light in a fine painting. No one could be familiar with the steps towards emancipation, and the use of colored troops, without being sensible of his strong antipathies towards certain men who obstructed those measures. Over the bodies of our soldiers who were killed at Baltimore he had recorded a prayer that he might live to see the end of the war, and a vow that, so long as he should govern Massachusetts, and so far as Massachusetts could control the issue, it should not end without freeing every slave in America. He believed, at the first, in the policy of emancipa-

tion as a war measure. Finding that timid counsels controlled the government at Washington, and the then commander of the Army of the Potomac, so that there was no light in that quarter, he hailed the action of Frémont in Missouri in proclaiming freedom to the Western slaves. Through all the reverses which afterwards befell that officer he never varied from this friendship. When at last Frémont retired from the Army of Virginia, the Governor offered him the command of a Massachusetts regiment, and vainly urged him to take the field again under our State flag. Just so, afterwards, he welcomed the similar action of Hunter in South Carolina, and wrote in his defence the famous letter in which he urged "to fire at the enemy's magazine." He was deeply disappointed when the administration disavowed Hunter's act, for he had hoped much from the personal friendship which was known to exist between the General and the President. Soon followed the great reverses of McClellan before Richmond.

The feelings of the Governor at this time on the subject of emancipation are well expressed in a speech which he made on August 10, 1862, at the Methodist camp-meeting on Martha's Vineyard. It was the same speech in which he made the remark, since so often quoted:—

"I know not what record of sin awaits me in the other world, but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was poor, or because he was black."

Referring to slavery, he said:—

"I have never believed it to be possible that this controversy should end, and Peace resume her sway, until that dreadful iniquity has been trodden beneath our feet. I believe it cannot, and I have noticed, my friends, (although I am not superstitious, I believe,) that, from the day our government turned its back on the proclamation of General Hunter, the blessing of God has been withdrawn from our arms. We were marching on, conquering and to conquer; post after post had fallen before our victorious arms; but since that day I have seen no such victories. But I have seen no discouragement. I bate not one jot of hope. I believe that God rules above, and that he will rule in the hearts of men, and that, either with our aid or against it, he has determined to let the people go. But the confidence I have in my own mind that *the appointed hour has nearly come*, makes me feel all the more confi-

dence in the certain and final triumph of our Union arms, because I do not believe that this great investment of Providence is to be wasted."

The allusion to the impending Proclamation of Emancipation by the President will be observed. Daily now for two years the Governor had not ceased to labor for it, in public and private. By speech and letter and personal appeal, by every appliance which wisdom and ingenuity could suggest, he had helped to work on the President for that end. But up to the final moment he trembled lest Mr. Lincoln might not be equal to the emergency. He knew that General McClellan had written to the President from Harrison's Landing, that "a declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies"; and it was to strengthen the purpose of the President that he joined at this time in the project of the convention of Governors at Altoona. His intention was to counteract the influence of McClellan and the "conservatives," by uniting the various States, through their chief magistrates, in an expression of loyalty and a pledge of support to the President in declaring emancipation as a military necessity. The plan had effect. The Governors were on their way to Altoona when the President anticipated their purpose, and preferred to accept their support of an act already done rather than their counsel to do it. Governor Andrew was at Philadelphia when the Proclamation of September 23 appeared. He sent back to Boston that day an unofficial letter too characteristic to be omitted.

" PHILADELPHIA, September 23, 1862.

" DEAR — : — Before starting for Altoona, I have telegraphed to Mr. Claffin, and I now write more fully to you. The Proclamation of Emancipation by the President is out. It is a poor *document*, but a mighty *act*; slow, somewhat halting, wrong in its delay till January, but grand and sublime after all. 'Prophets and kings' have waited for this day, but died without the sight. *We* must take up the silver trumpet and repeat the immortal strain on every hill-top and in every household of New England. Our Republicans must make it *their* business to sustain this act of Lincoln, and we will drive the 'conservatism' of a pro-slaveryunkerism and the reactionaries of despotism into the very caves and holes of the earth. The conquest of the Rebels, the emancipation of the slaves, and the restoration of peace founded on liberty and perma-

ment democratic ideas! Let this be our platform. No bickerings, no verbal criticism, no doubting Thomases, must halt the conquering march of triumphant liberty. GO IN FOR THE WAR. Hurry up the recruitments. Have grand *war meetings* all over the State. I hope our friends will begin at Faneuil Hall to-morrow night. Let not the Rebels gain by delays, neither in Massachusetts nor in the field. We can 'knock the bottom out' of the hunker 'citizens' movement before ten days are gone. But tell Clafin, Sumner, Wilson, &c., &c., to *strike quick*. Now, NOW, NOW! Our cause is bright if we are true.

"Yours ever,

"JOHN A. ANDREW."

This letter contains the nearest approach to political partisanship which he manifested during the whole war; and nothing save the opposition of the "citizens'" party, so called, in Massachusetts, to the policy of emancipation, could have drawn from him even that expression. During his whole administration he never once consulted with the State Committee of his party as to any of his measures or appointments. This alienated from him all the trading politicians, and would have broken down any ordinary man in caucuses and conventions; but he possessed a strength which was independent of small political managers. They were always against him; and the influence of almost all the old leaders of his party was against him also, from the day he was first named for Governor. This last he felt keenly, and often expressed himself concerning it in private; but he was too magnanimous and public-spirited ever to resent it by reprisals upon them, although his opportunities were ample. As the world goes, it was a natural jealousy on their part. He had ridden into the lists, a stranger to the old heroes of the political tourneys of the last twenty years, and to their surprise and vexation had carried off all their accustomed prizes. During the whole war, and after his return to private life, to the day of his death, he was unquestionably the first citizen of Massachusetts in the affection of the people and the estimation of the country. This they could never brook with patience, nor could they ever comprehend the manner of it.

His unflinching exercise of the veto power also insured the opposition of that always large class of legislators who are

too self-conscious of their own importance to appreciate the constitutional duty of the Executive. So did his opinions concerning removals from office alienate that same class of men. Only two removals were made by him during the five years he was Governor, and in each of those cases he filed written reasons for his action. In a few other instances, not half a dozen in all, he notified civil officers of his purpose to remove them unless they should tender their resignations, and in every instance he specified the causes of his determination.

In his military appointments he never asked what were the political associations of the candidates, provided only they were loyal men. Two years after the war began, he was not aware, in regard to half the colonels of the Massachusetts troops, what had been their political connections, and was quite surprised when he was told one day, that, out of the first fifteen colonels of three years' volunteers whom he commissioned, only one third at the utmost had voted for Mr. Lincoln for President, while more than one third had voted for Mr. Breckenridge. When it is remembered that the vote of Massachusetts for Lincoln in 1860 was more than one hundred and six thousand, while for Breckenridge it was only six thousand, the fact becomes more significant.

In regard to appointments over colored troops, however, he demanded not only loyalty and ability, but sympathy with that arm of the service, as a qualification. With the employment of colored men as soldiers his fame is forever identified beyond that of any other man; and no one had a clearer perception of the logical results of that employment upon the civil and political rights generally of that class of our people. In the very first week of the war, he wrote concerning the enrolment of colored men in the militia, that personally he knew "no distinction of class or color in his regard for his fellow-citizens, nor in their regard for our common country." In the paramount duty of allegiance owed by colored and white men alike to the national government, he found a logical and legal solution of all the technical difficulties in the way of emancipating the slaves and employing them as soldiers.

At last, on January 26, 1863, the official sanction of the national government was first granted to the raising of colored

troops. At a personal interview with the Secretary of War, that day, at Washington, concerning the coast defences of Massachusetts and the garrison of Fort Warren, the Governor obtained from him written authority to raise "volunteer companies of artillery for duty in the forts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and such companies of infantry for the volunteer military service as he may find convenient." With his own hand the Governor then added to the writing, after the words quoted, the further words, "and may include persons of African descent organized into separate corps," and presented it to the Secretary for his signature ; and it was signed.

Hardly daring to communicate to the authorities at Washington the extent of his purposes under this authority, for fear lest it should be revoked, he hastily returned with it to Boston, and, the very day of his arrival, began the work of raising the famous Fifty-fourth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers at the camp at Readville. It was a proud and happy day for him,— that bright May morning when it stood, complete, before the State-House, the equal of the best Massachusetts regiments which had preceded it, in the quality, discipline, and equipment of the men, and the character of the officers ; and when he marched between its ranks down Beacon Street to the old parade-ground of the Common, and it passed him there in review in the presence of more than fifty thousand spectators !

The Fifty-fifth Regiment, in all respects a worthy companion of the Fifty-fourth, followed it to the field. But the triumph over prejudice was not yet complete. The right of the colored soldier to equality with his white companions in arms remained to be vindicated. This, in respect to pay, the Governor effected after a long legal struggle over the case of the chaplain of the Fifty-fourth, a colored man ; and in respect to rank, after another long struggle over the cases of certain lieutenants whom he had promoted from among the enlisted men of the same corps on the recommendation of their superior officers. Well might the colored citizens of Boston resolve, after his death, that "the colored soldiers and sailors will ever remember that it is to him they are indebted for equal military rights before the

law"; but the poor colored women and children who ran by the side of the hearse over the whole of its long route from Boston to Mount Auburn rendered a more touching tribute to his benefactions to their race than ever can be expressed by the most eloquent eulogy. To them and such as they he was always accessible, and his heart and hand were always open.

Although he was delightfully familiar with his official associates, and in respect to freedom of access by the public was informal beyond precedent, yet he was a lover of ceremonial. He had as keen sensibility of the dramatic as of the mirthful, and in this sensibility found a great source of inspiration. He had a filial reverence for the history of Massachusetts, and studied it faithfully. He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and was president of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. At the time of his death he was engaged in collecting materials for an historical essay on the Siege of Louisburg. Among the minor measures which he persistently urged upon the Legislature, until they adopted it, was a recommendation to preserve the record of our Provincial statutes, by transcribing a copy of them which exists in the library of a gentleman of Norfolk County. Few men possessed more thorough knowledge of the unwritten history of our statute law. He was very fond of certain stately old provisions of the Constitution of Massachusetts, which in these democratic days it would hardly be possible to re-enact if the Constitution were now to be framed anew; such as the recital of reasons for establishing by law permanent and honorable salaries for the Governor and the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, and the whole chapter concerning Harvard College. Even in little things he manifested the same love of old associations. He took an almost boyish satisfaction in discovering that there existed in the office of the State Printer an old font of type, by means of which his first Thanksgiving-day Proclamation could be printed in precisely the same style in which he had seen those of Governor Brooks and Governor Eustis when he was a boy, and when they used to be issued on a broad sheet which hung over the pulpit cushions when the preachers read them.

Of the dignity of his office he was a jealous guardian. No better evidence of that fact can exist than is to be found in his printed correspondence with Major-General Butler, in 1861 and 1862. In all his official intercourse with the legislative body he maintained scrupulously the traditional ceremonies. The day of the Annual Election Sermon was one of great delight to him. Marching to the Old South Church, under the escort of his body-guard and surrounded by his associates in the government of the Commonwealth, it was easy to see in his face, as he passed down the old and narrow streets, the noble consciousness that he was no unworthy successor of John Winthrop and Samuel Adams.

The sentiment which grew up between him and his body-guard was something beyond previous example. There was hardly a member of it whose official respect for him was not mingled with personal affection; and though he had been a private citizen again for two years when he died, yet it was under their familiar escort that his mortal remains passed to their last place of rest.

This veneration for the history and traditions of Massachusetts had much to do with his earnest care of Harvard College. The fact that it was the constitutional college, so to speak, was an irresistible claim upon his official regard, and in its foundations he recognized the most available basis for building up, what the framers of the Constitution anticipated, a "University." He clearly foresaw how Massachusetts, by the limitations of its territory, must become relatively less and less powerful, man for man, than newer States of greater area. The method by which he expected to maintain the ascendancy of this State against such inevitable odds, was by making the Massachusetts man count for more on the destiny of the country than the man of any other State. For this he looked to facilities for broader and deeper education here than can be obtained elsewhere in America. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance he attached to ingrafting this policy on the legislation of the State, and the regret he felt that it was not appreciated and adopted by the Legislature on the occasions when he urged it, especially in reference to the land grant of the United States for schools of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

By nature his sympathies were strong and deep, and the instances of private distress which he was called to see during the war wore on him terribly. Gradually he became accustomed to repress external manifestations of emotion, but his sensibilities were not blunted by use. Internally he endured what only those to whom he opened his heart can ever know. Perhaps the actual wear and tear was increased by this suppression of external signs ; and, besides his private sympathies, there were anxieties as to the course of public affairs which he felt keenly beyond description, but which, for the sake of the public welfare, he concealed from observation. Never shunning responsibilities, yet he was fully conscious of their weight. These causes, more than all others, helped to shorten his days. In those five years of his administration he tasted the cares and sorrows, the hopes and joys, and concentrated the labors of a century of ordinary life ; and such an experience aggravated his tendency to the disease which at last was fatal. No soldier struck by a Rebel bullet on the battle-field died more truly a victim to the national cause. For many years he had known that he was liable to sudden death. Twice, during the period between his first election and the end of the war, he was saved from a fatal issue of attacks similar to that from which he died, only by profuse bleedings which themselves endangered life. The first time was in December; 1860, shortly before his inauguration. The second was in 1864, when he had engaged to speak, in behalf of the re-election of President Lincoln, to mass-meetings in all the principal towns on the line of the New York Central Railroad, from Albany to Buffalo, but was compelled to desist before completing the route. But this knowledge did not depress him, nor did it ever induce him to seek for personal ease or relaxation of toil, at the cost of others.

One great source of consolation and relief he possessed in a naturally mirthful disposition. It was more than cheerful : it was merry. He had as quick and lively perception of the ludicrous as President Lincoln himself, and his anecdote was free from coarseness. Of the Yankee dialect he was a master. He had studied it analytically, just as he studied the intricacies of the typical Yankee character. The every-day life of the country villages of New England, of their shops, farm-

yards, stage-coaches, taverns, sewing-circles, and household firesides, was familiar to him in all its details, and served him constantly for illustrations of stories which he told with a hearty enjoyment it excites a smile to remember. This mirth was so natural that it sought and found material for its exercise in all the affairs of his daily business, serious or trivial; but it never betrayed him into levity, nor was it tinged in the slightest degree with sarcasm, although it was often full of satire. It helped him greatly to be indifferent to all the little mishaps and annoyances, of which, during his whole administration, there was a daily multitude that would have vexed and perplexed any man of less animal vigor and buoyant spirit.

He had a good voice and ear for music; but all the musical training he ever enjoyed was that of the village singing-school. It was enough, however, to encourage him always to join and often to take the lead in congregational singing, and his earnestness always carried him safely through the psalm-tunes, and the others with him. Like all simple and enthusiastic natures, his was easily stirred by melody. He delighted in martial music; and no school-boy ever trained along through village streets by the side of the brass-band at the parade of a militia company with more charmed ear than he. But this taste was never far cultivated. He had little scientific acquaintance with the theory of music; although, curiously enough, he possessed a minute knowledge of the history of the development of the piano-forte, of which, through some odd fancy, he had made a special study. His knowledge of this and of some other specialties, not connected with his official or professional life, afforded him often much amusement by the surprise they caused. One day, last summer, a friend was relating to him a curious incident, illustrating the theory of spiritualism, connected with an old spinnet, still preserved at Paris, which once belonged to a favorite musician at the court of Henry III. of France. In explanation of the incident the narrator was exhibiting some photographs of the instrument, and describing its construction, when, to his astonishment, he found that the Governor was even more familiar with all the details of it than he was himself.

His favorite amusement was to drive far out into the coun-

try around Boston, with some intimate friend, and at last, when clear of the thickly settled suburbs, leaving the horse to travel almost at his own will, to abandon himself to a hilarity than which none could be more simple and genuine. Driving thus in the fresh spring air along the beautiful roads of Watertown or Newton, fringed and fragrant with apple-blossoms, he would overflow with a spring-tide of anecdote and humor. But he allowed himself few such holiday hours. Almost all his excursions from the city combined an element of business with what pleasure they afforded. Was it a sleigh-ride on a clear crisp Sunday morning in January; the object would be to attend 'at the dedication of a soldiers' chapel at the Readville Camp, or at the services in the chapel of the State-Prison, or to sit for an hour by the bedside of some invalid. Was it a drive into the green of the country, in the twilight of a summer evening; the horses would not turn their heads homeward without first stopping at the State Arsenal in Cambridge, the United States Arsenal at Watertown, the camps at Brook Farm or Medford, or the State charitable institutions at South Boston.

After the first year of the war he was accustomed to travel a good deal through the State in the summer season, but always on some official task which robbed him of a great part of the pleasure of the journey; and more than half the time he travelled by night, so as to save the daylight for business. On these excursions he would attend the Commencements at Amherst and Williams Colleges, the Wesleyan Academy, and the College of the Holy Cross; inspect the work on the Hoosac Tunnel; be present at the Agricultural Fairs, and at the closing of the terms of the Normal Schools; examine insane hospitals, almshouses, jails, and houses of reformation and correction; besides visiting the numerous military camps, at Pittsfield, Greenfield, Springfield, Worcester, Groton, Wenham, Lynnfield, and Lakeville, and the great camp at Readville. How delightful he made these journeys to others, by his shrewd observation, lively wit, unflinching good temper, and ardor for everything that was charitable or patriotic, the happy recollections of those who had the privilege of being his companions will forever attest. As a rule, he disliked to talk in

railroad cars. He was fond of occupying the hours of railway travel in committing to memory English verses ; and this is the explanation of his facility of poetical quotation. One summer, in this way, he committed to memory the whole of Mr. Longfellow's selection of minor poems, the "Waif."

His social talk was just like his speech in public. His public speeches, at least those made without preparation, were often effective, for this very reason, beyond the degree which the written reports of them seem to justify. The natural exuberance of his language and the heartiness of his manner made him remarkably successful as an *impromptu* speaker ; and it will be hardly possible for those who never knew or heard him to appreciate the wonderful influence which he exercised, through this faculty, during the war. Hardly a day passed, certainly never a week passed, during his administration, without some call for its use, and he never failed to win and command the audience, whether the occasion was a recruiting meeting, the departure of a regiment, the anniversary of a college, the morning exercises of a Sunday school, the religious services at a prison, the "love feast" at a camp-meeting, or the festivities of a dinner-table. If the test of eloquence is success in exciting emotion at the will of the speaker, he was, throughout the war, one of the most eloquent of men ; but unquestionably a great part of this influence was due to the events of the time, and the universal admiration of his public career, which predisposed every audience to be moved by his presence. By the critical tests of oratory, one would hesitate to call him a great orator. He will be ranged with that class of public speakers of which John Bright is an eminent representative ; and many of the secrets of the power and charm of the two men were the same. Some of his addresses, made after careful preparation, and many of his sayings in *impromptu* speeches, will endure as long as the history of Massachusetts.

For all his communications to the Legislature he made elaborate preparation, and freely commanded and used the work of others in many of their details. Burdened as he was with care, it would have been impossible for this to be otherwise. Whether preparing for a professional argument

or an official message, he was fond of laying in supplies and carefully organizing and drilling his forces before beginning to move, and then of moving *en masse*. At the time he died he had already begun to prepare a scheme of testimony and argument for such an elaborate attack upon the system of capital punishment, which he was planning to make before a committee of the next Legislature.

He had the habit of sending his manuscript to the printer with the various sheets pasted together into a long roll like a mammoth petition; and he made revisions in the proofs with a freedom which drove the compositors to despair. The handwriting was far from legible; and his signature, towards the end of his official life, became a puzzle to strangers. He made a practice of signing, himself, almost all the correspondence of his office. One summer, having (with his usual pains to satisfy even trivial inquiries) replied, over his own signature, to the request of a country schoolmistress to be informed, three months in advance, what day he would appoint for Thanksgiving, she sent back the letter with a suggestion that when replying to "a woman," he should write himself instead of sending the letter of some secretary whose name she could not read. His fair correspondent had better cause of complaint about the day than about the handwriting, for, that year, the Governor, attracted by the fact that the third Thursday of November was the anniversary of the signing of the compact on board the *Mayflower*, designated it for Thanksgiving; and the next day after his Proclamation he received a multitude of indignant letters from pedagogues, of either sex, all over the State, whose vacations had been planned upon a presumed appointment of the last Thursday of the month, according to a time-honored custom from which he never afterwards ventured to depart, for (he used often laughingly to say) that morning's mail contained more abuse better expressed than any other he ever received.

His pecuniary means were always small; so that he was debarred from an extensive exercise of private hospitality, and less of official business was associated with his domestic life than is often the case with men so genial. The office of collector of customs of the port of Boston fell vacant at the end of

the war, and an intimation was conveyed to him from the President of the United States that if he would accept it, the President would be glad to appoint him; but he instantly rejected the suggestion, and the place was then filled by the appointment of Mr. Hamlin, whose term of service as Vice-President had recently expired. Conversing with a friend on the subject soon afterwards, the Governor remarked that it was the most lucrative public office in the New England States, and as it had been the habit to entrust it to men who had held other high official positions and rendered large public service for inadequate pay, he supposed it was tendered to him in accordance with that practice; "but," added he, "I can accept no such place for such a reason. As Governor of Massachusetts I feel that I have held a sacrificial office; that I have stood between the horns of the altar and sprinkled it with the best blood of this Commonwealth, — a duty so holy that it would be sacrilege to profane it by any consideration of pecuniary loss or gain."

Metaphorical language like this, gathered from the Testaments, was as natural on his lips as if he were himself an Oriental. Few laymen were more familiar with the Bible, or had studied it with a more earnest spirit of devout criticism. The beautiful interpretation of the miracle of Cana, which he gave in his argument on the prohibitory liquor law in reply to the version of the clergyman who had argued the other side of the question, is a fine illustration of this familiarity, and of the catholicity of his religious doctrines. He was always a member of the Unitarian body of Christians, and for many years was the official head of its lay organization; but no man was less a sectarian in creed or practice. His face was well known in places of worship of every denomination. His two closest clerical friends were his Unitarian pastor and a Roman Catholic priest. One Easter morning he had agreed to go with his secretary to service at a Roman Catholic church, and that gentleman, when he called for him at the appointed hour, received a hastily written note, stating that he might be found at the little Quaker meeting-house in Milton Place, where he had gone to listen to his dear friend, Mrs. Rachel Howland.

Scores of illustrations of this catholic spirit might be written, .

but this article trespasses already upon the province of his biographer. A faithful biography of Governor Andrew will be a complete history of Massachusetts during the civil war; not alone of its connection with the war, but of all its domestic affairs, none of which escaped his anxious care. It has been the design of this article, while sketching familiarly and affectionately the manner, not the substance, of his official life, to show how even in little things he exerted the same strong personal magnetism by which he inspired the people of Massachusetts in his greater acts, and how with him always, in all things, little or great, the spirit was everything, the letter nothing.

But a few additional words must be pardoned in reference to his position in national politics at the time of his death.

On January 5, 1866, retiring from office, five years to a day after his first inauguration, he delivered to the Legislature a valedictory address on which, more than on any other production of his pen, rests his claim to the fame of a great statesman. First, it enumerated the contributions of Massachusetts to the national cause during those years, — 159,165 soldiers and sailors in the Federal armies or navies, besides \$ 27,705,109 appropriated from the treasury of the Commonwealth, in addition to the expenditures of the cities and towns. Then, asserting the right of Massachusetts to an influential voice in the determination of the great questions of national statesmanship raised by the issue of a war won by such sacrifices, it argued at length the terms of pacification which Massachusetts should advocate. In his own view, we could not reorganize political society in the Rebel States, with any proper security, unless, first, “ we let in *the people* to a co-operation, and not merely an arbitrarily selected portion of them ” ; nor unless, second, “ we give those who are by their intelligence and character the natural leaders of the people, and who surely will lead them by and by, an opportunity to lead them now.” To the question so often asked during the two years since Governor Andrew retired from public life, Did he agree with Congress or with the President, in the strife still raging between them? these propositions render a clear reply. The action of neither was satisfactory to him; and he awaited patiently, in private life,

the day when experience should vindicate the position he was so early to discern and so intrepid to assume.

That the course of the public temper is now in accord with his views, and that their indorsement by the people at the next election of President would have summoned him from his retirement to adorn and ennoble a national office of next to the highest honor, is a common assertion since his death. That Massachusetts, in losing him, lost that one of her citizens whose ties of sympathy with public men of other sections of the Union were more nearly universal than those of any other, is a fact quite as generally recognized.

But he lived long enough to leave a fame as enduring as shall be the Commonwealth he governed. Of all his illustrious predecessors no one achieved more "to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." He made the first preparations for the war and received at its close the triumphant standards of the hundred regiments he organized to wage it. "He ordered the overcoats, and he received the flags!" Every Massachusetts man knows the glorious history implied in that brief sentence. Of his departure after such toil and such success one well may use the verses of the *Samson Agonistes*, those favorite verses which he himself selected for the inscription on the monument at Lowell of the first martyrs of the war:—

"He to Israel

Honor hath left, and freedom, let but them  
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
With God not parted from him, . . . .  
But favoring and assisting to the end.  
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

A. G. BROWNE, JR.

## ART. X.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D., London, Physician to the West London Hospital; Honorary Member of the Medico-Psychological Society of Paris; formerly Resident Physician of the Manchester Royal Lunatic Hospital, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xiv., 442.

ALTHOUGH marred by many typographical errors, especially in the citations from German authors (we have noticed two in a single foot-note), this volume is presented to the public in a handsome form. For convenience of reference, the table of contents, excellent and full as it is, needs to be supplemented by a good index; and, considering that the book will be read by many persons unfamiliar with the special studies of the physician, we cannot but regret that the author has taken quite so much anatomical knowledge for granted in his readers. A very few pages devoted to the anatomy of the nervous system, especially if accompanied by illustrations, would have greatly enhanced the practical usefulness of a treatise which no student of mental science can afford to neglect.

Dr. Maudsley's style is vigorous and clear, not infrequently pointed and crisp, and evinces a general literary culture not always combined with special scientific attainments. A few faulty expressions, however, have attracted our notice. Although the authority of the common version of the Psalms ("Like as a father pitieth his children," &c.) can be cited to justify the use of *like as* for simple *as*, it is hardly consonant with present usage to employ the phrase; and there is a certain inelegance, if not inaccuracy, in the sentence, "it is still capable of sensori-motor movement, like as the animal which possesses no cerebral hemispheres is" (p. 89). The same phrase occurs on pp. 131, 142, 348. Nothing, however, can justify such a vulgarism as the following: "They are strange and startling, like the products of a dream oftentimes are" (p. 18). We doubt, also, whether the verb *to crave* should be employed intransitively, as in the sentence, "Unsatisfied appetite craves for more nutriment" (p. 132); and whether the verb *to ail* should be used transitively with a personal subject, as in the sentence: "A stranger conversing with her would not have discovered that she ailed anything at all" (p. 308); so, somewhat similarly, "Nor do the muscles themselves ail anything" (p. 364). There can be no excuse for such careless and slovenly English as the following: "*Between every act* a repair of composition takes place" (p. 71).

Referring to the truly developed imagination as a power of yoking different images, by means of their occult but real relations, into the unity of a single image, it is said on p. 188: "This *esemplastic* faculty, as Coleridge, following Schelling, named it, is indicated by the German word for imagination; namely, *Einbildung*, or the *one-making faculty*." This is not correct. The German prefix *ein* is not the adjective *one*, but the adverb *in* or *within*; and the verb *einbilden*, whence the noun *Einbildung* is derived, does not signify to *make one* or unify, but to *form within*,—that is, to create a mental image or internal representation of external objects.

Dr. Maudsley is not altogether above the narrow prejudice which Comte displayed towards "metaphysicians," and sometimes shows an equal misappreciation of the true value of metaphysics. Against "teleologists" especially Dr. Maudsley entertains a prejudice which runs into undisguised contempt, and adds pungency to his style. "Is it not truly a marvel that some teleologist has not yet been found to maintain that the final cause of the moon is to act as a 'tug' to the vessels on our tidal rivers?" (p. 66.) "If that is not satisfactory to the teleologists, it will be sufficient to recall to them the already given observation of Spinoza, and to congratulate them on their power of diving into 'the mysteries of things as if they were God's spies.' Were it not well, however, that they should condescend to humble things, and unfold to us, for example, the final cause of the mammary gland and nipple in the male animal?" (p. 70.) In fact, with all his fairness and evident sincerity of intention not to evade any argument of an opponent, Dr. Maudsley's impatience sometimes disqualifies him for doing full justice to the opinions of others.

But enough of microscopic criticism. The few insignificant blemishes we have noticed are as nothing compared with the solid merits of the book. It is a work of great power, and we anticipate for it a wide influence. Whether the present attempt is altogether successful or not, it is one more indication of the rapidly increasing influence of the positive philosophy over modern thought, and will be cordially welcomed by all who believe that in the complete development of positivism, unripe and crude as it now is, lies the only hope of a stable mental science. The conflict between positivism and the lingering philosophic dogmatism of the past is what Mr. Arnold's lively Prussian declared the recent war between Prussia and Austria to be,—the conflict between "Geist" and "Ungeist." At the same time, we believe that the positivism of the future will assume a form quite free from the arbitrary and petty limitations now imposed upon it by champions more enthusiastic than far-sighted. The same

advance in knowledge which has developed astronomy out of astrology, and chemistry out of alchemy, will yet develop out of the narrow psychology of to-day a grand, universal anthropology.

The design of Dr. Maudsley, as he states in his Preface, is "two-fold: first, to treat of mental phenomena from a physiological rather than from a metaphysical point of view; and, secondly, to bring the manifold instructive instances presented by the unsound mind to bear upon the interpretation of the obscure problems of mental science." The volume consists, accordingly, of two parts, the first part being devoted to the "Physiology of Mind," and the second part to the "Pathology of Mind." Part Second contains seven exceedingly interesting and valuable chapters on Insanity, — on the "Causes of Insanity," on the "Insanity of Early Life," on the "Varieties of Insanity," on the "Pathology of Insanity," on the "Diagnosis of Insanity," on the "Prognosis of Insanity," and on the "Treatment of Insanity." These chapters are crowded with important facts and suggestions, and deserve most careful study.

Of the nine chapters of Part First, Chap. I. is devoted to "The Method of the Study of Mind"; Chap. II., to "The Mind and the Nervous System"; Chap. III., to "The Spinal Cord, or Tertiary Nervous Centres; or Nervous Centres of Reflex Action"; Chap. IV., to "Secondary Nervous Centres, or Sensory Ganglia; Sensorium Commune"; Chap. V., to "Hemispherical Ganglia; Cortical Cells of the Cerebral Hemispheres; Ideational Nervous Centres; Primary Nervous Centres; Intellectorium Commune"; Chap. VI., to "The Emotions"; Chap. VII., to "Volition"; Chap. VIII., to "Motor Nervous Centres or Motorium Commune, and Actuation or Effectation"; and Chap. IX., to "Memory and Imagination." So far as is possible within our limits, we propose to give some account of the first two of these chapters.

The influence of Comte is plainly discernible in the general reflections with which Dr. Maudsley commences his chapter on Method. The famous three stages of human development — the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive or scientific — reappear here unmodified. The notion, however, that these three stages are strictly successive, and that, in the true order of evolution, each must wholly pass away to make room for its successor, is manifestly enough a misreading of the facts. As a rough sketch, there is some verisimilitude in this trinal theory of human progress from savagery to civilization; but, taken in this literal way, it is caricature, not portraiture. As science advances, theology and metaphysics are changed, but not destroyed. Science, the latest-born of the three, is to-day reacting powerfully upon

metaphysics, and to-morrow will quite as powerfully react upon theology; but its influence is beneficial rather than destructive, and will only establish more solidly whatever real truth has been seized by its elder sisters. Development, not violent metamorphosis, is the history of man. The greatest weakness of positivism in its present condition, the mark of its immaturity, is its inaptitude for profound metaphysics, and its childish contempt for theology. We admit with perfect readiness that the metaphysics and theology now existent deserve nearly all, if not quite all, the contempt they receive from positivism; but none the less sure is it that, as positivism becomes strong and self-contained, it will see more and more to respect, as well worthy of study, in the history of philosophy and religion. "Anaximander," says Dr. Maudsley (p. 2), "looking into his own mind, and finding an imbecility there, gave to it the name of the Infinite, and, transferring it outwards, was thenceforth quite content to pronounce it to be the true origin of all things." We doubt whether Anaximander was deeply conversant with the Hamiltonian theory of the Infinite; but we do not doubt that Dr. Maudsley, if he had studied metaphysics with the same admirable thoroughness with which he has studied physiology, would never have penned so shallow a sentence.

Coming to the main question of method, Dr. Maudsley inquires whether the inductive and objective method, accepted universally in physical science, can also be made available in mental science. He admits that direct observation of mental phenomena in others cannot be made, and regrets that direct observation of the organic processes which are the bodily conditions of such phenomena is equally impossible. After casting a slur upon metaphysicians (p. 8), and pointing out the increasing favor with which biography is viewed at present as indicating an instinctive *nisus* towards an objective method of studying mind, he brings various charges against the method of empirical psychology, the interrogation of self-consciousness, not merely as inadequate, but as "utterly unreliable." His chief reason is an old one, — that the mind cannot be simultaneously observer and observed. To this we reply that the fact of consciousness is simply the fact that the mind is at once subject and object, and that, if Dr. Maudsley's reason proves anything, it proves that the mind is necessarily unconscious of itself and its own action, — which Dr. Maudsley himself would doubtless admit would be proving too much. Argument never yet extinguished a fact. But we regret that, forgetting his own previous admission of "the uselessness of an exclusive method" (p. vii. of the Preface), he goes so far in his antipathy against the psychological method as to make it practically worthless. To be

sure, he denies that he does so (p. 25), and cites the example of Locke as showing its availability "in competent hands"; but he immediately adds, that "it was not because of this method, but in spite of it, that Locke was greatly successful"; and that "the insufficiency of the method used is proved by the fact that others adopting it, but wanting his sound sense, directly contradicted him at the time, and do so still." What an argument! Are all scientific men who confessedly adopt the objective method agreed in their results? Fools never advance science; the best method is good for nothing in the hands of men without "sound sense." All that Dr. Maudsley says of the *inadequacy* of psychological introspection to furnish complete data for mental science we cheerfully accept; all that he says in favor of the physiological method we cheerfully accept. We only feel surprised that so excellent a thinker should fall into such empty and commonplace strictures, and think it necessary, in order to vindicate the value of physiological investigation into mental processes, to decry all subjective analysis of them. He admits, indeed, the value of such analysis as far as the individual is concerned, and even says that we need this particular study of the individual. But that universal truth can be discovered in this way, and not merely particular facts, the success of Aristotle in studying the laws of logic is a shining proof. Dr. Maudsley apparently forgets that, besides his individual peculiarities, every man possesses a mental nature common to all the race. Instead, therefore, of jealously discrediting the subjective analysis of consciousness as of no scientific value, it would be infinitely wiser to carry into it the general spirit and method of positive science, remembering that different converging lines of investigation are more likely than a single line to reach the truth.

There is, doubtless, a great reform of method needed in the further prosecution of mental science. But the true method will not be wholly a new one, nor can it possibly be a simple one. It will rather be a new adjustment and correlation of many familiar methods. It is with methods as with facts, — they need to be co-ordinated and generalized. With his wonted sagacity, Bacon aimed at the due combination of the rational and empirical faculties, and not, as many narrow Baconians fancy, at the sole use of the latter. It will be the greatest of all philosophical achievements to perfect a scientific method which shall be valid, not merely in the study of external nature, but also in the highest departments of abstract thought. But it cannot be wrought out by arbitrarily excluding from use any genuine method hitherto practised. On the contrary, it will be the colligation of all such methods in natural relations, and their harmonious union under a single organizing

idea. This general and complex method must dominate over the whole realm of science, and adapt itself everywhere to the special phenomena to be studied; it will never be crammed into a catch-word or pithy formula.

Dr. Maudsley proceeds to enumerate the various "divisions of the objective method" to be employed in building up a true mental science (p. 27):—

I. The physiological method, or study of the organs and organic processes which are the physical conditions of mental activity.

II. The study of the plan of development of mind, as shown in the animal, the barbarian, and the infant.

III. The study of the degeneration of mind, as exhibited in the different forms of idiocy and insanity.

IV. The study of the progress and regress of the human mind, as exhibited in history.

It seems hardly appropriate to give these as "divisions of the objective method"; they are rather divisions of the general *object-matter* to which the method is to be applied. As a ground-plan for the construction of a genuine mental science, however, the enumeration is incomplete. It would be presumptuous at the present time to undertake to sketch such a plan except for purely provisional purposes; the science of mind plainly depends on all the other sciences, and cannot be created until the other sciences have attained a degree of perfection which does not yet exist. Without, however, attempting an impossible task, we venture to submit the following outline, with the hope of stimulating thought on a subject which must grow in importance and interest as time goes on:—

I. General physical conditions of organic life in the cosmical environment.

II. Special physical conditions of mental life in the organization of the nervous system: its comparative anatomy, and physiological relations to mental manifestations.

III. General plan of development of mental life throughout the animal kingdom.

IV. Special plan of development of mental life in man, including,—

1. Development of mind in the race, as shown in the history of civilization;

2. Development of mind in the individual, as affected by climate, hereditary influences, education, and other incidental causes;

3. Decay of mind in the individual, whether normal in natural organic dissolution, or abnormal in idiocy, insanity, &c.

V. General results of mental life, regarded as objective products of mind, and as in relation to mind itself,—

1. In the lower animals: instinctive acts, acquired habits, special structures (e. g. spider-webs, ant-hills, honeycombs, nests, burrows, beaver-dams), &c.;

2. In man: language, literature, art, science, manufactures, political, social, and religious institutions, &c.

VI. Special results of mental life; successive states of consciousness, which can only be brought under scientific investigation by means of introspection and subjective analysis, and careful observation of which can alone reveal the laws of association of ideas, the true classification of faculties, &c., &c.

This is by no means an exhaustive statement of the basis of a truly positive mental science, but it may at least indicate how broad that basis must be.

Passing next to the mind itself and its relation to the nervous system, Dr. Maudsley shows the fallacy in the famous maxim of Cabanis that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, and says that mind, "viewed in its scientific sense," is "a natural force"; and that like electricity or gravity, it is "appreciable only in the changes of matter which are the conditions of its manifestation." As by observation of the mechanism and appropriate abstraction we get the essential idea of a steam-engine, so, says Dr. Maudsley, we get the essential idea of the mind, which is an abstract idea or general term, and has no existence out of the mind; but "this metaphysical abstraction has been made into a spiritual entity," and thus allowed to "tyrannize over the understanding." Whatever may be the real nature of the mind, "it is most certainly dependent for its every manifestation on the brain and nervous system." Further, "mental power is truly an organized result, not strictly speaking built up, but matured by insensible degrees in the course of life." The ganglionic cells of the brain, which are not inexhaustible centres of self-generating force, can give out no more than what they have in some way taken in: "the nerve-cell of the brain, it might in fact be said, represents statical thought, while thought represents dynamical nerve-cell, or, more properly, the energy of nerve-cell." He indefinitely postpones the question whether the mind is the function of the brain, and declares it the present business of science to investigate the conditions of activity of the ganglionic nerve-cell, or groups of nerve-cells.

It is the favorite maxim of Büchner, "Keine Kraft ohne Stoff, kein Stoff ohne Kraft"; and Dr. Maudsley expresses its substance in saying that "matter and force are necessary coexistents" (p. 367). But with this view of the relation between force and matter (which is doubtless now a scientific axiom in the field of sensible experience), it

is a curious example of negative dogmatics to assert so positively that "mind is the most dependent of all the natural forces" (p. 60). The great mystery of life is not yet fathomed. There is no scientific evidence as yet to show that mind is a "natural force" at all, in this sense of being inseparable from matter. To call it so is to beg the question. The conviction of Dr. Maudsley can be no stronger than our own, that every manifestation of the mind now perceptible by us is utterly dependent on the nervous system; but to say that mind itself is thus dependent is not science, but simple dogmatism. Physiology, however far it may be carried, will never get beyond the nervous system. All its verified results will assuredly stand fast against all the prejudices of ignorance and the terrors of superstition, but it can no more settle the question of the nature of mind than it can determine the age of the globe. Whether either question can be settled yet may well be doubted. What is clear is, that Dr. Maudsley, while professing to give no theory of the nature of mind (p. 40), has inadvertently theorized about it, and gone beyond his depth.

In his antipathy to "metaphysics" and "psychology," Dr. Maudsley repeatedly pours contempt on all mention of "faculties"; as, for instance, on p. 168, where he exclaims, "How misleading the parcelling out of the mind into separate faculties that answer to nothing in nature!" But, by faculties, intelligent men signify merely different manifestations of mind, which, for purposes of science, need to be discriminated and named: no one regards them as organs of an "entity." Is there no difference between reasoning and imagining, remembering and acting? Do these distinctions "answer to nothing in nature"? Reason and imagination, memory and will, are names affixed to these unlike manifestations of mind; and no physiological discoveries can ever cancel their essential unlikeness, or supersede the necessity of giving them distinct names. The truth that "conscious acquisition" becomes "unconscious faculty" (p. 111), and that faculties are gradually "organized" in the nervous centres, in no wise conflicts with the natural distinction among them. On the contrary, it perfectly harmonizes with the universally admitted fact of their gradual development. When speaking of the cortical cells of the cerebral hemispheres, Dr. Maudsley says himself that different convolutions of the brain do in all probability subserve different mental functions, although the phrenologists have very rashly classified them; that the "broad and prominent forehead" indicates generally great intellectual power; and that "the upper part of the brain and the posterior lobes have more to do with feeling than with the understanding" (p. 107). This perfectly accords with the pathological results of Schroeder van der Kolk, who

asserts that, "when intellectual disorder especially has existed in madness, he has found the cortical layer under the frontal bones to be darker colored, more firmly connected with the pia mater, or softened; in melancholia, on the other hand, where the feelings chiefly are excited or depressed, the pathological changes were found rather in the convolutions of the upper and hind lobes" (p. 59). Now, in determining the special functions of the hemispherical ganglia, physiological investigation confessedly fails: the microscope cannot detect the subtle changes that take place. Is it not possible that a really scientific classification of the faculties, determined by introspective analysis, may yet prove a useful guide to the physiological investigator, and lead to important discoveries in regard to the functions of the different convolutions of the cineritious substance of the brain? There is great reason to infer this specialization of functions in the cortical layers; there is little reason to expect to discover it either through empirical craniology, or through direct physiological observation. Yet, with the clew obtained from a truly scientific psychology, the discovery may yet be made.

The passage quoted above from p. 107, distinguishing the anterior lobe of the brain as more closely indicative of intellect, and the middle and posterior lobes of feeling, hardly consists with the statement on p. 137, that "there do not appear to be satisfactory grounds, either in psychology or physiology, for supposing the nervous centres of emotion to be distinct from those of idea." Dr. Maudsley's theory of emotion and volition is less developed than his theory of ideation, and, we think, less satisfactory or definite.

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2. — *The Positive Philosophy. An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Amherst College, July 9, 1867, and before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Vermont, August 6, 1867.* By A. P. PEABODY, D.D., LL. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1867. 8vo pamphlet.

UNDER the comprehensive name of positivism, a great variety of philosophical opinions are popularly designated at the present day. Authors who differ as fundamentally as Mill and Spencer, neither professing to be a follower of M. Comte, and one, Mr. Spencer, differing from Comte in almost every essential of doctrine, and openly repudiating the name, are now commonly called "positivists." It is this enlarged and now generally adopted meaning of "positivism," as synony-

mous with one of the two fundamental divisions of the philosophical world, that our author appears to propose as the subject of his discourse. He discriminates none of its varieties, and imputes some opinions to all positivists which only a few really hold, and some which are held by none of them.

The process by which the word "positivism" has acquired its present signification is in itself an instructive lesson in philosophy. At first assumed as the distinctive name of the philosophy of M. Comte, it has since degenerated, through the vagueness of apprehension and the ignorance of its opponents, into a general appellation, as truly applicable to M. Comte's predecessors as to his followers, or to any later thinkers of a similar mental character.

But though this name specifically belongs only to M. Comte and his few avowed followers, and is usually applied to other thinkers only by their opponents, yet, as thus generalized, it has a well-accredited and important significance. All positivists, so called, are agreed in regarding the methods of discovering truth exemplified in the maturest of the modern sciences, as the methods of all true knowledge, namely, the methods of induction from the facts of particular observations, and are agreed in ignoring all problems as idle and foolish which cannot receive such solutions.

Among these problems is that of metaphysical causation, the question of those *real* connections between phenomena as causes and effects which are independent of our experiences, and the invariable and unconditional sequences among them. To those who have reached the positive mode of thought, the word "cause" simply signifies the phenomena, or the state of facts which precede the event to be explained, — which make it exist, in the only sense in which an event can clearly be supposed to be made to exist, namely, by affording the conditions of the rule of its occurrence. But with those who have not yet attained to this clear and simple conception of cause a vague but familiar feeling prevails, which makes this conception seem very inadequate to express their idea of the reality of causation. Such thinkers feel that they know something more in causation than the mere succession, however simple and invariable this may be. The *real* efficiency of a cause, that which makes its effect to exist absolutely, seems, at least in regard to their own volitions, to be known to them immediately. Causation, among such remote and unfamiliar phenomena as the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies, may be only known by observation and the discovery of the rules of their simple and invariable sequences; yet the mind inevitably imputes to such successions *real* though unobserved connections, like those it believes itself to know absolutely and immediately in its own volitions.

Not only the positive philosophy, in its widest sense, but also the critical philosophy of Kant, and all so-called sceptical philosophies, deny such an immediate knowledge by the mind of the causal efficiency of its own volitions. That certain mental states of thought, feeling, and desire, of which we are conscious, are followed by certain external effects, which we observe, is to the sceptical schools a simple fact of observation. These thinkers extend the method of the more precisely known to the interpretation of what is less precisely known, interpreting the phenomena of self-consciousness by the methods of physical science, instead of interpreting physical phenomena by the crudities of the least perfect, though most familiar of all observations, the phenomena of volition. So obviously unphilosophical is the latter course, that the acutest of orthodox thinkers (Mr. Mansel, for example) regard the efficiency of cause to be immediately known, not between the internal motive and the external act of volition, but between the will, pure and simple, and its special determinations of the strengths of motives to action, which alone are properly ascribed to the will as an absolutely known cause. That "the strongest motive prevails in volition" is not merely true, but a truism, say these thinkers; "but the strength of the motive is an effect, not the cause of volition. Motives are phenomena of willing, not the efficient Will itself. The connection between the strongest or prevailing motive and its external effect may be merely one of sequence in observation, but this only removes the immediate intuition of causation one step farther back. The real *nisus*, immediately known, is between the Will and the motives through which it determines external actions. That the same motives, acting under the same external circumstances, are followed by the same external actions may be a matter of mere observation, and may afford no immediate evidence of real causal efficiency. The analogy which makes us infer real efficiency wherever phenomenal regularity is observed is not, consequently, invalidated by the fact that we do not immediately know the *real* connections between our desires and our muscular movements."

All this the positivist may readily admit, and yet validly deny the force of this analogy. *Regularity* is the essential characteristic of what he regards as causal connections. The invariability of the sequences of phenomena has no point of analogy with the relation of an undetermined, undefined, unclassified, *real* efficiency to a determinate, definite kind of effect. So long as the will is not phenomenally known as so and so determined to action by definable motives, it bears no analogy whatever to observed causes, or to the relation of regular antecedents to their consequents. If it be said that, in one case the connection between cause and effect is known independently of any regularity, while

in the other case it is known only *by* regularity; or that in the first case the connection is known immediately to be real or causal, and in the other is inferred to be real or causal by analogy; the cogency of the reasoning will depend on whether the connections compared be alike in other respects, except the methods by which they are known. If phenomena succeeding one another, apparently at random, without rule or reason, *can be known* to be really connected, then analogy ought to infer that *all such* successions, the most irregular in nature, are connected by causation. But science discovers causation only in regularity. The exact application of the analogy would justify, indeed, what science condemns,—superstitious beliefs concerning signs and portents, the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* mode of reasoning of the unscientific mind. Either, then, the use of the word “cause” with which science has familiarized the positive philosopher is a complete misnomer, or else the vague notion of cause as a relation between an undefined, undetermined reality, the will, and a definite determinate effect, the motive, is wholly unphilosophical. In either case, there is no analogy between the laws of nature, as known by science, and free volition.

On account of this ambiguity in the use of the word “cause,” the word itself was reprobated and discarded by Comte, though by a wholly too generous concession to the abuses of the term. Mr. Mill reinstated the word, as validly signifying what science understands by it, namely, the sum of the conditions or antecedent phenomena, which by the laws of nature, material and spiritual, are followed by a determinate effect. If human volitions cannot be included under this formula, then, either we know nothing about their causes, or else the word is used in such a different sense, that there is no analogy between such causes and those causes in nature of which science treats. We are *not*, “therefore,” as our author says, “by a simple process of generalization, or, as a positivist might say, of classification on the ground of resemblance, compelled to infer that, in the changes which have taken place in the universe, in creation, in paroxysmal revolutions, in the annual and [other] periodical sequences of phenomena, will has been and is the efficient cause.” There is not only no analogy, but a direct contradiction, between a cause which is a determinate phenomenal antecedent, regularly preceding its effect, and the “cause” of changes which conform to no rule,—such as our author’s “paroxysmal revolutions.” Both may exist for aught the positivist pretends to know, but he can discover evidence of only one sort of causes. From observation of his own volitions, he finds that he himself, or his will (the name of the internal unity of thought, feeling, and desiring), is a cause, since certain determinate states of this self are followed regularly by determinate

actions or classes of actions. In this kind of phenomena he finds his earliest and most familiar types of causation, but not the best or clearest; for it is only with vague, ill-defined classes of effects that our earliest knowledge of causation makes us acquainted; and in fact we at length discover that the most familiar cases of causation, the phenomena of volition, are among the most complicated and difficult to analyze of all the phenomena of nature, and must be the latest to be reduced to scientific precision of knowledge.

To this extent thinkers like Comte, Mill, Grote, Buckle, Powell, and Spencer may be said to agree, however widely they may differ on other topics. "In all the natural sciences," the author says, "an alarmingly large proportion of the younger adepts — many of them men of commanding ability in research and generalization — are already pronounced positivists, and are doing all that man can do to legislate God out of his creation"; for such is our author's interpretation of the scientific doctrine of universal causation. Not to believe that God is capricious, or to believe that there is no valid evidence of capricious agency in the known universe, or any ground for supposing it, appears to be, according to the view presented in this discourse, legislating God out of his creation! As if the will of God were not as essential to the order of nature as to any supposable disorders, miracles, or "paroxysmal revolutions." To the scientific apprehension, "will," in the metaphysical sense of the word, is equally essential, or non-essential, to the existence of all phenomena, regular or irregular, and is equally unknown in all. It would seem, from various expressions of our author, that he believes it is only by the manifestation of a capricious will that God makes himself known and felt, like a froward child.

If the author were opposing the opinions of M. Comte and his most subservient followers merely, his statements of the positions he controverts might be accepted as sufficiently correct; but his expositions of what positivism is are given as the opinions of all who are commonly included under the name of "positivists." In an account of the "foundation-principles" of positivism, he states as one of them, that "the unbroken series of physical antecedents and consequents embraces all nature and all being, so that there is no room for the action of moral or spiritual causes." It is surprising that the author can seriously believe that he is here fairly stating the real belief of any one of those he has classed among positivists. Unbroken threads of causation are, it is true, the stuff of which the web of phenomena is woven, but these are not exclusively composed of *physical* antecedents and consequents, as distinguished from moral or spiritual causes and effects. Principles of conduct, moral and spiritual phenomena, our dispositions and emotions, are

not excluded by any positivist from the threads of causation. But it is possible that the author means by the "action of moral or spiritual causes" their metaphysical efficiency, not merely their regular phenomenal successions; yet equally in this case does he fail to represent the opinion he opposes. For the phenomenal regularity inherent equally in physical, mental, and moral phenomena does no more exclude the real causal efficiency of spiritual powers than it does of material forces. It excludes neither from a possible reality, but includes neither in actual knowledge. When, therefore, Dr. Peabody states next as a tenet of positivism, "that human history could have been written in advance, for all nations and for every individual man, by one who, in the remote past, could have comprehended all the material [!] phenomena then in existence, and have followed each out through its series of inevitable consequents"; and when he adds, that "Materialism and Necessity are then the two exponential words of the positive philosophy," he misinterprets the doctrine he proposes to criticise. The truth is, that neither Materialism nor Necessity (in the sense which the author attaches to this word) are doctrines of positivism; for the one affects to know that spiritual consequents, thoughts, feelings, and desires may follow from antecedents purely material; and the other professes to know the absolute efficiency of causes. But positivism professes to know neither of these. Both transcend its sphere. Within this sphere of observation foreknowledge is believed by the positivist to be possible just in proportion as the mind can attain to a knowledge of the laws and special conditions of phenomena, even to the limit of perfect foreknowledge for all time. But this is not dogmatically asserting the doctrine of Materialism, or that mental phenomena could follow from purely material antecedents. It is a wholly distinct thesis.

Dr. Peabody closes his summary exposition of the "foundation-principles" of positive philosophy with these words: "Its only God is collective humanity; its only allegiance and worship are due to this abstraction, — the sole abstraction admitted in the dreary realm of phenomena." Humanity is indeed an abstract term, though frequently used to denote the concrete manifold object, "all human beings," and it is apparently used above in this concrete sense. If not, it would have been more correct to say that the God of the positivists (meaning only Comte and the professors of his religion) is the whole human race, including its past, its present, and its future. Now this is very far from being an abstraction, — is quite concrete.

Our author makes one exception to his sweeping imputations of opinion. He says: "I ought, however, to say that Mill, at this point dissenting from Comte, superciliously permits God to be, nay, grants

that he may possibly have originated the order of nature; but the Supreme Being is left in existence only with the proviso that he abdicate his sceptre, adhere to fixed laws, and abjure the right of providentially modifying those laws, — a God shorn of his godhead, otiose, powerless, — a mute and motionless figure-head, erected by philosophy to save itself from the stigma of atheism." It is almost needless for us to say to the intelligent reader, that nothing could be conceived more remote than this from the spirit of Mr. Mill's real opinions. The true positivist regards the existence of regularity — even the universality of causation — in the phenomena of nature as no proof whatever of Necessity or Fate. He knows nothing of what *must be* absolutely and in all possible worlds, for his principles are all derived from experience of this actual one. No more can he suppose, as our author does, that an apparent absence of law is a proof of free-will. Either hypothesis is perfectly consistent with the constitution of the universe, which science presumes and has in great measure disclosed. Either an immovable Fate or an unvarying Will is consistent with the discovered laws, and the presumed universal order of nature. The inmost nature of neither can be known to human faculties; nor, indeed, whether they are really unlike, except in their phenomenal manifestations. Will is manifested by thought, feeling, and desire, and their truly distinctive external effects. Fate, if there be such a nature, would be manifested, not by an unchanging, but by an unchangeable order in phenomena, both material and spiritual. Positivism, therefore, holds that science, in discovering the orders of phenomena, and even in presuming that such orders are universal, does not decide anything as to their inmost nature, but only as to what they are in external fact. This is very far from requiring that God "abdicate his sceptre, adhere to fixed laws, and abjure the right," &c. It is simply and humbly discovering what is, instead of dictating what must be. But by Will our author understands Free-Will, and by Free-Will, caprice.

In opposition to the Comtean doctrine that consciousness cannot be an object to itself, and that self-consciousness means only the consciousness of the effects of the self, which are properly external objects, our author resorts to an argument which, since Kant, has been almost universally discarded. He says: "I believe in the relation of an antecedent and a consequent phenomenon only because I, who perceive the consequent, know that I am the same being who observed the antecedent." More explicitly the theory is this: I know myself as perceiving the antecedent; I know myself as perceiving the consequent; and I connect the two only by knowing myself independently of them as continuing to exist between them. The simple fact is, that only by the *representa-*

tion of the *remembered* antecedent, in conjunction with the observed consequent, am I conscious of myself at all. The word "I" is a meaningless subject, without "content." Only with the predicates, "I think," "I feel," "I will or desire," or synonymous and cognate ones, does it refer to any fact of experience or observation. The union of the antecedent and the consequent of experience in thought through representation is that "unity of apperception" expressed by "I think." Our author discards, in his discussion of such points, the technical terms of philosophy, and thereby, we think, misses the facts of the case which these terms were devised to express. He proceeds in this way to a summary discovery of his own free-agency, and then gives further characterizations of the views he opposes. "I indeed act not without motives; and, according to the positive philosophy, motives are always [!] from without, — appreciable material forces, the resultant of which determines my action in this or that direction." And again: "According to the positive philosophy, however, if I do not yield to what seems the strongest motive, it is because of the presence of still stronger, but less patent motives of the same order, — material forces exterior to myself, — which I do not take into account." This is not the doctrine of any real necessitarian, or positivist. It is simply the fatuous fancy of ignorant barbarians, those Oriental visionaries who call themselves Fatalists. The author objects to it chiefly on account of "the clear consciousness of merit or demerit connected with my action." Most other writers object to it for the palpable folly there is in supposing that feelings and desires, the causes of volition, (however regularly determined,) can be "material forces exterior to myself."

Mr. Mill, in his "System of Logic," distinctly and emphatically disavows that interpretation of the necessitarian's doctrine, which our author here charges against him in common with all positivists.

We will give but one other instance of our author's philosophy. He says: —

"Geology leaves us no reason to doubt that, in the earlier history of our planet, the most momentous paroxysmal changes have occurred. It carries us back to epochs at which there were no traces of organized being, and thus renders it certain that there has been creation, — if not creation out of nothing, the shaping, in time, of pre-existent materials. We have *prima facie* reasons for believing that there has been creation of separate species. Especially is the positivist bound on his own principles to maintain this; for it is not pretended that the transmutation of one species into another, still less of one order into another, has ever been observed or proved in a single instance."

But is it pretended, as it should be to complete this argument, that

*separate creation* "has ever been observed or proved in a single instance"? A beginning of life on the earth, recent compared to the earth's own duration, has perhaps been proved by geology, though hardly so conclusively as our author imagines, most of the evidence being merely negative. But, granting this beginning of organic life as a reasonable hypothesis, how does this prove the "creation of *separate species*"? And why may not the positivist be allowed the transmutation theory in lieu of this uncertainty, even though he cannot make out a *complete* case of the transmutation of one species into another? Partial, even very considerable, changes are effected in species by selective breeding and horticulture; and it is upon such facts of observation that the later transmutationists base their hypothesis by one of the best instances, in all scientific speculation, of the application of the positivists' rules of legitimate hypothesis. Besides, this hypothesis does not profess to explain the absolute origin of life, but only those changes in its manifestations revealed by the geological record. No one is "bound" (least of all, a positivist) "to maintain" any hypothesis to the exclusion of any other, until it is proved to be true; whether it be the hypothesis of the separate creation, or of the transmutation of species. But here our author abruptly shifts his ground. He says:—

"But, in addition to, and often in modification of, the avowed fundamental maxim of the positive philosophy,—'Observed phenomena are the only objects of knowledge,'—its disciples recognize another maxim,—a *lex non scripta*, yet none the less imperative,—'Whatever is impious is true,'—whatever tends to chase the conception of God from the universe is so antecedently probable that it may be affirmed, even independently of observation."

It would appear to be our author's belief, many times indicated in this discourse, though nowhere explicitly laid down, that whatever conforms to law, or is regular and according to the general analogy of nature, "tends to chase the conception of God from the universe"; so that, as science understands truth, the converse of the above *lex non scripta* would appear to be its just rendering; namely, that "Whatever is true is impious." Indeed, history affords many notable particular confirmations of this rule in the judgments of religious teachers on true hypotheses in science. Our author appears to base Theism on exceedingly narrow and precarious grounds in experience, and we could easily imagine a positivist with a much more rational faith in it.

The conception of a Being with a nature akin to our own, but perfect in all that we aspire to be; infinite in power, with perfect goodness and knowledge; who does not "providentially modify" the laws of his universe, since no laws can be supposed more wisely adapted to his own highest ends; whose will is just as immediately manifested in the

order of nature as in any supposable miracle, — such a conception is to many thinkers, who are called positivists, a most cheering and inspiring one, and is not inconsistent with anything which human science has yet disclosed, or is ever likely to discover.

Enlightened faith in the truth of such a conception is founded on the sentiments it appeals to. It does not demand as the condition of assent the force of irresistible demonstration; nor does it deceive itself with fallacious arguments.

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3. — *The Science of Natural Theology, or God the Unconditioned Cause and God the Infinite and Perfect as revealed in Creation.* By ASA MAHAN, D.D. Boston: Published by Henry Hoyt. 1867. 12mo. pp. 399.

IN the Book of Job, after those excellent friends of the afflicted patriarch whom he ungratefully styles "miserable comforters" have had their say, and have exposed his sin and the justice of God's dealing with him in three good rounds of argument and abuse, a new champion steps into the ring, bids the elders to silence, and announces that he will settle the dispute, and that his upright word shall be conclusive and final. He then proceeds, after this brave flourish, to repeat more diffusely and more obscurely the very pleas which the rest have used until the Almighty is compelled to stop this vague talk, words without knowledge, by speaking from the whirlwind. The new volunteer has only made darkness visible in his multitude of phrases. He has by no means demonstrated God or his righteousness.

The success of Dr. Mahan in his attempt to silence the philosophers, and to say the final and decisive word for the innate and necessary knowledge of God, is no greater than that of the confident Hebrew champion. If ever counsel was darkened by abundance of words in a question of religious service, it is in Mahan's Natural Theology. The Preface gives no uncertain sound, and we know what the writer thinks of himself and what he expects to do. He will put to shame these praters of atheistic wisdom, these false philosophers, Mill and Spencer, and he will rebuke such false witnesses for God as Thompson and Mansell. He will do his work thoroughly; and all the tribe of the unbelieving shall forever hold their peace. He has no misgivings. He *knows*, and there can be no mistake. The arguments of the other side use "false definitions" and "sophistical procedures," — "procedures utterly subversive of truth, and as utterly unworthy the dignity of sci-

ence." Elihu, cheerful and smiling, steps in, folds his arms, and looks complacently around, in this closing prefatory paragraph:—

"A fundamental aim of the author of this treatise has been, not only to subvert utterly the anti-theistic philosophy in all its actual and possible forms, and to verify for Theism an immovable foundation; but also to bring out into distinct isolation the real theistic problem and syllogism in all its varied forms, so that the argument throughout may be seen to be and to have been conducted upon truly scientific principles. With these suggestions, the work is commended to the most rigid scrutiny of the friends of truth."

To make a "rigid scrutiny" of a work of this kind, so confused, so sparing in illustration, so abundant in repetitions, so dogmatic, will require a more exemplary patience than most "friends of truth" will be willing to give. The table of contents exposes a fearful task, and the number of positive affirmations recalls that programme, so bewildering to students of the last generation, in the opening pages of the great work of "John Locke, Gent." In comparison with Mahan's involved verbiage, which the precise numerical distinctions fail to untwist, Locke's treatise is mere light reading, and we are even reconciled to Hickok, who has made metaphysics a bugbear in these latter days. But, alas! with all these divisions and subdivisions, these criticisms of "errors" and affirmations of "self-evident" truths, God and his being are as desperately hidden from mortal sight as in the chaos before creation! Those who accept the argument as conclusive will accept it on the authority of the advocate. What the author calls "elucidation" is the pleasant sport of flinging dust into the eyes of the inquirer, and when he is thoroughly blinded and angry, telling him what he has seen and what he ought to see.

Many of the statements of Dr. Mahan will be accepted as true; and some of his reasoning is ingenious, but his method is not "scientific," and its results are not convincing. His criticisms of other writers are never satisfactory. The philosopher of Königsberg would by no means agree to Dr. Mahan's statement of his theory, and Herbert Spencer's philosophy is certainly not the nonsense which Mahan seems to make it.

But some assertions which this writer makes are astounding in their assurance, both when he speaks of the statements of the Bible and when he speaks of scientific men. "It is only among those who have the most superficial acquaintance with the facts of the universe, or who, with their eyes closed to all the real teachings of true science upon the subject, have obstinately given themselves up to the belief of baseless assumptions, that the development theory can obtain credence for a single hour" (p. 135). How many of the ablest men of science of France, Germany, England, and America are, in the judgment of

the President of Adrian College, Michigan, "superficial," and not lovers of truth! Materialism may not be true; but it cannot be refuted by asserting that it is "an assumption, for the validity of which no form or degree of proof or evidence even can by any possibility be offered, and which is affirmed absolutely to be false by the highest possible proof, the direct and immediate presentative intuitions of the Universal Intelligence" (p. 183). Dr. Mahan affirms that there is not, has not been, and can never be a conflict between science and religion; that all science which seems to oppose religion is a cheat; that the intuition of God and immortality is absolute and cannot be gainsaid.

"Here is a form of evidence of the highest validity of the being and perfections of God, of which no one can be destitute without infinite guilt. No one will affirm that the universe of matter and mind presents no evidence of this great truth. On the other hand, he cannot but be aware that there is absolutely no evidence of an opposite nature. What excuse can we have, then, for not acting in the line of such evidence, whether we may regard it as demonstrative or not, when such an infinite reality draws us in that direction, and such infinite interests may, to say the least, be involved in such action; and when we thus act, the evidence that we are acting in the direction of the real perpetually accumulates upon us, (such being the harmony of our activity with the laws and adaptations of our entire mental nature,) till conviction becomes absolute, and doubt an impossibility. Let us only follow the necessary instincts and convictions of our minds, and begin to worship, to pray, and to obey the behests of our own consciences, as our own nature prompts us to do, as the direct commands of the Infinite and Perfect, and we have a perpetually growing intuition of the reality of the being of God, which is as the 'shining light,' continually dawning on to the 'perfect day.'"—p. 251.

This remarkable paragraph is an instance at once of the style, the thought, and the method of the author.

It is not pleasant to see that this cloudy and self-sufficient treatise is commended in the notices of the press as a suitable text-book for colleges and schools.

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- 4.— *The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures.*  
By T. F. CURTIS, D. D., late Professor of Theology in the University at Lewisburg, Pa. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.  
12mo. pp. 386.

THIS treatise is the work of a Baptist professor of theology, who appears still to be in good standing with his own religious body. It is remarkable as a sign of the time rather than for new views or for ex-

haustive argument. Here is a candid, honest, and devoted teacher in an evangelical sect who has come, in the exercise of his work as a teacher, to reject utterly the prevalent idea of the Bible as literally inspired, or in any sense "infallible," and who now finds no inspiration of any kind, either in the statements of the book or the souls of the writers, which guarantees their freedom from error. Thirty years ago the most liberal of the sects would have hesitated in approving such a volume. Now this view of inspiration finds general favor, or is very gently condemned. It is not proposed to cast the author out of the church, to deny him the Christian name, or to indict him for blasphemy. In substance, his view is not unlike that of Theodore Parker; yet his work will not be classed with the works of that arch-heretic, or be enrolled for anathema in any Evangelical Index.

The style of argument which Dr. Curtis prefers is that which Bishop Colenso has used with such great effect. He dwells most upon the discrepancies, the mistakes, the physical and numerical impossibilities recorded in the Biblical text, as proof that this cannot be the word of Deity, but only the words of erring men. Neither the unscientific legends of the Genesis nor the varying accounts of the four Evangelists can be reconciled with the theory of a plenary Divine dictation. He shows that the popular view assumes what the Scriptures never claim for themselves: that it requires a perpetual miracle,—not only that the original Greek and Hebrew, but that all the translations, shall be inspired. This reduction to absurdity might have been carried much further. But he has carried the argument far enough for his purpose. He has amply proved his negative.

In stating and explaining his positive view of inspiration, Dr. Curtis is not, as we think, so satisfactory. He fails to show what new faculty inspiration adds to ordinary human faculties, or how much more trustworthy is an inspired writer than any other writer. He does not point out distinctly the way in which a writer of history learns the facts of his history by inspiration, or a dogmatic writer receives instruction from on high in the matter of his doctrines. Inspiration, as he presents it, seems to be a vague influence upon the mind, or, rather, upon the will, giving only more conscientiousness and fidelity both in seeking and in uttering what is believed to be the truth.

Dr. Curtis gives no general and external test by which inspired men are to be distinguished from other men. We have no talk in his book about "credentials," and he does not insist that physical signs and wonders are necessary or decisive proof that any teacher is directly sent of God. He leaves us to infer that the claim of the Roman Church that inspiration is perpetual is a just claim, and he does not forbid us to al-

low that influence in other ways than the ways of theological writing; we are permitted to believe that the influence is neither special nor limited to any age of the world or any class of persons. The impression which the volume gives is, that the truth and beauty of any work is the measure of its inspiration as well as the measure of its value. So far as Biblical criticism is concerned, inspiration may be wholly ruled out. It is of no help whatever in finding the meaning of a passage. So far as creed-making is concerned, it is equally unnecessary. It cannot tell us whether any doctrine is true or false. Its merit is in bringing, or appearing to bring, the soul of man into closer relations with the Spirit of God, — the Divine element more into human thought and human affairs.

Such works as this of Dr. Curtis are excellent as overthrowing that false reverence for the letter of Scripture, which makes it the arbiter of justice against social expediency, common sense, and kind feeling. But they are far less influential in that direction than the very arguments of the bibliolatrists in questions of practical ethics. The defences of slavery from the letter of the Bible, the pleas against amusements, the Sabbath arguments, the arguments from Scripture about women's rights, about wine drinking, about the death penalty, — these have done far more to discredit the theory of Biblical inspiration than any such writings as those of Curtis or Colenso. The whole New Testament has suffered from the false reading of the letter of Paul to Philemon. The attempt to hinder horse-cars from running on Sunday by citing Biblical prohibitions not only always fails, but it reacts against the Scripture. The book cannot be the Word of God which sets itself so positively against human need and convenience. The extent of rebellion against the former theory is proved by the little heed which is now paid in legislative halls to these Scripture pleadings. They have hardly more force in making or repealing laws than they have in scientific discussions. The curse of Canaan had no more weight with Mr. Lincoln when he wrote his Proclamation, than it has with Professor Owen when he discusses ethnology. The inspiration which Congress respects is the voice of the Lord to-day in the nation and for its needs.

The closing chapter of Dr. Curtis's work on the evidence for Christianity from its effect upon human life and social customs, good as it is, is wholly irrelevant, and has nothing to do with his subject. There is no need to connect the existence of Christianity with any argument about the Bible. The idlest of fears is that the real Gospel of Jesus will be jeopardized by any theory of the origin or the value of the written record. The loss of the Bible altogether would not be the loss of the Gospel. But the overthrow of false notions about it will not

consign it to obscurity or give it any second place. The freest speculations of rationalism have not as yet diminished the honor paid to the chief of books. The Bible Society is quite as busy with its presses and its editions, in all civilized and savage tongues, as it was before Renan or Strauss uttered their dreadful words of denial. Men study the Bible more willingly and more faithfully when they are allowed to distinguish in it what is true from what is false, than when they are warned at the outset that it is all infallibly true. There never was a time in the history of Christianity when there was so much real "searching" of the Scripture as the time in which we are living. *Investigation* now assists and guides exposition.

The proof-reader of Dr. Curtis's work has been strangely careless, and the typographical mistakes are numerous and annoying. "Ephraim Cyrus" (p. 127) for Ephrem Syrus, "Mahaleel" for Mahala-leel, "Sala" for Salah, "Armenian" for Arminian, "Bauer" for Baur, "Intillege" for Intellige, "Baruck" for Baruch, "Brounson" for Brownson, "Belgiam" for Belgian, "Theoret" for Theodoret, "Cephatopoda" for Cephalopoda, "Saurord" for Sauroid, "Aquilla" for Aquila, "Arphaxed" for Arphaxad, "insurperable" for insuperable, are only a part of the misprints that we have noted. Occasionally the Greek words are without their proper accents.

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5. — *Angelic Philosophy of the Divine Love and Wisdom.* By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Translated by R. N. FOSTER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

THE publishers of this new and beautiful edition of one of Swedenborg's chief treatises are engaged in reproducing all his books in greatly improved form. Men of sense and scholarship preside over the enterprise, so that we have a chance at last of seeing Swedenborg in a free and graceful English dress, without having our taste shocked any longer by the rudenesses and awkwardnesses of a mere conventional terminology. It is very sad that any one should ever be compelled to look at the catholic Swedenborg in translations intended originally for the uses of a sect; for, however unconscious of any improper bias the translator may be, and however disposed as he himself conceives to act honestly, the very fact that he is a man of sectarian aims disqualifies him fully to understand Swedenborg, or do adequate justice to his thought, and renders it inevitable that he should to *some* extent mislead the reader. We hail this new edition of Swedenborg, therefore, as free from the stigma of these influences. Rev. Mr. Barrett,

under whose editorial supervision chiefly the works are being issued, is a man of scholarly culture and of wide sympathies; and we are sure that nothing of which the unprejudiced reader can have the least right to complain will ever creep into them with his connivance. He has himself virtually translated the "Heaven and Hell" anew; and now Mr. Foster, who seems an every way competent and finished translator, has given us what may be called Swedenborg's most philosophic production in a dress worthy of its contents.

The "Divine Love and Wisdom" is a deeply interesting book, — almost the only one in which Swedenborg has attempted a direct and comprehensive exposition of ontological principles; and it is all-important that a man of ample scholarship, and as ample breadth of sympathy with his kind, should be employed to reproduce it in English. We commend the book to the attention of every one who wishes to learn something about Swedenborg from the author himself, and not from any purely parasitic testimony. It is, indeed, high time that the pretence of a peculiar property in Swedenborg, and of a right to use his books in the interest exclusively of a new and narrower ecclesiasticism, should be universally derided and exploded; and we are glad to perceive the vigorous movement in this direction which is being made under Mr. Lippincott's auspices in Philadelphia. His new edition of Swedenborg is not only vastly corrected and improved in point of translation, but is issued in beautiful mechanical form, and ought to supersede every other.

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6. — *Dissertations and Discussions; Political, Philosophical, and Historical.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Vol. IV. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

THE time has gone by when it would be thought necessary to introduce Mr. Mill to the readers of America, or of any other civilized country. Mr. Mill's reputation rests upon a foundation too strong to be shaken, upon an eminence too conspicuous to need pointing out. Few names are more frequently in the mouths of those who deal seriously with philosophical or practical subjects; the opinions of few great writers have been, during their lifetime, so heartily welcomed, so often quoted, or so respectfully disputed. This early attainment of such widespread celebrity is, in Mr. Mill's case, due partly to the fact that he has not confined himself to abstract subjects, but has written with equal ability about matters of immediate importance to every one; partly to his exceeding sobriety and discipline of mind, which prevents him from ever running unguardedly into vagaries. Indeed, if we were

required to note down in a single word the most striking characteristic of Mr. Mill's mind, we should say, "Discipline." The pupil of Bentham and James Mill — men who knew what thorough mental training is, if they knew nothing else — has received from education a very unusual share of the benefits which it can be made to yield. The time usually spent in aimless experimenting or stupid gerund-grinding, Mr. Mill evidently devoted to the acquisition of logical methods wherewith to approach and take possession of all departments of knowledge, one after another. If special proof of this assertion were needed, it might be found in that superb Inaugural Address which happily has been reprinted in the present volume, and which is, on the whole, the most complete and satisfactory of all Mr. Mill's productions. He has written other works which are far more massive in their greatness, and which from the mere volume of the thought in them have influenced, and are likely to influence, subsequent thinking in a greater variety of ways; but he has never treated any subject more thoroughly, with more admirable catholicity of spirit, more stirring eloquence, or more convincing force of argument, than he has treated the subject of university education in this Inaugural Address. There is nothing one-sided in it, nothing which smacks of the pedant ignoring the value of everything which he has not seen fit to employ his time about. Each science, physical or moral, obtains its due share of recognition: from mathematics to æsthetic art, nothing is forgotten or flippantly touched upon. The speaker has not derived his knowledge from hearsay; he understands from his own experience, the kind and amount of discipline which may be got from the proper study of each of the objects of study.

To this thoroughgoing and universal discipline much of Mr. Mill's solid reputation is owing. It has enabled him to advance securely and successfully where thinkers of greater power and clearer native insight have stumbled into absurdity or extravagance. Comte, for instance, a more acute and original thinker than Mr. Mill, — a man who had far more of what Mr. Dallas would call the "hidden soul" of genius, who solved most brilliantly many problems which his follower would probably have been unable to solve, — appears often at a great disadvantage owing to his lack of control over his own mind. He runs into all sorts of vagaries, neglects the steady-going objective method of verification which he has himself done so much to establish, and revels in absurdity with a rigorous consistency of deduction hardly surpassed by Hegel; and all because of his inability to say to his own mind what he would often so gladly say to the human mind in general, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." In contrast to this, it is Mr. Mill's

great merit that he is able to command his mind. He does not let an idea run away with him. He rarely exhibits himself as a *doctrinaire*. He is wary and sure-footed, and follows the positive method more faithfully than Comte himself.

Mr. Mill's extraordinary self-discipline is seen again in his fairness toward opponents, and his judicial calmness in discussing their opinions. By natural temperament we suspect that he is neither calm nor fair. He is hot-tempered, on the other hand, and dogmatic in no slight degree. He was not originally endowed with that power which Sainte-Beuve has of temporarily transforming himself into his antagonist; nor does he occupy, like Bayle, that "centre of indifference" from which all opinions alike may be dispassionately inspected. Yet so great is his habitual self-control, that the fairness of Sainte-Beuve and the calmness of Bayle have become second nature to him. Very rarely does he write in the spirit of a partisan. Only once in a while does he betray that his candor is the result of culture, and not of temperament, — of critical virtue rather than critical holiness. Now and then, however, he lets the accident of his position determine the spirit in which he speaks. In the essay on the "Contest in America" he speaks of the Southern leaders as "men who have set themselves up to do the Devil's work," who have gone to war for the right of "burning men alive," and who have set up "the principles of Cartouche and Turpin" as the foundation of their policy. Now, when Mr. Mill says this, we see what he means, and we sympathize with his feeling. But his mode of expressing himself is nevertheless unjust, because it is inaccurate. M. Sainte-Beuve would not talk so. Doubtless slavery was a devilish institution, if ever there was one; and doubtless the victory of the South would have been the temporary victory of barbarism over civilization. All this we maintain as zealously as Mr. Mill. But to infer from this that the Southern leaders were mere criminals, who, aware of their criminality, went wittingly to work to increase human misery, would be highly unwarrantable. It would be arguing on the supposition that they, with their peculiar social antecedents, blinded by a mistaken zeal for their own selfish interests, must after all have regarded slavery in the same way that Mr. Mill regards it. Nothing could be more unphilosophical. We believe that men like Stonewall Jackson died gallantly fighting for a detestable cause; but we do not believe that they went to Cartouche or Turpin for their ethical codes. If ever human being went about to do the Devil's work, it was Mary Tudor; but it would be sheer misrepresentation to call her a murderess. To call names is the privilege of the partisan; but it is the duty of the philosopher to investigate motives.

It is, again, owing to Mr. Mill's thorough discipline of mind that he usually appears at his best, whatever subject he takes up for discussion. His greatness is sufficiently evident in his three elaborate works; but were it not for his minor writings, we should never have known the full extent of his powers. In the volume before us we have essays political, legal, educational, and philosophical, in all of which is apparent the same clearness, sobriety, and candor. The papers on Parliamentary Reform have, to the thoughtful reader, lost none of their interest since they were first published. The review of Bain's Psychology is an excellent, though somewhat too scanty, summary of the case. The review of Austin exhibits a rare acquaintance with the details of jurisprudence. But above all we must place the essay on Grote's Plato, — an essay which few men beside Mr. Mill would have been capable of writing. The papers on "Non-Intervention" and the "Contest in America" have no right to be in this volume. They had been reprinted already in the first, and can have crept in here only through some blunder.

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7. — *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A., Late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo. pp. 534.

MR. FROUDE may be said to represent the party of reaction against the Philosophy of History. The opening essay of the collection before us is occupied with discussing the claims of History to be ranked as one of the sciences, and the objections to those claims, concluding with the tenets of the author's individual creed. Rendering great praise to Mr. Buckle for his unusual tenacity of memory and width of comprehension, he makes, in an argument of some ingenuity, the usual objection to that historian's theory that, even granting the existence, permanence, and binding force of moral as well as physical laws, we are still far from having reached a point at which we can read the history of man as an open book. For most of the laws we so fluently speak of are yet unknown; while of those which are known to exist, the relative values are unknown, and besides these important difficulties, our investigations are also hindered by our absolute ignorance of most of the facts of History. In order to establish the laws whose existence is so eagerly asserted, we must certainly know the cardinal facts concerning the life of man on this planet; and so far from this being the case, the earliest records of primitive societies take us but a step backwards into that shadowy past from which we have emerged. Beyond that close

boundary we grope our way in hopeless blindness ; yet from the other side of it must our knowledge come. Despairingly we guess at the secrets of the past, and our children laugh at our solutions of them. Let the wise man, then, confess his inability, abandon his fruitless search, and, humbled by defeat, learn the sad lesson of human weakness.

Such is Mr. Froude's view of the Science of History, and we cannot see why the reply is not perfectly just as a criticism upon the works of historians who attempt to explain epochs in detail ; to trace each effect to its cause, and again each cause to the long line of antecedent causes which developed it, but the reasoning seems to fail if urged in answer to the proposition that there is (whether we are able to study it or not) a Science of Mankind. It is perfectly possible that History may have pursued a definite course, and yet also possible that we may not be able to trace it. An hypothesis that we are governed by absolute laws is tenable if it can be shown that all our evidence points that way, although we are ignorant of most of the laws and have very little evidence altogether. Mr. Froude's objection is of the same kind with one commonly urged against the hypothesis of the evolution of species by development, — that no one can point to a single instance in which one species has been modified into a form plainly distinct from its own ; in the same way the objector to the theory of social development says that he will believe in that solution of historical problems, if he can find a well-established instance in which the intricate chain of cause and effect is brought to view. But this, as we have said, is an objection to the use of the hypothesis, not to the hypothesis itself. The theory may be true, yet very deceptive in details. A naturalist placing the firmest reliance in the development theory might fairly refuse to furnish a portrait of the common ancestor of two distinct species, or to deduce from knowledge of an animal now inhabiting the globe the divergent forms of its descendants ; nor would disproof of particular suppositions in explanation of observed facts at all shake his fundamental belief. And in the same way Mr. Buckle would undoubtedly have remained true to his hypothesis, even if all his explanations of English development were proved untrue. Mr. Froude's objection is really an objection to the applicability of the Science of History, not to its abstract truth. Mr. Buckle said : Up to a certain point all facts, whether physical or mental, are confessedly related in a manner to which we have given the name of cause and effect. We know of no line of division between involuntary and voluntary acts, and are therefore bound by the laws of thought to admit that the principle of causation governs all moral phenomena. Mr. Froude replies, that he

does not find any practical advantage in this view, that Mr. Buckle was led astray by it, and proposed to do with his theory what it could not accomplish, — a reply which, however good as a criticism upon the “History of Civilization in England,” is irrelevant as regards the theory on which that work was based.

But we are hardly inclined to quarrel with this want of precision, for Mr. Froude's mind has rather a boisterous temper than a precise judgment. When, in the lecture before us, he begins to elaborate his own views, we find sentiments — we can hardly call them thoughts — very novel as coming from a historian of our day. Mr. Froude, after saying that as for the Science of History he will none of it, proceeds to tell his readers that history is a drama, — that a thousand theories may be formed about it, and each age will have its own philosophy, but all these in turn will fail and die. “Hegel falls out of date, Schlegel falls out of date, and Comte in good time will fall out of date.” The great drama of human hope, fear, hatred, ambition, and love continues from age to age, the moral the same, the actors changing. Spiritual theories, Pantheistic theories, cause-and-effect theories may come and pass, but human life retains for human beings the same keen interest forever. “For history to be written with the complete form of a drama doubtless is impossible; but there are periods, and these the periods, for the most part, of greatest interest to mankind, the history of which may be so written that the actors shall reveal their characters in their own words; where mind can be seen matched against mind, and the great passions of the epoch not simply be described as existing, but be exhibited at their white heat in the souls and hearts possessed by them. There are all the elements of drama, — drama of the highest order, — where the huge forces of the times are as the Grecian destiny, and the power of man is seen either stemming the stream till it overwhelms him, or ruling while he seems to yield to it.” So far indeed does the lecturer press this dramatic view that he finds the lessons of History to be “lessons for which we have no words.” “The address of History is less to the understanding than to the higher emotions,” — a view which seems to us to elevate History to a level so much higher even than that of the drama, that a caviller might call it opera.

In truth, Mr. Froude is completely disgusted with the Philosophy of History, or perhaps we should say with the philosophers of History, and, having an ardent impetuosity of temperament, runs into the opposite excess, scouts the ideas of the men whom he opposes in an unnecessarily contemptuous way, and then theorizes rather more than any of the dreamers whom he finds so ridiculous. If a list were made of the eminent men whose mistakes and follies he exposes in this

little volume, from Comte to Mill, from Adam Smith to Bentham, it would, we believe, comprise the names of most importance in recent times, and the wildest of them all would, we feel sure, fall short of his critic in the novelty and number of his vagaries. At the same time let us say that, with Mr. Froude's boyish exhibitions of disbelief in unpractical men, there is mingled evidence of a spirit which is not unpleasing, evidence of a positive belief in his fellows, and a warm English love of nobility and self-sacrifice. It is refreshing at this day of sceptical lassitude to meet with one Englishman who has a firm belief that the secret of success is action, a glowing confidence in his own powers, who reminds one a little of Macaulay, or who suggests what Macaulay might have become if he had emigrated to this country at an early age and joined the orators of the Lyceum. In a word, — to be entirely plain, — we are glad to find a little of the Philistine in Mr. Froude, a writer who thinks that Erasmus, lying idle, while Luther struggles with the foes of both, is a pitiful sight, and cordially detests any one who undertakes to explain why Erasmus did better as Erasmus than he could have done as Luther. We do not mean to say that this volume contains any valuable contribution to human thought, or even human feeling, but that there is enough of the old-fashioned Englishman under difficulties in it to prevent it from being uninteresting; something of the spirit which a remote descendant of Dr. Johnson might feel, after his family had been told for some generations that "there's an end on't," is an impertinent and irrelevant formula, but who still believed that it was not only relevant, but conclusive.

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8. — *Language and the Study of Language: Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science.* By WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 12mo. pp. xi, 489.

THE phenomena of language are at last going the way of all phenomena, — the way of classification, of generalization, and interpretation. Each year's investigation adds something to the imposing array of verified or verifiable formulas, the possession of which entitles linguistics to rank as a science. Less than a century ago philology was the sacred region of crude hypothesis, — a sort of *deverticulum*, into which the monstrous products of man's uncurbed speculative propensity might be fearlessly poured, unhindered by such obstructions as scientific method opposed to their admission in other departments of research. Linguistic problems were the legitimate game of all writers who, to a lively interest in abstract subjects generally, added an unlim-

ited power of constructing circumstances and supplying causes out of the depths of their interior consciousness. The origin of language, as the most mysterious of philological questions, was the one oftenest attacked; and many ingenious solutions were proposed, which are now as interesting, and perhaps as useful, as the various Ionian explanations of the origin of the universe. But philology has now become the acknowledged possession of a comparatively small band of specially trained investigators; and to approach its higher problems requires an amount of preparation sufficient to terrify all but the boldest at the outset, and in the course of which our inborn disposition to generalize from inadequate data is apt to become more or less thoroughly tamed.

Whoever wishes to obtain a trustworthy account of what the science of language has thus far accomplished, what available data it has collected, what inductions it has succeeded in establishing, and to what questions it is now addressing itself, cannot do better than to study the recent work of Professor Whitney. Of all popular treatises on language that have yet been published, this is certainly the most scientific and the most satisfactory. Platonically speaking, it comes the nearest to the idea of a linguistic treatise. Professor Whitney's style of exposition may not always be so charming as Max Müller's; it is certainly less gossiping and discursive. His work is less burdened with accidental speculations, which, however pleasant they may be in themselves, are often out of place, and thus injure the symmetry of the argument. It would be grossly unjust and ungrateful to say that the chief interest of Müller's book lies in such digressions. His views upon most of the leading questions of philology are clear and profound, and they are set forth with unusual eloquence. But, like Mr. Buckle, he is far too much at the mercy of his disposition to steer out of the main track and cruise about in side-channels until he is with difficulty brought back to his original bearings. The inquiry into the "minimum date" for the antiquity of the Aryan migration into Europe, in his second series of Lectures, is an example of this tendency. The discussion is interesting and very suggestive; but it takes him quite out of his road, and, we may add parenthetically, quite off firm ground. This habit of discursive speculation has, indeed, been quite commonly a charm and a source of confusion in philological works. It appears continually in Donaldson, and it is pretty much all in all of Bunsen. Nor do we greatly object to it: we are not, like Comte in his last days, in constant fear lest a precious bit of investigation get wasted by not being consciously directed toward a specific object. But it must be noted as a signal merit in Professor Whitney's book, that he steadily abstains from all such irrelevant and uncertain speculation. The classification of Basque

and Illyrian, the ethnic affinities of the Etruscans and Pelasgi, and the original starting-point of the Aryan migration, he is content to pass by as questions with which we have not yet sufficient resources to deal. His entire work is taken up in presenting, criticising, and occasionally extending the more prominent inductions of the science of language; and here he finds quite enough to do. Elementary as his treatise professes to be, it nevertheless deals with some of the deepest questions in linguistics; and into the vexed question of the origin of language he has, as we shall see, penetrated somewhat further than any of his predecessors.

Max Müller, at the beginning of his first course of Lectures, attempts to show that the science of language is a physical science, an opinion which Professor Whitney very speedily disposes of. Whether we accept the Comtean theory of the connection of the sciences or not, it must be admitted that, both in respect to method and to subject-matter, the sciences fall naturally into two perfectly distinct classes, the physical and the historical. If we accept the doctrine of free will, we must of course accept this distinction with it. But we may be as materialistic as we please, and still we cannot help admitting it. No one has shown more clearly and forcibly than Comte himself that the two kinds of sciences require wholly different methods. In the inorganic sciences we deal with classes of phenomena, out of which any individual phenomenon may be selected as the type of the rest. One crucial experiment will establish a law as well as a thousand could do it. In biology we deal with sets of phenomena recurring in brief cycles of composition and decomposition, life and death. And on grouping these cycles by the comparative method, we find in them such uniformity that, for scientific purposes, they may be regarded as single, though very complex, phenomena; and we may generalize from them as safely as in the inorganic sciences. In order to establish a theory of digestion, we are not obliged to inquire into the physical history of every man that has lived, any more than we need to examine all individual crystals in order to understand crystallization. Now in history the case is entirely different. Here we have to deal with phenomena which are not homogeneous, and which do not recur in cycles. One man, one class of men, or one generation, will not serve as a sample of the rest. No two ages are exactly alike, but each is somewhat like all the others, and most like those which immediately precede and succeed it. Here, therefore, we cannot obtain our laws merely by inspecting a few crucial instances. We cannot form our historical science merely by reasoning from the laws of human nature as we know it, but we must study each age concretely, in connection with those which have

gone before and come after it. Language, as a product of human history, must be treated in the same way. It is true, we can compare languages, as the zoölogist compares animals; we can collate paradigms as the geologist collates specimens of rock; but so we can compare politics, creeds, or industrial systems. All this merely amounts to saying that in these three or four sciences the comparative method may be employed with advantage. But language, though it may be an organic growth, is not a mere organism, with its determinate cycles of change. Languages do not grow old and die any more than nations do. They may alter until their identity is no longer to be recognized, but the historical continuity is none the less unimpaired. In order to detect the causes which alter them, and the processes of alteration, we have no choice but to study them one after another concretely and historically. Müller makes much of the comparison between linguistics and geology. There is no science, he says, from which the philologist may derive so many useful hints as from geology. This may be true; few sciences are removed so widely apart as not to throw light upon each other. But in so far as his comparison possesses any special validity, it is only because geology is itself to some extent, according to the principles here laid down, an historical science. Toward the abstract sciences of physics, chemistry, and mineralogy, it bears much the same relation that history bears towards the abstract science of human nature.

Müller insists that language is not a human invention, is not alterable by the will of man, but changes by laws of its own, and is therefore not an historical, but a physical science. By parity of reasoning the laws of painting, sculpture, and music, when established and grouped, ought to form a physical science. Language is certainly as much a human invention as painting. We do not mean to reassert the absurd notion that any one man or conclave of men invented language as a Yankee invents a machine, by devising a set of vocal symbols to fit a set of conceptions already existing. But when the first man that wished to designate a dog said *dog*, or *çoan*, or more likely, *bow-wow*, he performed an act of precisely the same nature, so far as invention is concerned, as if he had drawn a rude sketch of the animal in the mud with a pointed stick. The one act grew into spoken language, the other diverged into painting and writing.

Nor again, as Professor Whitney says, is it true that language is not modifiable by the will of man. By what is it modifiable if not by the will of man? Does it contain within itself a plastic principle of growth? The whole idea is absurd. Language is not an organism, not an entity. It is simply the words that fall from the lips of men;

and if these get altered at all, it is because men alter them. "The great Augustus himself," says Locke, "in the possession of that power which ruled the world, acknowledged that he could not make a new Latin word." True, he could not by virtue of an imperial edict. But if the great Augustus had been a popular poet, essayist, or novelist, with the resources of the modern press at his disposal, he might have found the task not so difficult. It is not supposed that man can alter language as a tailor alters the cut of a coat; but that individuals can and do exercise an immense influence over the development of language is undeniable. Who will venture to estimate the influence exercised by Homer over Greek, by Dante over Italian, by Chaucer and Shakespeare over English? By Müller's exclusion of individual influence from language one is naturally reminded of Buckle's refusal to take into account individual effort, in his theory of history. Now it is perfectly true that "constitutions are not made, but grow"; it is quite true that a legislator cannot do impossibilities, — cannot make money by issuing greenbacks, cannot make men intellectual by patronizing literature, cannot make them temperate by closing their liquor-shops. But it is not true that individual peculiarities, capabilities, theories, and whims are of no account in the making of history. History is made by individual men, as much as a coral reef is made by individual polyps. Each contributes his infinitesimal share of effort; and the share of effort is not always so trifling. Considering the course of history merely as the resultant of the play of moral forces, is there not in a Julius Cæsar or a William of Orange as large a manifestation of the forces which go to make history as in thousands of common men? It is just so with language. Each of us does something toward making it what it is, one contributes more toward its development, another less; but be the influence great or small, conspicuous or inappreciable, it is none the less real.

Equally, therefore, in its method and in its subject-matter, is the science of language an historical and not a physical science. In its method, because it deals with phenomena that are continually and indefinitely changing; in its subject-matter, because language is a product of human effort. Professor Whitney's position is thus seen to be impregnable; and we have been at the more pains to exhibit it as such because the point at issue is by no means an unimportant one. It is far from being a mere question of terminology. The habit of detaching language from its environing circumstances, and regarding it as a sort of independent organism, with laws and processes of its own, is in every respect a dangerous one, and is at the bottom of many queer theories. It has led Renan to the strange notion that all parts of language

bud out from a primitive germ, like an oak from an acorn ; and it has led Müller himself to his "ding-dong theory" of the origin of language,—the theory that man, like other substances in nature, rings when struck.

Professor Whitney's discussion on the origin of language is one of the most interesting and satisfactory parts of his book. Nowhere is the truly scientific spirit in which he approaches his work more manifest. The question is one which eminent philologists have thought fit to deal with by means of ridicule, of overbearing assertion, and of appeals to sentimental prejudice. They have met the doctrine of onomatopœia with the same futile and irrelevant arguments which, in biology, have been levelled against the Darwinian hypothesis ; and the uproar, in the one case as in the other, arises from the same inappropriate feeling. We are supposed to be degraded by having had anything to do with the lower animals, either as their kindred or their pupils. Every one knows what alternative the opponents of Darwin are willing to accept ; and many philologists, rather than admit the principle of onomatopœia, are fain to have recourse to miracle (Whitney, p. 428), and when interrogated concerning the origin of language, to reply in the spirit of the little girl, who said that God made her a baby *so high*, but she *grew the rest* (p. 400). *J'aime qu'on me fasse venir de haut*, might be the motto of these writers ; but, as Sainte-Beuve reminds them, they should not forget that *Ou doit être digne, mais il ne faut pas toujours prétendre venir de trop haut*. It is time that such considerations should be omitted from discussions on matters of science. Science is concerned only with truth, and it leaves "the beautiful" and "the appropriate" to æsthetic art. Questions must be argued on their probability, not on their dignity. In the end, it need not be doubted that truth will prove more beautiful than error.

No one has attacked the doctrine of onomatopœia more violently than Max Müller. But the theory that roots are "phonetic types," which he would substitute for the obnoxious hypothesis, must be pronounced utterly vague and inadequate. The term "phonetic type" can mean nothing but a representation, in vocal sounds, of an objective phenomenon which invites attention, or of a subjective feeling which demands expression. To say that a root is a phonetic type is, therefore, merely to state the problem without solving it. To explain the genesis of language, it is not enough to say that, as every substance when smitten rings response to the blow, so the human mind attunes itself to concord with the sensory percussion from without. It must be shown why this is possible, and how it comes to pass. It must be shown in what way mere vocal utterances can become the fitting signs of internal and external phenomena ; by what subtle magic a rhyth-

mical pulsation of the air is transmuted into the nimble messenger of thought and passion. This is what the high-flying theory of Müller and Heyse is not competent to do. As Professor Whitney says, it is less philosophical and less fertile than that which has been stigmatized as the "bow-wow theory." (p. 427.)

On the other hand, it is to be said in favor of the principle of onomatopœia, that it is a *vera causa*. Every one knows that many words have come from imitative roots, though few are aware to what an extent the process may be traced. Not only are words like *crash, bang, whir, puff, creak, &c.*, manifest imitations, but also many words indicative of no sound or noise whatever, many words expressive of purely abstract notions, may safely be referred to an imitative source. Those who have carefully noted the wanton freaks which metaphor delights in, and who know, moreover, that all the indigenous words in the Aryan languages have arisen from a few hundred primitive roots, will not be surprised to find a single word begetting legions of offspring whose resemblance to each other and to their sire is far from obvious. A brief examination of Indo-European mythology will show what scanty materials suffice for the language-maker; and we may be sure that in his hands a few homely imitative roots would soon be wrought into numberless forms of quaintness and beauty.

It is also to be urged in behalf of the onomatopœic theory, that it makes no appeals to catastrophes or special creations. It supposes that the forces concerned in evolving language have been, like other forces, essentially uniform in their operation. Like the theories of Lyell in geology, and of Darwin in biology, it seeks to interpret past events after the analogy of present events. And it is known that "through all the stages of growth of language, absolutely new words are produced by this [onomatopœic] method more than by any other, or even almost exclusively." (Whitney, p. 429.)

Indeed, since language is at bottom but a representation, since a word is nothing if it is not a sign, what title could a primeval name, unfavored by traditional acceptance, have to be considered as the representative of an object, unless it were associated with it by some manifest likeness? We know that written language had an imitative origin. We know that our Roman characters have been gradually metamorphosed from crude pictures of natural objects. If a man wished to describe a dog to the eye, he drew an outline of him; that is to say, he made a representation which affected the eye in somewhat the same way that the dog affected it. It is rational to suppose that he would set himself to work after the same fashion in addressing the ear. In representing the dog by means of the voice, what else could he find to

represent, if not the sound of the dog? These two — the voice of the man and the noise made by the dog — are the only terms between which a relation of likeness could be established. An Aryan can say *hound* (*hunt, hand, pre-hendo, Goth. hinthan*) or *canis* (*capio, "qui capit feras," Grimm, Deutsche Gram. II. 35*), naming the animal from one of its peculiarities, but the primitive language-maker had no *capio* to fall back upon. He could only say *bow-wow*; and in so doing he would be designating the object by one of its conspicuous marks, — would be using language no less than when, in a later stage of speech, he calls the moon a "shiner" (*luna, from lucere*). The word *moo* would have been as intelligible as any of the names for a cow; and would have been quite as capable of producing derivatives or entering into compounds significative of Hector's shield, or the brightness of Hera's eyes.

It must not be supposed that onomatopœia ought, upon this supposition, to be traceable in a very large number of modern words. In current use, words speedily lose their primitive form and their original significance. *Episcopus* becomes *bisp*; and we talk of *ostracism* without thinking of oyster-shells. Words are built up, pulled to pieces, and conjured with, until we have *stranger* from *ex*, and *tear* and *larime* from the same root, *dak*. The whole Aryan language must have gone through this wearing and tearing process many times, long before it acquired its present structural peculiarities. The imitative principle, too, is not unlimited in its scope and powers. After language has acquired a sufficient foothold for derivatives to be formed, metaphor begins to assert its sway. It is more convenient to name many objects and actions from attributes less vague and ambiguous than the noise which they make or by which they are accompanied. In highly developed languages the traces of onomatopœia must, on any hypothesis, be comparatively slight; and it is both unphilosophical and superfluous to do what Mr. Wedgwood and Mr. Farrar, in their eagerness, have not unfrequently done, — to ignore established etymologies and acknowledged linguistic affinities, and to override phonetic laws, in the attempt to show, for example, that *hound* is from Esthonian *hundama*, to howl; *dog* from Icelandic *doggr*, which sounds like a growl; and *hippos* from *whoa*, used in stopping a horse. It is easy for scholars like Max Müller to overturn such weak-kneed arguments; but it is wrong for them to suppose that in so doing they have won a battle which, if it is ever to be decided, must be fought upon quite different ground.

A debt of gratitude is due to Professor Whitney for the thoroughness with which he has cleared away the mists of fallacy and prejudice

from this important question. He has shown in his treatment of it the same sensible, scientific spirit which he manifests everywhere else throughout his work. He has been frightened by no outcry, turned aside by no nonsense. We had intended to discuss some other interesting topics suggested by his work, and particularly to make some remarks upon the view which he takes of morphological classifications; but space will not permit. For these points we must refer the reader to the work itself, of which, in taking leave, we must say that a more thoroughly excellent treatise has perhaps never been produced by any American scholar.

9. — *The Old Roman World: the Grandeur and Failure of its Civilization.* By JOHN LORD, LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. pp. 605.

THE history of every ancient nation, says Niebuhr, ends, as the history of every modern nation begins, in that of Rome. Thus her history is, in a certain sense, equivalent to universal history. The peculiar genius and tendency of her civilization have never been more concisely and accurately expressed than in the words of poetic prophecy which Virgil puts into the mouth of Father Anchises: —

“Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento!  
Hæ tibi erunt artes.”

Her arts were those of military aggression and political aggrandizement; and by the practice of these arts she gradually extended her dominion, and finally brought all other nations, with the ripest fruits of their culture, within the limits of her empire. Although not creative in art, she acquired by conquest the priceless artistic treasures of Greece. The finest paintings and statues that adorned the seven-hilled city were spoiliations of the fair Hellenic Peninsula. In the realm of letters, the Romans originated nothing except in the solitary province of satire, — a sour and prickly shrub, which flourishes only as its roots are nurtured by social corruption and moral decay. Yet they supplied the want of indigenous products by transplanting to their soil exotics from the Epicurean garden and the Academic grove. Every school of philosophy and every species of poetry that had been cultivated by the Greeks find representatives and imitators in Roman literature. And what is true of Greece in this respect is true of every nation of the then known world. Each, as it died, bequeathed to Rome the net result of its peculiar and distinctive civilization. This is why Roman history may be regarded as an epitome of universal

history, — a vast storehouse in which all the great legacies of antiquity are accumulated, and may be most conveniently and profitably studied. By her conquests, Rome broke down the political barriers which had kept men apart nationally; by her laws, she overthrew the still stronger barriers of custom and tradition which had sundered them spiritually. She first realized that unity of humanity, and that cosmopolitanism of citizenship, about which the Stoics had only theorized. *Urbem fecit quod prius orbis erat.* The municipal rights, which other ancient states had jealously confined to a privileged class, she conferred upon the world.

But it is only by the constructive criticism of recent scholars that these characteristic features have been brought out, and that any just estimate has been attained of the real nature and value of Roman civilization. Niebuhr led the way in this direction, and, notwithstanding his many errors of historical vaticination, was the first to sift the narratives of native historians, and to indicate the true methods of historical inquiry. But the works of Niebuhr and his successors are too voluminous, and often too unattractive in style, to be either accessible or edifying to the public at large. Every attempt, therefore, to popularize the results of their investigations is extremely praiseworthy, and, if successful, will be cordially welcomed by the general reader. This is what Dr. Lord has done, or aimed to do, in the volume entitled "The Old Roman World." He has no claim to originality either in his theories or in his researches, but simply presents a condensed view of others' labors. The opening chapter gives a sketch of the earliest conquests of the Romans, and an account of the organization of the Roman army. Then we have a series of chapters on the geographical extent and material greatness of the empire; the wonders of the capital in its architectural monuments, its streets, public and private edifices, and the number of its inhabitants; the development of art among the Romans; the Roman constitution and Roman jurisprudence; Grecian and Roman literature and philosophy; scientific knowledge among the Romans; the social and moral condition of the empire, and its fall. After this come two chapters of reasons why neither conservative paganism nor Christianity were able to save it; and a final chapter on the early Church, and what we owe to it. Dr. Lord's style is graphic in narrative, although marred by a kind of rhetorical intensity which savors of the popular lecture, and which is sometimes carried so far as to sacrifice strict truth to love of effect. We do not esteem his philosophical faculty very highly. His reflections on the evils and benefits of war, and on social and religious topics, are, for the most part, sheer platitudes, full of absurdities and contradictions, and neither instructive nor entertaining.

Dr. Lord indulges in frequent sarcasms at the expense of the pedants who parade their learning in foot-notes. This is often bad enough, we acknowledge. It is still worse, however, for an author to parade the learning of others in foot-notes as though it were his own, and to make "pedantic displays of labor" which he has not performed. Pedantry is at most a harmless foible, but plagiarism is crime. To what extent Dr. Lord has transgressed, in this respect, may be seen by comparing portions of his book with extracts from Professor Philip Smith's contributions to Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology." Dr. Lord has a perfect right to use this work as much as he chooses; but he has no right to do so without making due acknowledgment of the source from which he has drawn his information, or at least intimating by quotation-marks that the language and thoughts are not his own. In proof of his neglect of this duty, we call the reader's attention to the following passages, which, for convenience, we have arranged in parallel columns:—

"His [Polygnotus's] pictures had nothing of that elaborate grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, so much admired in modern art. His figures were grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze." — *Lord*, p. 177.

"He [Apollodorus] made great advance in coloring. He invented chiaro-oscuro. Other painters had given attention to the proper gradation of light and shade; he heightened this effect by the gradation of tints, and thus obtained what the moderns call *tone*. He was the first who conferred due honor on the pencil." — *Lord*, p. 180.

"He [Apelles] labored so assiduously to perfect himself in drawing, that he never spent a day without practising." — *Lord*, p. 182.

"His [Polygnotus's] pictures had nothing of that elaborate and yet natural grouping, aided by the powers of perspective, which is so much admired in modern works of art. The figures seem to have been grouped in regular lines, as in the bas-reliefs upon a frieze." — *Smith*, III. 465.

"Apollodorus made great advance in coloring. He invented chiaro-oscuro. Earlier painters, Dionysius, for example, had attained to the quality which the Greeks called *τόνος*, that is, a proper gradation of light and shade; but Apollodorus was the first who heightened this effect by the gradation of tints, and thus obtained what modern painters call *tone*. . . . Pliny says that he was the first who conferred due honor upon the pencil." — *Smith*, I. 236.

"Apelles labored to improve himself especially in drawing, which he never spent a day without practising." — *Smith*, I. 221.

In this connection, both Lord and Smith refer to Pliny XXXV. 12. The reference is wrong: it should be Pliny XXXV. 36. Dr. Lord

borrowed without even taking the trouble to verify the citations by turning to the original authorities.

Again, Dr. Lord says of Praxiteles : —

Professor Smith says of the same artist : —

“ Without attempting the sublime impersonations of the Deity in which Phidias excelled, he was unsurpassed in the softer graces and beauties of the human form, especially in female figures. . . . He did not aim at ideal majesty so much as ideal gracefulness.” — *Lord*, p. 169.

“ Without attempting those sublime impersonations of divine majesty, in which Phidias had been so inimitably successful, Praxiteles was unsurpassed in the exhibition of the softer beauties of the human form, especially in the female figure. Without aiming at ideal majesty, he attained to a perfect ideal gracefulness.” — *Smith*, III. 519.

We might fill several pages with similar quotations in illustration of the method in which Dr. Lord has manufactured this book. If we turn to the chapter on Roman Literature, we shall find the same system pursued. On p. 288 Dr. Lord says of Livy, that, “ as a painter of beautiful forms which only a rich imagination could conjure, he is unrivalled in the history of literature.” Dr. Arnold, in his essay on “ The Historians of Rome,” says of Livy, that, “ as a painter of beautiful forms which the richness of his imagination called up, he may be pronounced unrivalled in the whole course of literature.” All that Dr. Lord says of Florus and Frontinus is also taken *verbatim et literatim* from Dr. Arnold's essay. Of Cæsar Dr. Lord says : “ The great value of his history is in the sketches of the productions, the manners, the customs, and the political state of Gaul, Britain, and Germany. His observations on military science, on the operation of sieges and construction of bridges and military engines, are valuable. But the description of his military operations is only a studied apology for his crimes, even as the bulletins of Napoleon were set forth to show his victories in the most favorable light.” Dr. Arnold says that the Commentaries of Cæsar “ are a studied apology for his crimes, and a representation of his talents and victories in a most favorable light. . . . He *could* tell the truth whenever he *would*. Hence arises the great value of the sketches which he has given us of the political state, natural productions, manners and customs, of Gaul, Germany, and Britain. . . . His descriptions of military movements, of the common usages of the service, of the operations of sieges and the construction of bridges and engines of war, are replete with information of the most unquestionable fulness and accuracy.”

There is not the slightest sign or suggestion of any indebtedness to

Dr. Arnold. But in the references at the end of the chapter we are informed that there "are no better authorities than the classical authors themselves," from which it would be natural to infer that Dr. Lord had based his critical opinions upon a thorough study of their works. Drumann, Niebuhr, Mommsen, Arnold, and others are also spoken of as "merely critics"; although Dr. Lord condescends to admit that they have "occasional criticisms entitled to respect."

The mechanical manner in which Dr. Lord has made this book often leads him into vain repetitions, which spring doubtless from an economical desire not to waste the scraps of sentences and fine phrases which he has taken such pains to collect. Thus he repeats two or three times in the same chapter remarks essentially the same about Trajan's Forum, the Basilica Ulpia, the Arch of Fabius, the Temple of Concord, etc. And in the space of little more than half a page we read that Polygnotus "was a great epic painter," that "he treated his subjects in an epic spirit," that "his subjects were taken from the epic cycle," and finally, that "he took his subjects from the whole range of epic poetry." We regard this repetitious style as an inevitable result as well as an infallible index of literary patchwork. The book contains also several minor errors, especially in the spelling of proper names, such as Bruckner for Brucker, Montfauçon (with the cedilla), Septimus Severus, Schliermaker, etc. It may be doubted, too, whether Dr. Lord's declaration that "Ritter, Brandis, and all the greater authorities, are obscure" to him, is in itself conclusive as to the intrinsic obscurity of those writers. On page 104 we are told that the "*Via Appia* was the first Roman aqueduct"; it should be the *Aqua Appia*. "*Arc de Triumph*" (p. 121), although intelligible, has an unpleasant Macaronic aspect.

But we will dwell no longer on these comparatively unimportant matters, lest we should provoke Dr. Lord to renewed fulminations against "the hypercriticism of minute observers." The plagiarisms which we have pointed out do not necessarily imply that "The Old Roman World" is an uninteresting or uninteresting book; but they do damage most seriously whatever reputation its author may have for scholarship and literary integrity.

We have no doubt that the volume will be acceptable and profitable to a large class of readers; but it would have been greatly improved if Dr. Lord had checked in himself that proneness to philosophize, which invariably leads him away from his proper task into cant and absurdity. We would also suggest to him that it is rather late in the nineteenth century to stigmatize the greatest ornaments of modern literature as infidels, or to compare (even by implication) Voltaire, Rousseau, Hegel,

Fichte, Gibbon, Hume, Buckle, Goethe, Franklin, and Emerson to "Satan and his Angels." We are not aware that the genius of these men was "kindled by the fires of discontent and ambition, which . . . . spread their devastating influence on the homes and hopes of man."

Dr. Lord does not seem to have any clear or correct appreciation of the real adjustment and reconciliation which, after long and severe antagonism, were finally effected between the Roman Empire and the Christian Church. In spite of the hostility between these two great forces, they tended to bring about essentially the same result, namely, the abolition of national distinctions, and the fusion of all races into a common humanity. The Empire aimed to do this by imposing universal and impartial laws; the Church, by inculcating universal spiritual principles. From this point of view there is a profound significance in the term "political Messiah," as applied to the Roman Cæsar; and the coalescence of Christianity with Imperialism is not "a mysterious phenomenon," but a natural event. Dr. Lord appears to have no conception of the existence of any such relation. His observations also in Chap. XII. on the impotence of intellectual culture for the elevation of society are extremely shallow.

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10. — *Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour in New England.* [By CAPTAIN EDWARD JOHNSON of Woburn, Massachusetts Bay.] London, 1654. *With an Historical Introduction and an Index.* By WILLIAM FREDERICK POOLE, Librarian of the Boston Athenæum. Andover: Published by Warren F. Draper. 1867. Small quarto.

AMONG the original works on the early history of New England, none presents a more forbidding aspect to the general reader than the book known as the "Wonder-Working Providence of Sions Saviour, in New England" (the running-title of the book), which, upon the title-page of the original edition, is called "A History of New England; From the English planting in the yeare 1628, until the yeare 1652," &c., in a small quarto of 236 pages. It is a well-known book, and was re-printed in the "Collections" of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in an awkward, fragmentary form, in 1814, 1816, 1818, and 1819, from a copy procured in England, after considerable inquiry, by the Rev. T. M. Harris, D. D. For an historical narrative, or, indeed, for a narrative of any sort, designed for a Christian to read, the style in which this book is written is execrable; and it forms an unpleasant contrast in this respect to many of the works of this early period relating to the history of New England. The narratives relative to the planting of the Plymouth

Colony — namely, "Mourt's Relation," Winslow's "Good Newes," and the larger work of Governor Bradford, the "History of Plymouth Plantation" — are designed to be simple statements of fact, expressed in the simplest language. The same may be said of many of those which relate to the history of the Massachusetts Colony, — such as the "Planters' Plea," Higginson's "New England's Plantation," Wood's "New England's Prospect," and the admirable and indispensable History of New England, by Governor Winthrop. To these works we return with satisfaction, again and again, as simple and unaffected narratives of fact.

The work which is the subject of this notice was written by Captain Edward Johnson, a resident of Woburn, in Massachusetts. He is supposed to have come over with Governor Winthrop in 1630. Returning to England, soon after, he finally re-embarked in 1636, and cast in his lot with the settlers here. He was originally by trade a carpenter; and though his early education was defective, he appears to have been a man of affairs, not only in the town where he lived (being the Town Clerk and the Deputy to the General Court for many years), but also in the wider field of service offered by the Colony. Indeed, he

"Was a citizen of credit and renown,  
A trainband captain eke was he of famous London [Woburn] town,"

and his name deserves to be perpetuated in prose and verse.

In a Life of Johnson, referred to below, the important services which he rendered to his town and to the Colony for thirty years are minutely and graphically related. He took his seat in the General Court as Deputy from the town of Woburn in 1643. Being a military man, he was soon placed on a committee with a view of putting "the country into a position for war." He was one of three commissioners who, with a guard of forty men, proceeded to Shawomet, to arrest and bring Samuel Gorton and his company to Boston, in case no satisfactory agreement could be made with them. In 1645 we find him a member of a committee appointed to draw up a body of laws to be presented to the next General Court. He was skilled as a land surveyor, and was often employed as referee in cases of disputed boundaries. In 1652 he was employed by the General Court, with Captain Simon Willard, "to find out the most northerly part of Merrimack River," with a view to settling the northern boundary of the Colony. In 1653 he was placed on a committee "to examine the state of the College in all respects." "In the stormy epoch from 1661 to 1665, when the charter and the liberties of the Colony were assailed by the combined ingenuity and malice of the restored English hierarchy, we find him uniformly put forward by his associates as one of the most prominent actors." Indeed,

he continued to render service as a public man till his death, on the 23d of April, 1672, at about the age of seventy-three.

He is supposed to have become personally interested in the subject of religion some time after he had reached the period of manhood, or after he had attained to middle life. Whenever that important change took place, at the time he wrote his History his whole soul seems to have been pervaded with the magnitude of the scheme to be wrought out by the Puritans of Massachusetts. Whether, like many other new converts, his mind became a little unsettled by the novelty of its impressions, or whether the man's natural proneness to inflation here found a new mode of expression, certain it is that we have a singular manifestation of himself in the book before us.

He regarded the Puritans of Massachusetts as God's chosen people, and he evidently considered himself as specially selected to write the history of their flight from the Egypt of the Old World, through the Red Sea of persecution, to their sojourn for about twenty years in this Wilderness of the New World, if, indeed, he did not regard the Promised Land as already here attained. But, alas! instead of a history, he has given us, for the most part, a mere rhapsody; interspersed, it is true, with historical facts, but presented in a rough and singularly tumid style. If it were not for the anachronism involved in the thought, we should say that the "Wonder-Working Providence" was a poor imitation of Cotton Mather's "Magnalia." "The Author's rude verse," (most intolerable stuff!) "penned of purpose to keepe in memory the names of such worthies as Christ made strong for himselfe, in this unwonted worke of his," fills no inconsiderable space in the volume.

Johnson's book covers about the same period of time that is embraced by Governor Winthrop's History or Journal. It comes down to about two years later. But what a contrast is presented between them! Winthrop's Journal is a simple record of facts and opinions, of the first importance to be known in the history of the Colony, intelligibly related in most excellent English, each event being recorded under its date. Johnson's work is a hodge-podge of facts and fancies, pious ejaculations, high-sounding epithets, and historical events, all mingled into one mass of confusion. The opening of some of his preliminary chapters reminds us of the deluded individual who fancied himself the military commander of the whole world, and who was accustomed to ventilate himself by mounting some elevated spot and giving his orders thus: "Attention, the Universe! By Kingdoms! Right wheel!! March!!!" The fifteenth chapter is headed "An Exhortation to all People, Nations and Languages, to indeavour the advancing of the Kingdome of

Christ in the purity of his Ordinances," &c.; and he makes his appeal thus:—

"Yee *Dutch* come out of your hods-podge, the great mingle mangle of Religion among you hath caused the Churches of Christ to increase so little with you, standing at a stay like Corne among Weeds. Oh yee *French!* feare not the great swarmes of *Locusts*, or the cronking *Frogs* in your Land, Christ is reaching out the hand to you; . . . yee *Germanes* that have had such a bloody bickering, Christ is now comming to your aide, then cast off your loose and careless kinde of Reformation, gather into Churches. . . . oh *Italy!* The Seat and Center of the Beast, Christ will now pick out a People from among you for himselfe, see here what wonders hee workes in little time. Oh! yee *Spaniards* and *Portugalls*, Christ will shew you the abominations of that beastly Whore, who hath made your Nations drunke with the Wine of her Fornication." And he concludes with: "Finally, oh all yee Nations of the World, beyold great is the worke the glorious King of Heaven and Earth hath in hand. . . . Then judge all you (whom the *Lord Christ* hath given a discerning spirit) whether these poore *New England* People be not the fore runners of Christs Army, and the marvellous providences which you shall now heare, be not the very finger of God, and whether the Lord hath not sent this people to Preach in this Wilderness, and to proclaim to all Nations the neere approach of the wonderfull workes that ever the Sonnes of men saw."— pp. 32–34.

But it would be unjust to say, or to intimate, that this book has no value in an historical point of view; for, notwithstanding the many errors with which it abounds (some of which are doubtless typographical), and its abominable style and arrangement, we could not well spare the work from the small space it occupys in our library of New England books. If the student of our history will only screw his courage to the sticking-place, and put on the armor of patience sufficient to wade through a mass of rhetoric such as would have made good Dr. Campbell, if his eye had chanced to meet it, "stare and gasp," he will really find much to repay him; for Johnson was contemporary with most of the scenes he so imperfectly describes, and could say with the hero of the *Æneid*:—

" Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui."

Thus far we have spoken of the original work of Johnson. We have now before us a new edition, — whose general title is quoted at the head of this notice, — edited by William Frederick Poole, the Librarian of the Boston Athenæum, — a most sumptuous book of 443 pages, from the press of John Wilson and Son. The labors of the editor must have been "painful." He appears to have closely studied the author's text, and has furnished a well-written "Introduction" of nearly one hundred

and fifty pages, showing great labor and research. This embraces all that can be gathered, from original sources, of the life of Johnson, and includes discussions on some points of great historical and bibliographical interest. Some important incidents in the history of Massachusetts, such as the formation of the "Body of Liberties," 1641, the steps taken for the completing and printing of the first digest of laws, 1648, the action of the Colony in that important crisis of its affairs when the Royal Commissioners came over to reduce New England, and particularly the refractory Colony of Massachusetts, to their sway, — in most of which Mr. Johnson played a prominent part, — are graphically related by Mr. Poole. We take great pleasure, therefore, in acknowledging our obligations to him for the service he has performed. To say that he has done his work well would be but a moderate expression of our sense of his labors. Mr. Poole wields a ready pen, understands the force of language, and leaves no doubt on the mind of the reader what he means to say. We are slightly impressed with the feeling that he is sometimes a little too confident in the expression of his judgment on controverted questions; that he does not hesitate to "rush in" and occupy debatable ground, on which more cautious students would almost "fear to tread." But the general reader wishes to have all obstacles removed from his path, and surely no one is better entitled to help to clear the way for him on this tract than Mr. Poole.

We have expressed the opinion that the editor of this new edition has faithfully accomplished the work which was assigned to him, but we should do injustice to our convictions if we did not express a regret that a different method had not been pursued in preparing this edition for the press. If some of the labor bestowed on the Introduction had been spent in the preparation of suitable foot-notes for the correction, or rather for the indication, of the numerous errors in the text, for explaining the obscure passages, and for the further illustration of the subjects relating to our history there treated, a far more valuable contribution would have been made to our historical literature. This, we are aware, would have conflicted with the original plan of the publisher of the new edition, which was to reproduce as nearly as possible with modern type a *fac-simile* of the original work. But, after all, we do not get the *fac-simile*. We get a beautiful and exact reprint, page for page, with all its errors *unnoted*, except such as may be indicated in the Preface or such as may be noted in the Index.

There is a curious bibliographical enigma connected with the "Wonder-Working Providence." The work was written, probably, during the years 1649–1651. It was sent to London, and was there published anonymously by "Nath: Brooke at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*," in

1653, though it bears the date "1654" upon its title-page. There is no evidence that Johnson ever acknowledged himself to be the author of the work; but not long after his death, in 1672, the fact was well known. Under date of 1659 there was printed for this same Nath: Brooke, a book, in small quarto form, entitled "America Painted to the Life," &c. (a very long title), "publisht [or authorized] by Ferdinando Gorges, Esq.," the grandson of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the first proprietor of the Province of Maine. The book consists of four tracts, the preface to which, placed next after the general title-page, claims to be written by the grandson, and bears his name. The first and fourth tracts (the former coming under the general title-page, and the latter bearing also the date of 1659) also indicate Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., to be their author. The second tract is the well-known and valuable "Briefe Narration" of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The third tract is the "Wonder-Working Providence," being the *very sheets* of the work published by Brooke six years before, with the original title-page and preface cancelled, and with a new title-page and preface substituted, indicating that Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, was the author. The two tracts last named bear the date 1658 upon their title-pages. This proceeding, originating in ignorance or fraud, has been the occasion of much confusion, as many persons who did not know, from other sources, that Edward Johnson was the author of the *Wonder-Working Providence*, have referred it to Sir F. Gorges, whose name it bears upon the title-page.

By whose agency or from what motive this transaction was effected has for years been a puzzle to bibliographers, and the question has never been satisfactorily settled. Some writers have attributed it to Gorges, the grandson, and others have referred it to the publisher, who may be supposed to have had the natural wish to find a market for the old sheets of a work of which he may not have known the author. Mr. Poole devotes a considerable part of his Introduction to a discussion of this question, and has made an able and plausible argument to show that it was a fraud of F. Gorges, Esq., the grandson; that the whole book was got up by him in anticipation of the restoration of Charles II., a year or two before that event took place, to operate favorably upon the mind of the English Court in reference to the large tract of land in New England (the Province of Maine) which he claimed as the heir of his grandfather, but over which the Colony of Massachusetts had extended its jurisdiction; that he expected to effect this object by showing, from this book, not only what the legal claims of his family were, but "what they had done for the New England plantations." Mr. Poole proceeds thus: —

“The construction of this volume is a curiosity in book-making. He found among the papers of his grandfather a ‘Briefe Narration’ of disastrous attempts to settle his ‘Province of Mayne.’ This must have a place in the collection, as it will show one part of his case, that his grandfather had met with great losses. But the more important fact that the family was connected with the successes in New England, — how was this to be shown? Here, surely, a difficulty presented itself. Gorges had never been in New England, and knew nothing of Massachusetts Bay, the largest and most flourishing Colony. By some means, which we are not able to trace, and which are not essential for our present inquiry, he found a volume with the quaint title of *Wonder-Working Providence*, giving precisely the information he needed; but advocating views of ecclesiastical polity, and expressed in a style of Puritan sanctity, utterly inconsistent with the opinions and style of his grandfather, and of his own. Necessity, however, knows no law; and men of his stamp never haggle with consistency. He looks up the publisher, and finds that Mr. Nathaniel Brooke, in his shop at the Angel in Cornhill, has a quantity of the sheets of this book still unsold. We can readily imagine the publisher as not unwilling to dispose of his old stock on favorable terms. The publisher, when the plan of the new compilation was explained to him, might have become a partner in the transaction. It is not necessary to assume that the publisher engaged in it with fraudulent intentions. The author of the book was unknown in England. For five years it had been before the public, and no one had claimed it. A statement from Gorges, that his grandfather was the author, would not have appeared to the publisher as improbable. Publishers at the present day know but little of the books they print. They probably knew less then. Besides, Mr. Nathaniel Brooke, as will be seen by his list appended to *Wonder-Working Providence*, was a publisher of works chiefly on astrology, necromancy, and similar topics. Nothing, therefore, in the line of absurdity, would raise a doubt in his mind.

“A new title-page, ascribing the authorship to the grandfather, and a new Preface to match, are all that is needed for a basis of operations. Two tracts are now provided for. To give greater variety, and to show his own paces in historical composition, Gorges prepares two others, — one on New England, the main facts of which he takes from Johnson, for the first tract; and one on Spanish America, for the fourth. Now for the printing.

“More than half the matter is already in print. The other tracts he puts in type, imitating, as nearly as he can, the printed page of *Wonder-Working Providence*. He counts the lines on a full page of the latter: they are thirty-eight. His new matter he makes thirty-eight lines to a page. The width of the page is also copied accurately. The running-titles of the first and second tracts are made to correspond to the subject-matter of the third. And yet he would give the impression that the several parts were not printed at the same time, and so he dates them 1659 and 1658.” — pp. xlix. — li.

We think Mr. Poole has made out a strong case against the younger Gorges, and that his position would be conclusive upon one hypothesis. We did not suppose that Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., was regarded as a

downright *idiot*. A witty person once said that there were in the world two kinds of fools,—“natural fools” and “—— fools.” The distinction is obvious. We do not understand Mr. Poole as intending to place Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., in the former category, where he certainly belongs if he supposed he could palm off the “Wonder-Working Providence,” a medley of the rankest Puritanism, upon Charles II., and the Episcopalian “high-fliers” of his court, as the work of his grandfather, Sir Ferdinando Gorges,—the old knight who “fought, bled, and died” during the civil wars, ever loyal to his king and to his church. He could not have offered a greater insult to them, or to the memory of his grandfather, or have made use of a better instrument, one would think, more effectually to damage his own cause. We have never heard that any bibliographical mouser has yet discovered the presentation copy of this collection of tracts, elegantly bound in the appropriate skin, for his Majesty at the Restoration. Such language as this, applied to the younger Vane, who was hanged at the Restoration, would have sounded strangely in Charles’s ears, as coming from his father’s loyal knight, Sir Ferdinando :—

“Thy Parents, Vaine, of worthy fame, in Christ, and thou for him :  
Through Ocean wide, in new World trid, a while his warrier bin.  
With small defeat, thou didst retreat to Brittain ground againe,  
There stand thou stout, for Christ hold out, Christs Champion ay remaine.”

And the following, relating to one who was classed with the regicides, and was “hanged, drawn, and quartered,” and his head set on a pole on London Bridge, would sound more oddly still, as coming from any member of the Gorges family, and would not go far, one would think, towards recommending him to the favorable notice of the monarch :—

“The reverend Mr. *Hugh Peters*, and his fellow-helper in Christ, Mr. Wells, steered their course for England, so soon as they heard of the chaining up of those biting beasts who went under the name of spiritual Lords ; what assistance the Gospel of Christ found there by their preaching is since clearly manifested ; for the Lord Christ having removed that usurping power of Lordly Prelates, hath now enlarged his Kingdom there,” &c.\*

With no sympathy with the colonization schemes of the Gorges family, we confess to have been sometimes touched with pity for their misfortunes. With perhaps the best intentions, they always failed when they came in conflict with the superior ability of that marvellous Puritan power “throned by the West.” Our feelings, therefore, do not fully respond to those with which Mr. Poole pursues the memory of that member of the family, whose name is somewhat equivocally associated

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\* *Wonder-Working Providence*, pp. 72, 224.

with the volume with which Mr. Poole has now so creditably connected his own name. A loyal son of the old Bay State, with strong Puritan instincts, Mr. Poole regards it as a most presumptuous thing for Gorges to attempt to defend his title to the territory which Massachusetts had laid claim to,—being about all the patrimony which had descended to him from his grandfather. He calls him “a needy expectant, a seedy gentleman,” with “no one to listen to his whine for remuneration but cowed exiles and royalists,” &c. (pp. xlvi., xlix.)

To make it appear that F. Gorges, Esq. was a person morally capable of perpetrating such a literary fraud as that which has been referred to, Mr. Poole endeavors to show that, in his subsequent negotiations for the establishment of his claims as proprietor for the Province of Maine, he was unscrupulous; that he told the king an “unmitigated falsehood” in saying that the Massachusetts Colony had offered him “many thousand pounds” for his interest in that Province, as but five hundred pounds had been offered to him from that source; and, a few years later, he sold his claim to that Colony for £1,250.

As to the grounds on which this latter charge is preferred, we think that Mr. Poole has unintentionally misread his authority. In the synopsis of the document from which he quotes, Gorges is not made to say that the Massachusetts Colony had offered him many thousand pounds for his claims. The language is: “That the Massachusetts have endeavored to enter into terms with petitioner, that he has been offered many thousand pounds for his interest in the Province,” &c.\* He does not say by whom the offer was made. There were probably others besides “the Massachusetts” who at that time stood ready to negotiate, if terms could be made and the title fully established.† In the difficult part which he had to play in the defence of his rights, surely Gorges’s counsel would instruct him, if his own common sense did not teach him, that he was under no obligation to shew his whole hand.

Another charge is brought against Gorges, of having violated his promise to the king, by selling out to “the Massachusetts” without his consent. Of course, such a promise on the part of Gorges, to be of any force, implies another promise on the part of the king. It might be an interesting subject of investigation to ascertain if the king kept his

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\* This synopsis is found in Folsom’s “Catalogue of Original Documents in the English Archives,” pp. 22, 23. These two clauses standing together here, may be, and probably are, quite distinct in the original petition of Gorges, which consists of fourteen folios, here abridged to one page.

† “Should any purchase his pretensions in the expectation of profit,” writes Governor Leverett to Major Thompson at London, “they would miss in their expectation.” — *Hutchinson’s Collection of Papers*, p. 466.

promise to Gorges. How long was Gorges to wait? For seventeen weary years he had had a full experience of that "hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," and at the end he realized the force of the saying of the Psalmist, "Put not your trust in princes." The final decision of the Chief Justices, in 1677, *practically* deprived Gorges of his title to the soil of his Province, and left him but the barren title to the government. Charles wanted Maine (as well as New Hampshire) for his illegitimate son, the Duke of Monmouth, but he had been impoverished by his extravagance, and was "not apt to have ready money," and the agent of "the Massachusetts" stepped in and bought the claim of Gorges.

The consideration of the character of Ferdinando Gorges, Esq., and the reference to his claims as the heir of his grandfather to the Province of Maine, having been introduced into the volume before us, incidentally, in connection with a question of bibliography, this can hardly be regarded as a fit occasion for a full discussion of those claims, or of the manner in which they were presented. We cannot forbear, however, to say, that we have failed to observe in the whole conduct and bearing of the younger Gorges, during the twenty years which followed the Restoration, anything to tarnish his character, or to derogate from his standing as a high-toned and intelligent gentleman.

We dissent from Mr. Poole's opinion, that the preface "To the Reader," placed before the "Wonder-Working Providence," among the Gorges tracts, is fictitious, and was written for purposes of deception. Its style and its contents clearly show, we think, that it was written by the author of the "Briefe Narration," that is, by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, as a preface to that important tract; and it was probably misplaced, either by accident or design, in the "copy" before printing. It begins thus: "I thought it a part of my duty in this, my briefe Narration," &c. It then proceeds to speak of matters discussed in the "Briefe Narration," but which are quite foreign to the pages of the "Wonder-Working Providence." We think the publishing committee of the Massachusetts Historical Society were quite right in their judgment concerning it thirty years ago.

Mr. Poole says that the allusions in this preface to "trenching or intruding upon the rights and labors of others," of "reaping what they had not sown," of "possessing the fruit another hath labored for," &c., indicate that Sir F. Gorges was not the writer of it, as in his lifetime "the question of jurisdiction and encroachment had not arisen." (p. xlvi.) Surely Mr. Poole must have forgotten the old knight's long controversy with Sir Alexander Rigby, the proprietor of the "Plough Patent," under which he claimed the "Province of Lygonia,"—

a controversy which was settled in 1646 by the "Commissioners of Foreign Plantations," who gave their award against Gorges, thereby establishing the grant of Rigby, which extended from Cape Porpoise to Casco, and included both. By this decision the "Province of Maine" was cut in two, and a slice of from twenty to twenty-five miles wide taken from the heart of it. The poor old knight had been in arms, fighting for his king, and was in no condition to protect his interest against a Puritan Parliament and its Commissioners. He died soon after.\*

The editor, on page xxxv., referring to the authorities cited by F. Gorges, Esq., in the preface to the volume of tracts, expresses some doubt as to who "Davity" was, — a doubt shared by others who have written on the subject of these tracts. We suppose Pierre Davity is not so much read to-day as he was in the time of Gorges. He was a well-known author, and his history of "Le Monde, ou la description de ses quatre parties," &c. (Paris, 1637, 5 volumes folio), was a famous book in its day. The printer has made shocking work with another name in the preface. For "Champlain Sparbot and others," we should probably read, "Champlain, L'Escarbot, and others."

On the general title-page of the volume containing these Gorges tracts is the following: "For the Reader's clearer understanding of the Countries, they are lively described in a complete and exquisite Map." This same language is also used on the false title-page of "Wonder-Working Providence." The map, which is usually placed near the beginning of the volume, is not original here, but was adopted from another work; and its history furnishes a good illustration of the manner in which book makers and book publishers availed themselves of the labors of others, not always making the proper acknowledgment. It is a map of the Western Hemisphere, six by eight and a half inches in size, and was originally published by Hondius in his edition of the "Atlas Minor Gerardi Mercatoris," &c. (Amsterdam, 1607, and Dort, 1610). It may also be seen in volume three, page 857, of Purchas's "Pilgrims" (London, 1625), and over it is printed, "Hondius his Map of America." It was also published in Wye Saltonstall's English translation of Hondius's "Mercator" (London, 1635), and also in the second edition of Gage's "West Indies" (London, 1655). The use of this engraved plate for Nath: Brooke's publication of the Gorges tracts, four years later, is the last service we have seen it perform. This map of the Western Hemisphere is the earliest general map we have seen which has the name of "Virginia" upon it. De Bry's map of "Americæ pars, Nunc Vir-

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\* See Williamson's History of Maine, Vol. I. pp. 295-303; 4 Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., VII. 88-94; Folsom's History of Saco and Biddeford, pp. 58-61.

ginia," published in his "Admiranda Narratio Fida Tamen," &c., Frankfort, 1590, and Wytfliets' map of "Norvmbega et Virginia," in his "Descriptionis Ptolemaicæ Augmentum," &c., Lovanii, 1597, are fragmentary, and not maps of the Western World as far as then discovered.

We should add that the Introduction to this book contains the will of Edward Johnson, and abstracts of the wills of his sons; also a genealogy of the descendants of Edward Johnson, prepared by John Alonzo Boutelle.

Mr. Poole has affectionately dedicated this book to the memory of his friend George Livermore of Cambridge, — a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

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11. — *The Works of Anne Bradstreet in Prose and Verse.* Edited by JOHN HARVARD ELLIS. Charlestown: Abram E. Cutter. 1867. 8vo. pp. lxxi., 434.

IN this volume of luxurious typography Mr. Ellis has brought together all the writings extant of the earliest female poet of America. Some of these papers have never before been printed. The editor also, in a carefully written Introduction of seventy-one pages, has embodied what is known of her life and literary career.

The first edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems was printed through the agency of her brother-in-law, Mr. John Woodbridge, and without her knowledge, in London, in 1650, under the title of "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America. . . . By a Gentlewoman in those Parts." The second edition was printed in Boston in 1678, with the title "Several Poems compiled with great Variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight. . . . By a Gentlewoman in New England." A third edition was issued in Boston in 1758, with the same title, but without the name of the publisher or the printer.

From the fact that three editions of these poems were printed in those early days, we must infer that our ancestors read them with pleasure; but in our time the interest attached to them is other than literary. It is certainly a notable fact that such a volume was written and printed within the first twenty years after the settlement of the Massachusetts Colony, and under circumstances the most unfavorable for literary development. It is curious also to see what sort of poetic verdure could spring from such uncongenial soil.

The education and social position of Mrs. Bradstreet, the daughter of Thomas Dudley, and wife of Simon Bradstreet, both Governors of the Massachusetts Colony, and both eminent among its original founders,

were excelled probably by those of no other lady in the Colony. That she was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a pattern of piety after the best Puritan models, is evident from her writings. She was born at Northampton in England in 1612-13. Nothing is known of her early life, except what is gathered from a few allusions made to it by herself. "As I grew up," she says, "to be about 14 or 15, I found my heart more carnal, and sitting loose from God; vanity and the follies of youth took hold of me. About 16 the Lord laid his hand sore upon me and smote me with the small-pox. When I was in my affliction, I besought the Lord, and confessed my pride and vanity, and he again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to the benefit received. After a short time I changed my condition, and was married, and came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose. But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it and joined to the church at Boston."

If her poems had been written before she renounced the pride and vanity of this world, and "joined to the church at Boston," they would doubtless have treated a class of topics of more interest to the modern antiquary than anything contained in the volume before us. Her carnal heart, it seems, rebelled at first against the early experiences and new manners of this Western world. What a contribution to our knowledge of those times would have been her description, in humorous or satirical verse, of the experiences and manners which ruffled the serenity of her worldly mind! Early piety is perhaps always to be commended; but in this instance it was not favorable for that kind of literary effort in which the present age is interested, as showing the manners and customs of our ancestors.

We are in the habit of extolling the wisdom and foresight of our progenitors; and yet they seem to have had little conception of the kind of information respecting themselves which would be sought for in subsequent ages. A third-rate antiquary of to-day, if, by some eddy in the stream of time, he could be set back two centuries, would give us a more satisfactory account of the "form and pressure" of the time in which they lived than the best of those early writers have recorded. The incidents of every-day life they regarded as beneath the dignity of history and of poetry even.

Mistress Bradstreet's verses, not excepting the few on domestic themes, such as "the restoration of my dear husband from a burning ague," "upon my daughter Hannah Wiggin, her recovery from a dangerous fever," might as well have been written in England as in Boston, or Andover, so far as they shed light upon what was characteristic of New England. Even from her domestic verses she man-

aged to exclude everything but her emotional piety and personal feelings. This excellent lady was doubtless one of the sixty or eighty principal women who, at first, attended the weekly preaching exercises of Mistress Anne Hutchinson, and she must have taken sides in the wordy and memorable Antinomian controversy of 1636. A woman's account of this woman's quarrel, in prose, rhyme, or blank verse, would have been precious; but, alas! there is no allusion to the subject in her writings. In the place of it we are treated with a rhythmical "Epitome of the three first Monarchies, viz. the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and the Roman Commonwealth." A hundred other topics founded on the events, the customs, the virtues, and the follies of that period might be suggested, of which her Muse, if it had anticipated the demands of this practical and degenerate age, would doubtless have sung. But hers was not the Muse of Colonial history, and we must be content with substitutes in the form of rhymes on "The Four Elements, the Four Constitutions, the Four Ages of Man, and the Four Seasons of the Year," which have as much relation to Massachusetts affairs of two centuries ago as they have with the Darwinian theory of to-day.

Besides her longer poems, already enumerated, the volume contains several minor pieces, one of which is "A Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning their Present Troubles, Anno 1642," commencing thus:—

"NEW ENGLAND.

"Alas dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,  
With honour, wealth, and peace, happy and blest;  
What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms?  
And sit i' th' dust, to sigh these sad alarms?  
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelme?  
What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?  
Ah, tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.

"OLD ENGLAND.

"Art ignorant indeed of these my woes?  
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose?  
And must myself dissect my tatter'd state,  
Which 'mazed Christendome stands wondering at?  
And thou a Child, a Limbe, and dost not feel  
My fainting weakened body now to reel?  
This Physick purging potion, I have taken,  
Will bring consumption, or an Ague quaking,  
Unless some cordial, thou fetch from high,  
Which present help may ease my malady."

"In reference to her children," Mrs. Bradstreet writes:—

"I had eight birds hatcht in one nest,  
Four Cocks there were, and Hens the rest,

I nurst them up with pain and care,  
 Nor cost, nor labour did I spare,  
 Till at the last they felt their wing,  
 Mounted the Trees, and learn'd to sing ;  
 Chief of the Brood then took his flight,  
 To regions far, and left me quite."

She here alludes to her son Samuel, who sailed for England in November, 1657, and returned in July, 1661, when she again sings :—

" All Praise to him who hath now turn'd  
 My feares to joyes, and sighes to song,  
 My teares to smiles, my sad to glad :  
 He 's come for whom I waited long."

" To her husband absent upon Publick employment," she writes :—

" My head, my heart, mine eyes, my life, nay more,  
 My joy, my magazine of earthly store,  
 If two be one, as surely thou and I,  
 How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lye ?"

It would, of course, be very unhandsome treatment to test the literary merits of Mistress Bradstreet's verses by the modern standard of criticism. The sole interest attached to them is that they were written and printed at that early period. With an antiquary the intrinsic merits of a book have nothing to do with its pecuniary value, which is the measure of a strange madness among collectors to possess it. The two early New England books which now command the highest price, — somewhere in the vicinity of a thousand dollars each, — the Bay Psalm Book, 1640, and Eliot's Indian Bible, 1663, — are intrinsically as worthless volumes as can be named. The latter no person living *can* read (unless we except one linguistic scholar), and the former no person would desire to read. Still, a few of Anne Bradstreet's poems can be read without doing penance, and in the elegant form in which they are here presented are positively attractive, especially when we compare them with the rhythmical jargon of their contemporary, the Bay Psalm Book.

Mr. Ellis has included in this edition the contents of a manuscript volume of Mrs. Bradstreet's miscellaneous writings, which is now for the first time printed entire, under the titles of " Religious Experiences and Occasional Pieces," and " Meditations." A page of this manuscript he has caused to be reproduced in fac-simile. Her " Religious Experiences " and " Meditations " are chiefly in prose, and their literary merit surpasses that of her poetry.

From the freedom with which Mrs. Bradstreet makes use of classical allusions and the names of ancient writers, it has been inferred that she was acquainted with the Latin and perhaps the Greek language. Mr.

Ellis has identified the books she had read, and makes it highly probable that she knew the classic writers only through English translations. The scraps of Latin she used do not imply that she understood the language.

A woodcut of the Bradstreet House in North Andover, engraved in a most artistic manner by Mr. Henry Marsh of Cambridge, faces the title-page.

The editor, in his elaborate historical Introduction, has made a thorough examination and judicious use of all the material extant for the illustration of his subject, and in it he has embodied much historical and literary information of value.

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12.— *Manual of the Constitution of the United States of America.* By TIMOTHY FARRAR. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867.

THE author of this work remarks in his Preface that it was composed during the late war, and that "its position in this respect is different from any prior exposition of the Constitution."

There is need now of a fresh examination of the Constitution by some competent authority, made in the light of the great events to which Judge Farrar refers. These events have, in great measure, silenced a narrow brood of literalists who had striven during many years to belittle the great charter and to make its commandments of none effect by their tradition; and to others they have given courage and breadth of view in interpreting it. It has lately been made to appear with uncommon distinctness that the nation must sometimes look through the letter of the Constitution and search for the spirit of it and for the ends to which it exists; and that in great emergencies this instrument may furnish but little guidance except in the large concessions of power that are implied in it when it establishes a nation.

We are compelled, however, to say that this volume is not the sort of work which is needed, and that, while it utters much paradox, it adds but little, if anything, of value to what had already been said. It undertakes to show that the Constitution confers upon the national government power to do "everything that a good government ought to be called upon to do for the benefit of any people." It insists that "the division of the British empire rendered the people of the American Union just as much a sovereign and independent nation as it left the people of the European portion"; that "the States, as Colonies, were organized under the Union"; and that the Confederation of 1781, by which it was declared that the United States had no "power, jurisdiction, or

right, which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated," was "a sort of Holy Alliance, in which neither the people of the United States nor the people of the individual States were named as parties, or ever became such by any formal act. . . . The thing framed said to him that framed it, he had no understanding. It is manifest that no such procedure as this could have any tendency to change the legal relation between the people of the United States or their government and the local governments they had invited and allowed to be organized within and under their jurisdiction. . . . Such a combination could neither increase their own powers nor diminish those of the United States." And the author finds that the States now, under the Constitution, are substantially in the same situation as the Colonies were "under the Union," as above indicated.

Judge Farrar regards what is generally known as the preamble to the Constitution as being a grant of the fullest legislative powers, and as the most important clause in the instrument. And, among many other things, he finds Congress to be authorized to prescribe the qualifications of electors, not only of the national House of Representatives, but also of the House of Representatives in each State. It is not quite clear, perhaps, whether he does not intend to say that the Constitution itself absolutely fixes those qualifications; but he is positive in stating that whatever power the States have over the matter is, by the express terms of the Constitution, subject to the supervision of Congress.

As to the course of reasoning and the historical propositions by which these and other equally extraordinary positions are supported, we can only say that they seem like the argument of an ingenious lawyer in a bad case. And in answer to Judge Farrar's strange constructions of this much-twisted instrument, one can hardly do better than simply to quote his own motto, *Litera scripta manet*, and to turn back to the text.

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13. — *Y<sup>e</sup> Legende of St. Gwendoline.* With eight Photographs by ADDIS from Drawings by JOHN W. EHNINGER. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son. 1867. Folio. pp. 55.

So much pains has been bestowed on this volume, it has plainly been an object of such solicitous and tender regard, that it makes almost a *naïve* appeal to sympathy, and calls upon our good feeling for commendation. And if we take the common standard by which such a work is likely to be judged by the good-natured and genial critic of the newspaper, we should find it easy to praise this book as one of the most elab-

orate gift-books of the season, and eminently fit to adorn a showy drawing-room table. But if it be judged by the standard of genuine criticism, — the standard by which the author of the *Legend* would, we doubt not, desire it to be judged, — it must be said that, throughout, the intent of the work is better than its execution; that the story, both in conception and diction, betrays a young and inexperienced hand, and that the illustrations and typography of the volume are more ambitious than excellent.

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14. — *Italian Journeys.* By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "Venetian Life." New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1867.

UNDER favor of his work on "Venetian Life," Mr. Howells took his place as one of the most charming of American writers and most satisfactory of American travellers. He is assuredly not one of those who journey from Dan to Beersheba only to cry out that all is barren. Thanks to the keenness of his observation and the vivacity of his sympathies, he treads afresh the most frequently trodden routes, without on the one hand growing cynical over his little or his great disappointments, or taking refuge on the other in the well-known alternative of the Baron Munchausen. Mr. Howells has an eye for the small things of nature, of art, and of human life, which enables him to extract sweetness and profit from adventures the most prosaic, and which prove him a very worthy successor of the author of the "Sentimental Journey."

Mr. Howells is in fact a sentimental traveller. He takes things as he finds them and as history has made them; he presses them into the service of no theory, nor scourges them into the following of his prejudices; he takes them as a man of the world, who is not a little a moralist, — a gentle moralist, a good deal a humorist, and most of all a poet; and he leaves them, — he leaves them as the man of real literary power and the delicate artist alone know how to leave them, with new memories mingling, for our common delight, with the old memories that are the accumulation of ages, and with a fresh touch of color modestly gleaming amid the masses of local and historical coloring. It is for this solid literary merit that Mr. Howells's writing is valuable, — and the more valuable that it is so rarely found in books of travel in our own tongue. Nothing is more slipshod and slovenly than the style in which publications of this kind are habitually composed. Letters and diaries are simply strung into succession and transferred to print. If the writer is a clever person, an observer, an explorer, an intelligent devotee of the picturesque, his

work will doubtless furnish a considerable amount of entertaining reading ; but there will yet be something essentially common in its character. The book will be diffuse, overgrown, shapeless ; it will not belong to literature. This charm of style Mr. Howells's two books on Italy possess in perfection ; they belong to literature and to the centre and core of it, — the region where men think and feel, and one may almost say breathe, in good prose, and where the classics stand on guard. Mr. Howells is not an economist, a statistician, an historian, or a propagandist in any interest ; he is simply an observer, responsible only to a kindly heart, a lively fancy, and a healthy conscience. It may therefore indeed be admitted that there was a smaller chance than in the opposite case of his book being ill written. He might notice what he pleased and mention what he pleased, and do it in just the manner that pleased him. He was under no necessity of sacrificing his style to facts ; he might under strong provocation — provocation of which the sympathetic reader will feel the force — sacrifice facts to his style. But this privilege, of course, enforces a corresponding obligation, such as a man of so acute literary conscience as our author would be the first to admit and to discharge. He must have felt the importance of making his book, by so much as it was not to be a work of strict information, a work of generous and unalloyed entertainment.

These "Italian Journeys" are a record of some dozen excursions made to various parts of the peninsula during a long residence in Venice. They take the reader over roads much travelled, and conduct him to shrines worn by the feet — to say nothing of the knees — of thousands of pilgrims, no small number of whom, in these latter days, have imparted their impressions to the world. But it is plain that the world is no more weary of reading about Italy than it is of visiting it ; and that so long as that deeply interesting country continues to stand in its actual relation, æsthetically and intellectually, to the rest of civilization, the topic will not grow threadbare. There befell a happy moment in history when Italy got the start of the rest of Christendom ; and the ground gained, during that splendid advance, the other nations have never been able to recover. We go to Italy to gaze upon certain of the highest achievements of human power, — achievements, moreover, which, from their visible and tangible nature, are particularly well adapted to represent to the imagination the *maximum* of man's creative force. So wide is the interval between the great Italian monuments of art and the works of the colder genius of the neighboring nations, that we find ourselves willing to look upon the former as the ideal and the perfection of human effort, and to invest the country of

their birth with a sort of half-sacred character. This is, indeed, but half the story. Through the more recent past of Italy there gleams the stupendous image of a remoter past; behind the splendid efflorescence of the Renaissance we detect the fulness of a prime which, for human effort and human will, is to the great æsthetic explosion of the sixteenth century very much what the latter is to the present time. And then, beside the glories of Italy, we think of her sufferings; and, beside the master-works of art, we think of the favors of Nature; and, along with these profane matters, we think of the Church, — until, betwixt admiration and longing and pity and reverence, it is little wonder that we are charmed and touched beyond healing.

In the simplest manner possible, and without declamation or rhetoric or affectation of any kind, but with an exquisite alternation of natural pathos and humor, Mr. Howells reflects this constant mute eloquence of Italian life. As to what estimate he finally formed of the Italian character he has left us uncertain; but one feels that he deals gently and tenderly with the foibles and vices of the land, for the sake of its rich and inexhaustible beauty, and of the pleasure which he absorbs with every breath. It is doubtless unfortunate for the Italians, and unfavorable to an exact appreciation of their intrinsic merits, that you cannot think of them or write of them in the same judicial manner as you do of other people, — as from equal to equal, — but that the imagination insists upon having a voice in the matter, and making you generous rather than just. Mr. Howells has perhaps not wholly resisted this temptation; and his tendency, like that of most sensitive spirits brought to know Italy, is to feel — even when he does not express it — that much is to be forgiven the people, because they are *so* picturesque. Mr. Howells is by no means indifferent, however, to the human element in all that he sees. Many of the best passages in his book, and the most delicate touches, bear upon the common roadside figures which he met, and upon the manners and morals of the populace. He observes on their behalf a vast number of small things; and he ignores, for their sake, a large number of great ones. He is not fond of generalizing, nor of offering views and opinions. A certain poetical inconclusiveness pervades his book. He relates what he saw with his own eyes, and what he thereupon felt and fancied; and his work has thus a thoroughly personal flavor. It is, in fact, a series of small personal adventures, — adventures so slight and rapid that nothing comes of them but the impression of the moment, and, as a final result, the pleasant chapter which records them. These chapters, of course, differ in interest and merit, according to their subject, but the charm of manner is never absent; and it is strongest when the author surrenders himself most completely

to his faculty for composition, and works his matter over into the perfection of form, as in the episode entitled "Forza Maggiore," a real masterpiece of light writing. Things slight and simple and impermanent all put on a hasty comeliness at the approach of his pen.

Mr. Howells is, in short, a descriptive writer in a sense and with a perfection that, in our view, can be claimed for no American writer except Hawthorne. Hawthorne, indeed, was perfection, but he was only half descriptive. He kept an eye on an unseen world, and his points of contact with this actual sphere were few and slight. One feels through all his descriptions, — we speak especially of his book on England, — that he was not a man of the world, — of this world which we after all love so much better than any other. But Hawthorne cannot be disposed of in a paragraph, and we confine ourselves to our own author. Mr. Howells is the master of certain refinements of style, of certain exquisite intentions (intentions in which humor generally plays a large part), such as are but little practised in these days of crude and precipitate writing. At the close of a very forcible and living description of certain insufferable French *commis-voyageurs* on the steamer from Genoa to Naples. "They wore their hats at dinner," writes Mr. Howells; "but always went away, after soup, deadly pale." It would be difficult to give in three lines a better picture of unconscious vulgarity than is furnished by this conjunction of abject frailties with impertinent assumptions.

And so at Capri, "after we had inspected the ruins of the emperor's villa, a clownish imbecile of a woman, *professing to be the wife of the peasant who had made the excavations*, came forth out of a cleft in the rock and received tribute of us; why, I do not know." The sketch is as complete as it is rapid, and a hoary world of extortion and of stupefied sufferance is unveiled with a single gesture. In all things Mr. Howells's touch is light, but none the less sure for its lightness. It is the touch of a writer who is a master in his own line, and we have not so many writers and masters that we can afford not to recognize real excellence. It is our own loss when we look vacantly at those things which make life pleasant. Mr. Howells has the qualities which make literature a delightful element in life, — taste and culture and imagination, and the incapacity to be common. We cannot but feel that one for whom literature has done so much is destined to repay his benefactor with interest.

15. — 1. *The History of India, as told by its own Historians. The Muhammadan Period. Edited from the Posthumous Papers of the late SIR H. M. ELLIOT, K. C. B., East India Company's Bengal Civil Service.* By PROFESSOR JOHN DOWSON, M. R. A. S., Staff College, Sandhurst. Vol. I. London: Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. xxxii., 541.
2. *The History of India from the Earliest Ages.* By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, Assistant Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, Secretary to the Indian Record Commission, Author of "The Geography of Herodotus," &c., &c. Vol. I. The Vedic Period and the Mahá Bhárata. London: Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo. pp. lxxv., 576.

WE have reason to welcome every new indication that England is taking a nearer interest in her Indian empire, and that her people crave further enlightenment respecting those Eastern races of whose destinies she has, half against her will, become arbiter. It may fairly be said, we presume, that England never coveted such a dependency, and made no conscious and deliberate attempt to gain it. She wanted trade, and nothing more; and it was only because trade was not to be had without empire, as those who were sent to manage the former soon found out, that the latter was acquired, piece by piece, in the face of constant remonstrance from home, in spite of constant protestation of unwillingness on the part of the acquirers. Hence, in part, the anomalous attitude of the English government, and the indifference of the people, until within a few years. When the great mutiny broke out, Indian affairs were still under the management of a committee of merchants, the directors of a trading company, — not, indeed, without the active interference and control of the Parliament and Ministry; and the long retention of that antiquated and bungling apparatus was in no slight degree indicative of the state of public feeling, which regarded India as not in the full sense a national trust, a responsibility whose weight should be felt upon the shoulders of every Englishman, but as something to be attended to by proxy, to be put off upon a board. The desperate struggle of ten years ago, however, rapidly changed the aspect of affairs. As it swept away in a moment the old form of administration, so it aroused the nation at large to a more realizing sense of their duty, and made them eager to learn wherein this consisted. Every one for a while was studying India, and books about it came thick and fast: more general knowledge was gained in two or three years than had been won in the half-century preceding. Nor has the impulse yet ceased to exert its influence, although it is working out its

results more slowly than were to be desired, or than the more sanguine had expected. A race of so peculiar character, beliefs, and institutions as the Hindus, and so fixed in them by the inheritance of an almost immemorial culture, demands, on the one hand, delicate and considerate treatment, and, on the other hand, is hard to be understood, so as to receive the treatment due it, by another race so unlike itself.

It is, then, matter for congratulation that a single English house can issue at the same time the beginnings of two elaborate and voluminous histories of India, and can find a large and rapid sale for both, as we learn is the case.

The volumes before us, however unlike one another in other respects, have two noteworthy points of resemblance: both are the work of men who have gained in the Anglo-Indian service a familiar acquaintance with the country and its inhabitants, and both rather deal with the sources of history than present the final results of historic inquiry. The author of the first, Sir Henry Elliot, stood high among the civil servants of the East India Company who added to administrative capacity a hearty interest in the people over whom they were set, and distinguished literary ability. He wore himself out in the harness, and died, fifteen years ago, at the early age of forty-five. He had published in 1849 the commencement of a Bibliographical Index to the Historians of Mohammedan India, and during the following years had made abundant preparations for its extension and completion; and his gathered materials are now at last to be given to the world under the competent editorship of Professor Dowson. The whole work, the latter tells us, will require at least four volumes. The first, after an introductory division of about a hundred pages, in which are put together (chiefly by the editor) all the accessible notices respecting India given by the early Arab geographers, is devoted to the historians of Sind, the western border of the country, lying upon the lower Indus. About two hundred and twenty-five pages are occupied with a version of the more important passages of their works; and then the latter half of the volume gives us the author's notes upon them, under four heads, Geographical, Historical, Ethnological, and Miscellaneous. The second and third of these divisions, especially, constitute for the general reader the most interesting and valuable portion of the book. For the Arab chronicles fall even further below our idea of histories than do the European of the Middle Ages, and, though attractive at the outset by their peculiarity, soon become excessively tedious.

In the succeeding volumes, the same general plan is to be followed. We are to have the native histories themselves, with such notes as shall help us to understand them and appreciate their value. The work

will thus wear a somewhat special character, as a collection of original documents, interesting to scholars most of all, yet also commending itself to the attention of the public at large; and no public library at least should be without it.

An interesting passage of the author's Preface criticises the opinions commonly held respecting the works executed by the Mohammedan sovereigns for the material welfare of the country, greatly depreciating the value of those works, and comparing them, much to their disadvantage, with what the English have already executed or undertaken; contrasting, moreover, the general condition of the country under its Mohammedan and Christian masters.

While Elliot's History thus professes to deal with but one of the grand periods into which the story of the country naturally falls, and with that from only a single point of view, Mr. Wheeler's, more ambitious, aims to give us the whole story, "from the earliest times" down to the present. In the author's Preface, however, is as yet sketched out only the first portion, that which is to depict the times antecedent to the rise of British power,—the Hindu and Mohammedan periods. To this are allotted three volumes: the first already in our hands, after a brief introduction of forty pages on the Vedic period, is wholly occupied by a detailed analysis of the enormous epic poem entitled the Mahabharata, interspersed with critical comments; the second, now in the press, will perform the same service for the other great Sanskrit epic, the Ramayana; the third is to "include the results of the other two, as well as those which are to be drawn from the more salient points in Sanskrit and Mussulman literature." (p. vi.) Not a few will be struck with surprise at this plan, which contemplates the absorption of two thirds of the whole space allotted to the history of India down to a century or two ago by an abstract of the contents of two works from the Sanskrit literature, and they will be curious to see how the author justifies such a procedure. They will find, then, that his classification of his materials (p. v.) recognizes as the sources for the Hindu period "the religious books of the Hindus, and especially the two great epics, which may be regarded as the national treasuries of all that has been preserved of the history and institutions of the people"; and that, in his opening chapter (p. 3), he makes the confirmatory statement that "the history of India, properly so called, is to be found in the two voluminous epics. . . . These extraordinary poems comprise the whole of what remains of the political, social, and religious history of India, and may be regarded as the reflex of the Hindu world."

Now, what is the character of these alleged all-sufficient sources for our knowledge of Indian history? Do they explain to us the deriva-

tion of the Hindu people, point out the course of its migrations, and exhibit the creeds and institutions with which it entered the peninsula? Do they set forth the gradual development which transformed those simple institutions into the elaborate Brahmanic hierarchy, those simple creeds into the mingled superstition and transcendentalism of later India? Do they let us see the rise and career of Buddhism, its early conquests, its final defeat and expulsion? Do they portray the growth of that remarkable literature which is receiving so much study from the scholars of Europe in our day? Do they account for the existing monuments of art, the ruins of perished grandeur, the epigraphic remains scattered through the country? No: on matters such as these they are no better than dumb. But at least they must record the dynastic revolutions which have changed the political aspect of the peninsula, the formation and description of empires, the intestine and foreign wars of successive lines of princes? Not even these are found in them. Then what are they? Why, the one, the *Ramayana*, tells of a hero who perhaps never had an historical existence, and who met with adventures and performed feats quite unknown among actual men, conquering a demon foe by the aid of monkey allies. The other, the *Mahabharata*, recounts the struggles of two related houses, whose connection with any historically established dynasties cannot be traced, for the possession of one of the thrones of Central India, at an unknown epoch; it is interminably protracted, and confessedly put together out of portions dating from very different periods; it contains stories which attain the dimensions of a romance, and philosophical conversations as detailed as a text-book; it is in part legendary, in part fabricated for a purpose. No doubt they both illustrate, in a certain way, the Hindu modes of thinking and acting. They are two highly important and characteristic products of the Indian mind, and can no more help reflecting the conditions among which they grew up than can any other similar work in the whole great catalogue of national literatures. So the *Iliad* and *Odysey* depict for us, in many respects, the conditions of ancient Greece with a vividness and faithfulness which no set history could rival; yet what eyes of astonishment would be opened upon the scholar who should assert that they "comprise the whole of what remains of the political, social, and religious history of Greece," and should therefore proceed to give us a full account of their contents, as the first and largest part of his Grecian history! This is a comparison which in one important respect, at least, is highly flattering to the Hindu poems; for the historical content and illustrative value of the Western epics is indefinitely greater than that of the Eastern. The Hindu mind, as every one knows who knows aught about it, is

remarkably distinguished by its incapacity of historical production, its carelessness of the actual, its disinclination to tell a straight story; hence there is vastly more *fact* in the Iliad than in the Mahabharata; nor is the expedition of Ulysses, however palpable its wonder telling, anything but the driest and soberest of narratives compared with that of Rama. The Nibelungen-lied, treated as principal source of ancient German history, would come far nearer to offering us a true parallel. Mr. Wheeler may insist as much as he pleases upon the popularity and currency of his favorite poems, their influence upon the people (in speaking upon this point, however, he is guilty, in our opinion, of very gross exaggeration), the importance of a knowledge of them to a comprehension of what the modern Hindu is thinking and talking about, — he cannot change their essential character, nor convert them from products of a teeming and unchastened imagination into fountains of historic truth. The part they contribute to our knowledge of ancient India is only secondary; it might with much higher truth be claimed that the Vedas or that the laws of Manu are the veritable and indispensable sources of Hindu history. Far from being entitled to figure in this capacity, the epics themselves need the most careful sifting and testing, by the aid of all the appliances derivable from whatever other quarter, in order to determine the question whether they have an historical content, and if so, how much and what. Something of this work has already been accomplished by men like Lassen, and the possibility of continuing and completing it is brought nearer every day. But it will not, we think, be perceptibly advanced by the criticisms which Mr. Wheeler intersperses with his abstracts and extracts; these do not cut deep enough; they are essentially superficial and commonplace, and not seldom of a remarkable *naïveté*, — somewhat as if one should sit down over Munchausen or Gulliver, and soberly undertake to strip off its exaggerated and improbable features, and extract the kernel of historic verity of which it is the decorated version. We cannot, therefore, look forward with much hope to those “results” of his two preliminary volumes with which our author is intending to begin his third, — the first, according to our view, of the real “History of India”; for in no allowable sense of the term can his analysis be called “history.” We presume that his work will increase rapidly in value and authority as it approaches the modern period of the English domination, for treating which his Indian experience and official position have given him especial advantage.

To write, indeed, in a permanently satisfying manner, the history of ancient India is for the present an impossible task. The sources of knowledge are as yet only partially accessible, and only to a small

extent worked up. The whole great body of native literature of every period, the information furnished by foreigners, the monuments, the modern conditions, have all to be ransacked, compared, criticised, and reduced. From original labor in a large part of this field, Mr. Wheeler, acknowledging his non-acquaintance with the Sanskrit, declares himself shut out. Yet what can be done, even under such disadvantage, by one who is diligent in collecting and studying all materials attainable at second hand, the results won by special scholars, — who is skilled in their combination, and possessed of a true feeling for the spirit of ancient times, — is shown in Duncker's *History of Antiquity* (*Geschichte des Alterthums*). This author's picture of ancient India, though too constructive in its style, and sure to require amendment hereafter in many important particulars, is nevertheless the fullest, most faithful, and most attractive that we know; it well deserves republication in an English version. Mr. Wheeler has followed the much easier course of extolling as all-sufficient that little portion of the needed material to which his attention has happened to be directed, and which was most readily accessible to him, and of ignoring the rest.

But while we deny the justice of the title which our author has prefixed to his volume, we can yet commend it as an admirable and highly interesting epitome of the *Mahabharata*, the best that has been placed in the hands of English readers, and worthy to be recommended to the attention of all who are curious respecting that strange and remarkable product of the human mind. A Table of Contents of sixty-eight pages, and an Index of forty-two, both of excessive detail, drawn out with a truly lavish expenditure of labor, add much to its value, and to the ease with which it may be consulted and used. To receive a similar working up of the *Ramayana* will afford us high satisfaction.

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16. — *Bibliotheca Americana; A Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its Discovery to the Present Time*. By JOSEPH SABIN. New York: Joseph Sabin. Philadelphia: John Campbell. London: N. Trübner & Co. 1867. 8vo.

FOUR parts of this work have been issued by Mr. Sabin during the year 1867, embracing in all 384 pages. To show the extensive plan on which the work is projected we quote the language of the editor: "This work describes bibliographically, and in alphabetical order, ALL the books published in this country or abroad which relate to its History, — using the word in its widest meaning; including the books described by Rich, Ternaux, White, Kennett, Faribault, Stevens,

Ludewig, Trübner, Trœmel, Harris, Boucher de la Richardiere, Lowndes, Brunet, Græsse, and, indeed, all known bibliographers, besides the contents of the catalogues of all the public and many of the private libraries in this country, which pertain to the subject.”

As an indication of the manner in which this plan has thus far been executed, it may be stated that the letter A takes up 340 pages of the parts thus far issued. From the examination we have been able to give to this work, we have formed the most favorable opinion of it. It seems to be prepared with care and learning, and if completed on the plan of which we have here the first-fruits, the work will prove indispensable to all American scholars and book collectors.

As has been stated, the works are arranged under the names of authors, “and, in the case of anonymous writers, under the most obvious subject or title.” Where a book is published anonymously, and the writer is known, the work is entered also under the name of the author, which is given in brackets. The notes which are appended to many of the curious books show great care, and are an important feature in the plan. Review notices of important books are referred to, and a capital letter preceding the number of the books indicates the public library in which it may be found.

We wish all success to Mr. Sabin's undertaking. The work is beautifully printed, on fine laid paper, by the Bradstreet Press.

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17. — *The Life of Timothy Pickering.* By his Son, OCTAVIUS PICKERING. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1867. pp. xx., 549.

A WORK of filial piety is, in this volume, well begun. Nor is it merely a work of duty to a father, but to the truth of history also, and the public memory of a man who was deservedly prominent during the Revolution and the formative period of our government. Colonel Pickering was a person of earnest, even bitter convictions; and he had a frankness in expressing them which made him peculiarly the object of political slander in days when it was, if possible, more unscrupulous than now. He was a good hater, and had something of the Puritan habit of looking upon opinions as wicked which were, at worst, only mistaken. He was what the Scotch call a *dour* man, — one whose conscientiousness may become hardness and sternness, especially where duty is concerned, and whose beliefs are not long in stiffening into prejudices. He could not think well of a democrat, or of a Frenchman after '89. He was one of the leaders of that Federal party, strong in character and ability, — the most respectable party we

have ever had, — which did not and could not believe in the practicability of the French theory that a form of government may be improvised, and that the future may be shaped by anything less powerful and omnipresent than the past. They held it a cardinal truth in statesmanship, that a great part of the power of political ideas lay in their continuity (a truth we could wish to see more steadily kept in view by our members of Congress, who seem to like measures in proportion as they have not been tested by experience); and their mistake was in looking too exclusively to England for precedent, overlooking the fact that America had already developed certain irresistible tendencies more potent than even precedent itself. If we may call it a proof of political sagacity that John Adams and his son, at important crises, both subordinated party to what they considered higher claims, there is also something in human nature which sympathizes even more strongly with Pickering, who clung to a defeated and hopeless party all the more devotedly that it was defeated and hopeless.

This volume brings Colonel Pickering to the end of the Revolutionary War and to his fortieth year. It gives us glimpses of his college life; shows him to us before the war as a good citizen, always eager to be useful and always in earnest; and gives us a minute record of his services during the struggle for independence, as an officer of the line, leading member of the Board of War, and Adjutant-General of the Continental Army. The gentle and kindly side of his uncompromising character is brought out in his relations to home and family. Mr. Octavius Pickering has performed his task modestly, and with a judicious selection from his materials. The volume already published contributes much fresh and valuable material to our Revolutionary history. We get some new and unexpected light, for example, on the famous Newburg letters, the story of which, as here told, is a singular proof how little even the memory of the actors themselves may be trusted in establishing the facts of history. In this case, every survivor of those present, when the event about which a question had arisen took place, recollected differently, and was wrong in some essential particular. Colonel Pickering himself, with no temptation to be mistaken, nevertheless *was* mistaken, as his own letters of the time would have shown him, had he referred to them.

We shall look for the succeeding volumes of this work with much interest. They cannot fail to illustrate many obscure points in our political history, and to help us in forming a fairer judgment of the motives and conduct of the Federal party, — a party more often maligned than understood. When Mr. Pickering shall have finished his labors, we shall hope to do that justice to his subject, and his mode of treating it, which our limits forbid us now.

18. — *The Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts.* By his Son, EDMUND QUINCY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1867. pp. xii., 560.

THE verdict of the public as to the interest of this volume has been so unanimous that we need do no more than say that, for once, the public is altogether right in its judgment. It is as interesting a biography of an American as was ever written; and, while the subject of it was in all ways a remarkable man, the taste and judgment of the biographer have enabled him not to obscure that fact in the reader's mind, as has been done before now, in other cases, by unwieldy pens. If Mr. Edmund Quincy may well be proud of such a father, he may also feel a just satisfaction in having so admirably discharged all that was possible of the debt he owed to his example and memory.

19. — *The First Canticle (Inferno) of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston: DeVries, Ibarra, & Co. 1867. pp. 216.

THE name of Dr. Parsons is familiar and dear as a poet to that limited number of his countrymen who have refined perceptions and a cultivated taste. His audience has not been so large as he deserved, not so large, perhaps, as those who appreciate him would have expected; but the quality of applause more than makes up for any lack of vociferation. Competent judges know him as a master of that classical English which culminated in Dryden, of that polished finish which had its last great example in Gray. Perhaps it will be luckier for him hereafter than it is now, that he has not been led astray from style into mannerism by any fashion of the day. His best poems have naturalness of thought, a grace of sentiment, and purity of diction truly Horatian, — qualities sure of general acknowledgment sooner or later. We could name a dozen of them not surpassed in their kind by those of any contemporary. His poetry has the distinguished merit of not seeking for originality by overstepping simplicity, outside of whose limits it is never to be found in the marvellous perfection of its unexpectedness.

It is now twenty-five years since Dr. Parsons published ten Cantos of the Inferno, as a herald and specimen of his translation. He has in the mean while labored at the correction and revision of it with all the diligence of affection. He has chosen for his measure the pentameter quatrain of alternate rhymes, familiarized to all English ears by the famous Elegy of Gray. Davies and Davenant had already shown that

it might be successfully employed at greater length, the one in didactic, the other in epic poetry. Dr. Parsons, by an adroit interlacing of stanzas one with the other, and by an artistic distribution of the pauses elsewhere than at the end of the quatrain, has given to the measure all that it needed for his purpose both of continuity and variety. Davenant sometimes runs one stanza over into the next, but seldom, and apparently from necessity rather than with design. Commonly each stanza is a separate whole, and Gray's poem is a succession of epigrams (in the old sense) each perfect in itself and only connected by the general sentiment. In many cases the order might be changed without detriment either to the continuity of the thought or to the general effect. By Dr. Parsons's device, he cunningly contrives to give something of the effect of *terza rima*, while escaping its difficulty. We shall not enter upon the vexed question of rhyme and blank verse. The kind of fidelity attainable by each is different from that of the other, though it is not always safe to define this difference absolutely, as if it were inherent by the nature of the case, for surely blank verse is as capable of wings, as rhyme liable to jog wearily afoot. The latter, however, in artistic hands, seems to shoe the feet of verse with *talaria*, and surely is worth trying in the translation of a rhymed poem a part of whose peculiar quality lies in the form of its verse. The attempt has been several times made in English to translate Dante in this way, sometimes in *terza rima*, sometimes, as Dr. Parsons has done, with the semblance of it. But it has never before been made by a poet, and therefore never before with anything like the success of the translation before us. The great snare of rhyme for the translator is that it obliges him (what Dante boasted that no word had ever made him do) to say rather what he must than what he would. Some of Dr. Parsons's verses have suffered a little by being caught in this trap, though he has generally avoided it with consummate skill, and where he is best rises easily to the level of his theme. Where Dante is at his height, his translator kindles with a fire and attains a force that give his lines all the charm of original production, and we read real *poetry*, such as speaks the same meaning in all tongues. The most ungrateful part of his task is now done, and we look forward with an interest as keen as it was a quarter of a century ago, and with a confidence based on sure ground, to see him shake out his sails on the *miglior acqua* of the Purgatorio and Paradiso. His translation should be welcomed by all who are interested in native genius and scholarship, not as the rival of Longfellow's, but as a *succedaneum* to it.

## NOTE.

## THE ARMY LABORATORY AT PHILADELPHIA.

In a notice of "The Military Sanitary History of the United States during the last War, by Dr. Von Hawronitz," published in this journal in July last (*North American Review*, Vol. CV. p. 287), is the following passage: —

"Dr. Hawronitz was undoubtedly led to believe that the Army Laboratory was an important auxiliary to the army medical service, when in point of fact it was a mere apothecary shop, where the preparations procured for the army from our own chemical laboratories, and in lavish and most injudicious proportions from foreign manufacturers, were 'put up' in the absurd and extravagant manner prescribed by 'Army Regulations.'"

From information which has recently been supplied to us, we are convinced that the preceding statement is incorrect as regards the character and usefulness of the Army Laboratory, and conveys an unfair impression of the manner in which its work was conducted and its functions discharged. Not only were its operations on a scale of great magnitude, but they were directed with judgment, vigor, and ability, and much important work was done in the Laboratory which the private pharmaceutical and chemical establishments in the country could not have been looked to to discharge in an equally satisfactory manner.

We regret that the sentence we have quoted found place in our pages. — [Eds.]

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