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# C O N T E N T S

OF

No. 207.

Art.		Page
I.—	Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. Based on Family and State Papers. By Hepworth Dixon. A new edition. 1858	1
II.—	History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London, 1857	38
III.—1.	A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade. By Harry Scrivenor. London, 1841.	
2.	The Theory, Practice, and Architecture of Bridges of Stone, Iron, Timber, and Wire; with Examples on the Principle of Suspension. London, 1843-1853.	
3.	Iron Bridges. (Article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.') Edinburgh, 1857.	
4.	Traité Théorique et Pratique de la Construction des Ponts Métalliques. Par MM. L. Molinos et C. Pronnier, Ingénieurs Civils. Paris, 1857.	
5.	A Practical Treatise on Cast and Wrought Iron Bridges and Girders. By W. Humber, C.E. London, 1857.	
6.	Grand Trunk Railway of Canada — Correspondence and Reports on the Victoria Bridge. 1855-6.	
7.	Boyd's Marine Viaduct, or Continental Railway Bridge between England and France. 1858	75
IV.—	Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif, cum Tritico. Ascribed to Thomas Netter, of Walden, Provincial of the Carmelite Order in England, and Confessor to Henry V. Edited by the Rev. Walter Waddington Shirley, Tutor and late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London, 1858	106
V.—1.	On the Right Use of the Early Fathers. Two Series of Lectures, &c., by the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity. London, 1857.	
2.	History of the Christian Church during the first Three Centuries. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., &c. 2nd Edition. London, 1857	151

66 89 125572 53 005 XL 2 *Phd 800*

ART.	Pa.
VI.—1. An Abstract of the Returns made to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, of Wrecks and Casualties which occurred on and near the Coasts of the United Kingdom, from January 1st to the 31st of December, 1857. London, 1858.	
2. Annual Statement of the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions, in the Year 1856. London, 1857.	
3. First Report from the Select Committee on Shipwrecks, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index. London, 1843	- 170
VII.—1. Report from the Select Committee on the British Museum; together with the Minutes of Evidence. London, 1835, 1836. Fol.	
2. Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Management of the British Museum, with Minutes of Evidence. London, 1850. Fol.	
3. Acts and Votes of Parliament relating to the British Museum.	
4. Synopsis and Contents of the British Museum.	
5. Copy of all Communications made by the Architect and Officers of the British Museum to the Trustees respecting the Enlargement of the Building of that Institution, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30 June, 1852.	
6. Copies of all Communications made by the Officers and Architect of the British Museum to the Trustees respecting the want of space for exhibiting the Collections in that Institution, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1 July, 1858	- 201
VIII.—1. The Indian Rebellion, its Causes and Results, in a series of Letters from the Rev. Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D. 1858.	
2. Notes on the North-west Provinces of India. By Charles Raikes, Magistrate and Collector of Mynpoorie. 1852.	
3. British India, its Races and its History. By John Malcolm Ludlow. 2 vols. 1858.	
4. The Administration of Justice in British India. By William H. Morley. 1858.	
5. The Letters of Indophilus to 'The Times.' 3rd Edition. 1858	- 224

# C O N T E N T S

OF

No. 208.

ART.

Page

## I.—PUBLICATIONS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY:—

- a. The Life of Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, translated from the Italian of Vasari by G. A. Bezzi. With Notes and Illustrations. 1850.
- b. Giotto and his Works in Padua, being an Explanatory Notice of the Series of Woodcuts executed for the Arundel Society, after the Frescoes in the Arena Chapel. By John Ruskin. 1854.
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- d. Account of Perugino's Fresco of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, at Panicale. By A. H. Layard, Esq. 1858.
- e. Photographs after the Paintings by Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice; with Descriptive Notice extracted from Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice' 277

- II.—1. The Odes and Episodes of Horace, translated literally and rhythmically. By W. Sewell, B.D. 1850.
2. The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse. By Henry George Robinson. 1844, 1855.
3. The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Metres, with Introductions and Notes. By F. W. Newman, Professor of Latin, University College, London, 1853.
4. The Odes of Horace, in Four Books; translated into English Lyric Verse. By Lord Ravensworth. Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 1858 325

- III.—Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858 361

- IV.—1. The Life of James Watt. By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1858.
2. The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents. By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. London, 1854. 3 vols.
3. Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education, and Development of the Genius of James Watt. By George Williamson, Esq. Edinburgh, 1856 - - 410

ART.	Page
V.—Lectures on Roman Husbandry, delivered before the University of Oxford. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., Professor of Botany. Oxford. 1857	- - - 451
VI.—1. The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. By Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B., &c. &c. 4 vols., with Portraits. London. 1857.	
2. The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Major-General Sir Charles James Napier. Dedicated to the British People. By Major-General W. F. P. Napier, Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Military Science, Author of 'History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France.' 1 vol. London. 1845.	
3. History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchee Hills. By Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. New edition. 1 vol. London. 1856.	
4. Defects Civil and Military of the Indian Government. By Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. Edited, with an Introductory Preface written expressly for this edition, by Lieut.-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, K.C.B. 4th edition. 1 vol. London. 1857.	
5. Wellington and Napier: a Supplement to the above. By Lieut.-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, K.C.B. 3rd edition. London. 1857.	
6. General Sir Charles Napier and the Directors of the East India Company. London. 1857	- - - 475
VII.—1. The Ministry and the Parliament. A Review of the Session of 1858. By W. E. Lendrick. London. 1858.	
2. Speech on Legislation and Policy for India, June 24, 1858. By John Bright, Esq., M.P. London. 1858	515

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea. Based on Family and State Papers.* By Hepworth Dixon. A new edition, 1858.

WE heartily wish that the attention of our men of letters was more directed than it is to the ancient and valuable art of Biography. There is no branch of literature which does more good or communicates more pleasure; for there is none that so completely appeals to the two passions which make literature popular—the love of knowledge, and the love of amusement. These have a joint gratification in a thoroughly good ‘Life,’ where some important section of the history of the world is dramatically embodied in one figure, and we are made to pass through great events, in good company, and almost with the emotions of a contemporary. Accordingly, one of the few classical authors who has domesticated himself among the moderns is the pleasant and garrulous Plutarch. He has managed to get letters of naturalization among us, and to escape the popular terror attached to the name of Greek. Probably, too, that incomparable biography, the ‘Agricola,’ is more read than any other work of Tacitus—though the general world, we fear, will have to wait long for a translation that shall do justice to its pregnant epigram and its brilliant colours. Every day we may see something analogous going on with respect to our native authors. Johnson’s ‘Lives of the Poets’ are outliving his ‘London,’ while Boswell is tending to supplant the Doctor himself. Southey’s ‘Nelson’ bids fair to be read by generations almost ignorant of the name of his ‘Thalaba.’ Middleton’s ‘Cicero’ is at least talked of yet, which is more than can be said for his essays on ecclesiastical history, or his controversies with Bentley. In short, a great many encouraging circumstances may be pointed out to the biographer; and if he does not find readers, it is in his case, more than in the case of the historian or poet, his own fault. The modern biographer, we fear, has many defects. He is almost invariably too long; he is deficient in perspective—in giving harmony to his proportions; he is negligent of reality, disinclined to conceive of past life as of something that once lived and

breathed as surely and warmly as anything we see now. But it must be admitted, after all, that his task is a hard one. A great biographer ought to be at once philosopher and painter—to have a genius for science, and a genius for art. If he cannot duly measure his hero, his opinions are worthless; if he cannot duly describe him, he is dull in his style. The union is rare of that open, candid, loving nature which leads a man to a right choice of a subject, with the gravity of intellect and grace of art necessary to the execution of it. But a right study of the great models would vastly improve biography as it exists amongst us at present; and would at least prevent its being attempted by many who seem to take to it from an inspiration merely mechanical. One conspicuous feature of the present state of the art is what we may call its sign-post character. A biographer takes up soldier or poet, saint or king, without any reference to his peculiar qualifications for portraiture, as a poor Dick Tinto executes with equal indifference an Admiral Keppel, a Royal Oak, or a Saracen's Head.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the author of the *Life of the famous man before us*, has got into the right track in spite of the confusion which prevails on the subject. He is what the Sunday Acts call a *bonâ fide* traveller to his goal. He likes the Commonwealth men, and the dominant ideas of the seventeenth century; and having drawn Penn, who was a child of that age, it was natural that he should proceed to draw Blake who was one of the heroes of it. To be sure, Mr. Dixon is not a sailor, and a nautical reviewer of a stern turn might be inclined to make him pay his footing afloat, according to the rough old custom in crossing the line. But if Blake himself, from a landsman of middle age, became a great seaman, why should not Mr. Dixon become, in a similar way, a seaman's biographer? He has executed his work well,—with industry, with vigour, with kind manly sympathy. Remembering our obligations to him, we are unwilling to dwell on the points on which we differ. His style, once somewhat turgid, improves in his later works. His opinions are entitled to respect from their sincerity, though our sentiments on several points are not his. We cannot, for instance, be expected to believe of Charles the First, that '*his origin was bad*.' Such is not our way of thinking about the royal and noble blood of Europe. On the other hand, we respect as much as Mr. Dixon, the great and good men produced among the Puritans. We acknowledge the benefits which accrued to the nation from the conflict between Charles and his Parliament, but we have an equally strong belief that it was a good thing for England, that much of what the country party aimed at destroying



destroying survived its hostility. We have always admired the remark of Coleridge, that what makes the Civil War a pleasant object of study is that we can read of the struggle, and yet respect both sides. And this is one of several characteristics of the movement which distinguishes it from the revolutions of later times; a distinction that must be carefully kept in mind when we argue in our days from the precedents of the seventeenth century.

There is one fact about the stirring old Cavalier and Round-head days which makes them excellent material for the historical writer. It may seem fanciful, but it is certainly true, that poetry disappeared out of our politics with those events. They were the last of the romantic epochs,—the borderland between old feudal England and modern busy practical England. Compare the picture raised in the mind by the mention of the age of Charles with that of the age of Anne for example,—pleasant and clever as the latter age undoubtedly was. A certain elevation of view and generous force of mind marks the men of the earlier period,—the Falklands, the Pembrokes, the Northamptons, the Richmonds, or the Hampdens, the Blakes, the Vanes. The objects contended for are nobler and higher. The poetry they read is fresher, sweeter, more lyrical. We have Herrick and Suckling instead of Prior and Gay. The Anne men always come to the mind, associated with town life,—routs, drums, coffee, china, wit and sarcasm and scandal. Their wigs are prosaic compared with their grandfathers' love-locks; their cocked-hats vulgar compared with the steeple-hats, past which bullets whistled at Marston Moor. Mention one such name as this last, and forthwith the memory of a reading man teems with moated grange and galloping dragoons, buff-coat and bandolier. A file of muskets glitters behind the green hedge; a flag rises on the deserted tower. Quaint, pretty, clever, are the words suggested by the Queen Anne scene,—romantic, generous, picturesque, by the Commonwealth one. It would seem as if all systems made a grand display just before their termination. Old England had one gala day of it,—of chivalry in her Cavaliers, of piety in her Roundheads,—before settling down to modern business, and transmitting her beliefs and sentiments into new forms. A line divides her public life, about the time that Oliver sunk into his grave. Beyond that line we see our ancestors tinged with a certain hue of romance, which we can scarcely claim for ourselves. We can enjoy a ballad about their doings, written by a Scott or a Browning, but poetry at present keeps remarkably clear of the 'business of the session.' It is a difference like that between the old portraits of Vandyke and the modern por-

traits of a gentleman, of which we have a yearly supply. A consciousness of this change is not to make us undervalue the real inherited worth, which lives now in plainer garments and does duller work; and romance and poetry exist for the individual for ever, be the changes in public life what they may. We are only pointing out a natural transition in its connexion with literature; and we believe that Mr. Dixon's book owes much to the fact that a period like that of our Civil War is intrinsically favourable to biography from its romantic character.

Robert Blake, destined as General and Admiral to play such an important part in that period, was a Somersetshire man. He was of a good landed family there, said by a tradition in the branch still existing to have come originally from Northumberland. A speculative person might attribute his marked nautical genius to the blood of those old Danes who set sail from the Baltic, under the Raven, ages ago.\* What is certain, however, at present, is only that the Admiral's ancestor, Humphrey Blake, possessed the Manor of Tuxwell, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. By a process, quite common among what old Fuller calls the 'middling-sized' gentry, the Blakes took to merchandise in Bridgewater, which town had the honour of producing the man who made them famous, about the end of August, 1598—the year before the birth of Cromwell. He was the eldest son of Humphrey Blake, gentleman and merchant, by Sara Williams of Plansfield, co-heiress of a good knightly family of the county. It was precisely from this class—persons of gentle blood, yet average fortune and position—that the great men of Blake's party came.

Mr. Dixon has duly visited the localities, and enables us to reproduce the scenes and circumstances of his hero's youth. They still show in Bridgewater the old-fashioned, substantial house, with its oak wainscots and ornamented ceilings, in which the Blakes lived. The gardens ran down to the river Parrett; the windows looked out over a wide valley to the Quantock hills. One of the earliest objects that would catch the boy's young eyes would be the masts of the shipping in the stream,—masts decked with the colours of more than one nation, and suggesting who knows what visions of distant purple seas, and fierce Algerine corsairs, and all that could stimulate the heart and waken the wonder of a bold strong lad. Such influences, joined to the talk of his father the merchant,—and in those days the merchant went abroad with his ship and guarded her treasures with his own stout arm,—

\* Etymologically, the name of Blake or Blacke (as it is sometimes spelled), that is, *Blak*, is certainly Scandinavian.



must have deeply impressed young Blake. But he was a grave youngster, and took naturally to his book; had a vein of melancholy (as Cromwell, too, had) running through him; and speeded so well in letters that at sixteen he exchanged Bridgewater grammar-school for St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. Failing in a competition for one of the Christchurch scholarships, he shifted his quarters to Wadham, then just founded by a Somersetshire friend of his father's, and spent no less than nine years at the University. Little is known of his college life. An old story records that he sometimes indulged in 'stealing of swans;' but such freaks cannot have occupied much of his time. Clarendon speaks with respect of his attainments, and it is certain that his learning was far greater than that of most fighting men; in fact, it may safely be said of him, that while inclination made him a scholar it was rather destiny that made him a soldier. He found himself drawn into the great struggle of his time by his position and his sense of duty; and in the hurry of the life of after years he never seems to have lost either the taste which had made him learned or the earnestness which had made him a Puritan.

In his twenty-seventh year he was recalled home by the illness of his father. The world had not gone well with the old gentleman, who, dying in November, 1625, left Robert to take charge of a large family, upon what was by no means a large income. Here were new duties, which he achieved with fidelity, and, in the main, with success. Of his brothers, Humphrey followed him by and by into the Navy; suffered for non-conformity after the Restoration; and emigrated to Carolina, where his descendants still exist. William became a successful Doctor of Civil Law. Nicholas engaged in the Spanish trade, like his progenitors, and was ancestor of the present family of Venne House in the West Country. The other brothers seem to have done well, and the girls to have married respectably. It rarely happens that a very able man appears in a race without his near kinsfolk being, not indeed equal to himself, but of superior talent and energy to that of the multitude, as might be shown from many instances if this were the occasion.

We are now to think of Blake as settled at Bridgewater, taking care of his mother, who survived her husband for many years, and *in loco parentis* to his numerous troop of brothers and sisters. His character was formed, and may be described in a word as Puritanical. The world is now better qualified to understand what such a description implies, than it was for a century and a half after the Restoration. For a long time, it was commonly understood to mean a fanatic or a hypocrite; and the Puritan was to most people either a man that had been half-cracked,

or

or a man that had been wholly a rascal. The world does not appear to have reflected that it must have been a very degrading thing for the Church and nobles of England to have submitted to the ascendancy of such a rabble so wholly in the wrong. The gentleman who mourned over the defeat of his ancestors in the hard-fought fields of the great rebellion made his case much more pitiable by insisting that the English gentry were overcome by a mere crew of hypocrites and their dupes.

It is now high time for those who honour the old traditions of England, to do that justice to the Puritans which was almost uniformly denied them by the eighteenth century. We shall never understand the Civil War, nor be able to think of it without shame and humiliation, unless we will look at the bright as well as the dark side of the contending powers. The fact is, that Puritanism was a genuine expression of one form of Protestant Christianity. It allied itself with natures that were simple and earnest, sturdy and self-dependent. Such men were impatient of ecclesiastical authority, indifferent to symbolism and tradition, full of spiritual self-reliance. It is easy to see that the *corruption* of this form of character must have been something detestable, and hence we cannot wonder at the view taken of Roundheads by Cavalier wits. But in its genuine state, it was a powerful and worshipful embodiment of an inevitable tendency in the protestant mind; and it is now evident that no peace was possible in England until it had found its right relation to our institutions. It is useless to speculate as to whether this might have been brought about without a civil war; but certainly the civil war cannot be understood apart from it. Puritanism was the fundamental source of the opposition to the king; it became allied with other influences, but these depended on it, and not it upon them. A man from being a Puritan became often a Republican, but as a general rule he was a Puritan first.

There was a certain affinity between Puritanism and Republicanism, for both were impatient of authority and tradition. Accordingly, Blake seems to have very early fallen under the suspicion of being no friend to monarchical principles. And, this tendency again harmonizes with his relish for the classics. The republican of that day was not like our modern republicans. He was of the school of old George Buchanan, who had broached his antique radicalism in the *De Jure Regni apud Scotos* as early as 1571. He was an admirer of Brutus, and was fond of quoting Lucan. A grand simplicity was his ideal of government; an organization of stately but not splendid magistrates ruling over a free patriotic enlightened people:



people: a beautiful but entirely visionary system which rose like a sun-tinted cloud-palace before the eyes of Sydney and Andrew Fletcher, and the last rays of which still glitter on the classic page of Walter Savage Landor.

Was Blake, then, a kind of Puritan democrat?—So it may be said,—always providing that we distinguish carefully between such ‘democracy’ and that which bears the name in the times in which we live. Let no modern democratic radical fancy that *he* is of the school of those great old dreamers. The most violent of them would now be esteemed a bigoted aristocrat; indeed aristocracy is stamped broadly and deeply upon their ideal systems. George Buchanan expressly condemns the merely popular voice. How narrowly Milton would have restricted the general suffrage in political matters we know from the pamphlet he published just before the Restoration. Fletcher, as is still better known, had an ingenious scheme for restoring slavery in Scotland. The seventeenth century men were as different from the men of 1793 and 1848 in their views as they were superior to them in their characters and parts. They never dreamt of interfering with the general system of society and subordination, but still held to such fundamental ideas as the national religion, the old constitution, and the ‘spirit of a gentleman.’ The regiments of Essex and Hampden wore their family colours. Cromwell chose his Ironsides among the freeholders. A Percy, a Herbert, a Montague, a Grey were of their party. They taunted Charles, not with being their king—*that*, they admitted was his right—but with having taken liberties with them which their ancestors had not tolerated in the Plantagenets. Right or wrong, they were a quite different breed of revolutionists from any that the world has seen since, and the honour of England requires that this should be maintained at every proper opportunity.

Blake being thus a Puritan, with speculative leanings towards Republicanism, which leanings, however, would by no means have induced him to rise against the king in the absence of what he esteemed proper provocation,—the next point of interest is how was he provoked? To this we answer, on his Puritan side. His whole life proves that in spite of his bookish turn, he was far more a practical than a speculative man. From ambition of the worldly kind he was entirely free. We doubt if he would have moved at all, but for the irritating war carried on by Laud and the Court against that religious party with which his deepest instincts had connected him. And as it chanced, Laud was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells within a year or so (20th June, 1626) of the very date at which Blake returned to Bridgewater from Oxford.

This

This is one of those historical coincidences which excite deep reflection. Here were the two antagonistic tendencies of the time brought within sight of each other on the same field of action. The west country was full of trading towns, always the strongholds of Puritanism. Accordingly, during the two years that he held the see, Laud—a sincere man, but weak and with no insight into his age—vexed the Somersetshire Puritans sadly. Perpetual squabbles were carried on about placing the communion-table this way or that way. The bishop's successor went further; he suspended one of Blake's favourite 'ministers' in Bridgewater, and enjoined Humphrey Blake, churchwarden, to do penance, as a favourer of the delinquent. Years passed on, and of course all the stories of the whippings and brandings of Puritan writers would reach Blake's native town. The future admiral had a kind of grim sarcastic humour about him, of the same stamp as that of Knox or Buchanan, and this made him scorn and ridicule what he otherwise hated. In due time he became committed to the cause, and was the leader of it in his native town.

Presently, came the great Scottish news of 1637, and people heard how Bishop Lindsay and Dean Hannay had been booted and pelted in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh; and how, in regular course, the Scots had signed the Covenant, and were in arms against their native king; war committees sitting in every county to raise men, and people bringing up their very spoons to sell them in the cause; till the rebels crossed the Tweed, and soon Charles had no alternative but to summon a parliament. Bridgewater sent up 'Robert Blake, gent.,' to this, the 'Short Parliament,' as historians call it, which met on Monday, the 13th April, 1640. Blake was no doubt present, when amidst the silence of that grave old generation, Lord Keeper Finch began the speech in language which reads so quaintly in our day:—

'His Majesties kingly resolutions are seated in the Ark of his Sacred Breast, and it were a presumption of too high a nature for any *Uzzah* uncalled to touch it: yet His Majesty is now pleased to lay by the shining beams of Majesty as Phœbus did to Phaeton, that the distance between Sovereignty and Subjection should not barr you of that filial freedom of access to his Person and Counsels.\*'

But the Commons were scarcely in the mood for this vein of eloquence, and would vote no money till they had redress of grievances. The King dissolved them on May 5th; and though he called the Long Parliament that same autumn, Blake was not a member of it till 1645, when he was returned for Taunton. He

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\* Rushworth, Part ii., vol. 2.



had lost his seat through the influence of some families rigidly loyal,—the Stawells and Windhams.

Rare was now the excitement in London. The mob that years before had pelted poor old Isaac Casaubon's windows in St. Mary Axe with stones, because he was understood to be of King James's way of thinking in church matters, went bawling about libels, and attacked Laud's palace at Lambeth. The city was simmering with discontent, not only at grievances generally, but at such mishaps as the taking of the 'Rebecca' (worth 260,000*l.*) by the Algiers pirates, who had no less than sixty ships afloat. Grave Puritans were grumbling at the Papist queen; and sturdy feudal squires muttered out reminiscences of Magna Charta. The events which followed are of immortal fame and endless consequences. Strafford was beheaded, and Laud lodged in the Tower. The Irish rebellion shocked and alarmed the country. Both parties held to everything they could in a manner which made reconciliation impossible, and on the 22nd August, 1642, the King hoisted his standard at Nottingham, and all England knew that there was nothing for it but the sword.

And now, it became a matter of vital consequence what were the views of the men of weight by their fortune and character in each county? Individual energy did everything; for it would be a mistake to suppose that the whole nation was divided with any accuracy. The Puritans, who were the salt of the parliamentary party, had indeed *their* line marked clearly enough. But many who had been discontented from a less elevated view, did not feel an enthusiastic eagerness to carry on the war. Many must have been comparatively indifferent, and these would go to the King's side, if there was a leader to rally them—the King's being the easier and less austere party, and, generally speaking, the party of the men of the world. Again, the local influence of people was then very strong, and a popular family could determine the politics of a district; just as Warwickshire was fought for, rather between the Grevilles and the Comptons than between Parliament and King. It was not as in the French Revolution, when a few abstract ideas (of 'equality,' 'rights of man,' &c.) permeated the whole being of thousands, and merged every other consideration. A great deal was left to accident, to taste, to prejudice, to affection, and thus it became so inexpressibly important which side even one energetic, able, known man might take. As Cromwell went down to his own eastern country, so Blake went forthwith to his western country, and began raising forces for the Parliament. The theory of our ancestors was, that all men could be easily turned into soldiers; and

and both parties set about it at once. Blake raised a troop of dragoons with more than ordinary quickness, and dashed to and fro amidst the smartest actions of the west. He was with Sir John Horner's forces when he drove the Marquis of Hertford out of Wells. He distinguished himself at Bodmin; and at the well-fought field of Lansdown, where Sir Bevil Grenville fell. He soon began to attract attention, and showed that combination of dashing activity with gravity and prudence, which characterised the best men on his side. The Cavaliers were equally daring and brilliant, but not equally prudent and steady; whence the important remark of Clarendon, that during the war, they never rallied from a shock in battle and recovered their good order again like their Roundhead enemies. Their charge was like that curious phenomenon of the Mediterranean,—a white squall,—terrible for the moment, but which passes away without doing mischief proportionate to its violence.

In charging in true Cavalier fashion,—in displaying some of the best and some of the worst qualities of the Cavalier,—no man on the King's side surpassed his nephew, Prince Rupert. The Prince (whom the Roundheads called Prince *Robber*, and accused of every variety of rapine and disorder) had brought from the borders of the Rhine some of the characteristic qualities of borderers. He was less like a Montrose than like one of those Scotts or Rutherfords of the old days, who were dangerous to friends as well as to enemies; who turned war into a series of raids; who fought when they ought to have let it alone, and plundered when they ought to have been fighting; brave, hardy men, faithful to the code of opinions among themselves, but reckless of all other considerations. The son of a woman like Elizabeth of Bohemia cannot indeed have been the monster of whom Roundhead crones spoke with a shudder, similar to that with which their Puritan cousins in America talked of the Red Indians who had scalped their grandfathers. But the Prince was certainly not fitted for so high a rank in so great and solemn a cause as the defence of the English monarchy and church. Such as he was, however, he was active and loyal enough, and he soon came in contact with Blake at the siege of Bristol.

It was a summer day in July, 1643, when the two sons of the Queen of Hearts—Rupert and Maurice—sat down before that ancient town. Things had been looking well for their cause in the west; Waller had fought indecisively with Maurice near Bath, with Wilmot near Devizes. The Fairfaxes were locked up at Hull; Cromwell was not triumphant in Lincolnshire.

Hampden



Hampden had fallen in the previous month at Chalgrove. And, now, Rupert took Bristol in four days; Sir Nathaniel Fiennes being incompetent, if not worse; and Blake fighting to the last, in vain. Blake's business in this siege was to defend a certain fort along the line called 'Prior's Hill.' The assaults on it by Grandison and Lunsford with musket and hand-grenade, pistol and pike, were constant and terrible; but they never carried it from the stout Somersetshire man, who beat them off, and sallied against them in their confusion. Even after Fiennes had surrendered the town, Blake stood at bay for a time. This breach of military etiquette caused Rupert to threaten to hang him, which he only omitted, according to Clarendon, in consideration of his inexperience. Now was the turning-point of the war. The King came to Bristol, and held a council; was advised to march straight on London, but hesitated, and preferred to invest Gloucester, and never had such a happy chance again.

Blake was, by this time, in good esteem with the Parliament. He was appointed to the Somerset Committee of Ways and Means, and to the lieutenant-colonelcy of Popham's regiment—a stalwart Roundhead body, 1500 strong. He now, accompanied by one of his brothers, Samuel Blake, made an entry into Bridgewater with some troops, hoping to seize the castle. A strange sensation it must have been, in those days, for a man to force his way into his native town, find all the old homely faces divided against each other, and patrols pacing the familiar streets! Blake saw that there was no chance there, at that time, and prepared to march to the south coast, where he was wanted for the defence of Lyme. But he had a terrible sorrow to carry away with him from the old places associated with his pleasantest recollections. His younger brother, Samuel, strolled from headquarters. At a little ale-house on the river, a few miles down, he got wind of some Cavalier-recruiting that was going on, and resolved to pursue the officers who were employed upon it. The expedition was irregular, and it was fatal. A fray followed, and Samuel Blake fell. We have an account of its effect on his brother from one who knew the family, and wrote a biography of the great man more than a century ago. When the news reached the town the officers of the regiment talked it over in knots, with such grave glances at Colonel Blake and hesitation about who should tell him, as we can all easily fancy:—

'At last he asked one of them very earnestly, and the gentleman replied, with some emotion, "*Your brother Sam is killed!*" explaining how it came to pass. The colonel, having heard him out, said, "*Sam had no business there.*" And, as if he took no further notice of it, turned from the corn-hill or market-place into the *Swan* inn, of chief note in  
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that town, and shutting himself in a room gave way to the calls of nature and brotherly love, saying, "*Died Abner as a fool dieth!*"\* \* \*

This anecdote bears the unmistakeable stamp of truth, and throws a strange flash of light on the old Puritan's portrait. 'Sam had no business there!' and he turns away with stoical soldierly firmness from the news that his brother had lost his young life where he had no right to be. But the street along which he moves is one where a hundred times they had played together; and by the time he has hurried himself into a room, his strong heart has overflowed. '*Died Abner as a fool dieth!*' Melancholy, yet tender words, betraying the source to which men like Blake turned in all hours of passion and trial.

His next service was in defence of the little seaport of Lyme, besieged by Maurice after failing in an attempt to storm Plymouth. The population was short of a thousand; Blake's fighting men numbered only some five hundred, and the defences of the place were naturally weak. The Prince, on descending from the Somerset Hills, drove in Blake's outposts, summoned him to surrender, of course in vain, and then charged with horse in the wake of a shower of hand-grenades. But the horse were met by a fire so steady that they wavered and fell back. Thus it went on, from day to day and week to week. In spite of siege-train and storming-parties, and of the loss of scores of gallant men, Maurice failed to carry Lyme. Weeks passed, and Warwick's fleet arrived in the offing in time to save the garrison from being starved out. At last the Prince gave up the siege after a loss of 2000; and Colonel Blake took the field again, a free man, with a higher fame than ever.

Essex, the somewhat dull son of the brilliant favourite of Elizabeth, was now moving westward to give, as he hoped, a great blow to the King's cause in those parts. He did gain the regions which he threatened, but he neglected the strong points of those through which he passed. All over the western counties the Cavaliers had strong fortresses, and a direct line of communication in consequence. Blake cast his eyes over the district; discerned the vital importance of seizing Taunton; made a rapid march there, and carried it from a poor weak Colonel Reeves without a blow. This was on the 8th of July, 1644, six days after Cromwell and the Scots had defeated Rupert in the terrible battle of Marston Moor, which destroyed the King's cause in the north. All the more need then, that the King's cause should prosper in the west! So Charles moved in the

\* "*History and Life of Robert Blake, Esq., &c.* Written by a Gentleman who was bred in his family" [1740?]: one of the many sources of Mr. Dixon's book.



direction whence his Queen had left for Brest that same eventful July. Lord Essex, hemmed in and helpless, took to the water, leaving his troops no resource but to surrender; and the triumphant Cavaliers returned eastward with every prospect of bringing Blake and Taunton on their knees. The King went after nobler game, as he thought; but troops soon began to pour round the lines that had been formed to defend the old inland town, long famous for that woollen trade which our ancestors always esteemed the staple trade of this country. The place was large and unwall'd, and set in a country where the besiegers were strong. Governor Wyndham, of Bridgewater, 'sent a second trumpeter to his old neighbour and townsman, almost entreating him to accept terms of surrender,' says Mr. Dixon. Governor Blake, of Taunton (for such was the rank he now held from the Parliament), was as unyielding as a Roman wall. And so the siege began; and the defence was the most famous of Blake's achievements, till he exchanged land for sea-service, won the highest degree of the favourite celebrity of the British people, and almost hid his earlier laurels under that final crown of them, wet with sparkling sea-water.

Wyndham, of purest Cavalier breed—of the race that 'would not desert the Crown, though it hung on a bush'—began the attack. Beaten in a skirmish, he formed a blockade. His troops barricaded the roads with trees, and stopped the homely market-carts as they jogged on towards the town. From this first dilemma Blake was helped by the sudden arrival of a smart German officer, Vandruske, who broke Wyndham's line and gave a little breathing-time to the garrison. Blake seized the occasion, and scoured the country to warm up despondent hearts in the cause. Meanwhile, Goring's forces were coming up from Weymouth, and his track was marked by every horror that can accompany civil war. Many of his victims fled into Taunton, which was now a perfect eyesore to the King's party. Squabbles arose among them as to who should have the command against it, and these divided the friends of the Crown just at the time when the new Model was strengthening the cause of the Parliament. Soon, Cromwell—now a General—and Waller were on the move. It became more and more a vital matter to the Cavaliers to take the town, and the young Prince of Wales held a council in Bristol to consider the General's position. Goring's plan was adopted—of a sudden attack on Taunton, while a greater force remained on the borders of Wilts and Dorsetshire to watch the enemy. Accordingly, Sir Richard Grenville appeared in the trenches, and began to work hard. But, now, Waller was stirring, and Goring insisted on Grenville's joining against him, which

which Grenville declined to do. The divided Cavaliers once more changed their tactics, and resolved on a junction and an attack on Taunton in force. Up came Wyndham, and Sir John Berkeley, and Sir Joseph Wagstaffe, with Goring's foot and artillery from Wells, and enclosed the heart of the town, as it were, with a wall of fire. The suburbs were burnt and pillaged, and the outskirts crumbled away before incessant shot. Famine preyed on the defenders within, but Blake would not yield. The pamphlets of that time contain some curious anecdotes of the grim humour with which Blake seasoned his suffering and peril. On one occasion, of a 'parley' proposing that he should resign the town, he answered that he had four pair of boots left yet, and he would eat three of them before the enemy got it.\* Another time, being threatened that when the town was carried all should be put to the sword but seven persons, his reply was that he wanted the names of the seven, and would send *their* bodies presently.† He and his brave comrades were almost in the last stage of suffering and peril, when Fairfax detached four regiments, Welden's, Fortescue's, Floyd's, and Ingoldsby's to his relief. Colonel Welden commanded this force, and raised the siege on the 11th May, 1645.

The contemporary accounts of the spectacles which met Welden's troops on their march are something fearful. All the country round about Taunton was devastated, and, as one eye-witness tells us, 'unpeopled.' The town itself was black with the traces of fire. The besiegers (who broke up, and dispersed towards Bridgewater and Exeter) left some barrels of powder and arms behind them, and took away twelve or fourteen cart-loads of dead men.

This was a great triumph for the Parliament, which sent Blake a vote of thanks, and a present of 500*l*. Goring, with those ferocious troops which were called 'Goring's crew,' again overran the county of Somerset, and commenced a second investment of Taunton against Welden and Blake. But this was a far milder siege than its predecessor, and the Cavaliers chiefly acted on the defensive, and resisted the charges with which the garrison took care to break the blockade. Goring lay about the town for five or six weeks in a manner that excites the stately reprehension of Clarendon; during that time, the King was defeated in the crowning battle of Naseby; and then Fairfax marched on, and relieved Taunton, and the whole west together. The royal game was up.

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\* 'A Narration of the Expedition to Taunton (1645)'.

† 'The Scotch Dove (1645)'.

Blake now performed peaceful duties for a time, and the quiet modest way in which he remained absent from the House of Commons, though chosen to sit for Taunton in 1645, is most significant. He was not responsible for the shedding of the king's blood: on the contrary, he was heard to use this remarkable expression, that 'he would as freely venture his life to save the king as ever he had done to serve the Parliament.' He was altogether a practical man, and a man of moderation. He had once thought the king too strong for the safety of Protestantism and the State. But when the king was in prison, and his cause defeated, he did not wish to see him put to death. On the other hand, he was entirely free from personal ambition, and made no effort to use his reputation for the purpose of political influence. His was the *via media* in all things. He did the duty of the day, and waited for that of the morrow. The preference he appears to have entertained in theory for a republican form of government, exercised very little influence over his active life. It is clear that not that preference, but his Puritanism, made him first join the Parliamentary cause; and, afterwards, when a despotism was in the ascendant of which all pure republicans disapproved, he zealously and faithfully served it. Blake, in fact, was for England, and did not expect England to suit herself to Blake. He was an 'antique Roman' kind of man of the early Roman breed—willing to serve the State when it needed his services, content to stay at home when it did not want them. This private, simple, pious character contrasts significantly with the turbulent vanity and levity, the morbid, spasmodic greatness, the feverish yet pedantic cleverness of the modern revolutionists of Europe. Above all there was nothing *theatrical* about our great Puritan. He was a homely west-country gentleman, middle-sized, of firm and generous yet not at all romantic air and expression, most orderly and pious in his household, and with sacred words ever ready for the guidance of life, but, for the rest, a kindly laugh, and known to take a quiet cup of sack and a pipe at bed-time. Such was Blake, as old authorities prove; and we are certain that if Monsieur Robespierre had presented himself in the market-place at Taunton, in his sky-blue coat, to deliver his oration on the *Être Suprême*, Governor Blake of that town would at once have ordered him into the stocks.

A man of this stamp had the kind of disposition which then, as ever, resembled the true nautical English character. So that when he, at *fifty years of age*, went *afloat for the first time*, at a period when Cromwell and the Parliamentary chiefs sent 'generals' on board the fleet over the seamen's heads, and *after* a revolt of

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part of that fleet to the side of the Prince of Wales, he seems to have become domesticated immediately. He took to the water as if there were something in his breed that fitted him for it. He conquered in actions against the greatest seamen of the day; and, in eight short years (1649-1657), he so completely established his naval renown, that he superseded the reputation which had first raised him, the honour derived from Bristol, Lyme, Taunton, and a dozen fields of battle, and sunk his title of General, in that of Admiral, for all posterity. England, which has forgotten that Bacon was a viscount, has forgotten that Blake was a general. As it merged Bacon's political in his philosophical fame, so it merged Blake's military in his naval fame. There is nothing like it in our history. Here is a man, who is spoken of as a seaman, in conjunction with Drake, and Nelson, and Collingwood, and who on his fiftieth birth-day cannot possibly have been able to put a ship about, or to give the orders while the crew were reefing topsails. It is scarcely intelligible to us who know the present English navy, as we think of the roars of laughter with which the squadron would hail the news that Sir Colin Campbell had been appointed to the 'Royal Albert.' To understand Blake's success, we must attribute to him not only an inherent genius for the sea, but an essential affinity with the character of seamen, which caused his crew to recognise in him a brother spirit, and cordially exert their efforts to assist him in his task. For it is perfectly certain that, at first, he must have been under great disadvantages. He must have been dependent on captains, lieutenants, or masters for the whole seamanship of the very ship in which he sailed. In our day, no ordinary man would be considered likely to be a first-rate *seaman* who should enter the service as late as twenty; and genius, like everything else, must submit to certain fundamental natural laws.

The character of the British sailor was in part formed by Blake's time, and explains Blake's own character. For centuries, however, our coasts had been lined with the descendants of those great races of the Baltic and the German Ocean, the only races of the world that have ever mastered the sea. The Greeks and Romans, who crawled about their pleasant shores, and offered sacrifices if they had to cross the Adriatic or penetrate the Euxine; what can their notions have been of the great element such as it presented itself to the Norse rovers? They fought at Salamis and at Actium, but such fighting involved no *seamanship*; it was only an ordinary struggle between landmen in smooth water on the decks of gigantic boats, of which the oars were pulled by slaves, and the manœuvres few, simple, and obvious. Accordingly, there is no such character as the classical  
seaman;

seaman; and in all his gallery of portraits, Plutarch has nobody to show us who makes us think of Collingwood or Nelson. Our sailors are our own men; our peculiar heroes; formed by the tradition of a naval race acting on the desire for commerce by its instincts, re-acted upon by commerce in its habits, and moulded into a special and peculiar type of the English people by their isolation. One of the happiest expressions in Clarendon's history is, when he comes to the celebrated defection of a part of the fleet from the Parliament in 1648, and says, 'The seamen are a *nation by themselves*.' This is the precise state of the case, as every one, who makes their acquaintance, may still observe. It was no doubt even more true at that time, and explains the conduct of the navy during the great struggle.

When the cry of 'grievances' ran high, the seamen had joined in it, but always with very warm expressions of loyalty to the King's person. There is a mixture of a disposition to grumble with a leaning to conservatism about sailors, which makes this line of conduct very intelligible. We have ourselves remarked in them, for instance, an abstract dislike to bishops! No boatswain can understand or sympathise with episcopacy, and if ever he takes to newspaper-reading and radicalism, it is against the mitre rather than the crown that he directs his hostility. Doubtless, this is partly a dark mystery of the boatswain's nature, yet it is not altogether out of the reach of a philosophic observer. As an isolated citizen, dwelling away from towns and villages, his notions of pews being capstan-bars laid across buckets, and a 'church' being to him something that can be 'rigged' on Sundays during the forenoon watch, the boatswain has never had an opportunity of being touched by either the dignity or the utility of a prelate. Yet, no boatswains, and few seamen at all, are 'democrats.' Accustomed to the wholesome oligarchy of ship-government, and feeling its necessity, they get familiar with the associations of obedience, and their life removes them from the agitations, the cares, the excitements of the factory and the town. And, hence, during the civil war, they fell under the 'Presbyterian model,' which was that of their admiral, Rich, Lord Warwick, yet were never fermented with the general passions of the mob. They 'kept the ring,' to borrow an illustration from the pugilists. Inside the blue circle of the seas, Cavaliers from old manor-houses, Roundheads from growing towns, swept the fields of fair England, broke against each other in fierce battles, and tore up the old political surface of the country. The navy, meanwhile, kept the Channel as the discreet, but not violent, servant of the Parliament. If a seaport-town was blockaded by Maurice, a sturdy craft or two with her cannons and demi-cannons, culve-



rins and demi-culverins, anchored in the roads and helped the garrison. If foreign supplies were coming from abroad, another squadron was soon crossing the bows of the stranger and bringing him 'to.' But the navy was English far more than it was parliamentary. Foreign potentates might think that the cause of the 'Commons' was a bad cause, that it was *pessimi exempli* to see burghers and discontented provincial noblesse arrayed in arms against one who bore the sacred name of King. But all interference was impossible while the Presbyterian earl and stout Sir William Batten kept the narrow seas. All that foreign ships could do was to pass them quietly on their way, dipping flag or topsail, too, if the tough English skipper were so inclined! Such is the navy's historical position—to be as little 'political' as possible, and to be national above all. So it has always been; and when, in an unhappy day, the Nore fleet mutinied, there cannot be any doubt that the mutineers were as ready to fight foreigners as ever; would have fought them heartily; and would, probably, have thrashed them well.

Now, this was exactly the service for a man like Blake, with his earnestness, his simplicity, his honesty of character, and his love of a joke. He joined it on the 18th April, 1649, just eight months after the revolt of a part of the fleet to the royal side, which brought back Charles, the Prince, in it from Holland without any success, and, in fact, did nothing for the cause except supply Rupert and Maurice with the means of their privateering. One motive to the revolt was, that jealousy of the rise of the military power (there is a little of *that*, too, left in the navy, with other things), which we find expressed in the 'declaration' of Sir William Batten. In that document, which is better written than we should expect, the old parliamentary vice-admiral speaks angrily of the 'design of introducing land-soldiers into every ship.' This is worth noticing, as showing, not only what we could otherwise illustrate—how old the peculiar public opinion of our navy is—but that Blake must have had some prejudice to overcome when he first had his 'traps' hoisted on board a man-of-war to assume the rank of a general of the fleet. True, he was among those officers whom the government was not thought to have treated altogether well; but, still, he was the government's choice, and he was a 'land-soldier;' and nothing but a noble nature and much earnest work could ever have made him the venerated commander he became.

The first naval expedition of the admiral (for he shall now have none but his highest title) was against his old foe, Prince Rupert. The prince, too, had turned sailor, with his fine daring ways, and his heavy plundering hand, and as he had once swept  
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the land like a whirlwind, was now trying to sweep the sea like a water-spout. He had found in Kinsale, on the Irish coast, a quiet little harbour for the receipt of such merchant-ships as he and his friends picked up in the Channel, and there went Blake to blockade him. Blake imprisoned Rupert, for a long time that summer, Cromwell, meanwhile, pursuing his terrible Irish campaign; till, later in the year, the prince managed to get out with the loss of three ships. He made at once for Portugal, where Blake was soon after sent with a squadron to pursue him. There, on the blue waters of the beautiful Tagus, with its hills stretching far away, clothed with vines and groves, and spotted with monasteries and old castles, the prince found a friendly reception from King John. But Blake was soon on his trail with a string of the Commonwealth's men-of-war, differing in their homely names,—the *Tiger*, *Tenth Whelp*, *John*, *Signet*, &c.,—as much as in their homely old build, square sterns, full bows, elaborate and grotesque ornamentation, from the splendid *Queens*, and *Vanguards*, and *Inconstants*, and *Didos*, of our generation. Probably, a common merchantman of to-day is superior in build, speed, and tonnage, to the proudest of the old craft, which, with their brass guns of all sorts of calibres, scattered the power and cooled the pride of Holland and Spain. But, then, we owe it to these ships and the men who fought them, that we have either navy or name, and the boast of mere material progress is the cheapest, easiest, and vulgarest boast in the world.

After another blockade, though in a pleasanter climate, in the year 1650, and after having had to bring the illustrious Braganza himself to what sailors call his 'bearings,' by seizing his Brazil fleet, Blake once more drove the Rhenish Prince out to seek his fortunes. He chased him about the Mediterranean, where the flag of an English war-commander had scarcely been seen since the days when the chivalry of Europe poured southward under the Holy Cross, and browned their fair Teutonic faces in the burning sun of Syria. Rupert left that historic sea with scarcely three ships, and went to the West Indies, where his brother Maurice disappeared for ever in a tropical squall. Blake destroyed the bulk of the Prince's fleet in Carthage, captured some French vessels in return for the shelter that had been given to Rupert in Toulon, and turned his head homeward. This, his first Mediterranean cruise, was the forerunner of our subsequent power in those important waters, where we have now the unrivalled maritime ascendancy,—with our batch of ships lying secure amidst the salmon-coloured forts of Malta; our vessel or two under the shadow of the Rock; or below the lighthouse of fair green Corfu; or amidst the famous isles of the purple

Levant; or in the splendid bay of Beyrout, looking up at the sunny barren heights of Lebanon.

When Blake returned to the Channel, he found himself in the first flush of his naval fame. He had had a thorough seasoning in the stormy weather off the Irish coast and under the warm suns of the South. He had proved his genius for his new career, and must have felt himself, now, at home, inside oak bulwarks and amidst black mazy rigging, as much as he had once done behind trenches and at the head of dragoons. The Council of State made him Warden of the Cinque Ports. Parliament thanked him, and voted him a thousand pounds. Such substantial acknowledgments were the fashion then, and not unreasonable, because every zealous Commonwealth-man of good *status* had made sacrifices of fortune in the cause.

The work of 1651 consisted of the reduction of those strongholds which the Cavaliers had made for themselves, like the nests of sea-birds, amongst the rocks of the Isles of Scilly, and on the coasts of Guernsey and Jersey. To these had flocked all the loose unlucky Cavaliers whom the civil wars had ruined; whose sequestered estates were under the charge of strangers; whose ancient woods had fallen beneath the axe; the effigies and armorial windows of whose ancestors, in the churches of inland villages, had been smashed by fanatical cobblers. Such brave desperate fellows were not nice about seizing the homeward-bound traders, and were glad to get a chance of drinking the young King's health in plundered wine. Against their picturesque privateering retreats Blake and Ascue fitted out an expedition, which in April defeated Sir John Grenville in Scilly, and in the same autumn Sir George Carteret in Jersey. The Commonwealth had thus finally dispersed the Cavaliers afloat; and that same summer Worcester had been fought; Charles had crept out of the kingdom in disguise; Lord Derby's head had fallen on the scaffold; and the cause of the English monarchy was bowed down to the dust.

All this time the Admiral had actively pursued the career of a naval reformer, and had made himself acquainted with the grievances of the seamen, which he was very energetic in endeavouring to set right. 'His letters,' says Mr. Dixon, who has sought them in their obscure repositories, with praiseworthy industry, 'exhibit his characteristic kindness of heart. . . . One of his earliest suggestions to the Navy Commissioners, after the reduction of the Channel Islands left them at leisure to think of abuses at home, was a strong recommendation for them to adopt the plan of paying the seamen's wages in the port in which they were discharged, and as soon as they came ashore; so as neither to give them the trouble of walking to London, nor keep them waiting



waiting several days at Portsmouth or Plymouth.' Such practical suggestions show the man of thought and feeling, and remind one of the usage of Collingwood at a later period. In Blake's time the seamen were well paid; they got nineteen shillings a month per man, and the third part of all prize-money was divided amongst the ships. But from want of organization there were great abuses; the beer, the butter, the cheese (all three articles that have vanished out of the naval dietary, and are not suited to it), were often rank and foul, and life afloat was coarse and hard. Blake did his best to remedy these things, which would give him a hold on his men as enduring as that which he secured by his valiant leadership. And he wanted every such aid, for now the Commonwealth was on the verge of the great Dutch War, one of the most important epochs in the history of the British Navy.

A generous man of our days may muse not without tenderness on the decline of that great naval power which once threatened, tested, nay punished us from the coasts of Holland. The Dutch, akin to us in blood, in language, in institutions, tried our supremacy more severely than any other nation we have ever encountered. They, too, were not merely brave men, who could build ships and fight upon the water, but *seamen* essentially, like ourselves. But their day went by, and now their naval power seems typified in their strange and quaint yet poetic sea-myth. It beats about the shores of history like a phantom ship,—stately and melancholy, a spectre of the past—and will never enter the real world of flesh and blood any more.

Holland was certainly a grand Power in the spring of the important year 1652,—grand in trade, in fleets, and in memories. For years back we had derived from her the fashion of our naval build, and we were only gradually improving on models based upon that imitation.\* Old officers and seamen of our squadrons remembered the magnificent tactics of her fleet when a great Spanish Armada appeared against her in the Channel, before the civil wars began. Her officers had a wider and larger experience than ours, who, until the last few years, had scarcely seen any service worthy the name. We had, indeed, the glorious traditions of 1588, and we had many centuries of sea-life at our back, which was of course the real root of the fruit we were now about to gather. But to all common calculations, the risk must have appeared enormous, and we can fancy the strange excitement which must have prevailed in Europe when the two great naval Commonwealths went to war.

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\* See Charnock's 'History of Marine Architecture,' ii., 296.

There had been several subjects of dispute; the old one about fisheries, on which there was a conference in which Grotius took part in 1615; the point of honour in the matter of the flag; the point of profit in the matter of the Navigation Act. But, at bottom, as in all such cases, there was a jealousy between the two nations, of which the 'questions' between them were the mere bubbles on the surface, and this urged them on to try each other's strength. Parliament ordered its captains to insist on Dutch vessels 'dipping' their ensigns; which led to our action between Commodore Young and a Dutch fleet from Genoa; and Van Tromp appeared in the Downs with forty sail. This famous old Dutchman had been to sea since he was ten years old, and was the son of a sea-captain who had been famous before him.

Our admiral was off Rye in the *James* when the news reached him. He gathered together his vessels, and made for the enemy's neighbourhood. The Dutch force was much stronger in numbers, and was evidently bent on mischief. War had not been declared, so Blake contented himself with preparing for the worst, and then moved out of the squadron in his own vessel to hail the *Brederode* and have an explanatory word with her commander. Van Tromp sent a broadside rattling into her. Blake, with some officers, was in his cabin. Glass smashed—wood flew. The grim Puritan looked up with his queer, quaint humour,—'Well, it is not very civil in Van Tromp to take my flagship for a brothel and break my windows!' There was another broadside as he spoke: so, curling his black whiskers (it was the admiral's way when in a rage), he burst out on his quarter-deck and gave the word to fire. The action began at four o'clock. The *James*, in which Blake was, suffered terribly; but Rear-Admiral Bourne came up with reinforcements, and Van Tromp disappeared after dusk, perhaps not vanquished, but most certainly not victor. Two Dutch ships had been taken, and the Dutch loss of men was severer than ours, which facts, coupled with the non-appearance of Van Tromp in the Channel next day, entitle us to claim this as Blake's first triumph in a general action. He had only been three years at sea (we must never forget this aspect of affairs in estimating him); his vice-admiral, Penn, a regularly educated sailor now in his thirty-second year, was absent on leave; and his responsibility altogether had been fearful. We may be sure that there were hearty thanksgivings offered up in the Puritan *James*, that night, as she lay at anchor off the Ness,—shipping a jury mizen-mast, crossing new yards, &c., &c., and stopping shot-holes.

After an event like this, there was nothing for it, whatever the 'explanations,' but a regular hot war. Blake forthwith began  
seizing

seizing the Dutch merchant-ships, as those comfortable craft came up the Channel. The Council of State put their whole energy into the task of raising ships and men, and so did our enemies. In June Blake started to the North Sea in the *Resolution*, a sixty-eight-gun ship, with a squadron, to break up the great Dutch herring-fleet. Successful in this, he was still in the north, when Van Tromp appeared with an immense force, and threatened the shores of Kent. Sir George Ascue, who represented Blake, had no adequate force to resist him, but the wind blew off the English coast, and Van Tromp returned to the Texel. There he found a great fleet of merchant-vessels waiting his convoy northward; he sailed thitherward with them; saw them stretch safely off, their various ways; and proceeded to seek Blake in the neighbourhood of the Orkney and Shetland Isles. An engagement was imminent, but a mightier power than artillery was abroad. A gale came from the N.N.W., and blew away both squadrons with heavy damage. Van Tromp returned home, crippled, and having done nothing. The Dutch mob, with true mob gratitude, insulted his misfortunes; and in a fit of indignation he resigned his command. Blake reached the Channel in better plight. Ascue and De Ruiter had had a drawn battle. The States-General had joined De Witt to the latter, in supreme command; and soon these two found themselves in the Channel opposed to Blake and Ascue. The number of vessels on either side was about sixty-eight.

Before the inevitable fight came off, Blake had, with quick decision, struck a blow in another quarter. Without waiting to consult his colleagues of the Council of State, he suddenly attacked a French squadron going under the Duc de Vendome to relieve Dunkirk from the siege of the Archduke Leopold. The blow was completely successful; Dunkirk fell into the Archduke's hands; and it became impossible that it should ever be used against us by the Dutch with the connivance of the French government. This is a notable instance of the Admiral's quick genius in war, but it also shows what a wise freedom was left to the Commonwealth's commanders. And, here was one great advantage the English admirals had over the Dutch. Holland was then divided by true republican factions, such as ultimately ruined her constitution. England was, indeed, nominally a commonwealth; but, on shore, she was ruled by an absolute council, and at sea by absolute sailors; so that the triumphs of that period are, really (whatever republicans may think of them), the triumphs of despotism.

It is curious to see in the old pamphlets of that year the hearty spirit

spirit with which the people entered into its triumphs. Years after, folk sang in rude doggrel—

‘De Witt and Cromwell had each a brave soul ;  
I freely confess it, I am for old Noll.  
Tho’ his government did a tyrant resemble,  
He made England great and his enemies tremble.’\*

And, in September, 1652, we find a pamphleteer telling us, of what was then the finest ship in the British Navy—

‘The *Royal Sovereign* is admiral, she carries 60 [this is below the real number] pieces of cannon, 20 whereof are whole culverin, and carries a bullet of 44 pound weight. She hath 1100 men a-board, and notwithstanding her massive burden is one of the swiftest sailors on the ocean.’

Then, he adds, speaking of the ‘Hollanders,’—‘neither is it their brandy-wine that can infuse courage into them!’

It was on the 28th September, that Admiral Penn, in the *James*, sighted the Dutchmen off the North Foreland. Blake, immediately on his signalling, came up. The spirit of the Dutch fleet was wretched; it was divided by every variety of factious dissension; and the men of the *Brederode*, Van Tromp’s flag-ship, would not allow the new Admiral to come on board! De Witt, who had the honour of an eminent family as well as that of a great nation to maintain, did his best. He took the main division, himself; gave the van to De Ruiter, the rear to De Wilde, and the reserve to Evertz. He formed into line, and awaited the attack.

Towards four o’clock in the afternoon, Blake having given orders from the *Resolution* that the squadron should reserve its fire for close quarters, bore down on the Dutch line, which fired as he advanced. The Dutch tacked, and at once the fleets met close to each other, and exchanged murderous broadsides. An hour’s cannonading followed; then the thunder grew intermittent; and as the Dutch fell back, the heavy clouds broke, and rolled slowly over the gray sea. The Dutch drew off, fighting, and fought till nightfall, their last guns flashing red through the dark; but they were heavily handled. De Ruiter’s ship was cut up, right and left, her mainyard lying across her side like a felled tree, and the sails torn with shot-holes into rags. Much blood had moistened the sanded decks that day. Two Dutch ships had gone down; and two had been carried by boarding. Next morning, Blake expected the battle to be renewed, and

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\* ‘State Poems.’ Fifth edition, 1703.

renewed it would have been had De Witt had his way. But Evertz and De Ruiter decided against him, and they all made for home; Blake following, as close as his damaged ships would allow. Blake returned to his own coast to be welcomed with enthusiasm; De Witt was mobbed at Flushing, all his glory being duly forgotten by the 'many-headed' at his first reverse; and De Ruiter was so received, that he offered to resign his commission.

By a natural popular law, especially visible in republics, the veteran Van Tromp now began to be a favourite again, in the land to which he had long been an honour. Cheering brayings of admiration surrounded the den of the neglected old lion. A reaction had set in, and the Dutch populace began to remember a truth, which in our own days has been happily expressed in a lively ballad,—

'Come, cheer up, 'tis no use to be glum, boys;  
'Tis written, since fighting begun,  
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,  
And, sometimes, we fight and we run.'\*

There was a general demand for him, and for another great struggle in the national cause, and it was evident that still fiercer battles were at hand. With wonderful energy, the wealthy States raised a great fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, De Ruiter, Evertz, and Floritz. Admiral Blake had just had his commission as General and Admiral of the Fleet, renewed, with Colonel Deane and General Monk for colleagues. He was preparing for a quiet winter; had sent Ball to Elsinore with one batch of ships; Penn to convoy colliers to Newcastle with another; fifteen to the river, for repair; and was dodging about, as they say afloat, between Essex and Hampshire, with a residue of thirty-seven vessels including frigates. Such was the position, when in the gloomy November weather, stout Van Tromp suddenly left the Texel and made his appearance off the Goodwin Sands with a hundred men-of-war streaming behind him like a comet's tail.

Blake resolved, in spite of the great disparity of numbers, to fight, and fight he did. The battle took place near the Ness, in Essex, and Blake was worsted. He ran into the river and anchored in Leigh Roads. Van Tromp remained for the time master of the Channel, and passed the English coasts with a broom at his masthead. This flash of Dutch humour indicated

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\* Thackeray's 'Chronicle of the Drum.'



that he meant to sweep the sea, and great was the joy in the United Provinces when the news of the success reached them.

The worst of Blake's check was not the check itself, for with such odds against him he had incurred no disgrace. But some of the captains—from disaffection or other cause—had not behaved well. He wrote to the Council of State, requesting an inquiry into 'the deportment of the several commanders,' and added (showing how deeply he was hurt) a request for his 'discharge from this employment, so far too great for me.' The Council immediately thanked him for his good conduct in the engagement, sent down three members of their body to make the necessary inquiries, and issued press-warrants to get him seamen for his fleet. During the inquiry, some suspicion of misconduct fell upon the Admiral's own brother, Benjamin Blake; he would listen to no excuse for him, and sent him ashore.

Early in February, 1653, Blake put to sea (himself being in the *Triumph*) with a fleet of sixty sail, including frigates. Monk and Deane were with him as Generals, and had a force of soldiers afloat. Penn and Lawson were Vice and Rear Admirals. On the 18th Van Tromp was descried to windward, near Cape de la Hogue, the wind being from the north-west, with a larger fleet, in charge of a considerable convoy. He might have carried his convoy away safely if he pleased, but he left them to windward and bore down on the English. The van of the English force, in which were the three Admirals, was considerably ahead of Monk and the main body of the fleet, and were engaged proportionably sooner. The combat was begun by the chiefs. Van Tromp, in the *Brederode*, passed on the weather side of the *Triumph*, giving her a broadside, and then gave her another from under the lee. Penn next passed between them in the *Speaker*, with other vessels in his wake, and, more coming up, the general action began. The cold wintry sea was soon strewn with traces of the fight. The battle was doggedly fierce, as became a battle between such rivals. One ship might be seen burning fiercely through the heart of the smoke; then two ships would come together with a crash, and the cry would be for boarders and boarding-pikes, and mad charges would be made, met, repulsed, and returned in kind. Contemporary letters tell how the roar of the guns awoke anxious hearts on both sides of the Channel, and told both nations that another vital day had come. Towards noon arrived Monk with the White division, and the battle lasted all day. But only the most general notions of the nature of it can be formed. *Naval* narratives, which alone could make the details intelligible, are much wanted of  
this

this war; and it is no discredit to Mr. Dixon, under the circumstances, that his sea-fights should be the worst parts of his book.\* Lord Dundonald has indeed done him the honour of revising them; but revision, though it improves, does not supply—it is not its function to supply—absent material. We doubt whether the details could now be recovered which would make Tromp and Blake's actions entirely intelligible even to the navy; and a landsman's narrative of them can be satisfactory neither to seamen, to landsmen, nor, we should think, to himself.

Night, when it came, found Van Tromp retreating to gather his merchantmen under his wings—a wounded but still a plucky bird. He had lost eight men-of-war by capture or by fire. Of Blake's fleet, several had been boarded but recovered; one only, the *Sampson*, was gone from him, and drifted away to leeward, while those of the crew who survived her slaughtered captain remained on board Blake's own ship. The *Triumph* herself had ran red with gallant blood that day. Ball, her captain, fell; scores of her crew were mown down at their guns; the Admiral, too, had a wound in his thigh. The loss of the Dutch was, no doubt, equally severe. The long night was spent in sending away the wounded and preparing for the morrow. It turned out to be a calm morning, and the two fleets made ready for another engagement.

Van Tromp enclosed his traders inside his men of war in a kind of crescent, and steered up Channel in a light breeze. Blake chased, and they met again off Dungeness. A running fight followed after the first stand the Dutch made, and the close of the second day saw five Dutch ships lost or ruined and Van Tromp retreating on Boulogne. Defeated from without, the Dutch were disorganised within. Several of Van Tromp's captains made mean excuses for discontinuing the struggle, and he was forced to send them away in the night. The third day dawned, and Blake renewed the attack. Van Tromp found himself obliged to send an officer to carry the merchantmen to Calais Roads, but the wind was against them, and great confusion was caused by the mingling of their own men-of-war with them during the retreat. The English chased hard, and drove the Dutch Admiral, with his shattered remnant, to take shelter near the French coast. It was a dark night, and it blew hard, and in the morning Blake found that Van Tromp had got away to

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\* For example, Mr. Dixon does not, as a general rule, tell us how the wind was—what course the ships were steering—what tack they were on, &c.,—without which particulars *no one* can reproduce the scene satisfactorily. It is a mere question of nautical knowledge, not at all of ability. But, except in the case of James, the naval history of this naval country is unworthy of its renown.

the harbours of Zealand. So ended the famous Battle of Portland, in which seven Dutch and three English captains fell, and two English admirals, Blake and Lawson, were wounded. The Dutch lost, in men-of-war and merchant ships, what was a squadron in itself. London was transported with delight. A thanksgiving day was appointed and subscriptions begun for the wives and children of those who had fallen. Blake remained at St. Helen's refitting for some weeks, till he heard that Van Tromp was again preparing for sea, on which news he crossed over with a large force and insulted the Dutch fleet in the Texel. He then went northward with a moderate force, leaving Monk and Deane, with a larger one, in the Downs, and cruised between the Forth and Moray Firths.

It was during this temporary absence of the Admiral that a most memorable event happened in London. Oliver Cromwell, on the 20th of April, 1653, came down to the House of Commons, 'clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings,' and after turning the Rump out of doors, put the key in his pocket, to the grief of all pure Republicans, and the inextinguishable delight of the Cavaliers, who celebrated the deed in a capital song. We do not sympathise with Mr. Dixon in his indignation at this proceeding. The Rump had long since ceased to be 'representatives' of England in any true sense, and when things have come to the pass that they then had from revolution, a military absolutism becomes not only inevitable but highly desirable. Indeed, we entirely agree with Clarendon, that the dismissal of the Rump in this way was 'generally very grateful and acceptable to the people, how wonderful soever the circumstances thereof had been.'\* Cromwell was the man of the situation, and when we compare *his* character with that of other historical personages in a similar crisis, we may well be grateful for—yes, and proud of—the fact.

The Admiral, says his biographer, did not sign 'those documents' . . . 'which carried to the usurper an assurance that his violence would not be opposed by the navy.' We are aware that his name does not appear in the document of recognition sent by Admiral Penn and Generals Deane and Monk, with the signatures of three-and-thirty captains.† But he cannot possibly have had time to get up with their fleet. It is unimportant, however, whether he recognised the change in form, for he certainly recognised it in fact. True to his principle, that 'tis not our business to mind State affairs, but to

\* Clarendon's 'Rebellion,' vol v. p. 307.

† It is printed from the *Perfect Diurnal* in Granville Penn's 'Memorial of Sir William Penn.'



keep foreigners from fooling us,' he remained at his post. He was a member of Cromwell's first parliament, called 'Barebones Parliament,' which was virtually chosen by Oliver himself. He was elected by the burgesses of Bridgewater their representative in Oliver's second parliament, and in the December of 1653 he became a member of Oliver's Admiralty. His name cannot be dissociated from that of the great Protector, and he aided his glory by his actions that very year and for four years afterwards.

In June the active Dutch once more showed on the blue waters of the Channel, and in grand style, with four admirals and a hundred and twenty ships. They fell in first with the Blue squadron under Lawson, who engaged De Ruiter in the forenoon on the 2nd of that month. In an hour Van Tromp's bowsprit showed through the smoke, and close broadside fighting followed as the other bodies on both sides came up. They fought, as usual, till separated by darkness, and next morning, after some manœuvring, the fight was renewed. It was raging away on the fine summer-lit waters, when a fresh roar of cannonading made itself audible through the din. Blake's force had come down from the northward, and young Robert Blake, his nephew, broke the Dutch line amidst uproarious English cheering. Van Tromp was desperate, and his men of the *Brederoede* performed desperate exploits. They boarded the *James*, Penn's ship, but were driven back by opposing boarders from that vessel. In a few wild seconds the *James's* men gained Van Tromp's quarter-deck, the sacred part of a man-of-war, when the Admiral threw a light into the magazine, which blew up the decks and sent the boarders into the air. His own life was saved, no one knew how, but the report of his death which followed seems to have been the turning-point of the day. His fleet broke up, and showed their sterns in all directions, and though he shot about amongst them in a quick-sailing frigate, the day was lost. The English admirals pressed on their wake as they flew, and ship after ship sunk for ever into an ocean grave. Van Tromp got away, as usual, but the losses of his force were immense: eight men-of-war destroyed, eleven captured, with officers and men of all ranks to the number of many hundreds. The English, on this occasion, had more than a hundred men killed and more than two hundred wounded, and our squadrons were battered in hull and rigging till the ships were a sight to see.

After much exertion, for the fleet required every kind of care and reinforcement, Blake was compelled to go ashore, ill. During his absence, Penn, Lawson and Monk fought the final sea-battle of this great war, with the Dutch admirals Van Tromp, Evertz, and

and De Ruiter. It lasted three days, and on the third the famous Van Tromp lay dead in his cabin with a musket-ball in his heart. The old seaman must have felt a pang bitterer than death, at dying defeated; but he was true to the last, and few Englishmen who love sea stories and great sea names are likely to pass through Delft without a pilgrimage to his grave. The close of the struggle excited immense enthusiasm in England,—and well it might. Holland yielded to us on every point; and from that epoch dates the real supremacy of our naval power.

While the rejoicings were going on for the final victory, Blake had been struggling with disease among the green fields of Somersetshire. Fever and dropsy hung about the stout admiral, now fifty-five years old, together with scurvy, the peculiar sailors' evil. But the country air, so exquisitely refreshing to one who for years has tasted air flavoured with salt—the deep quiet—the 'all night in,' which conveys an idea of luxury to the naval mind such as folks ashore can hardly understand—these by degrees brought the hero round. He corresponded on business with his colleagues and the Navy Commissioners. In early winter he came to London, and attended in his place in Parliament, and soon he was afloat again on board the *Swiftsure* at Spithead. But there was nothing since the triumphs of '52, '3, to require his presence there long, and we next find him at Bridgewater, 'purging the churches of England of ignorant, scandalous, and inefficient pastors!' A stranger task to modern ears could not have been imposed upon a British admiral. But such men as Blake are a class by themselves in history; and there is every reason to believe that he was quite equal to the duty.

A new naval armament was now in preparation, all the summer of 1654. Blake was in London in May, 'where,' says Mr. Dixon, who, whatever his leanings, gives very fair play, 'we find him dining with Cromwell.' This does not look much like antagonism to Oliver, who, we may be sure, could not have got Ludlow to meet him. Blake zealously entered on the new expedition, and sailed under sealed orders at the close of the year. A great blow was to be struck at Spain, a power peculiarly detestable to the Puritans, as everybody knows. Blake was appointed to blockade her ports: Penn to attack her colonies. But there was some preliminary work to do in the Mediterranean, before the Spanish war formally began; and the Admiral's name was soon in the mouths of all the various nations on the shores of that pleasant sea.

After leaving Cadiz, where he had anchored early in December, Blake made for Naples to pursue the Duke of Guise, whose threatened invasion of the fair city he had instructions to prevent.

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The duke was gone, and Blake followed him to Leghorn. All along the coast, people trembled at the presence of such heretics, covered with such *prestige*, and armed with such a fleet. At Leghorn, Blake demanded and obtained compensation in money, for the owners of vessels that had been sold there by Rupert and Maurice. He next demanded similar compensation from the Pontiff, Alexander VII., for other vessels sold by the same princes in Roman ports. It must have been with a proud, grave pleasure, dashed probably with that sense of humour which we know the Puritan admiral to have possessed, that he received on board his sixty-gun ship *George*, the 20,000 pistoles which his demands produced from the Holy See. He now urged on the Grand Duke of Tuscany freedom of worship for Protestants, and after much foul weather and unfortunately some touch of plague, which they caught from two French prizes taken in the Levant, and which did not spare Blake himself, he took his fleet away from Italy to the African coast—to Tunis. England had an account to settle with the piratical powers along North Africa, and this was to be done before he returned to Spain. His first demand from the Dey produced only a distinct refusal to give up the prizes taken from the English. Blake retired awhile to Cagliari, to refit and provision, and on the 8th March, 1655, appeared before Porto Ferino. Again, the Dey was appealed to, but again he refused; nay, would not give the English fleet a drop of fresh water. Blake now made up his mind what to do next, and having withdrawn from the sight of the place by way of feint, he suddenly reappeared, and on the 4th April, drew all his squadron in as near the forts as possible, and cannonaded them heartily. Besides the regular attack on the shore defences, he sent in boats to fire the corsair ships, and was completely successful in both his objects. He then sailed for Tripoli, but the Dey *there* had heard the news and was wiser. After a visit to the Adriatic, where the Venetians received him with honour, he again looked in at Tunis, found the Dey manageable, and concluded a treaty with him. At Malta, the renowned military Order, long the advanced guard of Christendom, yielded the prizes which he asked, and allowed him to depart satisfied. He had laid the foundation of the naval supremacy of his country, but it could hardly have entered his mind, as his boat rowed into the noble harbour of Valetta, what a scene it would present before two centuries were passed, to his successors, the admirals of England? How those proud knights, who used to ride up the great staircase of their palace on their mules to seat themselves at the banquet, would be represented only by the coats-of-arms on the flagstones of their church, which still provoke some moralising reflections in the minds of languid travellers

travellers in the south? And, how their place would be filled by his own countrymen, surrounded by forts, and dockyards, and ships; and with a society of their own, duly supplied with its opera, and races, and regattas, and balls? The master's mates of Blake's ship would not know the 'service' again, if they could see their young representatives in our day taking their ices in the *cafés*, and cantering their horses past Florian Gardens. *They* are fine fellows, too, many of them, but would be none the worse for a little more study of, and a little more feeling for, their homely forefathers who conquered Van Tromp.

Leaving Malta, on his way westward, Blake touched at Algiers. There, too, his name insured him respect, and the Dey was civil and conciliatory. The English captives were ransomed at a moderate rate, and a pretty illustration of the old English nautical character showed itself. Some of the squadron lying in-shore observed some poor fellows swimming toward them, and boat-fulls of turbaned Moors in full chase. The unhappy wretches were Dutchmen trying to escape from their captors. At once, a subscription was got up, to which every sailor gave a dollar of his wages, and the countrymen of our late enemies were sent home again, free, happy, and grateful.

Having touched at Malaga, Blake reached the Bay of Cadiz in June. Meanwhile the West Indian part of the attack on Spain had miscarried in one important particular. Venables had failed before Hispaniola, a fact which inspired Spain with more delight than the capture of Jamaica by Penn could neutralise. Philip declared war, and seized the persons of all English residents, and factors, and their properties; the Spanish merchants equipped a squadron to convoy traders, which put to sea early in August, and was seen by Blake to windward of him, near Lagos Bay (where he was going for water), on the morning of the 15th. He at once resolved to engage, and made after them. But the wind fell and fogs came, and the evening of the second day arrived, and yet the proper opportunity had not come. We shall allow the Admiral to explain for himself his subsequent resolutions, and to picture the state of his fleet to the Protector. The following passages are from a letter from Blake to Cromwell, dated, '*Aboard the George, in Cascaes Road, August 30, 1655,*' and given in full in Mr. Dixon's interesting biography:—

"These checks of providence did put us upon second thoughts, and a strict review of the instructions which I had received, the which being all perused and compared together at a council of war, we could not find in them any authority given unto us to attack this party, but rather the contrary; and we had reason also to conceive it was not the  
intention



intention of your Highness that we should be the first breakers of the peace, seeing your Highness having notice of the coming forth of the Spanish fleet did not give us any new direction at all touching the same in your last order of the 30th July. Upon these grounds we receded from our first resolution, and took into consideration the state of our fleet, which we found in all things to be extremely defective, but more particularly in want of liquor; some of the ships having not beverage for above four days, and the whole not able to make above eight, and that at short allowance; and no small part both of our beverage [beer] and water stinking. . . . [Here follow further accounts of their difficulties, and that they had put into Lisbon.] . . . Our only comfort is that we have a God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light. *I shall not trouble your Highness with any complaints of myself, of the indisposition of my body, or troubles of my mind; my many infirmities will one day, I doubt not, sufficiently plead for me or against me, so that I may be free of so great a burden, consoling myself in the mean time in the Lord, and in the firm purpose of my heart with all faithfulness and sincerity to discharge the trust while reposed in me.*

These are touching words. His great heart had survived his good constitution, which now was breaking down before the heavy labours and peculiar diseases of sea life. Three weeks after writing this letter, and finding that there was no present expectation of the Spanish silver fleet for which he was on the look out, he ran home to repair and replenish his exhausted squadron. He found Cromwell with as much on his hands as he could manage, and quite unable—with Deane, Penn, Ascue, Lawson, dead or not suited to his government—to dispense with his naval genius, name, and experience. The Catholic powers were in ominous combination against England, and the successes recently achieved in the Mediterranean required constant watching. Blake did not shrink from any task. Sick and broken as he was, he watched the necessary preparations in dockyard and arsenal, and at the end of February, 1656, went on board the *Naseby*, with young Montagu (one of the Montagu family whose names so often occur at that period on the same side of politics) for his colleague. The squadron dropped westward down the Channel, keeping the coast as far as Torbay,—then turned away to the southward, and Blake saw the last of the white cliffs and green slopes of old England.

His first duty was to effect a permanent treaty with Portugal, the tactics of which towards the English Government were very slippery, and the capital of which had recently been the scene of a disgraceful attempt by assassins on the life of Mr. Meadows, our English envoy there. He left a few frigates to keep a look out on Cadiz, and at once came to an anchor with his squadron, at the mouth of the Tagus. After some tedious delays and eva-

sions—the letters about which still irritate in the perusal in the pages of Thurloe—the king agreed to the treaty, and paid the money, due as compensation and on other grounds, to the offended government. Blake then proceeded to his post off Cadiz, to do what damage he could to the Spaniards, and to look out for their costly argosies from America. Bad weather followed, and the squadron suffered terribly from gales. The Spanish vessels in the harbour would not venture out. The top-sails of the argosies they longed for rose not above the sea. The Admiral made a diversion to chastise Malaga, achieved it most successfully, and returned. Provisions and water ran short, and he moved northwards to get them in Portugal, leaving Captain Stayner with seven ships to occupy the old post. This was in September. While the two commanders were away, a division of the glittering silver fleet met the ardent eyes of Stayner's squadron. The rapture of that moment must have been worth an age! There they were, four splendid Spanish galleons, two India-built merchantmen, their holds full of the choicest products of the far west—gold and silver, pearls and precious stones, hides, indigo, sugar, cochineal, varinas, tobacco. The viceroy of Lucia and his family, with other potentates of the proudest breed of potentates in the world, were on board, fatally unconscious of the coming danger. It was evening of the 8th September when they first saw Stayner's frigates, and concluded them to be their own. Day dawned, and with it a consciousness of their deadly error. They scattered themselves in confusion, like pigeons when a hawk is on the wing; some of them running ashore as their only chance of saving their treasures. Stayner was upon them immediately, and there were six hours of sharp fighting. Their vice-admiral was beaten, and his vessel plundered and burnt, the viceroy and his family going down in it. Only two ships escaped, and great was the treasure of sparkling silver pieces which fell into the sailors' horny hands. Montagu came home with the prizes. The bullion was sent up to London under the charge of soldiers, and eight-and-thirty waggon loads of silver reeled through the streets amidst the applauses of the multitude, to its place at the Tower.

Meanwhile our Admiral remained at his perilous post, and carried on a winter blockade. A dreary winter passed away, and never had Cadiz been free from enemies, except in weather in which the most daring spirits of the town would not have dreamed of venturing out. The spring of 1657 came. He had had a run to Tetuan inside the Straits, and given a hint to the Barbary rovers to be upon their good behaviour. He now received information that another silver fleet had crossed the Atlantic,



Atlantic, and taken shelter in one of the Canary Islands, and he started for those regions immediately. It was the 13th April when he sailed—the *Ides*—and we have no doubt that the veteran, who always kept up his classics, and talked about them whenever he could get a chance, remembered Mæcenas's birthday, and ran over the *Est mihi nomen* in which Horace celebrates it. But this reminds us, as he sails southward, that we ought to peep over the shoulder of his old biographer of the last century, and form, out of the personal details which he gives us, some portrait of him in his ship.

He was always, at bottom, an earnest, grave, pious man—a Puritan gentleman of the highest breed. No oath was ever heard in his vessel, as we know from one who lived to tell the fact to the writer just mentioned. All the ordinances of religion were kept in his fleet as in the most decorous town; days of *humiliation*, too, on due occasions, when he himself 'prayed in publick with his people.' Yet he was not without a singular relish for humour, and even sarcasm; he kept up a good knowledge of polite literature (which no fanatic ever does), and had even the pleasant human weakness of liking it to be known that he had not forgotten his scholarship while defending Taunton or chasing Van Tromp. He had those local, homely feelings, often found in great men, and generally in kindly ones; for instance, he would get his bread, cheese, and beer from Somersetshire, and had a Bridgewater man about him with whom he liked to chat of the people and places of his native town. All these traits are very English, and remind one a good deal of Lord Collingwood. In person he was five feet and a half high, of a sanguine complexion, and had a certain species of dignity yet simplicity about him.

'The last thing he did after he had given his commands to his men,' says the Biographer of 1740, 'was to pray with the above-mentioned Mr. Bear' [afterwards Mayor of Bridgewater, and the writer's informant], 'after which he would say, "Thomas, bring me the pretty cup of sack." He would then sit down, and give Thomas liberty to do so, and inquire what news he had of the Bridgewater men, &c.; then eating a little bread, with two or three glasses of canary wine, he went to bed.'

We are now near the end of this great and good man's career, and his last bit of service was worthy of his whole life. It was one of the most daring things any hero ever did, and wonderful when viewed as the work of a man far gone in deadly disease, and at the head of an over-worked and ill-furnished squadron.

When the Spanish admiral at Santa Cruz heard of Blake's design, he prepared for a desperate defence. The harbour, shaped

shaped like a horseshoe, was defended by a regular castle. Forts lined the inner part of the bay; and the forts were connected with the castle by a line of earthworks. To these preparations were added the vessels of the silver fleet itself—the treasure having been previously carried ashore from it to the town—and the galleons disposed with their broadsides outwards at the narrow entrance. Other vessels formed still another line inside these, and not a spot but what was made available for musket or cannon. It was literally like going into the lion's jaw.

Monday, the 20th April, 1657, came; and as the day dawned on the Peak of Teneriffe and the Happy Isles the canvas of Blake's squadron loomed high out of the sea. The Spaniards were ready, and waiting. The sick Admiral rose from his bed, came out into the fresh breeze which filled the sails and hurried them on towards the enemy, and called a council of war. He laid his plans for an attack before them, and every body knew he must do his best, and that the risk was tremendous. Prayers were offered up before breakfast, and then the terrible day's work began.

The partition of labour was very simple. Blake took to himself and his division, the attack on the castle and batteries. To Stayner was entrusted the attack on the galleons, the Admiral no doubt remembering his recent practice in that way. They had twenty-five ships and frigates between them. Forward went the gallant Stayner with his vice-admiral's pendant streaming from the *Speaker* in the van of all. Castle, batteries, galleons, he had to run the gauntlet of their freshest fire, and he did so, right into a semicircle of shot, but near to the special craft that he meant to take. Blake followed immediately, took the shore work to himself, and left Stayner the galleons. It soon became a simple question of cannonading, and the English cannonading was the best. The fire from the forts slackened by degrees, and batteries were shut up one by one. At noon, Blake could spare a little time to help Stayner. At two the English had conquered. Two Spanish ships had gone down, and every vessel in harbour was on fire. A shift of wind came with such wonderful felicity to carry them out again, that it was esteemed distinctly providential. They left the place a wreck, and yet themselves got away with fifty men only killed, and a hundred and fifty wounded. Nothing even in Blake's career ever so much delighted the English nation, or called forth so much wonder and admiring applause. What especially excited surprise and speculation was that the Admiral should have destroyed the Spanish fleet while under the protection of *stone walls*, and this fact not only drew a very celebrated remark from Clarendon, but is even now pressed into



into service as bearing on existing controversies. 'He was the first man who ever brought the fleet to condemn castles on shore,' says Clarendon. Mr. Dixon thinks it necessary, in the preface to his cheap edition, to make the exploit the ground of hinting at the inferior practice of some modern admirals. This is no doubt a popular topic; but for our own parts,—remembering the great diversities of opinion which exist between the best practical men on this question of wooden walls *v.* stone ones; remembering how heavy the loss at Algiers was, though the fortifications, there, were wretched compared with those now existing in the great military countries of Europe; bearing in mind the *dictum* of the Duke of Wellington, and the remarks of Sir Howard Douglas—for our own parts, we say, we should decline the responsibility of giving a decided opinion on the subject. There is not a more important question than the degree to which the changes of the last half century have affected England's naval supremacy. But it is a question which only time can decide, and which cannot be discussed in the meanwhile without a degree of technical and special knowledge, very rarely found out of the circle of professional men. Enough, if the general body of popular writers supply authentic accounts of the exploits of earlier heroes, whose glorious way of meeting the difficulties of their own time affords the best encouragement to their successors to encounter the difficulties of another.

The remainder of Admiral Blake's great story is soon told. After his triumph at Santa Cruz he returned at once to the coast of Spain. His spirit was as high as ever, though death was in his face; and he ran over to Salee on the Morocco coast to conclude negotiations with the dusky pirates and set the captives of Christendom free. He was completely successful in his object, and he now made for home. The honours he had won by his late expedition, the thanks of Parliament, the jewel sent him, the letter of Cromwell, came to him while still afloat. He crossed the Bay of Biscay, getting worse and worse every hour. By the time England was in sight he was on his death-bed in his cabin, and it was just as his ship sailed into Plymouth Sound, and there rose before the eyes of his shipmates the well-known scenes of the finest of English sea-ports, that his high and pure spirit passed away. It was the autumn of 1657, when he was just entering on his sixtieth year.

His obsequies were worthy of his nation and his fame. His body, embalmed, and cased in lead, was carried by sea to Greenwich, and lay in state on the spot where the present noble hospital shelters the veterans who fought in the last naval war under men like himself. His long funeral procession, barges  
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and banners, admirals and generals, all the great state officers of a great and stirring yet pious and reverent age, passed up the river on the 4th of September. At Westminster, salvoes of artillery received it; and heralds were in attendance to marshal the line in conformity with the traditions of earlier ceremonies in honour of earlier heroes. His remains were then laid in a vault in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in the old Abbey; and one of the simplest, bravest, truest of all English captains was handed over to history and to a posterity which, if it understands its own interests, will never let such memories die. At the Restoration, his corpse was taken out of its place of honour, and, says Mr. Dixon, 'cast into a pit.' But though it was certainly removed from the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, it is not so certain that it was treated with the indecency which our biographer represents. Other writers of credit represent the remains as having been simply transferred to the Abbey yard. To whatever situation his dust was consigned, it rests in peace; and England, juster to his renown than was possible in the hour of retaliation to the heated spirits of that age, numbers him among her greatest naval heroes.

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ART. II.—*History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London, 1857.

THE present volume is the first instalment of a work whose modest pretensions are no less than to be the *Novum Organum* of historical and social science. According to the writer, all that has hitherto been presented to the world as history must be rejected as worthless, and all the conclusions at which divines, philosophers, and statesmen have been arriving for the last two thousand years may be put aside as worse than useless. Religion has been a marplot, government a blunder, and literature foolishness. All existing histories, having for the most part been written by ecclesiastics or persons engaged in politics or letters, partake of the necessary ignorance of their writers and the imbecility of their pursuits, and are of less value than the old almanacs to which they have been sometimes likened. These petty special occupations lead to prejudice, and prevent their professors from being able historians. Only the man who knows nothing in particular, but everything in general, is qualified to instruct mankind as a writer of history. Such men may be rare, but Mr. Buckle, in his own estimate of himself, is one of them, and he undertakes the task accordingly.

The volume has the somewhat unusual prefix of a list, extending  
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to fifteen pages, of the authors quoted in the body of the work, forming, as may be presumed, a portion of the catalogue of the writer's library. It comprises many books, the relevancy of which to the matter in hand is not at first sight apparent. It omits some, of which the absence, in a work professing to survey all that has been done in physical and metaphysical science, is remarkable. Neither Aristotle, Plato, Aquinas, Galileo, Bacon, Newton, or La Place, if they rest upon Mr. Buckle's shelves, appear ever to have been taken down from them, and their labours do not figure in the vast parade of authorities who are made to usher into public notice the first volume of Mr. Buckle's first work.

This first volume is, however, only a portion, not of the work itself—'The History of Civilization in England'—but of the Introduction to it, treating of the method in which history should be written. It commences by an examination of the resources available for the investigation of history, and by an attempt to prove the necessary sequence of all human actions, which actions are said to be governed by mental and physical laws, both of which he maintains must be studied, and that there can be no history without the natural sciences. An instance is very soon encountered of the way in which Mr. Buckle is in the habit of proving his case, namely, by the simple and easy process of not proving it at all, but of assuming it either as proved, or as not wanting proof; and then comfortably proceeding as if everything had been established by the soundest logic and the plainest facts. The following sentence occurs:—

'The most celebrated historians are *manifestly* inferior to the most successful cultivators of physical science: no one having devoted himself to history who in point of intellect is at all to be compared with Kepler, Newton, or many others that might be named.'—(p. 7.)

In this manner, by a bare assertion, the comparative capacity of all the historians from Herodotus to Macaulay is quietly disposed of. How would the case have stood if Kepler had devoted himself to history? The difference would have been not in the man, but in the subject, and he would at once have become, on Mr. Buckle's easy system of demonstration, '*manifestly* inferior.' How does it stand with Bacon (degraded to a note), of whom Mr. Buckle chooses to say that he wrote history, only as a subordinate object, and that 'it *evidently* cost him nothing like the thought which he devoted to other subjects.'

This '*manifestly*' and this '*evidently*' are favourite substitutes for argument throughout the volume, and the reader must always  
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be on his guard against having something thrust upon him as proved, for which nothing has been advanced but a bold asseveration.

The question asked and proposed for discussion in the first chapter furnishes a key to the greater part of the speculations which follow. It is this: Are the actions of men, and therefore of societies, governed by fixed laws, or are they the result either of chance or of supernatural interference?—a question so loosely framed, and so little in harmony in its wording with the author's own subsequent language, that we need not be surprised that no sound conclusions should follow. What is chance? What is supernatural interference? No definition is given of the sense in which either phrase is to be accepted, nor is it clear that Mr. Buckle has any right to employ them as if they meant different things; for it may be inferred from the whole tone of the book that he rejects miracles altogether, and therefore his supernatural interference cannot be understood as applying to the exceptional cases in which a Higher Power has operated in opposition to the usual course of events; and chance is afterwards admitted to be an unmeaning word used to conceal our ignorance of causes when events happen without obvious necessary antecedents. Dr. Johnson, indeed, has defined chance rather in accordance with the popular impersonation of Fortune, than philosophically as 'the *cause* of fortuitous events.' But he cites a passage from Bentley, which puts it on its proper footing:—

'Chance is but a mere name, and really nothing in itself: a conception of our minds, and only a compendious way of speaking whereby we would express that such effects as are commonly attributed to chance were verily produced by their true and proper causes, but without their design to produce them.'

Supernatural interference, then, being left to stand for the ordinary course of Providence, and chance really standing for nothing, the question is reduced to this: Are men and human societies governed by fixed laws, or by a personal Supreme Intelligence? and the entire tendency of the book is to get the question answered in the sense that blind laws (enacted or prevailing by or through whom or what does not appear) govern everything, and that there is no place for a presiding personal Intelligence, and, in short, no occasion for moral government, either human or divine.

The argument is commenced with the purely arbitrary assumption that the relations of cause and effect will be sooner perceived among agricultural than among hunting tribes of savages:

savages: the former having occasion to observe that crops follow the putting of seed into the ground, and to become interested in the regular sequence of the seasons. This, however, is a piece of pure fancy. The hunter who depends upon the chase for his food must have his wits quite as much sharpened by having to bear in mind the favourite haunts of his game, the artifices by which they can be most easily taken, the weather or time of year in which they may most probably be expected to appear, the tracks by which they may be most successfully followed, as the rude tiller of the soil is likely to be enlightened by the comparatively inactive life of preparing the ground for the reception of his seed and awaiting the appearance of his crop. Nor is there the slightest foundation, according to our experience, for the extraordinary remark that 'a taste for abstract reasoning springs up' in the agricultural mind—a statement which it would startle many a wearer of a smock-frock to hear applied to himself. Indeed the agricultural classes of a later period are afterwards denounced by Mr. Buckle himself as the most blindly ignorant and prejudiced of all (p. 347).

Upon this supposed transition of human society in its earlier stages, from a hunting and fishing to a soil-cultivating state, and upon its supposed effects, is founded the assertion that 'in the ordinary march of society, an increasing perception of the regularity of Nature destroys the doctrine of chance, and replaces it by that of necessary connexion.' The doctrine of chance! which no doubt occupies a large space in the philosophical systems of the Ojibway Indians, or the highly metaphysical aborigines of Australia! This great fact being established upon so firm a basis, and by such ample and cogent reasoning, Mr. Buckle is now in a condition to announce a very great discovery, which, however, is put forward with more diffidence than is usual with him:—

'It is,' he says, 'I think, highly probable that out of these two doctrines of Chance and Necessity there have respectively arisen the subsequent dogmas of Free Will and Predestination.'—(p. 9.)

This is followed by a vast amount of common-placing, in which there is nothing new or which seems much to advance the purpose of the book; and after admitting the irrelevancy of this display of reading, we are invited to concede the position that all human actions depend on motives, and that these motives are the result of antecedents; and that if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, we could with certainty predict the whole of their immediate results; or, as it is somewhat differently stated a few pages afterwards,



afterwards, 'the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents.'

If these views were sound, men would be reduced to the condition of inanimate matter. There would be no room left for individual merit or exertion. Each man would be a powerless fragment of the universe, to be swayed to and fro, and tossed up and down, by successive waves of events, sinking or swimming, drowning or saved, by the operation of forces external to himself, and over which he has no control. There could be no more virtue and no more vice, no more ambition, no more passions, no more aspirations, no more hope. We should be, one and all, the mere cogs and pinions of some huge machine, in the working of which we could take no controlling part, and of which we could not even hope to modify the motions.

A result so helpless and so unhappy is made to rest upon an appeal to the science of mathematical probability, and to the information afforded by the accurate observations of modern statistics. There is nothing original in the attempt to show that all such events as are usually ascribed to chance may, and indeed must, really depend on some antecedent chain of causation hidden from our view. Kepler, writing on the new star which appeared in the constellation Cassiopeia in 1604, and refuting the opinion of those who asserted that it came by chance, expressed himself distinctly on the matter. His opponents took the instance of a set of dice supposed to be thrown an infinite number of times, and said it must happen that any given number must at last be thrown. But Kepler wrote:—

'Why does six fall in one throw and ace in another? Because this last time the player took up the die by a different side, and put his hand upon it differently, shook it, threw it in a different manner; or because the wind was blowing differently upon it, or it fell on a different part of the board. There is nothing in all this which is without its proper cause, if any one could investigate such niceties.'

In the case contemplated by Kepler, however, no human volition is at work to determine a desired position of the dice. If, on the contrary, any one wishes to place a couple of dice on the table, with the ace or any given side of each uppermost, he can do so as often as he pleases, and need never fail. But, in throwing the same dice from a dice-box, the chances are 35 to 1 against their coming up aces or any other given numbers; and the chances against the same event happening several times in succession rapidly become enormous. It would be the same if ten, or a thousand, or a million persons were engaged in the act. If a million of persons wished each of them to place a pair of dice



dice on the table with their aces uppermost, it would be no more difficult for all to do so than for one to do so. But the mathematical chance against the same sequence of events following when the dice are thrown at random is too great to be even conceived. If, however, the human volition exercised is to go for nothing, the probability of the same regular sequence occurring would be the same in the one case as the other. In human affairs men do not throw the dice, but endeavour to place them : and, although

‘ There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will,

every man is conscious of his own ability in a great measure to frame his own course, and achieve his resolved purposes.

The eminent mathematician, James Bernouilli, in his posthumous work, the ‘ *Ars Conjectandi* ’ (Basle, 1713), p. 212, has a remarkable passage which contains the germ, and more than the germ, of all that has since been advanced as new on this subject. We subjoin a translation instead of the original :—

‘ It is certain that, given the position of the die, its velocity and distance from the table at the moment when it leaves the hand of the caster, the die cannot fall in any other manner than that in which it actually does fall ; and so also given the present state of the air, given the wind, the vapours, the clouds ; given their position, their motion, their direction, with the velocity and mechanical laws by which all these act upon each other : the weather of the following day cannot be different from what in fact it is. So that these effects do not follow less naturally from their proximate causes than do the phenomena of eclipses from the motions of the heavenly bodies. And yet a habit prevails that eclipses only shall be counted as arising from necessary causes, but the throws of dice and the expectation of the weather from contingent ones ; the reason of which is, that the circumstances which may be taken as data for the determination of future events exist in nature, but are not sufficiently known to us ; nor, if they were, have mathematics and physics been enough cultivated to enable us to calculate the events from such data, in the same way that eclipses can now be predicted and computed from the principles of astronomy ; which themselves, before astronomy had reached its present perfection, not less than the others (namely, the fall of the dice and the weather), were referred to the class of contingent events. Hence it follows that to one man at one time a thing may appear contingent, which to others, or to the same persons at another time, may appear necessary when its causes are known. So that Contingency depends upon our means of knowledge, inasmuch as we perceive no repugnance in an event as one that is to be or not to be ; although at the present time and place, by virtue of causes proximate, but unknown to us, it of necessity must be or will be.’

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This is admirably put, and deals effectually with the popular notion of chance in things physical. But Bernouilli has limited his remarks to the class of events which are not under the control of man. He does not extend his conclusions to those contingencies in which the human will is operative. The acute mind of Aristotle ('*Physics*,' 2. 6) had long before drawn the great distinction between free and casual contingencies, classing under the former only all such contingent events as depend on the will of a rational being. The introduction of this element renders it impossible to place moral phenomena upon the same ground with the physical laws of the universe; and when Pope wrote his couplet,—

'If plagues and earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,  
Why, then, a Borgia or a Catiline?'

—trying to justify the excesses of men by the outbreaks of nature—he could have little thought that his question would become the text of a voluminous treatise on the same subject, but with the omission of two important words in his lines—heaven and design.

Mr. Buckle is of opinion that more may be learned respecting the moral nature of man from statistical facts than from all the accumulated experience of ages. But he does not tell us what has been learned, nor does he attempt to point out in what way the statistical facts are to be employed in gaining that deeper insight into man's moral nature which he asserts may be obtained from them, and which all previous generations of mankind, in the want of statistics, have failed to acquire. M. Quetelet is cited as bearing testimony to the constancy of the numerical results in everything relating to the commission of crime. Even the instruments by which murders are committed are uniformly employed in the same proportion. His evidence has been before the world for more than twenty years; and his facts are beyond dispute. Other events—in which we should expect less regularity than in the commission of crime—have also been registered with a similar result. The number of letters going through the Post-Office in the same place every day—nay, the number from which the direction is omitted—disclose a remarkable uniformity. Mr. Buckle's inference is, that we must submit to an annual average of murders and suicides, as well as to an annual average of undirected letters; and as these figures are laws with him, it would be idle to attempt to escape from their operation. If this is indeed the case, it is obvious that a great deal of injustice is annually perpetrated. Jack Sheppard, Mrs. Elizabeth Brownrigg, James Greenacre, and a host of others who

who have undergone the extreme penalties of the law, were very hardly used. Modern and future offenders may claim the protection of the new philosophy, which, if logically followed out, should extend impunity to them. It has hitherto been supposed that the individual delinquent was answerable to society for his misdeeds. Now, by the light of Mr. Buckle's system, we learn that, on the contrary, it is society at large that is answerable to the culprits who are so unlucky as to be the persons who commit offences and suffer for them. The whole manner of proceeding must be changed. The judge presiding at the Old Bailey or at the assizes would have to make something like the following address at the close of a criminal trial:—'Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your countrymen of a most atrocious murder. I will not now detain you to discuss the probability of the verdict being right. The excellent treatises on Probability, which I understand have been recently substituted for the copies of an antiquated volume of Hebrew legends, which used formerly to be regularly placed in the prisoners' cells for their perusal, will be sufficient to satisfy you on that point. Under the old system it would have been my painful duty to order you for almost immediate execution: you are now, however, only an object of pity. Somebody must have committed a murder about this time. It is not your fault, but your misfortune, that you are the man. But I am now happy to acquaint you that the number of murders committed since the beginning of the year is still below the proper average; and, unless the average is exceeded before the 31st of next December, society cannot think of hanging you for a crime for which you are not morally responsible. Therefore, unless more murders are committed during the remainder of the current year, you will be entitled to a free pardon at its expiration. You will only remain in custody until the criminal returns are duly completed, and you will probably then be at liberty. It would be useless for me to caution you against a repetition of your offence, because that must depend upon your antecedents, and not upon your volition.' Another occupant of the dock might not be quite so fortunate. His Lordship might have to inform him that the necessary average of offences was already exceeded, and that he must expect to suffer. Some mitigation, however, might take place even in this case. The judge might have to say,—'You have been convicted of murder under circumstances of peculiar aggravation, and, as the official returns show that the proper number of murders for the year is now exceeded, you must take the consequences of that fact. If you had used a knife I could not have extended any hope to you, because murders effected by cutting instruments



ments form the majority of those in the last tables; but as you have used a pistol, and the column set apart for murders by fire-arms would have been wrong, unless you had brought up the figures to the right number by your well-timed offence, the court must express its satisfaction to you that you have saved the officers of the statistical department the disgrace of having to print an exceptional return, and, in consideration of this, your life will be spared.'

Something, too, according to the usual practice, must be said to the jury, and the judge turning to them may be expected to observe:—'Gentlemen, the country is indebted to you for your attendance. You have no doubt studied the criminal statistics, which should be in the hands of every one, and you are of course aware that the convictions bear a constant and invariable proportion to the commitments. Your verdict has, beyond a question, been given in obedience to the required result. I am glad, however, to be able to inform you of a scheme which will relieve you from future attendance on these occasions, and which indeed will altogether dispense with the existing system of courts and judges, and effect a great retrenchment in the present costly administration of justice. Philosophers have discovered that individual criminals are in no way responsible for their offences; all depends on antecedents and the condition of society. A certain number of crimes are and must be committed every year; and for the commission of these society at large, and not the particular culprit, is accountable. How great then is the hardship to those upon whom punishment at present falls by no fault of their own! A measure will shortly be introduced into Parliament to remedy this unfair state of things. As society at large is in fault, society at large ought to suffer—a fixed number of crimes must take place—and there must be a fixed corresponding number of punishments. Every half-year a lottery will be drawn in which every one will be obliged to take tickets. Those who draw certain numbers (which will be arranged according to previous experience of the number of punishments for each kind of offence which ought to take place in a given period) will be hanged as if for murder; others will be transported or undergo various terms of imprisonment, as if for burglaries, highway robberies, and petty larcenies. In this way, gentlemen, the uniformity of the tables will be preserved; and we shall all of us have the satisfaction of knowing that the persons who have been so unfortunate as to have their names (by no fault of their own) connected with the murders, burglaries, and lesser offences of the year, will not specially suffer for it.'

The moon will continue to cross the meridian of Greenwich

as long as the Observatory stands, and the time and place of her transit may be noted there, and at every other place in the world; but the Lunar Tables once correctly obtained will not be affected by it. In human affairs it is different, and instead of submitting to be governed by the numerical records of our own actions in the mass, as if men were the passive instruments of what men do, those who are wise will observe events in a very different spirit. They will watch them, not for the purpose of submitting to their expected sequence as an inevitable necessity, but with the object of learning their causes so as to gain a larger dominion over them. The statistician with his tables says—so many murders—so many suicides—so many burglaries—so many offences of various kinds *must* be committed in a given period in a given population. But if there are ten murders, there must be ten responsible, reasonable human beings to commit them. Each of these ten might or might not have chosen to commit his murder, or to seek the temptations and opportunities which led to it; and it is the sum of their ten individual volitions to the contrary which gives the supposed inevitable amount of homicidal crime.

Mr. Buckle says that future historical science must rest mainly on statistical information. It is not suggested in what respect our history of the past would be the better, or in what way the actual course of events would have been altered, if the collection of statistical facts had commenced at an earlier period. Our information, no doubt, would be more complete if we had an accurate knowledge of the populations of Athens or ancient Rome at different epochs, and could tell the number of crimes committed in those cities; but if the most exact registers had been kept in them, would any of the great historical facts which have come down to us have been altered? Would any system of registering public executions in Athens have altered the fate of Socrates? Would any records of assassination in Rome have saved the life of Julius Cæsar? or would they have afforded the means of predicting either event? If for a moment it could be supposed that either of these incidents falls under some general law regulating the deaths of moral philosophers and military statesmen, through how many thousands of years must observation be extended before it could be detected? How long would it take to discover the general law by which Columbus discovered America? or that by which the burning of Moscow led to the destruction of Napoleon's power? or that by which William the Third's horse stumbled over a mole-hill? What have statistics to do with the appearance of an Alexander the Great, a Mahomet, a Newton, or a Shakspeare?

In truth the habit of looking for truth only in such things as

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can be exhibited in the form of numerical results is a pernicious and degrading one. The student who approaches the lessons of history in such a frame of mind is little likely to profit by its teachings or to discriminate and appreciate the great virtues and the great crimes of the distinguished men of whose actions it is made up. Let science and art and commerce have their historians; let the progress of material improvement be duly put on record; but it is of the remarkable doings of remarkable men—of human passions and human feelings—that the grand staple of human affairs must consist, and the study of these only can be called history in its highest sense.

Having eliminated individual morality from the nature of things, Mr. Buckle next proceeds to consider the influence exercised by physical laws on the organization of society, and the character of individuals. Climate, food, soil, and the general aspect of nature are put forward as the most important agents in this behalf; and the three first of these influences are made the sole cause of those differences between nations, which have been generally ascribed to physical varieties of race. These have existed long before any recorded history, and present the most distinct characteristics. It is not surprising, however, that the habit of mind which ignores the responsibility of individual men should also refuse to recognize the existence of that efficient individuality of nations which is affirmed by the best physiologists, and which has played so unmistakeable a part in the annals of mankind. Strangely enough Mr. Buckle, who is elsewhere profuse in his quotations from writers on physiology, cites only a political economist in support of his denial of the importance of race. Nothing new is advanced when it is stated that some accumulation of wealth must take place in an infant society, in order that there may be a class who have leisure for the acquisition of knowledge, beyond the small practical amount of it necessary for the satisfaction of the pressing wants of life. This accumulation of wealth must, no doubt, in a great measure at first depend upon the natural qualities of the country. But Mr. Buckle makes an amusing excursion from this beaten track in attempting to show that national character is chiefly or entirely determined by the way in which climate influences labour. A likeness depending upon an alleged similar interruption of agricultural pursuits is announced as existing between Sweden and Norway on the one hand and Spain and Portugal on the other—a likeness as great as that between Macedon and Monmouth—and the result is a certain instability and fickleness of character, said by Mr. Buckle to be common to the four nations, but which it is apprehended will for the first time be heard of by ethnologists.

Everything is made to depend on physical causes and geographical



graphical position. There is a fantastic distinction attempted, that in Europe man is more powerful than nature, but out of Europe nature is more powerful than man. The Mongolian and Tartarian hordes who founded monarchies in China, India, and Russia, are said to have attained a civilization not inferior to that which preceded them in those countries. If this is the law, why did not the northern tribes of Europe succeed to the civilization of those whom they dispossessed of dominion in the Italian Peninsula? and why have the present occupants of Greece ceased to hold that foremost place in intellect and art which was held by its ancient inhabitants? Much must depend upon the meaning in which the word civilization is employed. If it only implies material advancement, then the triumphs gained over the physical world by the men of one race may be retained and enjoyed by those of another. Gunpowder and the printing-press, once invented, are not likely to be forgotten. In the hands of a people whose civilization is of that higher sort which looks to individual rights and duties—which acts on the great precept of Christianity of doing good to others, and which lives for a future world as well as for the present—these great inventions will be instruments of what is excellent. But great also may be their power for mischief, and very small their power of developing a really improved state of society. The Chinese were in all the arts and substantial comforts of life once far a-head of any European nation; but they have been stationary for ages; and their private morality and public government are hardly to be held up for imitation.

Rice and dates—representing the nutritive principles of starch and sugar—are said to lie at the root of Indian and Egyptian civilization. The date is not so peculiar to Egypt as to authorize the inference that the early progress of that country among the ancient peoples of the world was owing to the presence of that useful fruit; and as rice grows in very many countries beside India, and as in India itself it is not the principal food, we may be excused for declining to admit any necessary connexion between the rice and the civilization of India. It is a specimen of Mr. Buckle's mode of dealing with facts, that in the very page (65) in which he makes this untenable deduction, he refers to Elphinstone's History of India (p. 7); and on turning to this latter work we read as follows: 'The *principal food* of the people of Hindostan is *wheat*, and in the Deckan *jowár* and *bájra*; *rice*, as a general article of subsistence, is *confined to Bengal and part of Behár*, with the low country along the sea all round the coast of the peninsula: in most parts of India it is only used as a luxury. In the southern part of the table-land of the Deckan the body of the people live on a small and poor grain called *rági*.' And Elphin-

stone subjoins in a note: 'It was probably the circumstance of our early settlement in Bengal and on the coast of Coromandel that led to the common opinion that rice is the general food of India.' But not only has Mr. Buckle directly perverted the general fact as to the prevalence of rice, in the very face of the volume of Elphinstone which lay open before him; but he adds, what he considers 'remarkable,' that though 'it is not so much used as formerly in the south of the peninsula, it has been replaced, not by animal food, but by another grain called *râgi*.' For this he refers to Elphinstone, who says not one word about rice having been the original diet, and, what Mr. Buckle finds so remarkable, that *râgi* should have been a later substitute for it, has no warrant whatever from the authority he quotes. After such instances of unfairness, to apply no harsher term, in his adaptation of his statements to suit his theories, it is a trifle to mention the gross error Mr. Buckle has committed in asserting that 'rice is the most nutritive of all the cerealia,' which every tyro knows to be notoriously the reverse of the truth.

A discussion ensues on the stages through which India and Egypt, Mexico and Peru, are supposed to have passed; and a comparison is drawn between Brazil and Peru, as countries in which different physical peculiarities have rendered the one an ill-inhabited country, while the other has been able to maintain a considerable population. These are the only countries named, and yet upon no larger basis of observation Mr. Buckle draws his conclusions of the *invariable* dependence of the progress of mankind upon geographical and climatic conditions, and complacently sums up with, 'Such is the wonderful regularity which history, when *comprehensively*! studied, presents to our view.'

Doubtless a considerable influence must always have been exercised upon nations by the surrounding material elements of their existence, and the mistake lies in dogmatically attributing everything to circumstances which can only modify, but cannot wholly determine the fate of a people. Supposing, however, that it were possible to construct from the chronicles of the past a complete chart of this kind of history, in which the whole chain of physical causation which has affected it could be certainly traced, it is difficult to see what would be its use to us as a guide for the future. The same circumstances will never again happen of populations spreading under the same conditions over new tracts of the earth's surface. The development of the human family cannot be studied like the expansion of an algebraical formula, in which the law of the earlier part of the series being once ascertained, it is of necessity known what the succeeding terms must be. Perhaps if Mr. Buckle's book could be carried to some distant planet just emerging from chaos



chaos into a stage fit for the occupation of intellectual beings, it might put them in the way of consciously setting about the performance of that series of events through which they must inevitably run. By consulting it they would know how long they ought to continue to feed on rice and dates; they would learn when to build their pyramids and Inca's palaces; how soon to think of forming an opulent middle-class; at what time to commence representative government and a free press, and when to establish their Three per Cent. Consols and National Debt; and all this they might do as easily out of Mr. Buckle's manual as an inexperienced gardener now looks to the calendar over his mantel-piece to tell him when to sow cabbages, when to plant peas, when to gather apples or earth up celery.

In reading this part of Mr. Buckle's book, we cannot fail to be in some sort reminded of a great work in which so many of the same subjects are handled, and which embodies the labours of a long and philosophic life-time. The well-known *Cosmos* of Alexander von Humboldt, in its magnificent survey of human knowledge, in its vast but well digested assemblage of information, in its eloquent and consistent reasoning, in its bold but sound generalizations, presents a model which Mr. Buckle might have copied with advantage. The contrast is conspicuous when we arrive, in the '*History of Civilization*,' at such a passage as this :—

'Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are more frequent and more destructive in Italy, and in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula, than in any other of the great countries; and it is precisely there that superstition is most rife and the superstitious classes most powerful. Those were the countries where the clergy first established their authority, where the worst corruptions of Christianity took place, and where superstition has during the longest period retained the firmest hold. To this may be added another circumstance, indicative of the connexion between these physical phenomena and the predominance of the imagination. Speaking generally, the fine arts are addressed more to the imagination—the sciences to the intellect. Now it is remarkable that the greatest painters and nearly all the greatest sculptors modern Europe has possessed have been produced by the Italian and Spanish peninsulas. In regard to science, Italy has no doubt had several men of conspicuous ability; but their numbers are out of all proportion small when compared with her artists and poets.'—p. 112.

Parts of Italy, certainly, have been the scene of much subterranean disturbance; but in all history only two earthquakes are on record as having taken place in the Spanish and Portuguese peninsula, namely, the famous one in 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, but which was also felt over a large part of the surface of the earth, and one in Spain in 1829. It is scarcely requisite to say that Cervantes, Calderon, and Camões—Murillo, Valasquez,



and Ribera—were all long anterior to the earliest of these dates. The erection of the seat of Papal power at Rome may perhaps be taken as a sufficient reason for the authority of the clergy being first established in Italy, without ascribing it to the neighbourhood of active volcanic action, and without claiming a Borgia as the necessary product of the earthquakes with which he first stood associated in Pope's couplet, already quoted. Still more difficult is it to perceive the connexion between earthquakes and the highest works of imagination. The poetry of the East can have derived none of its inspiration from such a source, and the unmoved soil of England has produced a series of poets who may well challenge comparison with those of Italy, where but a single earthquake of sufficient importance to be recorded occurred during the time when her greatest poets flourished. This was the earthquake at Naples in 1456, and throughout the four centuries from 1200 to 1600 it was the only great one in Italy. Nearly all the eminent poets were of the North: this solitary earthquake was in the South. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso saw and felt as little of earthquakes as Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton; and South America, the region most subject to them, has failed to produce any poet or painter whose name is known to the world. Nor is it more true that Italy has been deficient in men of distinguished scientific ability. She was the cradle of modern science, and with such an array as Galileo, the great founder of modern physics, Leonardo da Vinci, distinguished in science as in art, Redi, the elder Cassini, Torricelli, Malpighi, Boscovich, Lagrange, the greatest of modern mathematicians (a native of Turin), Volta, Galvani, Piazzi, Melloni, Matteucci, and others, she may enter the lists against England, Germany, or France. Her greatest poet, too, was deeply and exactly versed in all the science of his age, and the *Divine Comedy* is full of allusions to the Astronomy and Natural Science of the period. So little was the Italian mind, even of the most poetic temperament, unfitted for the reception of the largest amount of scientific knowledge then possible. In fact, so much nonsense has seldom been written in so few lines as in Mr. Buckle's speculations upon the influence of earthquakes on civilization. The passage is one instance out of hundreds of the extreme crudity of many of the speculations which he has hastily flung before the world.

The second chapter is followed by a long note upon the functions of the liver and lungs, in which Mr. Buckle takes on himself to administer a lecture to Sir Benjamin Brodie concerning the proper mode of conducting physiological experiments, and Sir Benjamin is rebuked for not having studied the subject of physiology in so comprehensive a method as Mr. Buckle.

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The unfolding of Mr. Buckle's views proceeds by an attack made on the physiologists and the metaphysicians conjointly. Both are held up to scorn for having been engaged in an alleged conspiracy to defraud mankind. The former are accused of stifling a knowledge of the proportion of the sexes born into the world, by failing to determine it *à priori*, and the latter by breaking down in an alleged undertaking to predict the general movements of society by the study of individual minds. Physiologists are certainly not able to assign the immediate cause for the excess of male over female births, and probably never may be. Nor was it possible to know the actual fact of the proportion between male and female births until very extensive observations had been made, and their results collected and registered. But the knowledge of the fact does not make the fact, nor can it exercise any influence upon it. Yet Mr. Buckle vents his arrogant and contemptuous indignation upon the science of physiology and its professors, because they cannot account for this wise and beneficent arrangement by any theory of material causation, and he is inclined to hold them responsible for the consequences if any disturbance of the law should do that injury to society which might be expected from it, and which actually does occur when either sex is temporarily in excess of the other.

Mr. Buckle's proposed method of investigating history is analogous to that by which the numerical law of the proportion of the sexes has been discovered, namely, a mere process of counting. Individual character and individual exertion are to be considered as having no influence on the course of events, and the development of the great family of man is to be no more determined by the lives of its greatest benefactors, philosophers, and statesmen, than the growth of a coral reef is affected by the contributions of a single polype. Moral agency is discarded as useless and inoperative; it has exercised no power in the progress of civilization. Intellectual agencies only have done the work; for morals are said to be stationary, intellect alone to be capable of advancement. Such doctrines as 'to do good to others—to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes—to love your neighbour as yourself—to forgive your enemies—to restrain your passions—to honour your parents—to respect those who are set over you' (p. 163), are enumerated by Mr. Buckle, and are dismissed with derision as having no pretence to be elements in the advance of civilization. This is a strange confusion. The principles of morals are fixed and stationary; but their application is not so. The same thing might be said of mathematics. The principles of the science of number and abstract quantities are invariable. If the principles of Euclid's Elements, of Logarithms, and of the Differential



ferential Calculus—all based on immutable mathematical truth—had never been applied to practical uses, but had remained as abstract exertations of the human intellect, then mathematical science itself would have been as barren of fruit as we are now told that morality is. But when employed in the service of the applied sciences, and when leading to the great discoveries in Astronomy and in other branches of Physics, it has been most fruitful. In the same way the immutable principles of morality are prolific of endless results. Here too occurs the prodigious sentence,

‘That the system of Morals propounded in the New Testament contained no maxim which had not been previously enunciated; and that some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors is well known to every scholar.’

We congratulate Mr. Buckle on his scholarship; but the fact is that the only places in the New Testament to which this preposterous display of biblical erudition can apply, are—Acts xvii. 28: ‘For we are also his offspring’; 1 Cor. xv. 33: ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners’; and Tit. i. 12: ‘The Cretans are always liars.’ And these three short phrases are thought sufficient by Mr. Buckle to warrant his assertion, that ‘some of the most beautiful passages in the apostolic writings are quotations from Pagan authors!’ This is a true specimen of the amount of evidence upon which he has based a large part of his assertions.

Morality appears to be limited by Mr. Buckle to a fulfilment of the personal and private duties of life. To be chaste, sober, and honest—to abstain from personal vice—would satisfy his notion of it. To the public acts of men as affecting their fellow-creatures on a large scale he applies no standard but that of their own private rectitude. If Marcus Aurelius and Julian—two of the emperors of the best private character—were the greatest enemies and persecutors of Christianity; if many active officers of the Holy Inquisition in Spain were men of unimpeachable lives and of incorruptible integrity, and thought they were doing what was right in their respective acts of intolerance and cruelty, he argues that moral feelings are unable to check the desire for religious persecution. ‘It is to the diffusion,’ he says, ‘of knowledge, and to that alone, that we owe the comparative cessation of religious persecution’ (p. 171). But the due following out of the small and despised precept ‘to do unto others even as you would they should do unto you,’ would have saved Pagan rulers and still less excusable Christian potentates from all the sin and folly of religious persecution; and why are we to refuse to believe that the greater dissemination of this doctrine has been the cause of a cessation from persecution, rather than the



the advance in intellectual knowledge and material progress with which it is sought solely to connect it?

Passing from religious persecution to what is taken to be the second greatest evil known to mankind, namely, the practice of war, Mr. Buckle proceeds with his argument to show that the diminution of religious persecution and of war has not depended upon the prevalence of better moral influences, but exclusively on the diffusion of knowledge. It is assumed that for a long period wars have been becoming less frequent, and that the love of war is diminishing. This is entirely a question of fact, and it is to be regretted that the facts do not bear out the statement. It is stated that—

‘at the present moment war is deemed a rare and singular occurrence.  
—p. 173.

Then he goes on—

‘If it can be proved that, during the last thousand years, moralists or theologians have pointed out a single evil caused by war, the existence of which was unknown to their predecessors—if this can be proved, I will abandon the view for which I am contending. But if, as I most confidently assert, this cannot be proved, then it must be conceded that no additions having been made on the subject to the stock of morals, no additions can have been made to the result which the morals produce.’—p. 174.

As Mr. Buckle is in the habit of asserting everything most confidently, no especial weight need be given to the phrase here, except to show that where he is most confident he is most capable of answering himself; for to the above passage is appended a note, ‘unless more zeal has been displayed in the diffusion of moral and religious principles;’ in which case he admits ‘it would be possible for the principles to be stationary, and yet their effects be progressive.’

What are the facts as to the alleged infrequency of war in Europe in more modern times? To begin no further back than with the last century. The War of the Spanish Succession continued from before the commencement of that period to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, and during the same time Peter the Great and Charles XII. were engaged in mortal strife. In 1718 Europe was again at war under the Quadruple Alliance, and peace was not concluded until 1738. The Silesian wars commenced in 1740, and were not ended until the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. In 1755 commenced the Seven Years’ War; the American war of independence opened in 1775, and lasted to 1782, and from the beginning of the great French Revolution to 1815 Europe was in a state of war with only one very short interval. The long European  
peace

peace which happily succeeded must certainly be ascribed to the exhaustion of the combatants and to the decisive success ultimately obtained on the side of the Allies. For so far was either France or England from being cured of military projects, as Mr. Buckle asserts, by their constantly increasing intellectual habits, that the first has been warring for years in Africa, and the latter has hardly ever ceased fighting in India, China, or at the Cape. Where they had strength to conquer without being prostrated by the struggle they have certainly not been slower than of old to draw the sword.

Mr. Buckle asserts that with the increasing love of intellectual pursuits the military service necessarily declines, not only in reputation but likewise in ability, which he confirms by allusion to the old joke that in England the stupid son of the family is always sent into the Church or the Army. He admits that 'the military profession has in modern Europe produced a few men of undoubted genius;' but 'their number is so extremely small as to amaze us at the dearth of original ability.' Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon are said to be the only first-rate modern warriors equally competent to govern a kingdom and command an army. Mr. Buckle gives us no statistics on this point, nor does he attempt to show the average rate at which such actors may be expected to appear on the stage of human affairs. But, considering that these are three as great names as can be produced from all history, and that they all belong to a period of little more than one hundred and fifty years, it is difficult to admit any recent want of genius in the union of military and political excellence. The whole history of the world will not give a yield of such men as Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon, at the rate of one for every fifty years.

The notion of Mr. Buckle that the military service has declined in modern times, both in reputation and ability, owing to an 'increasing love of intellectual pursuits,' is backed up by a list of ancient Greeks who used both sword and style; whereas he asserts that not ten soldiers in Europe since the sixteenth century have attained the first rank in literature. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Socrates* are among the authors mentioned who entered the military service, and Mr. Buckle must consequently believe, what we presume will be credited by few, that these illustrious men had less love for intellectual pursuits than the poets and thinkers of modern days who have never frequented camps. To swell his list of Greeks he even quotes *Archilochus*, whose sole military distinction was that he ignominiously ran away. Many of the others served at a time when every citizen might be summoned to take up arms, and campaigning was merely an



an episode in their lives. It would be about as sensible in modern history to cite Dante, Ariosto, Cellini, Cervantes, Sir Philip Sydney, or even Lord Byron and Lord Chancellor Erskine, as instances of eminent soldiers, because they have borne a part in military operations. The last was actually an officer in the British army. With equal irrationality, Descartes, a gentleman of fortune, who to amuse himself served as a volunteer in different armies for five years, and had nothing to do with soldiering after he was five-and-twenty, is quoted as an ornament of the military profession in modern times.

Mr. Buckle's catalogue of military Greeks is so far from proving that they were men of more comprehensive minds than modern soldiers of reputation, or that any particular advantage was derived to the art of war by their adoption of their two-fold functions, that it proves exactly the reverse, for not one of the persons he has mentioned was a commander of the highest class, and most of them were men who showed no military capacity whatever. They were as inferior to Marlborough or Wellington in tactics as the principal among them might perhaps be superior in oratory or poetry; and we speak the sentiments of hundreds who have read the Duke of Wellington's Despatches when we say that the powers of mind required to make a general are as great, and probably greater, than those which are required to excel in any department of literature, politics, or science. When Mr. Buckle, on the contrary, affirms that able men are prevented from entering the army by an increasing love of 'intellectual pursuits,' he appears to labour under the delusion that war is not an intellectual art. That art has certainly been practised as skilfully by English, French, and Germans, as ever it was by the Greeks and Romans. Marlborough (we assert it upon the highest authority) ranks in genius with Alexander and Hannibal, and when we append to the names we have already mentioned those of Condé and Turenne and Frederick, and call to mind the many others who are not much less distinguished, we can have little hesitation in maintaining that modern armies have been richer than ancient in the ability which gives lustre to war. The celebrated naval commanders, who, if Mr. Buckle's proposition was true, should equally have been drawn aside to civil life by an increasing love of 'intellectual pursuits,' must be added to the list. His statements, in fact, merely tend to show that a more advantageous division of labour has taken place in modern Europe, not that our soldiers are less able than those of Greece or Rome. As well might it be said that the savage builder of his own boat and hut—the rude artificer of his own weapons of chase and

war—



war—the collector of his own food—stood in a higher position than the shipbuilder and architect or the manufacturer and merchant of our day ; or that surgery has degenerated since its detachment from the ancient and honourable Company of the Barber-Surgeons. Neither, it is to be feared, is war becoming less popular. All Europe is, at the present moment, in a more complete state of armament than was ever known before. Great Britain has only just added a fourth Secretary of State for War to her existing departments of Government, and the spirit in which the late Russian war was prosecuted by this country is still fresh in the memory of every one.

So much has been said by previous writers on the supposed effect of the invention of gunpowder in diminishing war and its train of evils that we cannot be surprised that Mr. Buckle, who goes by his common-place books, should follow the stream. This influence has, we think, been much exaggerated. It is only when used by those who have learnt humanity that the adoption of fire-arms has been associated with any mitigation of the horrors of war. We know by recent experience how the most improved instruments of modern warfare can be employed by those who have received no other training than how to use them ; and no incidents of any war in any age, or waged with the most imperfect weapons, have exceeded in cruelty the deeds of part of our own Indian army in the recent rebellion. The fact is, as has been well remarked, that the art of war had deteriorated during the Dark Ages, and must have revived, as a necessary consequence of other contemporaneous changes, about the time when gunpowder was first employed. The consolidation of the modern states of Europe and the introduction of standing armies were causes alone enough to alter the general aspect of warfare, and there seems no necessary connexion between these events and the appearance of gunpowder. Indeed, the rise of the feudal system was the first step in a gradual transformation of society from a military to an industrial state ; and by its settlement of a defensive rather than an offensive system in warfare, it must have done more to mitigate the ferocity of war than any change of weapons or tactics. Bacon, we believe, was the first to make the suggestion of the importance of the invention of gunpowder, but in a condensed passage which he would have expanded very differently from Mr. Buckle :—

‘ Printing, gunpowder, and the magnet, these three have changed the whole face and state of things throughout the world : the first in literature, the second in warfare, the third in navigation ; insomuch that no empire, no sect, no star seems to have exerted greater power  
and

and influence in human affairs than these mechanical discoveries.'—*(Nov. Org., Aph. 129, Spedding's Ed.)*

But lest Bacon should be claimed by the admirers of Mr. Buckle as a Buckleite, we must add two other passages from the same work which will need no comment.

'The human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections' (Aphorism, 49).

And again—

'If the matter be truly considered Natural Philosophy is, after the Word of God, at once the surest medicine against superstition, and the most approved nourishment for faith, and therefore she is given to Religion as her most faithful handmaid, since the one displays the Will of God, the other His Power. For He did not err who said, "Ye err in that ye know not the Scriptures and the power of God;" thus coupling and blending in an indissoluble bond information concerning His Will, and meditation concerning His Power' (Aphorism, 89).

Literature is said by Mr. Buckle to be 'simply the form in which the knowledge of a country is registered—the mould in which it is cast' (p. 244). This definition would include all Encyclopædias, books of scientific reference, dictionaries, and of course all collections of statistical information; in short, all those books which Charles Lamb called *biblia abibla*, or books that are not books. But probably it would not include any historical works, because Mr. Buckle has said that,

'unfortunately history has been written by men so inadequate to the great task they have undertaken that few of the necessary materials have yet been brought together' (p. 209).

And he has complained that

'whoever now attempts to generalize historical phenomena must collect the facts, as well as conduct the generalization. He finds nothing ready to his hand. He must be the mason as well as the architect; he must not only scheme the edifice but likewise excavate the quarry. The necessity of performing this double labour entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery, that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the task' (p. 210).

Unhappy philosopher! where can he have got his facts? By what mode of intuition has he become acquainted with them? Clarendon, Gibbon, Comines, De Thou, Herodotus, Thucydides, and some others, have been in Mr. Buckle's hands; and on Gibbon, and especially on his celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, he pours out all his praise (p. 391, n.); but of course none of his facts can have been derived from them. He has set himself the task of delivering an enormous tale of bricks,  
and



and he has to find his own straw. Poetry and works of imagination are obviously excluded from the definition of literature, probably as being too trifling to notice; and, if the three great poets of Greece, Italy, and England, have done anything by their writings to fix the language, elevate the sentiments, and increase the pleasure of the nations to which they belonged, this is a service too small for remark by the historian who scorns to attend to anything which does not admit of numerical statement, and who would probably quarrel with 'Paradise Lost' on the same ground as the late Professor Vince, 'because it proves nothing.' Literature in its beginning is positively denounced as mischievous. 'Not only does the art of writing lessen the number of traditionary truths, but it directly encourages the propagation of falsehood' (p. 273). A little way onwards religion is at least allowed to be of some use in preserving the knowledge of history. 'In those countries where there has been no change of religion history is more trustworthy and connected than in those countries where such a change has taken place' (p. 277).

The services of the ecclesiastics in preserving literature during the Dark Ages are grudgingly acknowledged, but no effect is allowed to the reappearance of the works of the great authors of Greece and Rome. The writings of the Saints and Fathers are called the most puerile literature Europe has ever produced (p. 730). Such original literature as was popular in the Middle Ages is made answerable for nearly all the credulity and ignorance of the period—a period upon which it is not for us even in the nineteenth century to lavish our contempt. A generation that has seen the extravagances of Mesmerism, of table-turning, and spirit-rapping, with the still more revolting phenomena of Mormonism, might abstain from adopting an insolent tone to its predecessors, and forming an arrogant estimate of itself.

In one place an extraordinary effect is ascribed to the power of government (generally pronounced by Mr. Buckle to be powerless) in developing art and literature. He seems to think that royal or state patronage can, for a time at least, command the appearance of the noblest works of painting, architecture, and poetry; but that the continued encouragement of literature by public honours and rewards, must lead to the degradation and enfeeblement of its professors, who are thus deprived of the proper power of their intellect—a process which may lead to the most disastrous results. In this way the great French Revolution is considered to be the natural climax of the patronage of literature by Louis XIV. (p. 647), as well as of its no less mischievous



chievous discouragement by his successors ; and the great sovereign who carried on such vast and impoverishing wars, who completed the destruction of the feudal power of the French nobility and the establishment of absolute monarchy, who founded that system of centralized government in France, and that system of standing armies throughout Europe, both of which have survived all subsequent changes, is chiefly exhibited as dangerous or influential in his capacity as a patron of literature and art.

The notion given of government is, that it has been, and is always, mischievous if it aims at any object beyond the preservation of public order and the prevention of crime. The only good laws of the class which attempt anything farther than the protection of life and property, are said to have been all passed for the purpose of repealing former laws which ought never to have been made. The plan, therefore, of writing the History of England, or any other country, from its statute-book would not be thought by Mr. Buckle a wise one, although it would perhaps be the best guide to follow if only one is to be taken. Yet, elsewhere he shows due regard to the importance of such land-marks in legislation as the Habeas Corpus Act—the statute of Frauds—and that which turned all tenures into free socage. In fact any single thread of the fabric of history may be selected and pursued as the guide through its complicated web, but it would be most fallacious to trust to it entirely, as the theory of mental progress is trusted to by Mr. Buckle. History might in this manner be composed in a variety of ways. A thing so apparently trifling as costume might, on his system and with his logic, be taken as the clue to be followed through the maze of events and each change of fashion might easily be shown to have depended on that which immediately preceded it. Warlike habits might be proved to have declined in consequence of the laying aside of defensive armour, and to have nearly ceased when gentlemen in private life no longer carried swords. The French Revolution might be proved to depend on the famous appearance of M. Roland at court in shoe-strings ; while the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world might be proved to owe its progress to the almost universal adoption of the round hat by civilized nations.

Any theory, however, which undertakes to account for the development of the human race by natural laws, and to exclude the volition of men acting under the continuous superintendence and control of a Divine Providence, should at least be founded on observations co-extensive with what it promises to explain. It should embrace the phenomena of history  
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in all ages and in all countries; and the earliest should be of the same importance to it as the most recent. For if the expansion and evolution of the human species is to be compared to any growth with which we are acquainted taking place under purely physical laws, such for instance as that of a tree, it would be clearly unphilosophical to neglect the full consideration of any stage of its life. The whole development must be supposed to proceed under some impressed law, and this law and not the contingency of its immediate antecedent, is that which will regulate the due appearance and the seasonable maturation of each part. The ripened seed-vessel cannot be said to depend on the flower, nor the flower on the bud, nor that on the leaves from which it may have been metamorphosed; but seed, flower and leaves will all have appeared in obedience to the original law. Each is right in its own time and place; nor can the earlier stages, when truly considered, be called inferior to the later ones. But Mr. Buckle would accuse the leaf of obstructing the flower, and the flower of repressing the seed, instead of perceiving the appointed place of each, and of acknowledging the beautiful and harmonious design of the whole.

In the succeeding chapters Mr. Buckle endeavours to apply his method of writing history to a sketch of the progress of civilization in France and England during the last three hundred years; or, to speak more correctly, he applies the history to his method, and endeavours to show how little, in his judgment, the great influences of religion, politics, literature, and personal character and action, have had to do with the advances made during that time. It is curious to see how entirely the principle breaks down in practice. The only mental law announced as the controller of the destiny of nations is the habit of scepticism, and its continual spread and increase from generation to generation. Mr. Buckle cannot relish Rabelais because he does not find in him the true sceptical spirit; for Rabelais only attacked the personal vices of the clergy, and did not assail the religion which they professed. Hooker, strange to say, is declared to have had 'a mind essentially sceptical' (p. 537). If, as the context seems to imply, Mr. Buckle merely means that Hooker based his conclusions upon inquiry, the term is calculated to mislead; if he means that Hooker held his theological opinions hesitatingly we appeal to every reader of Hooker's works, whether the insinuation is not totally unfounded. No man ever wrote in a tone which manifested a firmer faith.

In his anxiety to show the progress made by the English intellect in the seventeenth century towards shaking off ancient superstitions,



stitutions, Mr. Buckle, with equal infelicity, pitches upon Sir Thomas Browne, as affording a curious instance of the rapid advance of scepticism. That amusing work, the 'Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors,' is noticed as being free from the old theological spirit, and as being one of the earliest attacks upon popular prejudices and ignorance; while the 'Religio Medici' of the same author, written only twelve years before, is taken to represent a previous state of credulity from which he passed into one of enlightened doubt during that short interval: and it is added that it was during the same precise period of twelve years that, by a notable coincidence, the vast social and intellectual revolution was completed, of which the overthrow of the church and the execution of the king were, in Mr. Buckle's judgment, only minor incidents. A few extremely short and absurdly selected quotations are given from both works to support the argument founded on their supposed discrepancy of opinion and spirit. The fantastic and paradoxical nature (with all its beauties) of the 'Religio Medici' renders it a strange work to be selected as marking an epoch in public opinion. But it was written when Browne was of the age of thirty, and contains enough to show that he was as exempt from superstition then as at any time of his life. In his preface he states that many things in the 'Religio Medici' are 'delivered rhetorically—many expressions merely tropical,' so that no great reliance can be placed on what may be found in it. But that he was not, when he wrote it, the slave of the credulity which he is said to have shaken off in the wonderful twelve years already mentioned, will be clear from such a passage as this—

'If there arise any doubts in my way I do forget them, or, at least, defer them till my better-settled judgment and more manly reason be able to render them, for I perceive every man's reason is his best (Edipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments.'—(Rel. Theol., chap. i. sec. 6.)

And again, at the very beginning of the 'Religio Medici,' he says, 'that he assumes the honourable style of a Christian' not because it is 'the religion of his country,' but because, 'having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this.'—(Chap. i. sec. 1.) These passages should be sufficiently well known, for they are cited by Dr. Johnson in his Life of Sir Thomas Browne; and they will probably be thought enough to show that he was at no time in that state of credulous easiness of belief from which he is represented as having been suddenly emancipated



emancipated by the spirit of the age. It is obvious, too, that the collection of the encyclopædic mass of information contained in the 'Vulgar Errors' must have been going on for many years, and, in all probability, both works lay on the writer's desk at the same time. Mr. Buckle, however (p. 335), quotes from the 'Religio Medici,' as a specimen of Browne's superstitious phase, this declaration—

'For my part I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches. They that doubt of these, do not only deny them but spirits; and are obliquely, and upon consequence, a sort, not of infidels, but atheists.'

In the 'Vulgar Errors,' Chapter the Tenth of Book I. is headed, 'Of the last and common promoter of false opinions, the endeavours of Satan.' It contains this passage—

'He (that is, Satan, in his desire to gain more power, by putting men off their guard), maketh men believe that apparitions, and such as confirm his existence, are either deceptions of sight or melancholy depravements of fancy. Thus, when he had not only appeared but spake unto Brutus, Cassius the Epicurean was ready at hand to persuade him it was but a mistake in his weary imagination, and that, indeed, there were no such realities in nature. Thus he endeavours to propagate the unbelief of witches, whose concession infers his co-existence; by this means also he advanceth the opinion of total death, and staggereth the immortality of the soul; for, such as deny there are spirits subsistent without bodies will, with more difficulty, affirm the separated existence of their own.'

And at the famous trial of two supposed witches before Hale at Bury St. Edmund's, in 1664, Sir Thomas Browne was in court, and gave his opinion 'that the fits were natural, but heightened by the devil's co-operating with the malice of the witches, at whose instance he did the villanies.' Dr. Hutchinson, from whose 'Essay on Witchcraft' this is taken, adds that this declaration, from a man of such authority, was thought to have had no small influence in occasioning the condemnation of the wretched victims, whose execution was one of the latest instances of the kind in England. (Browne's Works, i. lxxxiii.) Not only is Browne's share in the trial at Bury in 1664 mentioned in a note in the last edition of his works, which is the one to which Mr. Buckle makes his references, but he also enumerates among his authorities the Essay of Dr. Hutchinson himself. This is among the many instances which have led us to the conclusion that Mr. Buckle has not read the books which he quotes; indeed if he had looked through Sir Thomas Browne's works in the most cursory manner, he must have encountered whole pages which show that the Sir Thomas Browne of 1646 (when the 'Vulgar Errors'

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was published) was not a different man from the writer of the 'Religio Medici' in 1634. A more absurd blunder was probably never committed in trying to press a favourite theory; and the gross carelessness exhibited, and the unfounded assumptions made, in the comparison of these two works, is alone sufficient to make the reader cautious in giving much confidence to Mr. Buckle's array of notes, and his elaborate apparatus of quotation.

Phrases are used and observations made in this division of the work which are in total contradiction to the spirit of the former part of the volume. Due importance is allowed to events belonging to the province of history as it has hitherto been written. He says:—'It is difficult to conceive the full amount of the impetus given to English civilization by the expulsion of the House of Stuart' (p. 367). The edict of Nantes 'was, unquestionably, the most important event that had yet occurred in the history of French civilization' (p. 471). So he assigns the highest place to individual ability and its literary employment, and runs into an extravagant eulogium on the effects of its influence. He asserts, whether truly or not, of Adam Smith:—

'Well may it be said of Adam Smith, and said, too, without fear of contradiction, that this solitary Scotchman has, by the publication of one single work, contributed more towards the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account.'—p. 197.

So also 'Henry VIII., by his sole will, regulated the national creed, and fixed the formularies of the church' (p. 465). Again we find mention of 'the enlightened policy of the great Queen Elizabeth' (p. 329).

The reign of William III. is signalised as 'the most successful and the most splendid recorded in the history of any country' (p. 369). Full weight is given to the effect of the individual characteristics of the first two Georges, and to the fact that their foreign origin and habits prevented them from acquiring any strong personal influence in England. So, too, on the other hand, the popularity and firm will of George III., which enabled him to overbear the wishes of the more intellectual Pitt, are brought into prominent notice. In speaking of this sovereign, Mr. Buckle's prejudices are more than usually conspicuous, and there is certainly no feeling in the human breast so rancorous as the intolerance of alleged want of toleration, and no bigotry so strong as that of a would-be anti-bigot. There is



ample evidence to show that George III. was a person of no mean abilities; and he is admitted, by his least partial biographers, to have been a warm friend to the general diffusion of education. But the collector of that magnificent library which, now transferred to the British Museum, does lasting honour to the name it bears, the friend of the elder Herschel, the founder of the Royal Academy, is described as 'without knowledge, without taste, without even a glimpse of one of the sciences, or a feeling for one of the fine arts' (p. 405).

In the space devoted to an account of the political labours of Burke we have an instance of the way in which Mr. Buckle instinctively revolts against his own theory which would afford no scope for individual exertion. His treatment of Burke is in another particular characteristic. Up to a certain point of the career of that great statesman it suits Mr. Buckle's purpose to praise him as one of the intellectual lights of the age. But his later opinions, after the breaking out of the French Revolution, are in Mr. Buckle's way, and to get rid of the awkward fact, that such a man should have held such opinions, and should have supported them with all the power of his mind, he revives the ridiculous story of Mr. Burke's insanity, and gravely informs the world that the writer of the 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' the 'Letter to a Noble Lord,' and the 'Letters on a Regicide Peace,' was in a state of confirmed mental aberration, and only fit to be an occupant of a lunatic asylum. Truly, if this be so, we would rather be mad with Burke than enjoy the most perfect sanity in company with Mr. Buckle.

Another example or two of Mr. Buckle's contradictions will show the little consideration he could have bestowed upon his theories. In one place we are told,—'All speculations must be erroneous which ascribe the progress of Europe to the wisdom of its rulers' (p. 258); yet, in the sketch of French history, to Richelieu is assigned a place along with Descartes in advancing the progress of civilization in France,—'What the one was to philosophy, the other was to politics.' So, too, he says that the French 'Revolution of 1789 was, as is well known, brought about, or, to speak more properly, was mainly instigated, by a few great men, whose works, and afterwards whose speeches, roused the people to resistance' (p. 216).

How imperfect any scheme must be which absolutely disregards the forms of civil polity and of ecclesiastical organisation is apparent from his own admission, that during the earlier period of European history 'the authority of the clergy was in many respects an advantage, as forming a barrier between the people  
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and their rulers, and as supplying the sole instance of a class that even made an approach to intellectual pursuits' (p. 559). The formation again of 'the feudal system—a vast scheme of polity, which, clumsy and imperfect as it was, supplied many of the wants of the rude people among whom it arose' (p. 560)—is alleged to be a great step in European civilization. Yet the rise of the feudal system, which finds favour because it set the example of a public polity in which the spiritual classes had no recognised place, is not shown to have been preceded by any increase of knowledge or by any sudden advance in that intellectual progress which it is the object of the book to uphold as the sole mover in human affairs. Again it appears that, notwithstanding the vast increase of knowledge, France has not kept pace with England in her political institutions, but still suffers from the pernicious system of centralisation, which is affirmed to be the result of the protective spirit which has prevailed in that country. Two such facts as these, occurring in so limited a range of observation—the rise of the feudal system without increase of knowledge, and the present condition of France among a people abounding in knowledge and said to be less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe—are sufficient to overthrow Mr. Buckle's theory on his own showing. The advantages of the English which, among other things, are declared to depend on hereditary descent, and the being accustomed to rely on their own energies, are further arguments used by Mr. Buckle against himself.

In one part of the volume, where Mr. Buckle is bewailing the difficulty of his task for want of facts, he complains of the incompetence of preceding historians, and that few of the necessary materials have yet been brought together:—

\* Instead of telling us those things which alone have any value—instead of giving us information respecting the progress of knowledge, and the way in which mankind has been affected by the diffusion of that knowledge—instead of these things, *the vast majority of historians fill their works with the most trifling and miserable details—personal anecdotes of kings and courts*’ (p. 209),

—together with such trifling matters as campaigns, battles, sieges, &c.; and this supercilious observation is repeated over and over again. Yet afterwards he fills two pages with an account of the etiquettes and ceremonial squabbles of the old French court, drawn from the rich memoirs of the period; and, while in some sort apologising for the introduction of such subjects, he says:—

\* But it should be remembered that this occurrence, and, above all, the

the importance formerly attached to them, is part of the history of the French mind; and they are therefore to be estimated, not according to their intrinsic dignity, but according to the information they supply respecting a state of things which has now passed away. *Events of this sort, though neglected by ordinary historians*, are among the staff and staple of history. Not only do they assist in bringing before our minds the age to which they refer, but in a philosophic point of view they are highly important.'—p. 616.

In these and a multitude of other instances it becomes manifest that the scheme of dispensing with human actions in the history of human beings is one which cannot be successfully put into practice even by its most ardent admirer, and we doubt not that Mr. Buckle will collect a great many facts for his future volumes, which, according to the plan announced in his Introduction, it would be his duty to pass by as utterly worthless.

The monstrous defect, however, in the system of historical philosophy which it is the object of this volume to develop, is that man is considered solely in his relations to time and space. Beyond them all is dark, and it is only as an inhabitant of this earth that man's interests are considered. His pilgrimage is described as to some distant shrine of possible perfection; but the end of the journey is always upon earth, and all the intervening obstacles are to be overcome by man's own unassisted intellectual exertions. His course is discussed; but it is as a race of mental powers only, and one in which no prize is to be given to moral excellence, and in which no encouragement is held out to the training of the will or affections. He is to be a mere machine—a living and walking laboratory of certain vitalizing chemical powers—and informed by a mind incapable of exercising a free choice in the determination of his own actions. To what extent of progress the human animal may expect to attain while he continues to assimilate oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to exhale superfluous carbon, is not precisely stated; but beyond the continuance of his mortal envelope, and after the time when that shall be resolved into its constituent gases, his existence is not contemplated. Hope, faith, and charity are ignored, and all the natural instincts of a living religion are neglected, which are truly as essential to the completeness of man's nature to make him what he actually is, as are his reason or his bodily organs. Not only are his own powers of choosing between good and evil denied, but the efficacy of prayer is derided. Praying for rain is called (p. 346) 'the impious contrivance of calling in the aid of the Deity to supply those deficiencies in science which are the result of our own sloth, and we are not  
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ashamed in our public churches to prostitute the rites of religion by using them as a cloak to conceal an ignorance we ought frankly to confess.' And elsewhere (p. 531) the rainbow is called 'that singular phenomenon with which, in the eyes of the vulgar, some theological superstitions are still connected.' Now Mr. Buckle believes that all human affairs depend in an inflexible necessity on antecedents, and that they admit of tabulation, after sufficient length of observation, in the same way that the height of the thermometer, and barometer, and the fall of rain, can be noted and preserved for reference, and be employed in the prediction of future weather. There can be no such things as contingent events in his system; therefore, in casting ridicule upon praying for rain, he in effect declares all prayer to be useless and impious.

Some more of Mr. Buckle's notions on the subject of religion appear in a passage in which he gives an approving account of the system of Descartes:—

'Such is the dignity and supremacy of the human intellect, that even this, the highest of all matters, flows from it, as from its sole source. Hence, our religion should not be acquired by the teaching of others, but should be worked out by ourselves; it is not to be borrowed from antiquity, but it is to be discovered by each man's mind; it is not traditional, but personal. It is because this great truth has been neglected that impiety has arisen. If each man were to content himself with that idea of God which is suggested by his own mind, he would attain to a true knowledge of the Divine nature.'—p. 540.

Under these conditions there could be no revealed religion, no historical religion, no teaching of religion, no profession of religion, no community of religion, no scriptures, and no church. Nothing is left but a bare abstraction, which affords no foundation for any religious system of the least practical value, either to regulate private morals or society at large. Each individual worker-out of the creature of his own thoughts would carry about with him the awful, useless, and incommunicable secret in his own bosom—hiding it, as the multitude in Vathek's Hall of Eblis did their own hearts. Such opinions as these, however, on religion, like those of the Quakers on the unlawfulness of war, can only practically be held by a few individuals, surrounded by a community who happily do not agree with them. Both owe to this circumstance the means of maintaining them, as well as their escape from the general evil and inconvenience to which the adoption of their own views must infallibly lead.

In justice, however, to Mr. Buckle, it must be remarked that although he praises Voltaire as 'the greatest Frenchman of the eighteenth century'—and as 'probably the greatest historian Europe



Europe has yet produced'—yet he does not admire his successors the Encyclopédistes. When he comes to describe that phase of the advance of scepticism in France, which carried its professors beyond the stages of Deism and Infidelity into that of absolute Atheism, he deplores the result as degrading, sad, and painful. Voltaire is his god Terminus—Voltaire, the writer of the infamous *Pucelle*—Voltaire, who said, 'I am tired of hearing it repeated that twelve men could found Christianity; I will show the world that one man can destroy it.' Up to him the principle of the unassisted human intellect opening the way to knowledge and improvement, independently of morals, religion, and literature, is represented as triumphant; but after him it must be supposed to break down, and Condorcet, D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, Lalande, La Place, and Mirabeau—men certainly not deficient in mental powers—are enumerated as among the higher intellects which were unable to escape the atheistical contagion of the period—a contagion for which the writings of Voltaire himself, with all their unbelief and impiety, and licentiousness, are chiefly responsible, and to which they seem to have been, in the language of Mr. Buckle's philosophy, the necessary antecedents. These writers, therefore, can have had no volition of their own in the matter. There must have been a knot of brilliant Atheists at the time in Paris to fulfil the inevitable sequence of history. Neither religion, government, literature, nor their own will, could have prevented them from being what they were; and the owners of names, some of which are so deservedly eminent in other respects, whatever condemnation they might expect elsewhere, ought hardly in this volume to have been singled out for reprobation.

As we believe that very little of Mr. Buckle's philosophy is true, so we are certain that none of it is new. It was a leading feature in Spinoza's system that the mind has no free will, but is always determined by a cause, which in its turn was determined by a preceding cause, and so on for ever. He also held that the hypothesis of final causes was destroyed by the belief that all things happen by an eternal necessity. The results to which Spinoza was led by his rigid reasoning from these opinions make him rather an unsafe guide even for a disciple whose remarkable deficiency in logical power may perhaps have saved him from the worst consequences of adopting the tenets of such a teacher. Nor is it a new proposal to write the history of mankind upon principles derived from the facts to be found in registration tables and from the records of meteorological observation. The notion appears to have been entertained by Kant, and has for many years  
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been accessible to English readers, in consequence of its mention by Southey in his *'Colloquies on Society,'* published in 1829. A general view of Kant's argument for an universal history, to be written on a cosmo-political plan, is there given to the effect that, as deaths, births, and marriages, and the oscillations of the weather, irregular as they seem to be in themselves, are nevertheless reducible upon the great scale to certain rules, so there may be discovered, in the course of human history, a steady and continuous, though slow development, of certain great predispositions in human nature. The same idea is to be found in the *'Vestiges of Creation,'* a book which made some noise a few years ago. Attention was there called to the power of predicting the weather; to the uniformity of criminal returns, and of the number of letters posted without addresses; and the same rash and hasty conclusion was drawn, that the statistical regularity of these circumstances fully established them to be under the guidance of an invariable law, proved that man in the mass was a mathematical problem, and that mental action should pass into the category of natural things.

But Mr. Buckle's system derives its chief points from the *'Positive Philosophy'* of Auguste Comte, which, like his, rejects all consideration of final causes, and treats all political phenomena as connected with each other in a necessary sequence under invariable natural laws, instead of being the result of the exercise of any volition whatever, either human or divine.

He considers each phase of human society an invariable result of the state immediately preceding it, and the remarkable men, whose names are landmarks of history, and to whom the improvement of society has been generally ascribed, are allowed to be nothing but the special organs of a predetermined movement, which would have been carried on by other means, if their authors had not existed. Comte's system has also furnished the argument that physical laws are powerful in the earlier stages of civilization, but that they operate more feebly as the growing development of the human race introduces a state of existence when man's knowledge of nature enables him to modify them to serve his own purposes. Mr. Buckle, however, departs from his master in choosing to neglect all but mental influences, and in the inordinate value he sets upon the use of statistics, which are to him the end and consummation of all knowledge. He has attempted to establish an Utopian reign of mind, and no one who reads the book can fail to be astonished at the presumption of that narrow vision, which, to promote a particular theory, attempts to generalize upon the slenderest and most imperfect data.



data. No regard seems to have been paid to some of the vastest incidents, which, however they may be interpreted, unquestionably demand the notice of the philosophic historian. Everything is treated as chaos until towards the end of the Middle Ages. With an enormous contempt for and violent dislike to everything preceding the most modern times, all the older services rendered to civilization are forgotten. The influence of such events as the conquests of Alexander, and that of the territorial acquisitions of Imperial Rome, are equally neglected. No place is allowed for the effect of the consolidation of so large a portion of the earth as was governed under the Roman Empire, nor to its functions in supplying an enduring basis for the modern jurisprudence of Europe. The institutions of Catholicism in the Middle Period are denounced as simply superstitious and benighted—those of Feudalism and Chivalry are despised as merely barbarous and unworthy. The associations connected with the names of Charlemagne, Hildebrand, and Frederick II., are not permitted to convey any signification, and the influences of the Greek Church and of Islamism are altogether passed over. With enormous omissions upon numerous points, which it would be supposed must have occurred to every educated man, there is a vast parade of miscellaneous reading; and so ostentatiously does Mr. Buckle drag in a reference upon every occasion, that when he wishes to fasten an accusation of excessive credulity on the agricultural mind, he quotes the phrase ‘credulous farmers’ from Sir Roderick Murchison, and refers to the page in his ‘*Siluria*’ in which the expression occurs.\*

Like Comte, Mr. Buckle dislikes the exact conclusions of mathematics, although they are the basis of his system. Indeed, the very slow advance of mathematics, and the vast extent of insoluble problems which still remain untouched and without present hope of conquest, is a stumbling-block in the way of any theory which claims supereminence in all things for the abstract intellect of man. No reasons of superstitious repression or state interference can be assigned to account for the very gradual progress made in mathematics by the Greeks and Indians, or for the existing difficulties in carrying them further onwards. Mathematical science remained in a condition of arrested development longer than either literature or the arts; it was the earliest to decline and the last to awaken from the comparative torpor of

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\* The entire sentence of Sir R. Murchison in which the words occur is as follows:—‘It is in these black and hardened schists of contact that films of anthracite have been found which have led credulous farmers to search for coal.’—*Siluria*, p. 61.



the Middle Ages. From the time of Archimedes to that of Galileo and Stevinus, no advance was made in that branch of it which had been first brought to the greatest perfection.

There is a want of true philosophy notable in the refusal to acknowledge the evidence of a superintending personal design and providence in the affairs of mankind, and in ignoring all signs of improvement in any but the times of the most recent history. Even M. Comte has recognised the fact that the earliest sense of human progression was inspired by the introduction of Christianity, and he could see how favourable the Catholic system of the Middle Ages was for conducting the work of civilization under the circumstances and conditions in which it was placed—a work of such vast importance that it was enough to occupy the greatest intellects of the time, and to account for their leaving behind them no discoveries in science, and little literature, but only the institutions which they had been engaged in forming and sustaining. Over and over again M. Comte, who at least will not be considered a partial witness on this head, brings forward the claims of the Church on the gratitude of posterity, and points out the sources of civilization in the so-called dark ages.

Notwithstanding his depreciation of the results of literary exertion, it is solely for students and thinkers in their closets that Mr. Buckle has any sympathy. It is only the author of a work on political science, or the inventor of a system of a philosophy, who is allowed a niche in his temple of fame. But directly that a man appears on the stage of human action, he ceases to have any importance. He then degenerates into an ecclesiastic, a soldier, or a statesman, and becomes a helpless instrument in the hands of fate, or a simply obstructive and mischievous person, using what little power he has for the repression of knowledge and the retardation of improvement. According to this project of history, all soldiers and lawyers should at once become police-constables; while for statesmen no higher function seems to be reserved than to become mere police inspectors and superintendents, and for divines it does not appear that any place whatever would be left. Mankind should resolve itself into one great society for the promotion of useful knowledge, and for the suppression of religion, government, and literature. There would be no more churches, no more courts, no more parliaments, and no more armies; no more poetry, no more affections or emotions, and no more art; and human civilization would be perfected in the most dreary, pedantic, unspiritual, and frigid Utopia of abstract intellect that was ever conceived. Some of the best and  
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highest notions of the beneficence and wisdom of the Source of all law and the Giver of all good, are inseparable from the desire to see the mind of man employed in doing the material work that has been set before it, and in advancing his knowledge of all the riches of creation which have been provided for his use. But it is madness to aim at the erection of an empire of human knowledge apart from the affections, and to suppose that man can hold his position, even on earth, merely by the exercise of his intellect, and without the sustaining support and grace of the Power which has placed him on it.

Mr. Buckle's work has been truly called the book of errors. To expose them all would require a volume bigger than his own, and we have no room to point out the astounding blunders he has committed in every branch of science upon which he has touched—in physiology, in comparative anatomy, in geology, and in chemistry. He has not even acquired the elements of these and other subjects upon which he ventures to speak with the tone of a master. The very books he cites show how limited have been his studies, for many of his authorities are of no authority whatever, while the real lights of science are frequently not mentioned at all. 'We must not,' says Mr. Buckle, quoting from Descartes, 'pass judgment upon any subject which we do not clearly and distinctly understand; for even if such a judgment is correct, it can only be so by accident, not having solid ground on which to support itself.' If Mr. Buckle had acted upon this maxim, his volume would never have been written. He has pronounced confident opinions upon more topics than the ablest man could compass in the longest life, and the marvel is not that he should have fallen into egregious errors, but that he should fancy himself competent to teach where he has almost everything to learn. As he thinks with the same impatience and discursiveness that he reads, he sees only a small part of any question, and there probably never was a work published which made equal pretensions, and exhibited in the same compass so many erroneous statements, so many hasty generalisations from a few imperfect data, or so many shallow and contradictory views.

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- ART. III.—1. *A Comprehensive History of the Iron Trade.* By Harry Scrivenor. London, 1841.
2. *The Theory, Practice, and Architecture of Bridges of Stone, Iron, Timber, and Wire; with Examples on the Principle of Suspension.* London, 1843-1853.
3. *Iron Bridges.* (Article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.') Edinburgh, 1857.
4. *Traité Théorique et Pratique de la Construction des Ponts Métalliques.* Par MM. L. Molinos et C. Pronnier, Ingénieurs Civils. Paris, 1857.
5. *A Practical Treatise on Cast and Wrought Iron Bridges and Girders.* By W. Humber, C.E. London, 1857.
6. *Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—Correspondence and Reports on the Victoria Bridge.* 1855-6.
7. *Boyd's Marine Viaduct, or Continental Railway Bridge between England and France.* 1858.

**F**RANCIS HORNER once observed, after inspecting a steel manufactory, that 'Iron is not only the soul of every other manufacture, but the mainspring perhaps of civilized society.' John Locke even went so far as to aver that notwithstanding man's extraordinary advancement in knowledge, we should in a few ages, 'were the use of iron lost among us, be unavoidably reduced to the wants and ignorance of the ancient savage Americans: so that he who first made known the use of that contemptible mineral, may be truly styled the father of arts and author of plenty.' Nor will this view be deemed extravagant, if we reflect that but for iron man would be virtually *without tools*, since it is almost the only metal capable of taking a sharp edge and keeping it. Of the various definitions of man by philosophers, not the least forcible is that of 'tool-making animal,' for with tools he tills the ground, builds dwellings, makes clothes, prints books, constructs roads, manufactures steam-engines, and carries on the whole material business of civilization, on which its very highest developments in a great measure depend.

Perhaps the most curious and interesting museum of antiquities ever collected is that formed by M. Worsaae at Copenhagen, in which the remarkable parallelism in the advances made in civilization and in working in metals, has been illustrated by articles gathered from ancient burying-places. From these remains it appears that, in the first instance, the only tools of man were sharpened stones, such as are still found in use amongst savage tribes, and which are insufficient to enable him to till the ground, or build, or carve. If he felled a tree, and hollowed out  
a canoe



a canoe from its trunk, he had to summon fire to his aid. He could only gather a precarious subsistence by hunting or fishing, using a flint head for his arrows and crooked bones for fish-hooks. The skins with which he covered himself were joined together by thongs or skewers; and anything like domestic comfort could not exist, for the construction of a dwelling was as yet impracticable. This first stage of man's primeval history M. Worsaae designates 'The Stone Period.' Copper, which is found in such a state of comparative purity as to require very little smelting to fit it for use, preceded the discovery of iron, which in its native state looks more like a stone than a metal. The progress of man was now more decided, especially after the art of hardening the copper by admixture with tin had been acquired, when various tools and weapons of bronze were fabricated. Tillage could now be practised, trees could be cut down, and houses and boats built. M. Worsaae designates this 'The Bronze Period.' During the same epoch, as is curiously illustrated by the Copenhagen collection, gold was well known and highly prized for its beauty. But the utility of gold to man was always very small compared with that of iron, which was the metal next discovered. There was not an art but felt the impulse given to it by the improvement of tools which was immediately effected. The first to profit was the art of war, bows and arrows being shortly supplanted by muskets and cannon. But the beneficent uses of this metal were more extensively experienced in the various branches of peaceful industry—in agriculture, in architecture, in shipbuilding, and in manufactures of all kinds.

The superiority of this metal over all others consists in the vast number of purposes to which it can be advantageously applied, and the various modifications of which it is susceptible in the process of manufacture. There is no other metal which could be so worked up as to serve equally well for a needle and as shot for a ninety-eight-pounder gun; as a surgeon's lancet and a five-ton Nasmyth tilt hammer; as the spring of a watch the size of a shilling, and the hull of a Leviathan steamship; and which is alike indispensable in the construction of a pair of scissors and an electric telegraph, a steel pen and a railroad, a mariner's compass and a tubular bridge. The iron machines of our manufacturers are driven by the iron steam-engines of Watt, and their products are distributed over iron railroads by the iron locomotives of Stephenson. Intelligence is telegraphed to and from the ends of the earth by means of the iron wire. Our Crystal Palaces are built of glass framed in iron. We have iron roofs, iron houses, iron churches, iron bedsteads,  
iron

iron lighthouses, iron ships, iron palaces, and iron bridges. In short, we now seem to be in the very midst of M. Worsaae's 'Iron Age.'

Although the iron industry of Great Britain may be pronounced indigenous, by reason of the juxtaposition of coal, ironstone, lime, strong men, and cheap transit—a combination not yet known to exist in the same perfection in any other country in the world—it is only of comparatively late years that the manufacture has assumed its present gigantic magnitude. So long as the ore was smelted by means of charcoal made from wood, the produce of the metal was very limited, and its price excessive. The manufacture was for some time partially prohibited in England, the consumption of wood charcoal in the process of smelting being so great as to create apprehensions that if care were not taken of the remaining forests, enough timber would not be left to supply the wants of the royal and mercantile navy. Hence acts were passed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, forbidding the felling of timber for the smelting of iron, except in certain districts of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey, then the principal seats of the manufacture, and even there the erection of new works was expressly forbidden. These enactments had the effect of greatly checking the manufacture, which shortly ceased in the southern counties, the last iron forged in Kent having been the rails round St. Paul's Cathedral, which were cast at Lamberhurst, about the beginning of last century.

Attention was then directed to the smelting of ironstone by means of pit coal. Large stores of both these minerals existed side by side in the midland counties. Amongst others Lord Dudley gallantly struggled to establish a manufactory in the neighbourhood of Stourbridge, and partially succeeded; but what with riots among the iron workers, who broke into and destroyed his works, and the wars of the Great Rebellion, which ruined his fortunes, the noble lord reaped no advantage from his enterprise. Nothing contributed to arrest the decline in this branch of trade, and towards the middle of last century the number of furnaces, which in James I.'s reign had amounted to 300, fell off to 59, the principal part of the iron consumed in England being imported from foreign countries. The partial use of pit-coal in the process of smelting was revived at Coalbrookdale, in Shropshire, about 1713. The chief difficulty was to keep the coal in a state of combustion sufficiently intense for the purpose of smelting the ore; the hand-worked bellows, or the more powerful water-movement, which produced blast enough for charcoal, having comparatively little effect upon coal. This obstacle was finally overcome through the perseverance



verance and enterprise of Dr. John Roebuck (grandfather of the present member for Sheffield), who may be said to have originated the modern iron manufacture of Britain, though his merits as a great public benefactor have as yet received but slight recognition. Being a good practical chemist, his inquiries led him, when residing at Birmingham, where he practised as a physician, to seek for more economical methods of smelting iron ore than those then in use. Several gentlemen having joined him in his enterprise he selected a site on the banks of the River Carron, in Stirlingshire, in the neighbourhood of which both coal and iron abounded; and there he planted the germ of the now celebrated Carron Works. With the assistance of Mr. Smeaton, the engineer, he erected powerful blowing cylinders, worked by water, and supplied by means of an atmospheric engine. The original works were completed in 1759, and before long the Carron castings acquired an extensive celebrity. But, besides being the first to manufacture cast-iron by means of pit-coal on a large scale, Dr. Roebuck was the inventor in 1762 of the process for converting the produce into malleable iron, a discovery usually attributed to Henry Cort, whose patent was taken out twenty years later. Dr. Roebuck's specifications leave no room for doubt: the cast-iron was melted on a hearth with a blast, and then worked until 'reduced to nature;' in that state it was exposed to 'the action of a hollow pit-coal fire, heated by the blast of the bellows until reduced to a loop,' which was then 'drawn out under a forge hammer into bar-iron.' Successive improvements were made by other inventors,—by the Carneges, in 1766, who invented the reverberating, or air furnace; by Onions, in 1783, who patented the puddling process; and finally by Cort, in 1783-4, who, besides embodying these processes in his patent, introduced the use of grooved rollers, an addition of great importance. But all these appliances would have proved of comparatively small value without the aid of the steam-engine, which was about the same time taken in hand by James Watt. Dr. Roebuck had early discovered the value of Watt's improvements, encouraged him in their prosecution, and eventually became a partner in the patent. But having taken a lease of the Duke of Hamilton's coal near Boroughsterness, with the object of securing an abundant supply of coal for his ironworks, the difficulties encountered in the mining proved so great, that the Doctor was involved in serious embarrassment, and made over his share in Watt's invention, by this time perfected, to Mr. Boulton of Soho, to whom it proved a source of vast wealth.

From the period of the introduction of Boulton and Watt's engines,



engines, and their employment in blowing the iron furnaces, the progress has been truly astonishing. The total quantity previously manufactured in Great Britain did not amount to more than twenty thousand tons annually: but by the end of the century the production had increased ten times. The introduction of the hot blast by Mr. Neilson of Glasgow in 1828, and the discovery by Mr. Mushet of the Black Band ironstone, gave a further impulse, especially in Scotland,—a country in which the metal was formerly so scarce that in the times of the Edwards, the Scotch were accustomed to make predatory incursions into England for the sake of the iron they could carry off, but in the course of last year they not only manufactured sufficient for their own use, but exported 500,000 tons. In England the pig iron produced during the past year reached the astounding quantity of 3,636,377 tons; which, at an average price of 4*l.* a ton, represents a total annual value of fourteen millions and a half sterling. Nor does there seem to be any limit to the supply, for almost boundless stores of the mineral have recently been discovered in Yorkshire, Northamptonshire, and other counties. It is this extraordinary abundance and comparative cheapness of manufactured iron in England which has enabled it to be applied to purposes which formerly were never dreamt of. It promises before long to supersede timber in ships' hulls of large burden. Indeed, a timber ship of even half the tonnage of the *Leviathan* would be an impossibility. The modern structures in this metal bid fair to equal in grandeur the monuments which have been the admiration of ages; and amongst these triumphs of engineering in our day, iron bridges and viaducts undoubtedly occupy the first rank.

The progress of bridge building has at all times kept pace with that of road making. The best ferries are insufficient to connect the opposite banks of a river, across which there is any considerable amount of traffic. Like everything else, bridges had very humble beginnings. As the prototype of the man-of-war was a canoe hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, so the magnificent bridge of modern times began with a log thrown across a stream. A number of these laid together and planked would form a track sufficient for foot-passengers and pack-horses. But as vehicles came into use, something better was required, and then the bridge of timber or stone was devised. Public benefactors in past times were accustomed to leave money\* for

\* One of the first stone bridges in England was erected and endowed by Queen Matilda, who on one occasion narrowly escaped drowning when crossing the river Lea, at Stratford, in Essex. The place was hence afterwards called *De Arcubus*, or *Le Bow*.

structures so useful as the best means of displaying their benevolence and commemorating their names. The stream of traffic, sometimes from a large extent of country on either side, gave great importance to the locality which enjoyed the advantage; and towns and cities became exceedingly jealous of the privileges thus conferred upon them. A curious illustration of this is afforded by what occurred in our capital. Down to 1750 London Bridge formed the only connexion between the two sides of the river. Various attempts were made to obtain the benefits of a second bridge, but they were strenuously and successfully resisted. Thus, in 1671, when it was proposed to build a bridge at Putney, the citizens of London rose in opposition to the scheme, and protested against *any* bridge being established which should enable the traffic to pass from one side of the river to the other without going through the City. When the bill was brought into the House of Commons, a remarkable debate took place, which is recorded by Mr. Grey.\* Mr. Love declared the opinion of the Lord Mayor to be, 'that if carts were to go over the proposed new bridge, London must be destroyed!' Sir William Thompson opposed it because it would 'make the skirts of London too big for the body,' besides producing sands and shelves in the river, and affecting the below-bridge navigation which would cause the ships to lie as low down as Woolwich; whilst Mr. Boscawen opposed the bill because, if conceded, there might be a claim set up for even a *third* bridge, at Lambeth or some other point. The bill was thrown out on these grounds by a majority of 67 to 54; and for nearly a hundred years more London had no second bridge, notwithstanding that Old London Bridge was so narrow that there was not room for two carts to pass each other. The London Bridge of the present day is capable of accommodating four continuous streams of vehicles, with the addition of wide pavements for foot passengers. Yet it is sometimes 'blocked' for an hour together by the press of traffic between London and Southwark; and, on an average, 12,000 vehicles and 60,000 pedestrians cross it daily. Though there are now nine bridges from Putney to the City, five of which, when Westminster Bridge has been completed, will be of iron, the City of London is not 'destroyed,' and the almost daily cry is for more bridges!

The first employment of iron for the purposes of bridge building was in the form of cast iron. Compared with the weight of a solid stone and lime bridge, a cast-iron one possesses the merit

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\* Debates of the House of Commons, from the year 1667 to 1694, collected by the Hon. A. Grey. 1767.



of lightness, which is of great value where headway is of importance, or where the difficulties of defective foundations have to be met. The Italian and French engineers, who took the lead in engineering works down to the end of last century, early discerned the value of the material, and made several attempts to introduce it, but without success, chiefly because of the inability of the early iron-founders to cast large masses, and because it was then more expensive than stone or timber. The first attempt was made at Lyons, in 1755, and one of the arches was put together in the builder's yard; but the project was abandoned as too costly, and timber was eventually substituted. It was reserved for English engineers to triumph over the difficulties. The efforts of Mr. Darby of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works to smelt iron with coke had been attended with such success, as to enable it to be cast, in masses of sufficient size for building purposes. A bridge was required across the Severn near the village of Broseley in Shropshire, and it was determined to try the experiment of a bridge of cast iron of about a hundred feet span. It was constructed after the designs of Mr. Pritchard, a Shrewsbury architect; and, though it was on the whole a bold design well executed, the error was committed of treating the arch as one of equilibrium. There seems to have been, in addition, some defect in the abutments, which were forced inwards by the pressure of earth behind them, and the arch was partially fractured. Nevertheless the bridge proved serviceable, and remains so to this day.

It is a curious circumstance that the next successful contriver of an iron bridge—and that of the very boldest design—was no other than the celebrated, or rather the notorious Tom Paine. The son of a decent Quaker of Thetford, who trained him to his own trade of a staymaker, he seems early to have contracted an intense dislike for the drab-coloured circle within which he was immured. Arrived at manhood, he left staymaking for the wild life of a privateersman, serving in two successive adventures; but his father sought him out, and induced him to settle down to his old calling at Sandwich. There he married the daughter of an exciseman, and became an exciseman himself; but his commission lasted only for a year. He then filled the office of usher in several schools, and studied mathematics and mechanics. Again appointed exciseman, he was stationed at Lewes in Sussex, where he acquired some local celebrity as a poet. While there, he was selected to draw up the petition to government from the excise officers for increase of pay,—a document which procured him an introduction to Oliver Goldsmith and Benjamin Franklin, and his dismissal from his post. Franklin persuaded Paine to

go to America; and the quondam staymaker, privateersman, usher, and exciseman, took a prominent part in the Revolutionary controversy, and performed several important services to the States in negotiating loans with France and Holland, for which he was liberally rewarded by public grants of money and lands. He then settled down at Philadelphia to mechanical and philosophical studies, and speculations on electricity, minerals, and the uses of iron. In 1787, when a bridge over the Schuylkill was proposed to be constructed without any river piers, as the stream was apt to be choked with ice in the spring freshets, Paine boldly offered to build an iron bridge with a single arch of 400 feet span. The same year we find him at Paris, submitting the plan of his bridge to the Academy of Sciences, whose opinion was decidedly favourable. He sent a copy of the same design to Sir Joseph Banks to be submitted to the Royal Society; and he next proceeded to the Rotherham iron works, in Yorkshire, to have his bridge cast. It was a segment of an arch of 410 feet span, and constructed of framed iron panels radiating towards the centre in the form of voussoirs. An American gentleman named Whiteside, having advanced him money on the security of his property in the States, he was enabled to complete the castings of the bridge, which were then shipped off to London, and erected on a bowling green at Paddington. There it was visited by a large number of persons, and regarded as a great success. Suddenly, however, his attention was drawn away from the prosecution of the work by the publication of Mr. Burke's celebrated letter on the French Revolution, which he undertook to answer. Whiteside having become bankrupt, Paine was arrested by his assignees, but was liberated by the assistance of two other Americans, who became bail for him. He was now lost for a time amid the surges of the French Revolution. Elected a deputy to the National Convention by the Inhabitants of Calais, he had not been long in Paris when Robespierre and other 'Friends of Man' had him imprisoned in the Luxembourg, where he lay for eleven months. Having escaped to America, we find him in 1803 presenting to the American Congress a memoir on the construction of iron bridges, accompanied by several models. It does not appear, however, that Paine succeeded in erecting his bridge. He was a restless, speculating, unhappy being; and it would have been well for his memory if, instead of penning shallow infidelity, he had devoted himself to his original idea of improving the internal communications of his adopted country. In the mean time, however, the bridge exhibited at Paddington had produced results. The manufacturers agreed to take it back as  
part



part of their debt, and the materials were used in the noble structure over the river Wear at Sunderland, where it was erected in 1796. This bridge was long regarded as the greatest triumph of the art. Its span exceeded that of any existing stone arch, being 236 feet, with a rise of 34 feet, the springing commencing at 95 feet above the bed of the river; and its height was such as to allow vessels of 300 tons' burden to sail underneath without striking their masts. After its erection, the bridge, being imperfectly braced, deflected laterally to the extent of from 12 to 18 inches; and though the arch was partially restored to its original form by wedges, tie-bars, and braces, its stability has always been regarded as precarious. 'If,' says Mr. Stephenson, 'we are to consider Paine as its author, his daring in engineering certainly does full justice to the fervour of his political career; for, successful as the result has undoubtedly proved, want of experience, and consequent ignorance of the risk, could alone have induced so bold an experiment; and we are rather led to wonder at, than to admire, a structure which, as regards its proportions and the small quantity of material employed in its construction, will probably remain unrivalled.'

About the period of the erection of the Wear Bridge, Mr. Telford, then rising into eminence as an engineer, began to employ cast iron extensively in bridges, having, as early as 1796, constructed a bridge of that material over the Severn at Buildwas. His finest examples, however, were the Tewkesbury, Craigellachie, and other similar structures. So favourable was Mr. Telford to the employment of this material, that, in 1801, he even proposed to throw a single arch of cast iron across the Thames at London Bridge, with an opening of 600 feet, and providing a clear headway of 65 feet above high water. The plan was received with considerable incredulity, and it was sarcastically said that he had determined to set the Thames on fire. But Old London Bridge was becoming rickety. It was deemed necessary to take some steps, and a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the feasibility of his design. Amongst the eminent men consulted were the venerable James Watt of Birmingham, Professor Hutton of Woolwich, Mr. John Rennie, Professors Playfair and Robison of Edinburgh, Mr. Jessop, Mr. Southern, and Dr. Maskelyne. It was generally admitted that the experience which had been obtained up to that time of the resistance of cast iron to compression was too small to enable a positive opinion to be expressed on the subject. Professor Robison foresaw immense difficulty in casting pieces of the necessary size and exactness, so as to have

the radiated joints all straight and bearing; and he apprehended the chipping off of the upper angles of the castings at the crown of the arch by the compression caused by the removal of the centres. On the whole, it appeared to the Parliamentary Committee that the project was far too bold for adoption; and it was eventually abandoned, after considerable expense had been incurred in contracting the river to the necessary width.

Iron bridges of smaller span continued to be successfully erected both in Great Britain and France—the Pont du Louvre (1803) and the Pont d'Austerlitz (1806) being well-known examples. These, however, were shortly thrown into the shade by the Vauxhall Bridge of Mr. James Walker and the Southwark Bridge of Mr. Rennie. Among the examples of arch-construction the latter remains to this day unrivalled as regards its colossal proportions, its massive architecture, and the general simplicity and efficiency of its details. The bridge is of three arches, the centre being of not less than 240 feet span—the most extensive stone arch in existence, that over the Dee at Chester, being only 200 feet. It was found, however, to be a defect in the original construction, that it was liable to expansion and contraction by the alternate heat and cold of day and night, of summer and winter—the arch rising in summer about an inch and a half above its winter's height. The roadway was consequently subject to constant disturbance, and considerable inconvenience was experienced from its leakiness, which has never been entirely remedied.

It will be observed that up to this time all the bridges constructed of cast iron were in the arched form, and the same principles were followed as in bridges of stone, where the arch is treated as one of equilibrium, and all its parts are supposed to be equally at rest, the thrust being resisted directly by the abutments. But during the same period in which the use of cast iron had been extending, wrought iron had also been introduced as the essential material in suspension bridges capable of bearing the traffic of common roads. While cast iron is of a crystalline, wrought iron is of a fibrous structure; the former being much superior to stone or any other material in resisting compression, the latter being capable of resisting tensile strains to an enormous extent, on which quality its fitness for the purposes of suspension bridges chiefly depends. Thus, whilst granite bears a crushing force of about five tons to the square inch, and malleable iron from twelve to thirteen tons, the crushing force which cast iron will bear is not less than from thirty-six to forty-nine tons to the square inch. But whereas cast iron offers a resistance to extension of only from three to seven tons per square inch,  
wrought



wrought iron presents a resistance of not less than from sixteen to eighteen tons.

The semi-civilised nations of South America had long adopted suspension bridges of a light description for the crossing of rivers and narrow valleys. In Chili and Peru, in China and India, bridges of this sort, constructed of hide, rope, and bamboo basket-work, were well known and long used. The first suspension bridge in this country was of a very rude description, consisting of two common chains stretched across the river Tees near Middleton, upon which a footpath was laid, enabling the colliers to pass between their cottages and the colliery, which stood on the opposite side of the river. Sir Samuel Brown greatly improved—he may almost be said to have invented—the iron suspension bridge, by introducing the system of the bar-link, now generally adopted. It is a curious and interesting circumstance that he derived the first idea of this contrivance from a spider's web which hung across his garden walk one dewy autumn morning. Many bridges were made on his principle—on the Tweed, at Newhaven, at Brighton, at Montrose, and other places. The finest work of this kind, however, was the celebrated Menai Bridge, constructed by Telford over the arm of the sea which flows between the mainland of Wales and the island of Anglesea. And although it has been thrown into the shade by the great railway bridges of recent years, it was unquestionably the boldest and most successful engineering undertaking of that time. The proposal which Telford had made some twenty years before to bridge over the Thames with a single arch of cast iron, was now exceeded in daring by his scheme of bridging over an arm of the sea with a suspension bridge of wrought iron, under which a ship might pass in full sail. The years which intervened had been to Telford full of the results of observation gathered in the school of daily experience. Though originally but a working mason, who commenced his career with the building of dry stone dikes in Dumfriesshire for the Duke of Buccleuch, he had by dint of valorous industry reached the very first rank in his new profession. He had no education beyond what he had gathered at a Scotch parish school. But he possessed a remarkably clear insight, and, like Brindley and Stephenson, arrived at his conclusions by a sort of instinct. He had already built so many bridges of stone and iron, and constructed so many main highways, that his contemporaries distinguished him as 'Pontifex Maximus' and the 'Colossus of Roads.' When instructed by Government to prepare plans for a bridge across the Menai Straits, he had already occupied much time in ascertaining, by experiments, the tensile power of iron; and the  
result

result determined him to recommend for adoption a suspension bridge of wrought iron as best suiting all the exigencies of the case. The bridge being in the vicinity of the Snowdon range, and situated at a great height—100 feet above the level of the sea at high water—was subject to violent gusts of wind, and it was therefore necessary that it should present as small a surface as possible to its force.

The point of crossing selected was Ynys-y-moch (or Pig Island), on which one of the two main suspension piers was placed, and the foundation-stone of the first was laid on the 10th of August, 1819. The total height of the main piers from low water spring-tide is 194 feet, the height of the roadway above high water 100 feet. The road platform was occupied by two parallel carriage-ways, each 12 feet in breadth, with a footpath of four feet between them, thus admitting of four distinct lines of suspension-chains. The distance between the points of suspension was 579 feet. The extremities of the chains were firmly fixed into the solid rock on either side, and hung loosely over cast-iron saddles placed on the two main towers; and from these chains the horizontal platform or roadway was suspended by vertical rods. The entire work was very skilfully done; every piece of iron used in the bridge was subjected to careful tests, and each bar made to bear a strain of at least 35 tons. The bridge was finished and opened for traffic on the 30th January, 1826, having been five years and a half in building.

It is a serious objection to bridges of the suspension kind that they are liable to undulate and swing by the passage of a comparatively light load, by the action of the wind, and more particularly by the regular tread of a body of men. A suspension bridge at Broughton, near Manchester, was broken down, in 1831, by the march of a company of only sixty soldiers, and a similar accident happened at Angers in France. The chain-pier at Brighton was in like manner seriously damaged in 1833 by the force of the wind and the waves, which threw the platform into a state of violent vibration, and reduced it almost to a total wreck. Nor has the Menai Bridge escaped damage from the same cause. In January, 1839, a storm of wind so injured it that one-third of the suspending-rods were broken, both the carriage-ways were rendered impassable, and nearly 200 feet of one of them was broken away. It seems a marvel how the bridge, under such a vibratory strain, should have escaped complete destruction.

Amongst the best and most recent specimens of road suspension bridges may be mentioned Mr. Tierney Clark's over the Danube



Danube at Buda-Pesth, Mr. Brunel's over the Thames at Charing-Cross, and Mr. Page's over the Thames at Chelsea. The Buda-Pesth and Charing-Cross Bridges are both of greater span than the Menai; the former, which includes a carriage-way as well as a foot-road for passengers, being 700 feet, the latter, which is a foot-road only, being 676 feet. In Mr. Brunel's bridge, the rigidity has been increased by connecting together the chains on each side of the bridge so as to constitute essentially but one chain, every suspending-rod bearing with an equal strain on both. Mr. Page's bridge is chiefly remarkable for the elegance of its design, in which we detect the skill of the architect as well as of the engineer. By means of two wrought-iron longitudinal lattice-girders extending the entire length of the bridge, firmly secured to the suspension-chains by vertical rods, great rigidity is secured. Cast iron, in graceful forms, has also been extensively employed in the columnar suspension towers, the piers, and the foundations, which are strongly cased in iron.

The noble bridge over the Danube at Buda-Pesth was a work of much greater difficulty. The previous communication had been effected by means of a bridge of boats, often destroyed or seriously damaged at the breaking up of the ice in spring, when the passage of the stream was completely interrupted. The bed of the river—about a quarter of a mile wide—was sand and mud to a considerable depth, presenting bad foundations; and it was feared that the expense of constructing the requisite number of piers for a stone or cast-iron bridge would have rendered either impracticable. Under these circumstances, a suspension bridge was determined on and commenced amidst general misgivings. The Hungarians believed that the bridge could never stand the pressure of the winter floods, and they apprehended that the piers would be swept away by the torrents of ice which rush down the Danube in spring. Great opposition was encountered from the nobles, whom, for the first time, it was proposed to tax for the purpose. Such a thing had never before been heard of as Hungarian nobles paying tolls. Count Széchenyi, the patriotic projector of the work, inveighed against them in the Diet, wrote against them in the journals, and in the end conquered them. A Bill passed both Chambers in 1839, by which the legal taxation of the nobles, in the form of a bridge-toll, was acknowledged. The *Judex-Curie* shed tears on the occasion, and declared that 'he would never pass that ill-fated bridge, from the erection of which he should date the downfall of Hungarian nobility.' The works were commenced in the following year, and considerable difficulty was experienced, as had been anticipated, in securing proper foundations. Some of the staging was  
carried

carried away on the breaking up of the ice in January, 1841, but on the whole what had been done was not greatly damaged. The work proceeded steadily, and the superstructure was pretty well advanced in 1849. The chains had just been raised, the roadway beams fixed in their places, and the upper parts of the suspension-towers finished, when the Hungarian revolution broke out. Towards the end of December, on the advance of the Austrian army, the Provisional Government sitting at Buda sent messages to the directors of the bridge, requiring them, under heavy penalties, immediately to prepare the approaches for the passage of the rebels and their artillery. It was in vain represented that the bridge was unfinished, and that dangerous consequences might ensue. Temporary planking was laid upon the longitudinal larch timbers, to save them as much as possible, and the whole Hungarian army retreated over the bridge—infantry, cavalry, artillery, and baggage-waggon. A few days after, the Imperial troops, to the number of 70,000, with 270 cannon, crossed after them, and took possession of Buda-Pesth. The bridge works proceeded in the very midst of the war, though the supply of iron-work was stopped in consequence of the foundries being taken possession of to cast cannon for the contending armies. Strong batteries were thrown up on the Buda side to defend the entrance to the bridge and to sweep its platform. The workshops were cleared away, and the materials removed to a distance. The Imperial troops, being repulsed by the Hungarians from Pesth, again crossed the bridge, after which Hentzi, the Austrian General, had the platform timbers stripped off, leaving the cast-iron beams and trussing quite bare. Arrangements were made for blowing asunder the chains, in event of the Hungarians attempting to force a passage, and 30 cwt. of gunpowder was deposited for the purpose. Firing went on between the rival forces on the opposite banks; about a hundred Austrian cannon were directed against Pesth, and when Georgey arrived in that city on the 4th of May, he commenced bombarding Buda, which stands exactly over against it. The cannonade continued day and night for eight days, and Pesth was set on fire in thirty-two different places. Mr. Adam Clarke, the resident engineer, had his house smashed with 24lb. shot. Some damage was done to the bridge machinery and to the columns of the toll-house on the Pesth side, but far less than might have been expected. Buda having been successfully stormed by the Hungarians, one of the last acts of the Austrian General Hentzi was to set fire to the powder on the bridge with his own hands, blowing himself and about 80 feet of the skeleton of the platform to atoms. After this all resistance ceased. Georgey had the bridge temporarily repaired for the passage of his troops.

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It was found that some injury had been done to the chains by the heavy shot, steps were immediately taken to replace them, and the works went on as vigorously as before. Again the tide of war turned, and the Hungarians being beaten at Raab, Dembinsky made arrangements to blow up the bridge as the Austrians had done before, in order to protect the retreat of his troops. Mr. Clarke implored the General not to commit such an act of Vandalism, and offered again to take up the planking, and render the road impassable. Dembinsky consented, the bridge was stripped of its timbers, and when close upon completion, was once more reduced to a skeleton. When the war was ended, the bridge was finished, and the people of Buda-Pesth now proudly pronounce it to be the 'eighth wonder of the world.'

A curious modification of the suspension bridge is presented in that erected over the valley of the Sarine in Switzerland, connecting the hill on which stands the city of Fribourg with the opposite mountain. Before this bridge was built, the road leading through Fribourg to Berne and the German frontier of Switzerland descended into the valley and gained the summit of the mountain opposite by an exceedingly crooked and precipitous route. The passage was at all times dangerous, and in winter usually impassable. This state of things continued until 1830, when M. Chaley, a French engineer, undertook to build a bridge across the valley. It is remarkable that this, the largest single-span bridge in the world, exceeding that of Telford by more than three hundred feet, should be entirely constructed of so delicate a material as *fine wire* little more than a tenth of an inch in diameter! The bridge, which includes a carriage-way with a footpath on each side, is of the vast span of 870 feet between the suspension towers, and is supported by four main suspension cables, each composed of 1056 threads of wire, bound firmly by a ligature of the same material at every two feet, and thus preserving its cylindrical form.

An American engineer, Mr. Roebling, has even had the daring to employ a wire suspension bridge, for the purposes of railway traffic across a rapid river. American engineers frequently exercise their highest skill in 'doing things cheap.' Hence there is perhaps more bad, rickety workmanship in America than in any other civilised country. One of the most vaunted merits of this railway suspension bridge is that it has cost only 80,000*l.*; whereas a rigid wrought-iron bridge, if constructed by an English engineer, might have cost more than double the money. Nevertheless, Mr. Roebling's bridge is an ingenious work, and does him much credit. It forms the link which binds the railways of Western Canada with those

those of the United States, and spans the wide and deep gorge at the bottom of which flows the Niagara River, about two miles below the Falls. The span of the bridge as originally constructed was not less than 820 feet, and the roadway is 250 feet above the level of the stream. It makes the head dizzy to look down from that immense height upon the waters rushing below at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Seen from beneath, standing by the river's side, the bridge looks like a strip of paper suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the gossamer-looking structure swings to and fro as if ready to start from its fastenings, and it even shakes under the firm tread of the passing pedestrian. Yet, though suspended by means of wire—the first cord of which was carried across the river at the tail of a kite—it is of considerable strength, bearing locomotives and trains along the railroad above, and ordinary road traffic upon the platform immediately underneath it. The floors of both roads are constructed of timber beams, with wrought-iron diagonal rods passing between them; and both platforms have three distinct sets of suspension wire cables, which rest upon separate saddles on the top of the suspension towers. The four cables—two suspending the upper, or railroad, and two suspending the lower road, or highway—are each of ten inches diameter, composed of 3640 wires of No. 9 gauge, making the solid section of each wire rather more than 60 square inches. From the suspension cables descend 624 suspenders, also of wire, each stated to be capable of supporting a weight of 30 tons. The anchor chains are firmly imbedded in masonry, built deep into the solid rock on either side. Whilst it must be admitted that the Niagara Bridge has been to some extent successful, most engineers entertain great doubts as to the applicability of the suspension principle to railway purposes. Shortly after this bridge was opened, it was ascertained that the deflection caused by the passing trains was so considerable—varying according to the load from five to nine inches—that it was found necessary to reduce the span about a hundred feet by building up underneath the platform at each end, and by additional strutting; and after all, the speed of the passing trains had to be reduced from five to three miles an hour, while the load was reduced to its minimum. The adoption of the suspension principle is no doubt a great temptation to those engineers who study the saving of expenditure at the outset; but it is highly probable that the cost of maintaining the cheaper structure will be found to amount to considerably more than the interest on the extra capital that would have been required to erect a rigid iron bridge capable of bearing railway traffic at ordinary speeds.

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We now come to iron railway bridges proper, in the construction of which the English engineer has achieved his greatest triumphs, and exhibited higher skill and ingenuity in surmounting difficulties than in any other branch of his Cyclopean science. On the introduction of railways, an extraordinary stimulus was given to the art of bridge building. The necessity which existed for carrying rigid roads, capable of bearing heavy railway trains at high speeds, over extensive gaps free of support, rendered it apparent that the methods which had up to that time been employed for bridging space were altogether insufficient. The railway engineer could not, like the ordinary road engineer, divert the road, and select the best point for crossing a river or a valley. He must take such ground as lay in the line of his railway, be it over bog, or mud, or shifting sand. Navigable rivers and crowded thoroughfares had to be crossed without interruption to the existing traffic, sometimes by bridges at right angles to the stream or road, sometimes by arches more or less oblique. In many cases great difficulty arose from the limited nature of the headway; but, as the level of the original road must generally be preserved, and that of the railway was in a measure fixed and determined, it was necessary to modify the form and structure of the bridge in almost every case in order to comply with the public requirements. Novel conditions were met by fresh inventions, and difficulties of the most unusual character were one by one successfully surmounted. Instead of the erection of a single large bridge, constituting, as formerly, an epoch in engineering, hundreds of extensive bridges of novel construction were simultaneously constructed. The number built since the commencement of the railway era is not less than 25,000 in Great Britain alone, or more than all the bridges previously existing in the country. In London and the suburbs there are above 11 miles of viaducts, consisting of a series of arches. In executing this vast amount of bridge work, iron has been the sheet-anchor of the engineer. In its various forms it offered an invaluable resource, where rapidity of execution, great strength, and cheapness of construction, were elements of prime importance.

In many of the early cast-iron bridges the old form of the arch was adopted when the structure depended wholly on compression, the only novel feature being the use of iron instead of stone. But in a large proportion of cases, the arch, with the railroad over it, was found inapplicable, in consequence of the limited headway which it provided. Hence it early occurred to Mr. George Stephenson, when constructing the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, to adopt the simple cast-iron beam for the crossing of several roads and canals along that line; then cast-iron

iron arched girders, with their lower webs considerably larger than their upper, came into general use where the span was moderate; and wrought-iron tie-rods below were added to give increased strength where the span was greater. A serious accident, however, which occurred to a bridge of this description over the Dee, near Chester, tended to throw discredit on this kind of structure. It was felt that the theory of equilibrium of the stone arch, as employed in ordinary road bridges, was inapplicable in the case of railway cast-iron bridges, where the rolling load bears so much larger a proportion to the weight of the whole structure. From a series of experiments, afterwards conducted by government engineers, it also appeared that girders were more apt to be deflected by a load run over them at a high speed, when it was supposed that the weight of the locomotive coming suddenly upon the bridge had the effect of giving it a heavy blow, and thus increased the risk of fracture, though the same bridge might be able to sustain a standing load of more than six times its breaking weight. Although railway engineers accounted differently for the fact, they were agreed in the necessity of contriving bridges of iron of greater strength and rigidity, capable of safely bearing heavy loads at high speeds.

The next step was the contrivance of arched beams or bowstring girders, firmly held together by horizontal ties, to resist the thrust, instead of abutments. Numerous specimens of this description of bridge, designed by various engineers, might be adduced, but as the very finest specimen of such a bridge yet constructed—as a monument of modern engineering skill with the impress of power as grandly stamped upon it as on any work of our times—we prefer introducing a brief description of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, which is due to the genius of Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The problem was, to throw a railway bridge across the deep ravine which lies between the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, at the bottom of which flows the Tyne—a navigable river crowded with ‘keels,’ which bear down from colliery staiths their loads of black diamonds for the London market. Along and up the sides of the valley—on the Newcastle bank especially—run streets of old-fashioned houses, clustered together in the strange forms peculiar to the older cities. The ravine is of great depth—so deep and so gloomy-looking towards dusk, that local tradition records that when the Duke of Cumberland arrived late in the evening at the brow of the hill overlooking the Tyne, on his way to Culloden, he exclaimed to his attendants, on looking down into the black gorge before him, ‘For God’s sake, don’t think of taking me down a coal-



coal-pit at this time of night!' The road down the Gateshead High-street was almost as steep as the side of a house, and up the Newcastle Side, as the street there is called, it is little better. During many centuries the traffic north and south passed along this dangerous and difficult route, over the old bridge which crosses the river in the bottom of the valley. For some thirty years the Newcastle corporation discussed various methods of improving the bridge road between the towns; Captain Brown, Telford, and other engineers, were consulted, and the discussion might have gone on for thirty years more, but for the advent of railways, when the skill and enterprise to which they gave birth speedily solved the difficulty and bridged the ravine. The locality adroitly took advantage of the opportunity, and insisted on the provision of a road for ordinary vehicles and foot passengers in addition to the railroad. In this circumstance originated one of the striking peculiarities of the High Level Bridge, which serves two purposes, being a railway above and a carriage roadway underneath. The work was not executed, however, without dismal forebodings on the part of some of the Gateshead people; one of whom, on hearing the pile-driving machine at work with the foundations, was wont to ejaculate, 'There goes another nail in the coffin of Gateshead!'

The breadth of the river at the point of crossing is 515 feet, but the length of the bridge and viaduct between the Gateshead station and the terminus on the Newcastle side is about 4000 feet. It springs from Pipewell Gate Bank, on the south, directly across to Castle Garth, where, nearly fronting the bridge, stands the fine old Norman keep of the *New Castle*, now nearly eight hundred years old, and a little beyond it is the spire of St. Nicholas Church, with its light and graceful Gothic crown; these noble relics of the older civilisation thus confronting this beautiful offspring of the new. The bridge passes completely over the roofs of the houses which fill both sides of the valley, and the extraordinary height of the upper parapet, which is about 130 feet above the bed of the river, offers a prospect to the passing traveller the like of which is nowhere else to be witnessed. Far below are seen the queer chares and closes, the wynds and lanes of old Newcastle; the water is crowded with pudgy, black, coal keels, each with their single sail, said to be of the same primitive model as the vessels of the early Danish invaders who so often ravaged Tyneside; and, when there is a lull of the great smoke volcanos which usually obscure the sky, the funnels of steamers and the masts of the shipping may be seen extending far down the river. The old bridge lies so far beneath that the passengers crossing it seem like so  
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many bees passing to and fro. The High Level Bridge itself is an eminently picturesque object seen looming amidst murky clouds of smoke, and Roger Fenton has made it the subject of one of his happiest photographs.

The first difficulty encountered in building the bridge was in securing a solid foundation for the piers. The dimensions of the piles to be driven were so huge, that the engineer found it necessary to employ some extraordinary means for the purpose. He called Nasmyth's Titanic steam-hammer to his aid—the first occasion, we believe, on which this prodigious power was employed in bridge pile-driving. A temporary staging was erected for the steam-engine and hammer apparatus, which rested on two keels, and, notwithstanding the newness and stiffness of the machinery, the first pile was driven on the 6th of October, 1846, to a depth of 32 feet in four minutes. Two hammers of 30 cwt. each were kept in regular use, making from 60 to 70 strokes per minute; and the results were astounding to those who had been accustomed to the old style of pile-driving by means of the ordinary pile-frame, consisting of slide, ram, and monkey. By the old system, the pile was driven by a comparatively small mass of iron descending with great velocity from a considerable height—the velocity being in excess and the mass deficient, and calculated, like the momentum of a cannon-ball, rather for destructive than impulsive action. In the case of the steam pile-driver, on the contrary, the whole weight of a heavy mass is delivered rapidly upon a driving-block of several tons weight placed directly over the head of the pile, the weight never ceasing, and the blows being repeated at the rate of a blow a second, until the pile is driven home. It is a curious fact, that the rapid strokes of the steam-hammer evolved so much heat, that on many occasions the pile-head burst into flames during the process of driving. The elastic force of steam is the power that lifts the ram, the escape permitting its entire force to fall upon the head of the driving block; whilst the steam above the piston on the upper part of the cylinder, acting as a buffer or recoil-spring, materially enhances the effect of the downward blow. As soon as one pile was driven, the traveller, hovering overhead, presented another, and down it went into the solid bed of the river, with as much ease as a lady sticks pins into a cushion. By the aid of this formidable machine, what was formerly amongst the most costly and tedious of engineering operations, was rendered simple, easy, and economical.

When the piles had been driven and the coffer-dams formed and puddled, the water within the enclosed space was pumped off by the aid of powerful engines to enable the foundations to be



be dug out and built up. Considerable difficulty was experienced in getting in the foundations of the middle pier, for the surrounding pressure forced in the water through the quicksand below as fast as it was removed. This fruitless labour went on for months, and many expedients were tried. Chalk was thrown in in large quantities, outside the piling, but without effect. Cement concrete was at last put within the cofferdam, until it set, and the bottom was then found to be secure. A bed of concrete was laid up to the level of the heads of the piles, and the foundation course of stone blocks was commenced about two feet below low water, and the building proceeded without further difficulty. It may serve to give some slight idea of the magnitude of the work, when we state that 400,000 cubic feet of ashlar, rubble, and concrete were worked up in the piers, and 450,000 cubic feet in the land-arches and approaches.

The most novel feature of the structure is the use of cast and wrought iron in forming the double bridge, which admirably combines the two principles of the arch and suspension, the railway being carried over the back of the ribbed arches in the usual manner, while the carriage-road and footpaths, forming a long gallery or aisle, are suspended from these arches by wrought-iron vertical rods, with horizontal tie-bars to resist the thrust. The suspension-bolts are enclosed within spandril pillars of cast iron, which add great stiffness to the superstructure. This system of longitudinal and vertical bracing has been much admired; for it not only accomplishes the primary object of securing stability in the fabric, but at the same time, by its graceful arrangement, heightens the beauty of the structure. The arches consist of four main ribs, disposed in pairs, with a clear distance between the two inner arches of 20 feet 4 inches, forming the carriage-road, while between each of the inner and outer ribs there is a space of 6 feet 2 inches, constituting the footpaths. Each arch is cast in five separate lengths or segments, strongly bolted together. The ribs spring from horizontal plates of cast iron, bedded and secured on the stone piers. All the abutting joints are carefully executed by machinery, and the fitting is of the most perfect kind. In order to provide for the expansion and contraction of the iron arching and to preserve the equilibrium of the piers without disturbance or racking of the parts of the bridge, it was provided that the ribs of every two adjoining arches resting on the same pier should be secured to the springing-plates by keys and joggles; whilst on the next piers, upon either side, the ribs remained free and were at liberty to expand or contract—a space being left for the purpose. Hence each arch is complete and independent within itself, the piers having simply  
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to sustain their vertical pressure. The arches are six in number, of 125 feet span each; the two approaches to the bridge being formed of cast-iron pillars and bearers in keeping with the arches. The result is a bridge that for massive solidity and perfect finish may be pronounced unrivalled, and over which the stream of road and railway traffic may be safely carried north and south for a thousand years to come. This great work was opened on the 15th of August, 1849, and a few days after the royal train passed over, halting for a few minutes on the bridge to enable her Majesty to survey the wonderful scene below. In the course of the following year the Queen opened the majestic stone viaduct and bridge across the Tweed, upwards of 2000 feet in length, by which the last link was completed of the continuous line of railway between London and Edinburgh. Over the entrance to the Berwick station, occupying the site of the once redoubtable Castle of Berwick, so often the deadly battleground of the ancient Scots and English, was erected an arch, under which the royal train passed, bearing in large letters of gold the appropriate motto, 'The last act of the Union.'

The next great step in advance was the application of iron under its most perfect form—of wrought-iron plates, in bowstring, tubular, and box-girders, capable of bearing the heaviest railway trains at the highest speeds. The first, and, up to this time, the most complete, specimen of the simple tubular bridge is the Britannia Bridge, constructed by Mr. Robert Stephenson across the Menai Straits, which we have already so fully described,\* that it is not necessary for us to enter upon any further description of that masterly work—the result of laborious calculation, founded on painstaking experiment, combined with eminent constructive genius and high moral and intellectual courage. Although the Britannia Bridge represented the most scientific distribution of material which could be devised at the date of its construction, it has since been improved upon by the same engineer in the Victoria Bridge, now in course of construction across the river St. Lawrence near Montreal.

The Victoria Bridge is, without exception, the greatest work of the kind in the world. For gigantic proportions and vast length and strength there is nothing to compare with it in ancient or modern times. The entire bridge, with its approaches, is only about sixty yards short of *two miles*. It is five times longer than the Britannia across the Menai Straits, seven and a half times longer than Waterloo Bridge, and more than ten times longer than the new Chelsea Bridge across the Thames!

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\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxxxv., p. 399.



The Victoria has not less than twenty-four spans of 242 feet each, and one great central span—itsself an immense bridge—of 330 feet. The road is carried within iron tubes 60 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence, which runs beneath at a speed of about ten miles an hour, and in winter brings down the ice of some two thousand miles of lakes and upper rivers, with their numerous tributaries. The weight of iron in the tubes will be upwards of ten thousand tons, supported on massive stone piers which contain some six, some eight thousand tons each of solid masonry.

So gigantic a work, involving so heavy an expenditure, has not been projected without sufficient cause. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada—one of the greatest national enterprises ever entered on—is upwards of 1100 miles in length, opening up a vast extent of fertile territory for the purposes of future immigration, and, by connecting the settled provinces of Western Canada with the seaboard States of the American Union, calculated to afford full scope for the development of the industrial resources of that magnificent colony. Without the Victoria Bridge the system of communication would have been manifestly incomplete. The extensive series of Canadian railways on the north side of the St. Lawrence, terminating opposite Montreal, would, for all purposes of through traffic, be virtually sealed up during the six months of the year that the St. Lawrence is closed against navigation by the ice; and the Grand Trunk system must necessarily have remained to a great extent nugatory, in consequence of the province being cut off from the coast, to which the commerce of Canada naturally tends.

The particular kind of structure to be adopted formed the subject of considerable preliminary discussion. Even after the design of a tubular bridge had been adopted, and the piers were commenced, the plan was made the subject of severe criticism, on the ground of its alleged excessive cost. It therefore became necessary for Mr. Stephenson to vindicate the propriety of his design in a report to the directors of the railway, in which he satisfactorily proved that as respects strength, efficiency, and economy, with a view to permanency, the plan of the Victoria Bridge is unimpeachable. Various modes were proposed for spanning the St. Lawrence. The suspension bridge, such as that over the Niagara, was found inapplicable for several reasons, but chiefly because of its defective rigidity, which greatly limits the speed and weight of trains, and consequently the amount of traffic which can be passed over such a bridge. Thus, taking the length of the Victoria Bridge into account, it was found that not more than 20 trains could pass within the 24 hours, a number

insufficient for the accommodation of the anticipated traffic. To introduce such an amount of material into the suspension bridge as would supply increased rigidity, would only be approximating to the original beam, and neutralizing any advantages in point of cheapness which might be derivable from this form of structure, without securing the essential stiffness and strength. Iron arches were also considered inapplicable, because of the large headway required for the passage of the ice in winter, and the necessity which existed for keeping the springing of the arches clear of the water line. This would have involved the raising of the entire road, and a largely increased expenditure on the upper works. The question was therefore reduced to the consideration of the kind of *horizontal beam or girder* to be employed.

Horizontal girders are of three kinds. The *Tubular* is constructed of riveted rectangular boiler plates. Where the span is large, the road passes within the tube; where the span is comparatively small, the roadway is supported by two or more rectangular beams. Next there is the *Lattice* girder, borrowed from the loose rough timber bridges of the American engineers, consisting of a top and bottom flange connected by a number of flat iron bars, riveted across each other at a certain angle, the roadway resting on the top, or being suspended at the bottom between the lattice on either side. One of the best known specimens of this bridge is the fine work erected by Sir John Macneil on the line of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, over the river Boyne near the town of Drogheda; its centre span being of 264 feet. Bridges on the same construction are now extensively manufactured in this country for crossing rivers in India, and are specially designed with a view to their easy transport and erection. The *Trellis* or Warren girder is a modification of the same plan, consisting of a top and bottom flange, with a connecting web of diagonal flat bars, forming a complete system of triangulation—hence the name of ‘Triangular girder,’ by which it is generally known. The merit of this form consists in its comparative rigidity, strength, lightness, and economy of material. These bridges are also extensively employed in spanning the broad rivers of India. One of the best specimens in this country is the Crumlin viaduct, 200 feet high at one point, which spans the river and valley of the Ebbw near the village of Crumlin in South Wales. The viaduct is about a third of a mile long, divided into two parts by a ridge of hills which runs through the centre of the valley—each part forming a separate viaduct, the one of seven equal spans of 150 feet, the other of three spans of the same diameter. This bridge has been very skilfully designed  
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and constructed by Mr. T. W. Kennard, and, by reason of its great dimensions and novel arrangements, is entitled to be regarded as one of the most remarkable engineering works of the day.

'In calculating the strength of these different classes of girders,' Mr. Stephenson observes, 'one ruling principle appertains, and is common to all of them. Primarily and essentially, the ultimate strength is considered to exist in the top and bottom,—the former being exposed to a compression force by the action of the load, and the latter to a force of tension; therefore, whatever be the class or denomination of girders, they must all be alike in amount of effective material in these members, if their spans and depths are the same, and they have to sustain the same amount of load. Hence, the question of comparative merit amongst the different classes of construction of beams or girders, is really narrowed to the method of connecting the top and bottom *webs*, so called.' In the tubular system the connexion is effected by continuous boiler plates riveted together; and in the lattice and trellis bridges by flat iron bars, more or less numerous, forming a series of struts and ties. Those engineers who advocate the employment of the latter form of construction, set forth as its principal advantage the saving of material which is effected by employing bars instead of iron plates; whereas Mr. Stephenson and his followers urge, that in point of economy the boiler plate side is equal to the bars, whilst in point of effective strength and rigidity it is decidedly superior. To show the comparative economy of material, he contrasts the lattice girder bridge over the river Trent, on the Great Northern Railway near Newark, with the tubes of the Victoria Bridge which are now in course of construction. In the former case, where the span is  $240\frac{1}{2}$  feet, and the bridge 13 feet wide, the weight including bearings is 292 tons; in the latter, where the span is 242 feet, the width of the tube 16 feet, the weight including bearings is 275 tons, showing a balance in favour of the Victoria Tube of 17 tons. The comparison between the Newark Dyke Bridge and the Tubular Bridge over the river Aire is equally favourable to the latter; and no one can have travelled over the Great Northern line to York without noting that as respects rigidity under the passing train, the Tubular Bridge is decidedly superior. It is ascertained that the deflection caused by a passing load is considerably greater in the former case; and Mr. Stephenson is also of opinion that the sides of all trellis or lattice girders are useless, except for the purpose of connecting the top and bottom, and keeping them in their position. They depend upon their connexion with the top and bottom webs for their own support; and since they

could not sustain their shape, but would collapse immediately on their being disconnected from their top and bottom members, it is evident that they add to the strain upon them, and consequently to that extent reduce the ultimate strength of the beams. 'I admit,' he adds, 'that there is no formula for valuing the *solid* sides for strains, and that at present we only ascribe to them the value or use of connecting the top and bottom; yet we are aware that, from their continuity and solidity, they are of value to resist horizontal and many other strains, independently of the top and bottom, by which they add very much to the stiffness of the beam; and the fact of their containing more material than is necessary to connect the top and bottom webs, has by no means been fairly established.' Another important advantage of the Tubular bridge over the Trellis or Lattice structure, as pointed out by Mr. Brunel and Mr. Edwin Clarke, consists in its greater safety in event of a train running off the line,—a contingency which has more than once occurred on a tubular bridge without detriment, whereas in event of such an accident occurring on a Trellis or Lattice bridge, it must, Mr. Clarke says, 'infallibly be destroyed.' Where the proposed bridge is of the unusual length of a mile and a quarter, it is obvious that this consideration must have had no small weight with the Directors, who eventually decided upon proceeding with the Tubular Bridge according to Mr. Stephenson's original design.

From the first projection of the Victoria Bridge, the difficulties of executing such a work across a wide river, down which an avalanche of ice rushes to the sea every spring, was pronounced almost insurmountable by those best acquainted with the locality. The ice of two thousand miles of inland lakes and upper rivers, besides their tributaries—many of which exceed the Thames in length, depth, and volume of water—is then poured down stream, and, in the neighbourhood of Montreal especially, it is often piled up to the height of from forty to fifty feet, placing the surrounding country under water, and doing severe damage to the massive stone buildings along the noble river front of the city. To resist so prodigious a pressure, it was necessary that the piers of the proposed bridge should be of the most solid and massive description. Their foundations are placed in the solid rock; for none of the artificial methods of obtaining foundations, suggested by some critical engineers for cheapness' sake, were found practicable in this case. Where the force exercised against the piers was likely to be so great, it was felt that timber ice-breakers, timber or cast-iron piling, or even rubble-work, would have proved but temporary expedients. The two centre piers are eighteen feet wide, and the remaining twenty-two piers  
fifteen



fifteen feet. To arrest and break the ice, an inclined plane, composed of great blocks of stone, was added to the up-river side of each pier—each block weighing from seven to ten tons, and the whole firmly clamped together with iron rivets.

To convey some idea of the immense force which these piers are required to resist, we quote a brief account received from Mr. Alexander Ross, the principal engineer superintending the works, of the scene which occurred at the breaking up of the ice in March last, when the pressure of the pack was unusually severe. It must be premised that fourteen out of the twenty-four piers were then finished, together with the formidable abutments and approaches to the bridge. The ice in the river began to show signs of weakness on the 29th of March, but it was not until the 31st that a general movement became observable, which continued for an hour, when it suddenly stopped, and the water rose rapidly. On the following day, at noon, a grand movement commenced; the waters rose about four feet in two minutes, up to a level with many of the Montreal streets. The fields of ice at the same time were suddenly elevated to an incredible height; and so overwhelming were they in appearance, that crowds of the townspeople, who had assembled on the quays to watch the progress of the flood, ran for their lives. This movement lasted about twenty minutes, during which the jammed ice destroyed several portions of the quay-wall, grinding the hardest blocks to atoms. The embanked approaches to the Victoria Bridge had tremendous forces to resist. In the full channel of the stream, the ice in its passage between the piers was broken up by the force of the blow immediately on its coming in contact with the cutwaters. Sometimes thick sheets of ice were seen to rise up and rear on end against the piers, but by the force of the current they were speedily made to roll over into the stream, and in a moment after were out of sight. For the two next days the river was still high, until on the 4th of April the waters seemed suddenly to give way, and by the following day the river was flowing clear and smooth as a millpond, nothing of winter remaining except the masses of borage ice which were strewn along the shores of the stream. On examination of the piers of the bridge it was found that they had admirably resisted the tremendous pressure; and though the timber 'cribwork' erected to facilitate the placing of floating pontoons to form the dams, was found considerably disturbed and in some places seriously damaged, the piers, with the exception of one or two heavy stone blocks which were still unfinished, escaped uninjured. One heavy block of many tons' weight was carried to a considerable distance, and must have  
been

been torn out of its place by sheer force, as several of the broken fragments were left in the pier. We may add that already two of the tubes have been placed *in situ* upon the piers, and that this magnificent work is expected to be completed and opened for traffic by the beginning of 1860.

We have not left ourselves space to do more than allude to Mr. Brunel's admirable combination of the principles of the tubular and suspension bridges in the fine structures recently erected by him at Chepstow and Saltash. The latter bridge is of even greater length than the Britannia. Including the land openings it is not less than 2200 feet long, having nineteen openings, two of which are of the immense span of 455 feet each. These two main openings are spanned by longitudinal beams, suspended from arched tubes of wrought-iron plates by long-linked tension chains, rendered rigid by vertical struts and diagonal bracing. They are both works of great merit, deservedly admired by engineers.

The tubular bridge system has even been extended to Egypt, the land of old Cheops and the Pyramids. The principal feature of the two extensive bridges on the Egyptian railway recently completed is, that the road is carried upon the top of the tubes instead of in the interior. The longer of the two is over the Damietta branch of the Nile near Benha. It contains eight spans or openings of 80 feet each, and two centre spans, which are formed by one of the largest iron swing bridges ever constructed—the total length of the swing-beam being 157 feet, and leaving a clear waterway on either side of the central pier of 60 feet. The foundations of this bridge offer another exemplification of the extended use of iron in structures of this sort, for they consist of wrought-iron cylinders filled in with concrete, and sunk by means of a remarkable pneumatic process which we will briefly describe.

The securing of firm foundations for piers has always been a point of the greatest importance with bridge-builders. When the stream could not be diverted and the bed laid bare for the purpose of getting in the foundations—as is supposed to have been done in the case of Old London Bridge—the early builders adopted the expedient of throwing loose rubble-stones into the river until they were sufficiently high and solid to build upon. They were then surrounded with piles to prevent the foundations washing away. Labelye, in constructing Westminster Bridge, employed the method invented by French engineers of getting in the foundations by means of caissons or watertight floating chests, prepared on shore and floated over the points at which it was proposed to build, where they were loaded



loaded and sunk upon as flat a bottom as could be dredged. The masonry was then built up within the casing to high-water mark, when the sides of the caisson were removed, and the work was protected by piles driven side by side all round the pier. The same system was adopted by Mylne in getting in the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge; but both have proved defective, and the failure in each case was greatly hastened by the removal of the numerous piers of Old London Bridge, which increased the velocity of the flowing tide and the consequent 'scour' of the stream in the bed of the river above-bridge. In securing the foundations of the Waterloo and New London Bridges, Rennie adopted the costly but effectual plan of the coffer-dam—that is, enclosing a sufficient space within double or treble rows of piles driven deep into the bed of the river. The enclosure was made watertight by planking and clay puddle packed between the piles, and the water within the dam was pumped out by means of engine power. The bed of the river, thus exposed, was dug out to the proper depth, when timber piles were driven deep beneath the entire foundation, upon which the solid masonry was then erected. The same plan continues to be pursued in many cases where great solidity of foundation in river-beds is required.

Iron began to be introduced for the purpose of securing foundations, in cases where the superstructure was of a lighter character, or where sands, or mud, or bog, had to be crossed. Hence Dr. Pott's invention of cylinder piles, which consisted in employing iron cylinders, placed in a position for sinking, the lower end being open, and then exhausting them by means of a pneumatic apparatus. The contents of the tube, whether of air or fluid, were thus sucked out, and the tube was forced downwards by simple atmospheric pressure. A succession of piles might be placed over that first sunk, by means of flanges, or other joints, so that piles of any length could be employed. In the case of Mr. Brunlees' disc piles, upon which the Morecombe Bay iron viaducts are erected, the reverse process is employed, and the air, water, and sand, instead of being drawn out of the cylinders by exhaustion, are forced out during a slight rotating motion of the piles, which gradually descend to their proper depth. By one or other of these methods, it would even be possible to obtain foundations for a lighthouse on so treacherous a basis as the Goodwin Sands, whilst for crossing the sandy, muddy beds of broad Indian rivers, the invention is calculated to be of great value. Mitchell's screw-pile is another favourite method of employing iron in securing firm foundations in treacherous ground, the pile being so constructed as to be capable of being screwed down to almost any depth. But the

most

most remarkable application of iron for the purpose of securing foundations in difficult ground at great depths, is that which has been recently adopted by Mr. Hughes, and was first employed by him in constructing the piers of the new bridge over the Medway, at Rochester. It was proposed to build the piers of the bridge upon a series of cast-iron cylinders, each seven feet in diameter; and it was originally intended to force them to a sufficient depth into the bed of the river (which indicated soft clay, sand, and gravel) by means of Dr. Potts' pneumatic process, which had succeeded in similar cases. But it was discovered, soon after the works commenced, that the bed of the stream was encumbered in many places by the ruins of an ancient bridge, which history records as having been taken down some five hundred years ago. On examination the bottom was found to be a compact mass of Kentish rag stone, through which it was impossible to force the cylinders by atmospheric pressure. It was then determined to *reverse* the process, and to give to each cylindrical pile the character of a diving-bell, keeping the interior clear of water by *forcing* air into it by means of a double-acting pump driven by a steam-engine, so that the workmen should be enabled to proceed with the excavations in the interior of the cylinder, and afterwards with the masonry of the foundations. To enable the workmen to pass into and out of the cylinder, and to throw out the excavated stuff as well as to introduce the necessary building materials, without removing the pressure from the water held down by the pneumatic force at the bottom of the excavation, the top of the cylinder was fitted with a moveable wrought-iron cover, capable of being securely bolted to it, and over this were placed two cast-iron chambers, or air-locks. These chambers had two openings, one towards the interior, the other towards the exterior, both being securely fitted with an air-tight flap, or valve. After a loaded bucket had been raised from the bottom, by means of a light wrought-iron crane fixed within the cylinder and drawn through the opening referred to, the cover was hermetically closed, when the outer aperture was opened and the stuff cast out. Building materials were introduced by the same process, and the compression of the air within the interior of the cylinder, in which the men were at work, perhaps some twenty feet below water, was strictly preserved. Strong glass lenses were fitted into the cylinder cover, and in the chambers of the air-locks, to give light to the workmen, but when at a considerable depth candles were constantly used. As the excavation proceeded, the cylinder descended, until the pile was gradually sunk to the desired depth. The piles of the Rochester Bridge were thus carried down thirty feet into the  
river's



river's bed before the building commenced; in Mr. Stephenson's bridge across the Nile, they are sunk thirty-three feet through soil of a peculiarly shifting character; but in Mr. Brunel's Saltash Bridge they were sunk not less than ninety feet, a depth of foundation that would have been considered fabulous but a few years ago. In the latter case, an exterior cylinder was also employed, which was afterwards withdrawn when the foundations had been secured. It is worthy of remark that the cost of getting in foundations by this process has been very considerably reduced—the total cost of completing those of the Rochester Bridge to four feet above the water-line being effected at less than one-half of the estimated cost of coffer-dams alone. The effect of the great atmospheric pressure upon the workmen employed within the cylinder, is sometimes serious. When the pile has descended to a considerable depth, it is possible to work for only a comparatively short time. On entering the cylinder, great pain is felt in the ears, blood sometimes runs from the nose and ears, while the breathing is considerably affected; persons of weak lungs are found quite unfitted for the work. The men who persevere are said to experience an immense sharpening of the appetite, and consume increased quantities of animal food—doubtless caused by the greater waste produced by the increased quantity of oxygen inspired.

The last great project in iron bridge building that we have heard of—and a project it is likely for some time to remain—is a tubular bridge across the Straits of Dover. A French engineer, M. Thomé de Gamond, having projected a tunnel under the sea between England and France, which he states has received the favourable consideration of the French government, Mr. Boyd, not to be outdone in daring, projects his bridge over the sea from Shakespeare's Cliff to Cape Grinez. Mr. Boyd proposes a bridge of iron tubes of 500 feet span, laid upon 190 towers 300 feet high, to be constructed at an estimated cost of 30,000,000*l.* sterling. Apart from the question of practicability, we greatly doubt the utility of such a bridge. The entire number of persons annually travelling between England and all the ports of France, does not amount to 250,000 persons, or less than four days' traffic over London Bridge. Seventeen millions of persons annually pass through the railway stations on the south of the Thames, the greater number of whom have to cross the bridges to and from the north side of the river. We are ready to recognise the necessity of an iron railway bridge across the Thames to a convenient station on the north bank—a measure which would, more than any other project, relieve the 'block' of the bridges, and the crowded thoroughfares leading to and from  
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the City. But there is no such pressure of traffic across the Channel, the existing means being more than sufficient for its accommodation. To this we must add that there is considerable force in the observation of a celebrated English wit to a Frenchman on the subject of Anglo-French relations: 'The best thing that I know of between England and France is—the sea.'

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ART. IV.—*Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif, cum Tritico*. Ascribed to Thomas Netter, of Walden, Provincial of the Carmelite order in England, and Confessor to Henry V. Edited by the Rev. Walter Waddington Shirley, Tutor and late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London, 1858.

THIS volume is among the first fruits of the grant made by Government for rendering accessible to the public the original materials for the mediæval history of England:—

'On the 26th January, 1857, the Master of the Rolls submitted to the Treasury a proposal for the publication of materials for the history of this country, from the invasion of the Romans to the reign of Henry VIII.

'The Master of the Rolls suggested that these materials should be selected for publication under competent editors without reference to periodical or chronological arrangement, without mutilation or abridgment, preference being given in the first instance to such materials as were most scarce and valuable.

'He proposed that each chronicle or document to be edited should be treated in the same way as if the editor were engaged on an *Editio Princeps*; and for this purpose the most correct text should be formed from an accurate collation of the best MSS.

'To render the work more generally useful the Master of the Rolls suggested that the editor should give an account of the MSS. employed by him, of their age and their peculiarities, that he should add to the work a brief account of the life and times of the author, and any other remarks necessary to explain the chronology; but no other note or comment was to be allowed, except what was necessary to establish the correctness of the text.

'The proposal of the Master of the Rolls was approved by the Lords of the Treasury, who only added the suggestion, that "the preface to each work should contain a biographical account of the author so far as authentic materials existed for that purpose, and an estimate of his historical credibility and value."

Such is the code of instructions which has guided the respective



spective editors, and fixes the standard by which their labours are to be tried; and on the whole we entirely approve the judgment with which it has been framed. It may doubtless appear to the general reader, that in some instances the documents might be retrenched or abridged with advantage; but it is no easy task to decide what is absolutely worthless to every inquirer and with reference to every subject, and garbled extracts inspire no confidence. Original documents have been contemptuously compared to thrashed straw, but the grains of wheat they contain, if few, are singularly precious, and no one man's discernment can be trusted to collect them all. With more reason perhaps the reader may complain that amid the difficulties of an obscure subject and of obsolete language, he is denied the help of a commentary. But it must be remembered the object of the Treasury grant is to bring within the reach of the student the original materials of history, not to produce a series of historical works; and so many are the controverted points which perplex mediæval antiquities, that if the editors were invited to put forward their own views, each volume would speedily swell to an inconvenient bulk, and involve an unreasonable expense.

In selecting the documents for publication, those which throw light on the life and writings of John Wycliffe have a strong claim for preference.

That 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men' is true in more senses than that which the poet\* intended to convey. Of many who have exercised the largest influence on the minds of their fellows little remains but a name. The very personality of Homer is disputed. In modern days how meagre is the biography of Shakespeare. Wycliffe, the patriarch of the Reformation, has been compared to the 'voice of one crying in the wilderness'—a voice and nothing more—a mighty agency which is known only in its effects. He has passed away and has left behind him little or no certain record of himself. He was not an egotist; intent on instructing others, he seems to have taken no note of the workings of his own mind—ardent in the pursuit of truth, he never paused to measure the extent or recount the steps of his progress. Thus, but scanty materials for his biography can be extracted from his works, and though a prodigious number of his MSS. have escaped the destructive zeal of his enemies, they are scattered through various libraries of Great Britain and the Continent. They cannot be deciphered except by the antiquary, and the catalogue of those which have been made accessible to the general reader by printing, is very brief (p. 529).

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\* H. Taylor, 'Philip van Artevelde.'

His contemporaries had no inducement to record their recollections of him. There is reason to believe that his kindred disowned him\* in his lifetime, and when he was rescued by an opportune death from the perils which were thickening round him, his friends might deem themselves fortunate if they were permitted to deny and forget him. For more than two centuries after his death all that is recorded of him has been transmitted to us by his adversaries. The chroniclers were hostile, and not less so are the earliest writers who have left works 'relating chiefly to Wyclif.' Waldensis, the reputed author of the volume before us, was his bitterest opponent. William Wodeford, who wrote an answer to the *Triologus*, mentions him only to calumniate him, and Nicholas Harpsfield appended to his ecclesiastical history an account of Wycliffe for the express purpose of refuting his doctrines and defaming his memory. Unfortunately, his enemies are as sparing of facts as they are prodigal of abuse. Yet even in their invective we find a testimony to the blameless purity of his life. Where an adversary can impute a breach of the decalogue he does not recur to the vague bombast and apocalyptic metaphor of polemical wrath. The earliest work which was dictated by a different spirit was that of Dr. James, the first librarian appointed by Sir Thomas Bodley to his newly-founded library. His professed object is to 'vindicate the memory of a great divine, whose soul is with God, whose fame is with the world, and whose bones, but for the malice of his cruel enemies, had rested peacefully in their grave.' Besides a very slight biographical notice, his work comprises two parts entirely distinct, but both dated the 10th February, 1608. In the one he gives 'two short treatises by Wycliffe against the order of Begging Friars,' in order to vindicate his memory from the charge 'of having belonged to them, adjoining himself to that sect, approving their poverty and extolling their perfection.' The other, entitled 'Apologie for John Wycliffe,' contains passages extracted from Wycliffe's works to prove his 'conformity to the now Church of England.' It is singular that precisely the same point which had been urged by Harpsfield in order to discredit the Reformation by identifying it with an old heresy, is afterwards enforced by James to exalt it, by defending it from the charge 'of a manifest newness and new-fangledness.' Mr. Shirley, the editor of the present volume, hints that the quotations brought forward to support a previously adopted theory are not always selected with perfect impartiality; but Dr. James was well acquainted with

\* This is plausibly inferred by Dr. Vaughan from a passage in the tract on *Wedded Men and Wives*, a MS. in Corpus Christi College. Dr. Vaughan, *Monograph*, p. x.



the works of Wycliffe, which are to be found in his own Bodleian, and the extracts he has made are highly interesting and curious.\*

When in the beginning of the last century the Rev. John Lewis, who wrote a history of the translations of the Bible, undertook to compile a complete life of Wycliffe, the time was gone by when a sufficient quantity of authentic materials could be collected for the purpose. His book was published in 1720, and has since been reprinted more than once. It is not remarkable for literary ability; but the editor observes, 'it shows considerable knowledge of the Reformer's English works, and has a very good collection of documents in the Appendix. It is no light praise to say that this, the first professed Life of Wycliffe, remains still the best.'

The only other works which assume to bring the results of original research to illustrate the career of the Reformer are those of Dr. Vaughan. His '*Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe*, illustrated principally from his unpublished MSS.,' was first published in 1828. It drew forth in reply a series of interesting papers (to which Mr. Shirley refers us), in the '*British Magazine*' (vols. vii. and viii.), by Mr. Pantin and Dr. Todd. In these Dr. Vaughan is charged with carelessness and inaccuracy in his examination of Wycliffe's MSS., and with misrepresentation of his opinions to bring them into harmony with his own. But from this besetting sin of Wycliffe's historians the writers in the magazine are by no means exempt, and we must not visit harshly an offence which can hardly be avoided by the biographer (nor indeed very clearly proved against him) till a more extensive publication of Wycliffe's MSS. enables us to trace the progressive development of his opinions.

Dr. Vaughan subsequently remodelled his work, and in 1853 gave it to the public in what he doubtless considered a more attractive form, under the title of '*John de Wycliffe, a monograph*;' but though it contains the correction of some mistakes, it does not appear to us an improvement on the original biography. Luteretius, and after him Tasso, tell us they have employed the embellishments of fancy to set off a dry subject, on the principle that nurses besmear with honey the edges of the medicine cup which they present to a sick child. The changes which Dr. Vaughan has introduced into his narrative to make it more palatable, imply that he thinks the modern public grown childish, and its taste decidedly sickly. But though the style which he adopts is sanctioned by the example of many able writers, we

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\* Dr. James's work is so scarce as to be almost inaccessible. There is, however, a copy in the Bodleian, and another in the British Museum.

must protest against the attempt to allure the lovers of amusement by turning history into a novel or a legend. It is unsafe to tamper with truth even in trifles, and it is worse than useless to conceal the ignorance of facts by the invention of details. We object to a graphic sketch of the house in which, after all, it is highly improbable that Wycliffe should have been born, and of the convents where it is 'pleasing to believe' he was educated. We cannot lend our belief to fanciful descriptions of the external aspect of the university when the Reformer entered it, or the interior of the 'hall' where he lectured—of the emotions, the faces, the attitudes, of the pupils who admired, or the seniors who condemned his innovating spirit. It is a natural mistake to impute to the actors in great events the feelings with which we ourselves look back upon them, but when Wycliffe first began his lectures as a Professor of Theology we must not attribute to him a foreknowledge of the great results he was preparing, nor the confidence of ultimate triumph, still less the reckless indifference or morbid discontent with which a modern lecturer proceeds to undermine the foundations of society. He was animated by an ardent love of truth for its own sake—an earnest longing to reform the Church, whose dogmas he did not yet dispute. The mere discovery of truth has something thrilling in it and awe-inspiring—

‘Quædam divina voluptas

Percipit atque horror’—

more especially of truth elicited by the study of God's word, and, most of all, when the truth so discovered is discordant with the teaching of early youth and the faith and the sympathies of our fellows. It must have been with feelings of no ordinary anxiety that he was led on step by step to question received doctrine, and it was with no impatient levity, no reckless love of change, that his disciples followed. To declaim against abuses was not then a safe and gainful road to distinction; if he failed to reform the discipline and morals of the Church he might perish in the attempt, as many had foundered on that rock already. But we must not anticipate.

It is hardly necessary to mention such works as those of Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Le Bas, which lay no claim to original research or critical investigation.\* They are mere compilations, and only exemplify the process by which loose conjecture in time acquires

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\* ‘The Lives of John Wyclif and of the most eminent of his Disciples,’ a work published by the Rev. Wm. Gilpin in the last century, is said by Mr. Shirley to be ‘a pleasant careless sketch from Lewis's materials.’ Mr. Le Bas's ‘Life of Wycliffe’ forms the first volume of the ‘Theological Library,’ and is very agreeably written.



the consistency of history, as nebulous matter, according to some theories, is gradually consolidated into stars. In this imperfect state of our information respecting our great Reformer, the publication of original documents, written by the Reformer and connected with his history, and a contemporary narrative, however meagre in its details and hostile in its spirit, is a valuable contribution to our national history:—

‘The work now presented to the public,’ says its editor, ‘though never before printed, cannot be said to be wholly unknown. The only manuscript which has come down to us was in possession of John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who has added to it indices and marginal notes in his own handwriting; it was lent by him to his friend Foxe, the martyrologist, who has made considerable use of it; it passed afterwards into the collection of Sir Thomas Bodley, where it was again used by Anthony Wood; Bishop Wilkins had the whole transcribed for himself; and Mr. Lewis, in his “Life of Wyclif,” has extracted some of the documents, which have been reprinted by Dr. Robert Vaughan.’

It is entitled ‘Bundles of the Tares of John Wycliffe,’ an allusion which sufficiently indicates the fate to which the compiler would devote the papers and their author. But there is a mixture of wheat; ‘cum tritico’ is added. Some papers of the Reformer’s opponents are introduced, and

‘the documents relating to the life-time of Wyclif are connected by a narrative which, though broken and inconsecutive, is evidently authentic and of great value; but from the death of Wyclif, or, more strictly, from the Council of London to the close of the book in 1428, the original papers are given without comment or connection’ (p. x.).

From the miscellaneous nature of the contents, it is clear that this title

‘cannot belong in strictness to the whole, but has either been given with reference to the principal subject of the collection, or it was the original title preserved, although new matter had been added, which made it inaccurate’ (p. lxxv.).

It is only the two first and most valuable portions of the MS. which are now given to the public.

The authorship of this volume has been generally attributed to Thomas Netter, of Saffron Walden, or Waldensis, a Carmelite monk, who was born a few years before Wycliffe’s death, and whom we have already mentioned as one of the bitterest opponents of his doctrines. He brought himself into notice by his learning and talents, or at least by his activity and zeal; and for many years whenever there was a Lollard to be confuted or to be burnt we find him foremost in the ranks. But the MS. contains internal evidence which, on a closer examination, induces the

the editor to believe it to be the composition of an eye-witness, and in conclusion of a very ingenious argument, he is inclined to transfer the authorship in the first instance from Walden to Stephen Patryngton, an eminent controversialist and persecutor of the new way whom he succeeded as provincial of his order, and of whose papers he became possessed.

According to the plan prescribed to him, the editor gives in his introduction a sketch of Wycliffe's life and times; and in dealing with the many controverted points which beset his path, he has shown a patience of research and a skill in critical analysis, which are not less creditable to his learning and talents than to his candour and zeal for truth. Hitherto the biographer's endeavour has been to arrange his scanty materials so as to conceal their deficiency, much as Romeo's apothecary may be supposed to have spread out 'his beggarly array of empty boxes' to make the greatest show. Mr. Shirley, on the contrary, makes it his first object to clear the way for the future inquirer by separating what is positively known from what is pure guess or unsupported assertion.

Wycliffe's birth is fixed by Lewis, merely as a conjecture, in the year 1324. For this date there is probably no better ground than that the Reformer is known to have died 1384,\* and is supposed to have lived about sixty years; but it is repeated by successive biographers, who quote each other's authority with increasing confidence till at last we arrive at the triumphant assertion that this year is 'by universal consent fixed' as that of his birth. In favour of an earlier year, the editor observes that Wycliffe speaks of himself at different periods as if he had reached a more advanced stage of his career than would agree with the date of 1324. But it may be, and if so the fact is not without interest, that this indicates rather a precocious maturity of mind in youth, and a premature decay of bodily powers in later life; at most, the true date can be but a very few years earlier. His great adversary, Cunningham, appears to have been undoubtedly his senior at college, and him we find engaged in negotiations respecting the great schism in 1397, when, according to the lowest calculation, he must have reached an age when men are not usually employed in business of intricacy and importance.

The place of his birth is uncertain:—

'Of the Reformer's origin and birthplace, Leland, our earliest authority, gives two different accounts, which are, perhaps, not so irreconcilable as they have been sometimes considered. He says in one passage that he was born at Spreswell, a good mile from Richmond, in

\* James says 1387; but this mistake is copied from John Bale.

Yorkshire;



Yorkshire; in a second, that he drew his origin—"originem duxit"—from the village of Wyclif, some ten miles distant. He was born, that is, at Spreswell, and was a member of the family of Wyclif of Wyclif.'

This is undoubtedly the more plausible and obvious interpretation of the antiquarian's phrase 'originem duxit'; but in writing a dead language, men so often express their meaning vaguely in the attempt to express it elegantly, that it is impossible to decide with certainty:—

'A more serious difficulty is that there is not, nor ever was, we are assured, a place called Spreswell, in the neighbourhood of Richmond, but we may reasonably accept the conjecture of Mr. Whitaker, that the village of Hipswell, about a mile from Richmond, is the place which Leland or Stow (for it is in Stow's transcript of Leland alone that the name is preserved) misheard or misread as Spreswell.'

The etymology and orthography of the name are alike uncertain. Dr. Vaughan derives it from Wye-cliff; Dr. Whitaker from White-cliff; and in mediæval spelling the two names are perpetually confounded. Nor is the dispute an idle one; for if it could be made out that the distinction between them was at all times acknowledged and observed, an important question of identity, which we shall presently have to discuss, would be decided.

Of his birth, parentage, and early education—of the date of his arrival, and of his early career at Oxford, nothing is known; but in the absence of information, and consequently of contradiction, the narrative proceeds fluently enough. 'It is asserted by Bishop Barlow, and repeated by all the modern biographers, that Wyclif entered Oxford as a commoner of Queen's College;' and as that college was founded only in the year 1340, when, according to the latest date assigned to his birth, he must have reached his sixteenth or seventeenth year, an age unusually ripe at that time for commencing an university career, it follows that the first year of the college's foundation must be that of Wycliffe's entrance:—

'It has been lately added that a list of the original members is extant, bearing the date of 1340, and that the name of John Wyclif appears upon it. No such list, however, can be discovered. Commoners were then confined to the unendowed halls of the University; and Wyclif's connection with the college, of which he never was, strictly speaking, a member [if indeed he was ever connected with it at all], belongs to a later part of his life, when he hired a set of rooms, which was usually let to strangers by that poor foundation.'

Yet with so little probability has this membership of Queen's been received, that some biographers account for his late entrance to the University by the difficulty of travelling at an

earlier age than sixteen from Richmond to Oxford—an hypothesis that proves too much, for how, then, was Oxford to be recruited in still earlier times with its thousands of boyish students? His choice of a college then in the very first year of its existence is supposed by some to have arisen from his northern predilections, which would incline him towards a northern foundation; for Oxford was then, like all the continental universities, divided into ‘nations,’ and especially into two grand divisions of ‘northern men and southern men,’ who were animated against each other by the most active rivalry and fiercest party spirit. Notwithstanding his Yorkshire sympathies, however, young Wycliffe is supposed to have panted for better society than Queen’s could produce from Cumberland, and to have changed his quarters to Merton, a college which boasts on its rolls some of the most eminent names of mediæval literature and science; and there, greatly to the relief of his biographers, the possible influence exercised over him by the fame of his predecessors, and the possible friendships he may have formed with his contemporaries, fill up the disappointing blanks in his own early history.

But all this is only another instance of the facility with which repeated assertion hardens into fact—as the stalactite is formed by the accretion of successive drops of water. We do not arrive at any certain incident of the Reformer’s Oxford life till the year 1361, when we find him acting as warden or master of Balliol:—

‘On the 16th of May of the same year he was instituted, on the presentation of the college, to the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire; and shortly after, probably as soon as his term of grace was expired, resigned the mastership of the college, and went to reside on his living. From the time of his accepting the rectory of Fylingham to his death, twenty-one years later, we never lose sight of him for any length of time.’

But though we then first ‘obtain a firm historical footing,’ we are by no means extricated from the slough of uncertainty. We now come to the great problem of Wycliffe’s biography, his supposed appointment to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, which is well worth the pains the editor has taken to elucidate it, not only because it is one of the most striking incidents in a life of which so few particulars are known, and because it has been asserted by the Reformer’s enemies to have influenced his theological opinions, but because its investigation involves the whole question of his life and career at Oxford. The story, as usually told, is as follows:—In the year 1361, Simon of Islep, Archbishop of Canterbury, founded Canterbury Hall for a warden and eleven scholars, of which, four, including



cluding the warden, were to be monks of Christ Church, and the remaining eight were to be secular priests. The first warden was a certain Henry de Wodehall, 'a man, it would appear, of turbulent and ambitious character; and so ill did this combination of secular and regular clergy work for the Archbishop's purposes, that he changed his design, and for Wodehall and the three monks he substituted John Wycliffe and three priests. But the tables were soon to be turned. The Archbishop died, and was succeeded by Langham, who had been himself a monk, and who, on the appeal of the ejected regulars, immediately reinstated them. Wycliffe and his priests carried the matter before Pope Urban at Avignon, but with so little success, that, after a vexatious and expensive contest for some two or three years, the whole foundation was secured to the monks of Christ Church, to the exclusion of all secular priests whatever. Such is the general outline which has been filled in by the Reformer's biographers, with details *ad libitum*. Lewis writes as if he had heard the matter discussed in the common rooms at the time, and assures his readers that 'Mr. Wicliffe lost no reputation by this deprivation, as all sensible people saw the unworthy motives which had dictated the Pope's decision.'

Now, in looking back on the summary just given of Wycliffe's early Oxford life, it is perplexing to find crowded into its brief space more changes of college and a greater variety of appointments than usually occur in the course of any one man's academic career, and therefore it is with a sensation of relief we learn that the industry of archæologists has discovered another contemporary John Wycliffe, who, like the duplicate gods of Lemprière's Dictionary, may relieve his better known namesake of a portion of his overcrowded and inconsistent labours:—

'In August, 1341, a letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, which is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Courthope, of the College of Arms, drew attention to the existence, among the cotemporaries of Wyclif, of another secular priest of the name of John de Whyteclive, or Whytcliff, who was nominated by Archbishop Islep to the vicarage of Mayfield in July, 1361; exchanged that living in December, 1380, for that of Horsted Kaynes; and died rector of Horsted Kaynes and prebendary of Chichester, in the month of November, 1383. As this name is, in mediæval spelling, undistinguishable from that of the Reformer, the question naturally arises whether the vicar of Mayfield had ever been confounded with him.'

To place the whole question at once before the reader, the editor brings together all the notices which, as far as is yet known, are to be found in the University records at this period of the name of John Wyclif:—

' 1. In June, 1356, a John Wyclif was seneschal of the week at Merton College, which implies that he was a fellow of some standing.

' 2. In 1361, as we have seen, John Wyclif was master of Balliol.

' 3. The following entries [for which we must refer the reader to p. 515,] in the bursars' rolls of Queen's College, prove the residence of John Wyclif in various years between 1363 and 1380.'

' Of these various notices, those which relate to the mastership of Balliol can alone be given with perfect certainty to the Reformer; and the connection which appears to have existed between Balliol and the Wyclif family\* makes it natural to suppose that it was his original college. This, and the improbability, which is certainly great, of the fellows of Balliol electing a fellow of another college to their mastership, seem to assign the fellowship of Merton to Wyclif of Mayfield. It may be added that Archbishop Islep, who gave him his vicarage, had been a fellow of Merton, and so had William Reade, bishop of Chichester, who in all probability gave him his prebend.

' The evidence as to Queen's College, though not quite conclusive, points to the Reformer. Leland and his followers connect him with the college; and the name of Nicolas Hereford and John de Trevisa, two of his warmest supporters, occur among the fellows. Moreover, the Reformer's residence at Queen's from October, 1363, agrees with the date which other considerations have led us to assign to the controversy with Cuningham.'

In this decision we entirely agree. There now remain only the notices relating to Canterbury Hall.

' 4. On the 9th of December, 1365, Archbishop Islep, in a deed dated from Mayfield, appoints John Wyclyve warden of his foundation of Canterbury Hall. . . .

' In April, 1366, the archbishop died, and in July was succeeded by Simon Langham, before whom an appeal was lodged against Islep's nomination, as being contrary to his own statutes. Langham decided in favour of the appellants, and on the 30th of March, 1367, nominated a new warden in Wyclyve's place.

' Wyclyve then appealed to the pope, who referred the case to Adrian, cardinal of St. Marcellus. His judgment, confirming that of the archbishop, was given July 23, 1369, but it was not ratified and published until May 15, 1370. Even then, so strong was the feeling against the regulars, that it seems to have been found impossible to enforce the sentence, and on the 8th of April, 1372, a royal writ was issued for the purpose.'

These facts and dates are certain; the only doubt is, whether the warden of Canterbury was the rector of Mayfield or the Reformer.

The greater part of the subsidiary arguments which have been adduced to establish the identity of the Reformer with the

\* Balliol was founded by the Balliols of Bernard Castle, in the neighbourhood of Wycliffe.



unsuccessful appellant to the Pope, avail little except to show what slight presumptions ingenious men will accept in support of preconceived opinions. Thus, for instance, it is argued, the high terms in which the archbishop, in his deed of appointment, speaks of John Wycliffe, can be applicable only to the great Reformer. But if the language of a diploma is to be literally understood, the future archæologist may contend that all counsel were in these days learned in the law, and that all the 'trusty and well-beloved' commissioners whom her Majesty appoints to inquire into all matters above and below the surface, were the objects of her personal regard. Again, it is urged that the rector of Mayfield must have been unfit for the headship of a house, because nothing is *now* known of him. But he was rector of the parish in which the archbishop usually resided—an appointment which proves his patron's good opinion, or at least his partiality; and it would be very rash to infer from our ignorance of his merits that he had none. We dare not lay it down that every head of a house at the present day is unworthy of his office, unless we can suppose that his name will be familiar to the historian more than five hundred years hence.

In fact the identity of the Reformer with the warden of Canterbury rests solely on two apparently contemporary testimonies. Wodeford, in his *Quæstiones*, a course of theological lectures delivered in 1381, and consequently during Wycliffe's lifetime, accuses him of having been influenced in his hostility against the regular clergy by his expulsion from Canterbury Hall. And 'again, a chronicle attributed to a cotemporary writer, and printed in the *Archæologia*, xxii. p. 253, asserts that "he was justly deprieved by the archbischopp of Canterburye from a certayne benefice that he unjustly was incumbent upon, within the cytye of Oxforde." This fragment is believed to be of contemporary date, because it contains several passages which seem to imply the author was 'living at the time of the events he relates, and one or two expressions are pointed out which appear to be translations from a Latin original. It has consequently been inferred that what we now possess is an English version of a lost Latin work of the fourteenth century' (p. 517). But this authority the editor is disposed to reject, and, in stating his reasons for dissenting from the received opinion, he gives so important an explanation of the structure of old chronicles, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting it without abridgment:

'The practice of our chroniclers almost from the earliest to the latest, with scarcely an exception, is to confess no obligations, and pretend to no originality. They collect from various sources, preserve, as  
far

far as may be, the *ipsissima verba* of their authorities, and give their own words only where the information is their own, or where it is necessary to connect their fragmentary extracts. For example, in the first ten years of Richard the Second's reign alone, Walsingham's chronicle is a patchwork from at least eight different originals, expressing sometimes very opposite opinions; and the extent to which he has preserved their very words may readily be seen by comparing him with the *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, which was one of his authorities. This is exactly what may be observed in the present fragment. The author has had before him one or perhaps two cotemporary authorities, which he has indolently interwoven with his narrative, without changing one even of those expressions which most clearly reflect the image of passing events. The individuality of one of those writers is so marked, his style so exaggerated and rhetorical, his party feeling so warm, and the extracts from his narrative are so abruptly introduced, that it is possible, in many cases, to point out almost with certainty where his contributions begin and end.

For the illustrations of this remark which follow we must refer the reader to p. 518. In the following conclusion we entirely concur:—

‘The chronicle, which in the *Archæologia* is ascribed to a cotemporary, appears to have been really written in the sixteenth century. In the only extant manuscript of it, which is in the Harleian collection, we find the following entry at the head of the first leaf:—“*Liber S. Albani*, penned, as it semithe, by John the prior of Robart's Bridge, after made abbot of Boxlay in anno 1216.” This memorandum, except possibly the date, is in the handwriting of the chronicler Stow. The date is, of course, a mistake, and we have no knowledge of the abbots of Boxley which enables us to correct it. But the language of the fragment has been observed to bear a close resemblance to that of Fabyan's chronicle, which was printed in 1512. Probably, therefore, the date should be 1516.’

And the only question is what intrinsic claims to credibility the paragraphs relating to Wycliffe possess. To decide this point, Mr. Shirley remarks that one single blundering sentence will suffice. ‘That he myght the more delude the people's mynds, he adjoynd hym selfe unto the beggyng freires, approyng there povertie and extollyng there perfection, that he myght deceave the vulgar sorte.’ How a mistake so gross was made we shall hereafter have occasion to explain. It is conclusive against the knowledge and judgment of the chronicler, and ‘thus the evidence which identifies the Reformer with the warden of Canterbury Hall is reduced to the single testimony of Wodeford.’ Where cotemporary records are so few, any cotemporary witness is entitled to great respect, but Wodeford could not have spoken from his own recollection. The date of his death is uncertain,  
but



but his last known work is dated sixty-one years after the termination of the Canterbury Hall dispute, at which time, consequently, he must have been a mere boy.

‘His lectures, the whole of which were delivered within five weeks after the publication of the confession which is their text, must have been written in extreme haste; and his statement, which he never afterwards repeats, was made at a moment of great controversial excitement, when any story to Wyclif’s discredit would have been told and listened to without examination.’

The accusation is not mentioned by any of the chroniclers who wrote before the year 1480, though some of them seem to have collected every other calumny against him. His own silence on the subject is a strong presumption against the received story; and stronger still is a passage quoted by the editor from one of his theological lectures, in which he censures Archbishop Islep’s foundation for infringing the principle he had laid down against eleemosynary endowments, and which could hardly have been written by one who was contesting the headship of this reprobated institution. Again

‘The Reformer was a doctor of divinity, at the very latest, in 1366, and before that was a bachelor of divinity for some time. In December, 1365, the warden of Canterbury Hall in his deed of appointment is styled master of arts; and in the statement of his cause before the papal court, which must be dated 1368 or 1369, he is spoken of as a bachelor of divinity; that is to say, at a time when the Reformer was a doctor, of at the least two, and probably of five or six years’ standing.’

For the many other corroborative arguments adduced by the editor, we must refer the reader to his able ‘note on the two Wycliffes.’ Till further evidence can be brought forward on the other side, we are justified, we think, in assuming that the Reformer and the warden of Canterbury Hall are two distinct persons.

Whichever way the dispute is decided, it can furnish no matter of accusation against the Reformer. Long before the appeal of the Warden of Canterbury Hall to the Pope, Wycliffe had rendered himself obnoxious to the court of Rome. The author of the contemporary narrative, and in this he is corroborated by Woodford, fixes on the doctorate as the period when he began to ‘scatter forth his blasphemies.’ The date of this degree, Mr. Shirley, by a very ingenious argument, is enabled to fix about the year 1363. This year, then, we accept as that when Wycliffe entered on the second period of his life, and commenced his career as harbinger if not apostle of the Reformation. The editor thinks, ‘the publication of the tract,  
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"*de dominio divino*," which took place a few years later, would afford a more tangible line of demarcation; and 'the preface to that work,' he considers, 'the true epoch of the beginning of the English Reformation.' But we prefer taking the date on which his opponents, enlightened by the event, have themselves fixed; and it seems more natural to date the beginning of hostilities, rather from the first skirmishes, than from the infliction of the first heavy blow. Here then closes the first division of the Reformer's life—the time of study and preparation, of comparative obscurity and tranquillity. To this period must be referred the whole of his logical, physical, and metaphysical works.\* From that time he acted on the determination which he afterwards formally enounced, of confining his attention exclusively to theological subjects, including, under this term, all that is in any way connected with the polity and well-being of the Church.

For long, says the author of the narrative, the tares had grown up unperceived. In the list which he gives (p. 2) of Wycliffe's heresies, the earliest, or rather the propositions which were supposed to involve them, were probably considered at first as merely metaphysical subtleties at variance with the more orthodox philosophy of the day. Gradually they were developed into theories, the practical tendencies of which were more obviously dangerous. The degree of Doctor marks the time when these aberrations from the strict line of orthodoxy began to attract attention. It then conferred the power which its name denotes, that of a 'professor or teacher of Divinity;' it gave the right, and with the right, he doubtless thought, imposed on him the duty, of propagating his convictions among his disciples. Not yet, however, nor for many years afterwards, did the Reformer or his opponents foresee his rupture with Rome. He was still a dutiful son of the Church; he sought to explain her doctrine, not to confute it, and inveighed against the defects of her system only to reform them. He was already celebrated for his austere life, his talents, his profound learning, and his unrivalled dexterity in wielding the weapons of controversy, and by his public teaching, he shortly attained a celebrity which brought him into connexion with some of the principal personages and most important events of his time.

A retrospect of the political and social state of England, and

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\* The '*Last Age of the Church*,' which was supposed to have been written by him during the plagues and other calamities which desolated Europe between the years 1345 and 1349, has been attributed to him, as the editor observes, in the absence of all external and defiance of all internal evidence, and is now generally admitted to be the production of some inferior hand.



the condition of the Church, in the fourteenth century, will readily explain why the ground was so well prepared to receive the seed which our author calls tares. It is less easy to discover by what counter influence the growth of the crop was subsequently checked.

Wycliffe's biographers are too apt to present his career under the exclusively ecclesiastical and religious aspect, which forms its chief interest to themselves. Mr. Shirley gives a truth and reality to his sketch, which are wanting to many more laboured biographies by assigning the due importance to the political events, with which the life of the Reformer, and the Church History of his day are inseparably interwoven. Till recent times the study of history has, we think, been retarded by the attempts of historians to keep distinct the threads of the ecclesiastical and civil narrative, and to confine the 'affairs of the Church' to separate, and subordinate chapters. In Christian countries the fulfilment of her mission by the Church, whether she has elevated and directed, or disappointed and lowered the moral and religious instincts of mankind, has been the chief agency in human affairs. Mediæval history, more especially, is essentially ecclesiastical. Since the conversion of Constantine, the relation of Church and State has been the great social problem. The Church, directly or indirectly, has been the main spring of all political movement for centuries. For centuries the struggles of the Papacy to establish its preponderance embroiled the Christian world. But Churchmen (and a great deal of voluminous history has been written by Churchmen) have no disposition to place in prominent relief the arts by which the Church has enforced her pretensions, or the resistance by which they have been defeated. On the other hand, the philosophical historian of the last century affected to ignore the influence which he desired to diminish. Disdaining to examine in detail what he despised as a whole, he considered the Church as an homogeneous body, united by common interests to its foreign head, and took little notice of those successive changes and adjustments of its internal constitution, which explain the place it held in the social system. Thus (as we think) the part played by the Papacy has not been fully understood. In barbarous times, the clergy had gradually acquired an influence which menaced the existence of civil government. The rising power of the papacy by its intervention averted the internal collision of the civil and ecclesiastical powers, as in statics an equilibrium is restored by the introduction of a third force. If the Pope had an obvious interest in supporting the clergy against the Crown, it was not less his desire to subjugate and plunder the clergy, and, in this, he

he sometimes found an ally, sometimes an opponent in the Crown. Thus, by the alternate play of these rival interests, each party was prevented attaining a preponderance which would have been fatal to the system.

Gradually the machinery became more complicated, and new combinations were brought into play. As zeal waxed cold, and wealth and worldliness stepped in to paralyse the activity of the Church and weaken its hold on the laity, the monastic orders multiplied, and hastened to occupy the place the secular clergy were fast abandoning. They claimed for themselves the field of missionary exertion, and by a vow of poverty they renounced the temptations that had ensnared their rivals. They brought a vast accession of strength to the Holy See, on which, exclusively, they depended; but they excited the jealousy of the secular clergy, and the Church was weakened by dissensions unknown before. For a time they commanded the confidence of the public, but though, individually, they kept their vow of poverty, the communities soon became possessed of manors and lordships, their chiefs had the duties of feudal landlords to discharge, and their state to maintain. What wonder if they soon adopted their amusements and emulated their vices? An anti-sacerdotal spirit spread far and wide. The Church, as a body, fell far short of the religious instincts of the age, which, in spite of its unruly passions, were strong. Whenever the voice of the preacher was heard in reprobation of the vices of the times, or in earnest exhortation to repentance, it touched a chord of conscience which vibrated to the appeal. It was the desire to acquire personal holiness or its equivalent, in pardons and indulgences, which fed the enthusiasm of the Crusaders. The preaching of Arnold of Brescia melted the hearts of thousands. The sect of the Flagellants, in spite of its absurdities, in spite of, or, rather, in consequence of its barbarous austerities, which satisfied the conscience-stricken sinner, multiplied, for a brief space, to an incredible extent. But all these outbreaks of insubordinate zeal were offensive to the Court of Rome, and were, as soon as it could safely be done, branded with the guilt of heresy. Peter Waldo was as good a Roman Catholic as St. Francis, whose prototype he was. He aspired to restore the purity of the Church by re-establishing its poverty—to spread its influence by reviving its spirituality—his Poor Men of Lyons were zealous preachers of the word, the lowliest of the lowly, the ‘Minorites of the Reformation.’\* But Alexander III., by refusing his urgent request to sanction the new Order, turned the possible saint into

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\* Dean of St. Paul's History of Latin Christianity.



an actual heretic. Waldo was no 'men pleaser' to discontinue his efforts to evangelise the world at the bidding of the Pope, and he and his disciples were condemned as rebels to the Church.

There had also existed, from the earliest times, sects who maintained the purity of the primitive Church, or, at least, had rejected the developments of Latin Christianity. These had made their way to Europe, and were found in great strength in many parts, especially in the south of France. To what degree they were infected by the heresies imputed to them by their adversaries we need not stop to inquire. The charge, if true in part, was greatly exaggerated. Their doctrines, their knowledge of scripture, their purity of life, satisfied the requirements of those who were disgusted with the morals of the priesthood, and produced, in the thirteenth century, the most wide-spread revolt against papal Rome which the world had yet seen. The religious wars in Provence and Languedoc furnish the most revolting chapter in the annals of the Romish see. But probably not all the exterminating massacres which the bloody narrative records could have succeeded in crushing heresy if the church had not adopted the weapons of her victims. When St. Dominic and St. Francis knelt before the papal throne, with petitions similar to that which had been refused to Waldo, the pope received them coldly at first, but enlightened by a second thought, so luminous that he attributed it to inspiration, he saw the advantage which such bodies of men as the two Saints proposed to organise would give the Romish see, not only in its combats with heretics, but in its struggles with the civil power, and even the established hierarchy.

The object of both St. Dominic and St. Francis was to confirm the true faith by preaching—a powerful instrument which had been allowed to fall into disuse by the clergy. St. Dominic appealed to the intellect, and directed his followers to prepare themselves with all the weapons of controversy. St. Francis sought to touch the heart, and, if he did not actually enjoin ignorance, he certainly discouraged learning. Both aspired to regenerate the Church, and to bring back the clergy to apostolical purity by enforcing more than apostolical poverty. The conventual rule had failed; possession, then, was interdicted not only to individuals but to communities, and poverty, that it might become absolute and perpetual, was depressed into mendicancy.

The object of the conventual rule was the salvation of the individual, that of the new Orders was the conversion of the world. Again the Church possessed instruments fit for the discharge of her high duties. The first Friars who landed in England in the year 1221 were received with enthusiasm. Their numbers

numbers multiplied rapidly; their learning and talents conquered for them the highest distinctions at the universities then existing in Europe, in spite of the jealousy of the older and privileged members; their zeal won for them the applause of many, and among others the eminent Bishop of Lincoln, Grostête, who afterwards were among their most active opponents. The parochial clergy saw their mistake too late; missionary exertion is at all times antagonistic to the parochial system. They found their parishes invaded, their privileges usurped, their office filled by a host of volunteers, whose services they could neither reject nor regulate.

The conventual orders, the Possessionati, as they were called in contradiction to those who renounced possession, found themselves thrust into the shade by these new rivals, as they themselves had in their day eclipsed the secular clergy, and the internal dissensions of the Church were multiplied; but on the whole the papal see acquired a great accession of strength by the introduction of these auxiliaries. Probably it had attained the highest influence it ever actually exercised over the minds of men about the time that the abject king of England prostrated his person and his crown at the feet of the legate of Honorius; but the culminating point of papal pretension was not reached till Boniface VIII. claimed the absolute exemption of the persons and properties of the clergy from all claims and authority of the temporal power, the entire subjection of both to the sole control of the pope, and, finally, the absolute supremacy of the spiritual over the civil power. These claims if admitted would have reduced the sovereign to the condition of the pope's vicar in things temporal, and though Boniface condescends to argue the matter with Philippe le Bel, in the bull '*Ausculta, mi fili*,' all that he proves is, that he does not claim the kingdom of France as a fief of the church in the same sense in which he disposes of the crown of Naples. He had strained the cord too tightly, and it snapped; education had somewhat spread among the upper classes. Fragments of Scripture in the vernacular tongue were in current circulation, and the writings of the heretics had enlightened many. The Crown and the nobles were awakened to a consciousness of their strength: they opposed physical force to spiritual pretension.

We have no time to dwell on this most romantic period of church history. Boniface was surprised by the Colonnas at Anagni, his treasures were rifled, his person insulted; he fled to Rome, where he found himself the captive of the Orsini, and died in a transport of wrath at the violation of his sacred person. By a mixture of subtlety and violence, which are scarcely paralleled in history, Philippe succeeded in nominating a French pope and transferring



transferring the see to Avignon, and there, for upwards of half a century, it had remained at the time when Wycliffe commenced his theological teaching at Oxford. At that time in England popular spirit ran high, and public opinion was beginning to assert its power.

‘It is worthy of remark,’ observes the editor, ‘for it is something more than a coincidence, that the commencement of Wyclif’s career as a reformer is thus cotemporary almost, if not quite, to a year with the climax and first decline of feudal chivalry in England.’

‘The year 1363, observed as a jubilee in honour of the completion of the king’s fiftieth year, saw three supplicant kings gathered round the court of Edward, and his yet more illustrious son. King John of France, the captive of Poitiers, was resident at the palace of the Savoy. David of Scotland, himself not long since a captive, was now pleading for a reduction of his ransom; and from the farthest east of Christendom the king of Cyprus had come to solicit aid from the first of Christian knights against the encroaching power of the infidel.’

The people were rising rapidly in wealth and intelligence, it had suited the policy of Edward to associate them with his triumphs; he had appealed to popular passions; he had called forth popular energies. Parliamentary government, in the modern sense of the term, had suddenly ripened into maturity, and reached a degree of efficiency which it subsequently lost in the turmoil of the civil wars, and never regained during the despotic reigns of the Tudors.\* The Commons of England were as little disposed as the high-spirited nobility to submit tamely to the exactions of a foreign priest—least of all, when instead of showing himself the impartial father of all the faithful, he was the puppet of the King of France, and robbed England of her treasure in order to forward the designs of her enemies. Once more the Church had fallen behind the standard and requirements of the times; not because the morality of the day was unusually austere, but every age, however profligate in practice, is virtuous enough to expect a high degree of virtue from the ministers of religion. The Mendicant Friars, perhaps because their pretensions were greater, or because the disappointment they had occasioned was more recent, were the objects of especial hostility. At the university, which they embroiled by their disputes, their unpopularity was extreme. They were accused of entrapping youths of tender age into their societies, and the existence of an act of parliament and of a royal ordinance to forbid this practice confirms the accusation. Bishop Grosstête goes so far as to attribute to the distrust which the

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\* In his reign of fifty years, Edward issued seventy writs to summon the great council of the nation.

Mendicants inspired, the declension in the numbers of the university—which, whatever may be its cause, is historically true—from 30,000 to 6000. Above all other accusations it was urged that they had violated their vow of poverty, the indispensable condition, as it was then believed, of all spirituality and holiness.

It is worth pausing for a moment to examine the leading idea of all mediæval plans for Church reform. Poverty, says Dante, was St. Francis' chosen bride, but she refused to dwell in the home to which he had wooed her. The rule of the founder, it is true, was inexorably rigid, but from the earliest days a schism subsisted in the Order as to its interpretation. The Conventuals had always contended for a relaxation of their vow, and soon scandalous stories were told of the wealth accumulated by the Minorites, who professed to acknowledge its obligation. From time to time the more jealous and saintly spirits of the Order saw the evil, and in a more rigid enforcement of their rule they sought what appeared the only remedy. 'Reform' has succeeded 'reform,' and in each new rule successive founders have endeavoured by stricter ordinances and more rigid retrenchment of comforts to catch the ever-flying phantoms of poverty and spirituality. They never dreamed, what modern experience has taught us, that poverty alone will never secure the holiness they sought. Often at this day in the south of Europe the traveller lights upon a humble Franciscan convent, conspicuous only for its well-chosen site and graceful grove of ilex. The simple wants of the brethren are but frugally supplied by the contributions of a poor neighbourhood, and the surplus is disposed in well-meant, if not judicious charity. No\*superfluous decoration, no modern refinement, no unnecessary learning jars with the intentions of the founder; yet we speak only of what is patent to all when we state that this abode of poverty is but a monastic Castle of Indolence,\* and in its white-washed cells there is as little of missionary zeal or ascetic self-denial as in the marble halls and well-stored libraries of the Benedictines.

But if poverty were indeed the mother of holiness, it is neither the absence of endowments, nor the most stringent laws against wealth, that will keep the Church poor.

Ahi Costantin, di quanto mal fu madre  
Non la tua conversion, ma quella dote,  
Che da te prese il primo ricco padre :

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\* The fact is, the Franciscans are usually recruited from the lower ranks, to whom the homely fare of the convent is luxury compared with the ordinary food of the peasant, and the rigid observances of the convent an agreeable exchange for a life of daily toil.



So exclaims Dante; but the good Sylvester was not the first rich pastor. For years before the Church was endowed the contributions of the faithful had made its high offices the coveted objects of worldly ambition. Neither Wycliffe nor any of the reformers of that age seem to have perceived that to keep the clergy poor presupposes the existence of that holiness and self-denial which poverty was invoked to produce. A Church that enjoys the confidence of the faithful must needs command their purses, and that she shall not exert this power can be effected by no human regulations. It is not known at what part of this period of his life Wycliffe carried his theory into practice by the establishment of his order of 'Simple Priests;' nor how a man possessed of no higher dignity than a cure of souls was enabled to procure admission for them into several dioceses under episcopal authority. Poor but not mendicants, ignorant of carnal learning, but preachers and examples of godliness, he destined them to reform the land; but he did not see that he was only repeating the experiment of St. Francis, and that he could give no better guarantee than his great predecessor for preserving the spirituality of his followers. His Simple Priests in their russet robes, '*russetâ veste induti*,' were ridiculed by his opponents, and fell even before their founder;\* but their institution has exposed him to the blundering accusation which we have already noticed—an attachment to the Mendicant Orders. It certainly proves how little he expected to be driven from the bosom of the Church; and had he stopped here, had he left the subject of the Eucharist untouched, and had the papal court been favourable to his new institution, he might, as Mr. Shirley observes, have taken his place with the founder of the Serafic order, and miracles might now be worked at the shrine of St. John of Wycliffe.

When the Reformer commenced his labours at Oxford, the anti-sacerdotal spirit throughout the country was strong, the hostility to the Papal see extended even to portions of the clergy, the dissensions between the different rulers and ranks of churchmen were violent. For some years Fitz Ralph, the Archbishop of Armagh, had directed popular indignation against the frauds and the vices of the Mendicants, and Wycliffe, in his attacks on them, which were unsparing, found an enthusiastic audience in the university. Modern critics (*British Mag.*, vol. vii.) have urged that these attacks did not involve any charge against the Church. The friars of that day, they add, were sectarians and

\* They were suppressed by the Council of 1382 the moment that the declining popularity of their founder and the multiplied charges of heresy against him rendered it safe to suppress an institution which to many seemed to be working much good.

the representatives of the 'voluntary system;' but the analogy does not hold. The friars were not the supporters of the democratic or anarchical principle. They were the militia of the Pope, the sworn defenders of monarchical against oligarchical government: and if in their irregular action they bear some resemblance to the so-called voluntary system, Wycliffe himself, in his arraignment of them, implies his advocacy of a system more 'voluntary' still. He charges them with hindering the preaching of God's word by those who were able and willing to spread it, unless they obtained the licence of man. He was, doubtless, thinking of the impediments offered by the Claustal orders to his own 'Poor Priests;' and, like other Reformers, to meet a particular case, he laid down general principles, which, if admitted, would have carried him further than he intended. But neither was the Church herself spared: her pride, her pomp, her sloth and luxury, her avarice and ambition were the themes of his constant invective; and to her also he sternly prescribed the same unpalatable physic—to disgorge her illgotten wealth, and return to the meagre diet of poverty and self-denial, '*Macra cavum repetes arctum quem macra subisti.*' If insulated passages may be taken as specimens of his deliberate opinions, his specific for the corruptions of the age was the return to a state of simplicity incompatible with the inevitable progress of civilization, and a freedom of individual action irreconcilable with every possible form of ecclesiastical polity. His theories of the relations of the ecclesiastical to the civil power were as grand and as impracticable as those of Dante, to whom he bears a great resemblance in the lofty and visionary character of his imagination. He advocates an absolute separation between things spiritual and temporal, which to man, compounded as he is of body and spirit, is impracticable, and an independent action of the spiritual power, so complete that it must end either in subjugating everything to itself or in driving men to seek their freedom by treating things spiritual with contempt. In fact, the cause of reform was not sufficiently far advanced to lead Wycliffe to turn his mind to the work of reconstruction. He saw before him a gigantic evil, and no practical means for its correction, except to expose its magnitude and to set up in opposition to it the beauty of his 'ideal'—an ideal which might never be realised, but the contemplation of which must lead towards amendment. As he grew more hopeless of persuading, his eloquence passes from exhortations to invective. His works are so little accessible to the general reader, that we are tempted to transcribe the following as a specimen of his rapid, abrupt, antithetical style:—

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\* He that ministreth me follow he me, saith Christ. Then must we needs follow Him, by one way, or by other; or else we forsake soothly His ministers to be. For Christ bad Peter that he should follow him; and so shoulde all popes be followers of Peter, and his successors; if they ben not his followers they have not his power; and so it is by bishops that also shoulde follow. But take we heed to popes and cardinals both; to bishops, to collectors, to suffragans also, delegates, and commissaries, and archdeacons also, and deacons, and officials, and sequestrars; I fear to abbots and priors, ministers and wardens, and to these provincials, and to the pope's chaplains, to procurators and pleaders, to chancellors, to treasurers, to summoners and pardoners; and to the pope's notaries, parsons and vicars, and priests, monks, canons, and friars, ankers [anchorites] and hermits; to nuns, and sisters, and see how they followen Christ for the more part. Antichrist as God shall sit in the Church, and done many marvels as now ben done a days; and therefore look well in thy mind, and know his disciples, which of all this meyne [company] followeth our Lord. Christ was poor, and they ben riche, as many men supposen. Christ was meek and low, and they full high and proud. Christ was suffering and forgave, and they wolen be avenged. Christ forsook worldly glory, and they it sechen fast. Christ would not worldly lordships, and they croken [cling] fast to them. Christ washed his disciples' feet, lowly and meekly, and the pope wole crown the emperor with his feet, and suffer men to kiss them kneeling on their knees. Christ came to serve, and they seeken to be served. Christ ged on his feet, and his disciples with him, to teach and to turn the people in cold and in heat, and in wet, and in dry; the pope and other bishops wole keep their feet full clean with scarlet and cordwain, and some time with sandals, with gold, with silver, and silk preciousely dight. Christ ged in great sweat and swink; and they sitten in their proud castles with their proud meyne, and keep them busily from the sun brenning. Christ preached and blessed; and they cursen, and blessen full selden.

\* Christ sat among his disciples, and served them at the meat full poorly low on the earth; and they wolen sit full high in first sittings at the suppers, and in first chairs in church, and in chapels, and coveten salutations of kings, queens, and great lords served gloriously; not among the poor people as our Jesus did.

\* Christ lay and slept in a boat upon the hard boards; and they sleepen full soft in full easy beds, and look that none awake them till they have slept right enough. Christ had no chamberlains, but the fishers crying on him in the tempest of the sea, when they weren for dread to perish; their chamberlains shall be ready with marshal and usher to keep the chamber and hall of noise and din; and the porter at the gate to keepen out the poor, have they never so much need, their lord they wolen not awake.

\* Christ forsoke; and they taken gifts full great. Christ gave; and they

they fast holden. Christ purchased heaven; and they lordships in earth to be rich. Christ rode simply on an ass; and they on fatt palfreys, and it falleth not the disciple to be above his Master. He had twelve going about on their feet; them followeth many a great horse, with jesters and japers on hackneys' back, with swords and bucklers, as it were to a battle, and with knights at robes and fees often to lead their bridles. Christ rode on a fardel [bundle] of his disciples' clothes; and they in gilt saddles full of gay stones and gay harness thereto. Christ was pursued; and they pursue. Christ was despised; and they despisen. Christ gave power; and they taken away. Christ made free men; and they maken bond. Christ bought out prisons; they prisonen. Christ loosed; and they burden. Christ raised to life; and they bringen to death.\*

These opinions were not absolutely heretical: they were not more exalted and impracticable than those which had been held by many eminent saints; but what was very innocent as the mystic dreaming of a hermit in the cloister became eminently dangerous and offensive when put forth as the practical instruction of one of the most admired teachers of the university, the friend and the referee of statesmen. On another important subject, on which rests the basis of all civil society, his theory of dominion, or, in other words, of the relations of governors to the governed, including those of the Church and the State, his zeal for reform led him to conclusions which the court of Rome was enabled to stigmatise as heretical. Confident in the wonderful powers of the school logic, he hoped in all difficulties to discover by subtle analysis some theory of universal application to solve all doubts. In this belief he wrote his tract '*de dominio divino*.' Obedience to the powers that be, spiritual or temporal, is enjoined by Holy Scripture. But the powers that be, spiritual and temporal, may, and in Wycliffe's time often had exerted themselves for the degradation and misery of mankind, and prolonged submission is only prolonged degradation. Reason is required to reconcile the duty of obedience with the right of resistance; and reason, which in those days acknowledged no difficulty as too great for explanation, no mystery too deep for discussion, readily undertook the task. All power, the Reformer conceived, belonged to God, and by him, as by a feudal suzerain, portions of it were committed, the temporal to the laity, the spiritual to the clergy, to be held on the tenure of 'obedience to his commandments;' when the condition was violated, the privilege was forfeited. In his own phrase, '*dominion depends on grace*.' This Wycliffe himself admits is an ideal. But for all

\* Extract from Wyclif's *Antichrist* and his *Meynee*, pp. 124-131; of *Three Treatises*, by John Wycliffe, D.D. Edited by J. H. Todd, D.D., Dublin, 1851.  
practical



practical purposes it leaves the difficulty just where it was. Who is to judge whether governors are in a state of grace? If the governed are not to be the judges of this question, what remedy does the theory afford them? If they are (a point which they will certainly assume for themselves), authority and subordination are at an end. To correct the mischief of his ideal, Wycliffe has recourse to a supplementary theory which proves too much and makes all remedies impossible. God permits, he says, nay enjoins, and even gives the example of obedience to existing powers, although they may be powers of evil. This he expresses in the strange, and to our ears irreverent, phrase, '*Quod deus debet obedire diabolo.*' This formula makes a formidable item in the long catalogue of heresies imputed to him afterwards; but, as he explains himself, he only meant in the strongest terms to express a matter of acknowledged fact, that Christ submitted to be the subject of diabolical temptations, and delivered himself up at the bidding of the traitor Judas. The offensive phrase, whether it was made the ground for an accusation of Fatalism or Pantheism, was a fortunate one for his opponents. In popular estimation it gave colour to the imputation of blasphemy, with which Rome ever stigmatises dissent from her doctrines, and when the fitting moment came she formally condemned the doctrine. The true mischief of Wycliffe's heresy was, that it attacks the ecclesiastical supremacy which it was the first object of Rome to establish. Admitting that the Pope was Christ's vicar in things spiritual, he held the temporal sovereign to be not less His vicar in things temporal, even when they were possessed by the clergy; and, therefore, that the Church, to maintain the integrity of her spiritual power, must return to her primitive state of poverty and independence. This was going far.

'One step more,' says the editor, 'and the outline is complete. The pope and the king are indeed supreme each in their department, but every Christian man holds, not indeed "in chief," but yet he holds of God; and the final, irreversible appeal is, therefore, to the court, not of Rome, but of heaven.'

'On no point did Wyclif write more fully than on this theory of dominion; and no part of his system, not excepting his doctrine of the eucharist, seems to have occupied so large a share of the attention of his contemporaries. It was, indeed, an attempt, from a feudal and scholastic point of view, to occupy the ground which was occupied, in the hands of the reformers of the sixteenth century, by the doctrine of justification by faith. The emancipation of the individual conscience was the aim of both.'

Wycliffe, like many of the loftiest spirits of his time, seems to  
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have been haunted by an indistinct notion that, in some shape, it was possible to attain something like a theocracy upon earth, perhaps by the instrumentality of a new Church, or of the old Church purged from its impurities. But what power is competent to decide that the actual Church has fallen from this high estate, or that the possible Church has reached it? The enlightened conscience—but of whom? Savonarola in later times solved the difficulty by filling up the blank with his own name. He offered himself as the priest, the prophet, the interpreter of God's will to man. Luther's followers in after-years appealed to God's Word rescued from the additions and glosses of Rome, as the nearest representative on earth of 'the court of heaven;' but as yet that Word was inaccessible to the public, and the time was not yet come:

'The education of the individual conscience to independence could not be effected in a day. Upon the generality of thoughtful men in his day the external authority of the Church of Rome had a hold which they could not shake off; again and again the most devoted of Wyclif's disciples are found returning, with recantation, to the bosom of the church, unable to support their terrible isolation.'

Not yet, however, nor for some time, was any direct attack made upon the Reformer by the authorities of the Church. Early in this period of his life his reputation recommended him to the post of king's chaplain. It may have been with the view of being nearer to Oxford, or perhaps to the Court, that, in 1368, he exchanged his living in Lincolnshire for that of Ludgershall in Bucks. It was by the king that he was subsequently appointed to the rectory of Lutterworth, which he retained to his death. He certainly was consulted and trusted by many of the most eminent men of the time, and we find him holding the position in the king's councils which Paolo Sarpi subsequently held with the Signory of Venice, the referee in cases of dispute with the Papal Court, the keeper of the public conscience in matters affecting the interests of the Church. In this capacity he seems, in the year 1366, to have taken part in a public matter of no ordinary interest. Pope Urban V., probably at the instigation of the French Court, demanded payment of the tribute due under the convention of King John. Since the days of John this payment had rarely been made, except when the sceptre was held by feeble hands. The arrears of thirty-three years were now claimed. Mr. Shirley observes that the passing of the celebrated statute of *præmunire*, to limit papal influence, only two years before, should have warned the pope that his demand was ill-timed. By the king the claim was referred to parliament, and, either publicly or privately, Wycliffe seems to have



have been consulted on its validity. Wycliffe, in his reply to a monk who wrote in defence of the papal claim, professes to give the arguments used by the lords in 'a certain council.' If he means this to be considered as a narrative of what actually passed (and in that light it is usually considered by historians), it is, as the editor remarks, the first instance on record of a parliamentary report.\* But it must be owned there is a subtlety in most of the arguments which reminds us rather of the Oxford logician than the feudal baron; and if the last speaker who is quoted did really employ the Reformer's own favourite theory, 'that all right of dominion is derived from grace or good conduct,' he must we are sure have been privately instructed by him for this exhibition of polemical subtlety. Whatever be the truth, the answer of Parliament was infinitely nobler and more effective than the arguments thus reported of the individual peers. They denied in the strongest terms the right of John to dispose of his crown without their consent, and they offered their lives and fortunes to the king in defence of his rights and their own. The most arrogant of pontiffs never subsequently renewed the demand of tribute.

Some years later Wycliffe was more formally consulted on a similar subject. The exactions of the Papal Court on various pretexts were enormous. The sums said to be actually drawn from the country exceed belief; but if their amounts are overstated, the exaggerations at least prove the general discontent. The only successful opposition that had hitherto been made was that of force. Parliament had attempted to legislate, but with little effect; it was now resolved to oppose a more systematic resistance, and Wycliffe was consulted. His answer is published in the volume before us, and is characteristic of the mind of the age and of Wycliffe's manner of teaching.

'The question is, whether the kingdom of England, under the pressing necessity of self-defence, may prevent the exportation of treasure, even when it is demanded by our lord the Pope, and under the pain of ecclesiastical censures.' Leaving 'to council learned in the law to tell what is said by the canon, the civil, or the common law,' he proposes 'to maintain the affirmative by the law of Christ.' But to lay a firm foundation for his argument, he proposes to establish the right of self-defence by the law of nature. Long since his days, philosophers have thought it necessary to prove the first principles which the instincts of

\* The whole paper, which is very curious, 'Determinatio quedam contra unum monachum,' &c., is given by Lewis, p. 349.

our nature make infinitely more certain than any proof can make them. But if any man when assaulted doubts his right to knock down his adversary, he will hardly be convinced by the following syllogism. 'All natural bodies, even those which are inanimate, are gifted by nature with the qualities necessary for their conservation—the stone has hardness to withstand violence, and coldness to resist the action of fire. England is a body—a body corporate, of which its three estates are the members; therefore England has this power. In the next place, no power is given by nature which may not lawfully be used for the purpose for which it is given: on the principles of the gospel, *the Pope has no right to ask for money except as an alms for the purposes of charity*; but charity begins at home, and it would not be charity, but folly, to send abroad supplies for the want of which the country is perishing at home. But that the pope is entitled to temporal goods only as an alms is clear from the example of Christ, who was made poor (2 Cor. viii. 9); and it is only in the shape of a perpetual alms that all the clergy have received the endowments of their churches.'

We wish we had room for the long quotations which follow from the passionate invectives against the Papal usurpation of temporal dominion which St. Bernard addressed to Pope Eugenius. They establish more than Wycliffe was called on to prove; but no doubt the temptation to publish such sentiments on such authority was irresistible.

'But not less,' he continues, 'is the payment in dispute forbidden by the law of conscience. Rulers are bound to maintain in their integrity the possessions of all classes, and to respect the wills of founders. Now the funds from which the Pope derives his revenues in this country have been given by the piety of our ancestors, not to the Church in general, but the English Church in particular, for pious uses; and it is clearer than light, that if the Pope obtains those funds, those uses must fail. The souls of our ancestors must be defrauded of the suffrages they had intended to secure; the kingdom whose defence is entrusted to our rulers is betrayed by their culpable connivance at this robbery.'

In the last place he considers the dangers which the kingdom would incur if the papal demands were denied—the dangers, not merely of the personal excommunication of the sovereign and his council, but of interdict of the whole kingdom, and of a general crusade against the country at a time when its means were so much exhausted and its enemies so numerous and so powerful. His language on this subject is very remarkable, as it shows that extreme theoretical respect for the office of pope, combined  
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with the utmost freedom of censure on his actual conduct and government, which was characteristic of the language of Church Reformers in that day. To take such a course, he urges, would be to drive the whole country into schism. 'But it cannot be supposed that our most holy father would have recourse to so violent a measure against a people so faithful, for the bare denial of alms, in need of their own so pressing that a loving father would rather assist them himself with all bodily and spiritual aid; for otherwise, contrary to all the rules of charity, he would show that it was our goods and not ourselves that he loved. . . . Therefore our most holy father seeing on one side the most fearful progress of the infidels, on the other considering the great devotion of England, which is known for its piety among all lands, he would not cause so great a scandal to our country for the mere lust of temporal things, which by the law of Christ he is taught to despise. But if it be supposed that the child of antichrist will break forth into such an act of frenzy, one comfort is that such pretended censures are not binding before God, and another is that God does not desert those who place their trust in him, and by keeping his law show they fear God rather than man.' And with much earnestness he goes on to arm his hearers with the courage necessary to endure the horrors of an interdict; a sentence which, however lightly we may now think of it, was, as Wycliffe himself admits, in those days terrible, even though unjust and substantially invalid.

At this point the author leads us to believe the council would hear no more—certainly they had heard enough for their purpose. But long before the judgment thus given Wycliffe found himself forced forward in a track where every step in advance increased his perils and multiplied his enemies. It is only by watching the fierce struggles of parties in the Church and State, and the strange combinations of political events that we can understand how for a time he was enabled to ride in safety on the crest of the ascending wave, which must ultimately have engulfed him had he not been carried by death to a port which the storms of human passions can no more disturb.

In 1371 the Black Prince had returned to England to linger out the remnant of his days in comparative obscurity beneath the shade of his barren laurels. He left behind him disaffection in Aquitaine, and war with France and Spain; at home he found poverty and discontent. Never had there been greater need for public exertion, never less will or less power to make it. The anti-sacerdotal spirit, which was the dominant feeling of the day, gathered strength from national disaster and popular discontent. It was resolved the Church should bear the principal burden of  
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the ensuing campaign, and that churchmen should no longer direct the helm of state. The Chancellor, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, was disgraced and made the subject of a legal prosecution, and for the first time all the great offices of state were filled by laymen. Three things, says the Editor, were expected from what in modern language would be called the new administration—a more vigorous prosecution of the war, a more resolute resistance to papal encroachments and papal exactions, and a reform of the scandalous abuses of the royal household which disgraced the declining years of the old king.

In all these the public expectations were disappointed. Twelve years before, Archbishop Islep had addressed his famous remonstrance to the king in vain. It was not probable that he would pay more attention to his lay councillors, if indeed they ventured to risk his favour by interference in this delicate matter. Alice Perrers, one of the ladies of the late Queen's bed-chamber, continued to insult her mistress's memory, and the moral sense of the country, by such a parade of pomp and of power as hitherto no king's mistress had ventured to display in England. Great armaments by sea and land, 'fitted up, it was observed by the superstitious, with the money of the church, ignominiously failed; and it was not till wellnigh everything was lost, which could be lost by war, that in 1375 a truce was concluded under the mediation of the Pope.' (p. xxii.)

The lay councillors of the king showed less energy than their predecessors to correct the grievances, by many of which the Court directly profited. They felt no anxiety to 'disturb the system of Provisors by which the king divided with the Pope the spoils of capitular and private patronage.' At last, however, in 1373, in answer to a petition of the Commons, they were able to reply that negotiations had been opened with the Pope, and in the following year a second commission was sent to Bruges, of which, perhaps with the intention of giving an air of sincerity to the treaty, Wycliffe was made a member. No trace, as far as we know, of this commission has been found in his works, but it is manifest by the result he was permitted to have no voice in its proceedings. The first article of the new concordat, which appeared at length in 1375, was a repeal by royal prerogative, of the statute against Provisors, a concession to Papal rapacity, and a breach of the constitution such as no clerical minister would have ventured to sanction in the zenith of Edward's power and popularity; within a fortnight after the date of this concordat the chief member of the commission received by papal Provision the see of Hereford for his reward (p. xxiii.).

The national discontent (as the editor justly infers) must have been



been strong and the crisis urgent which could rouse the Black Prince 'to gather his dying strength, in opposition to the policy of his father and favourite brother,' and which could enable him to unite the commons and the clergy (for the first time in English history), in effectual opposition to the nobles and the Crown. The result was the 'Good Parliament,' a name it has gained by its zeal to reform and by a duration too short to give time for disappointment. Its power terminated on the death of the Black Prince, which occurred shortly after; nor would its existence have been worth noticing in this brief sketch, but that it illustrates the even balance and the violent conflict of parties, which supported the Reformer in this part of his career.

John of Gaunt, in spite of his unpopularity, resumed his power. But the hierarchy would not be awed into submission. He had persecuted their champion, William of Wykeham. It was through his follower Wycliffe that they resolved on assailing him.

'Lancaster, whose object was to humiliate, had found a strange ally in Wyclif, whose aim was to purify the church. A staunch friend of the mendicants, choosing for his confessors more than one of Wyclif's theological opponents, regarding almost with sympathy the court of Rome as the natural counterbalance to the power of the bishops at home, corrupt in his life, narrow and unscrupulous in his policy, he obtained some of his ablest and best support from a secular priest of irreproachable character, the sworn foe of the mendicants, whose views of government towered above intrigue, too often above sober reality, into a lofty idealism. Lancaster, feudal to the core, resented the official arrogance of the prelates, and the large share which they drew to themselves of the temporal power. Wyclif dreamt of restoring, by apostolical poverty, its long-lost apostolical purity to the clergy. From points so opposite, and with aims so contradictory, were they united, to reduce the wealth and humble the pride of the English hierarchy.'

The object of the prosecution of Wycliffe was political. Convocation arraigned as heresies, endangering the social fabric, those doctrines which Wycliffe preached for the Reformation, and John of Gaunt advocated for the humiliation, of the Church.

Wycliffe was cited to appear before the Bishop of London, at St. Paul's, on the 19th February, 1377. On the day named, he answered the summons, attended by the Duke of Lancaster and the Earl Marshal, and a long train of knights. Such an appearance was rather an act of defiance than of submission. The crowd was dense. It was with difficulty a passage could be forced by the marshal's men through the nave; and as they rudely thrust the people aside, the bishop rebuked their violence, and threatened to exclude their masters themselves from the Church.

Church. High words ensued. He was accused by John of Gaunt of being puffed up by the power and consequence of his noble house. It might be that the pride of the Courtenays flashed in his eye; but his speech was tempered with the humility of a Christian bishop—'his trust was not in man but in God.' In the chapter-house where the synod were assembled, the Earl Marshal claimed for the respondent the right to be seated, jeeringly remarking he had many things to answer for, and would need a soft seat. The demand, and especially the manner of it, was an insult and a challenge which the bishop was not slow to take up. The dispute became more violent—the tumult more fierce—Wycliffe was forgotten, and the council broke up in confusion. The populace took part with the bishop, and it was with difficulty that John of Gaunt escaped from their fury, which vented itself in an attack on his palace and property.

The honours of the day remained with the bishop, who had effected his object of humiliating the duke, and he would have been well content to let the matter rest here. But the animosity of the friars was directed against Wycliffe alone. They saw with joy that he was entangling himself yet more deeply in that net of heresy, which sooner or later had been fatal to all who ventured within its meshes. They made an application to the pope, who nothing loth, replied to their petition by a bull, which condemned nineteen 'conclusions' extracted from the works of Wycliffe, and enjoined the reluctant prelates and the yet more reluctant university to continue the process against his person.

Before the bulls, which are dated on the 30th May, could reach England, the old king died, and all again was confusion. The son of the Black Prince was a minor. A struggle for the regency between the widowed Princess of Wales and the Duke of Lancaster, the first prince of the blood, seemed imminent, and yet worse was apprehended by many, who feared, or affected to fear, the duke's ambition. The citizens of London, whose charter was imperilled by their recent act of violence, trembled for their privileges. Theology for a time lost its interest with the public; and the university, who deeply resented the pope's interference with her exclusive privilege, of deciding all spiritual matters within her precincts, long hesitated whether she should accept the bulls. Wycliffe, in the mean time, put forth two papers in his defence. After a humble profession of the Christian faith, and of willingness to submit himself to the decision of Holy Church, he goes on to deny the possibility of the right supposed to be derived by the pope from St. Peter, the validity of papal excommunications, the immunities claimed for the persons and the property of churchmen; he asserts the supreme right of the temporal



temporal power, and in short, controverts every point for which the See had for centuries contended. It is not easy to ascertain how far the retirement of John of Gaunt from Court (a prudent step, by which he avoided all suspicions of usurpation) affected Wycliffe's interests; it certainly did not entirely put an end to the duke's influence, and the king's mother seems to have been not less favourably disposed than the duke towards the Reformer. When Wycliffe was at last cited by a letter from the Papal delegates to appear before them at Lambeth, he was forced to obey.

Under very different auspices had he appeared the year before at St. Paul's, and a very different result might be apprehended. But this time, says the editor, 'he owed to the popularity of his cause the protection he had before so strangely derived from the unpopularity of his patron.' A message from the Princess of Wales forbade them to proceed, and while, to the great indignation of the Catholic chronicler, Walsingham, the prelates and doctors hesitated what to do, like reeds shaken by the wind, 'the rabble broke in upon the proceedings and ignominiously solved the difficulty.'

We have already entered on the period which the editor marks as the third of Wycliffe's life. At the time of Edward's death, he had advanced to a point from which he could not safely retreat, and where it was impossible to stop. On the death of Gregory XI. a few months later, the series of Avignon popes terminated, and a disputed election gave rise to the great schism of the West. This event gave Wycliffe a respite by dissolving the commission of delegates; but, on the whole, 'though it strengthened his theological, it undermined his political position.' No small part of the extreme unpopularity of the papal court in England was owing to its residence in a hostile territory, and its subserviency to a rival power. After the acknowledgment by the English Court, of the Italian claimant of the tiara, Urban VI., the popular sympathy with attacks on the papal authority declined. Nothing discouraged, however, he wrote on this occasion a tract, '*De Schismate Populi*,' and shortly after another, '*De Veritate sacræ Scripturæ*,' in which he goes far to establish the sole authority of Scripture as the rule of faith, the right of private judgment, the sufficiency of Christ's law to rule the Church of Christ, and the necessity of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue. (Lewis, p. 82.) It is impossible to say at what precise period Wycliffe admitted the conclusion that henceforth he must boldly oppose, for he could no longer hope to reform, the Church of Rome. Henceforth, however, there could be no doubt. He disdained to suppress his opinion.

must now dare to die for them. But his election had long since been made. A passage in his tract on the Truth of Scripture proves that he had long contemplated 'ut sim combustionem vel morte aliâ extinctus,' and it must have been with a stern resignation to all possible events that he pursued his onward course.

In the beginning of the year 1379, Wycliffe was attacked by an illness which his physicians pronounced fatal, and Lewis, on the authority of Bale,\* tells us he was visited by a deputation of the four orders of Friars, for the purpose of extorting from him a recantation. Just such had been the visit of Savonarola to the dying Lorenzo, at Florence; and had Wycliffe died, just such a controversy would have been raised as to the nature and the issue of the interview. But in this instance the patient, buoyed up by the internal conviction which often contradicts the medical prognosis, raised himself on his pillow, and sternly dismissed them, saying, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the Friars.'

It has been a matter of surprise to some of Wycliffe's biographers, that no mention has been found in his works of the persecuted martyrs in the south of France; but, in the first instance, he must have perceived with repugnance and alarm an approximation of his conclusions to doctrines which were branded as heretical. Latterly he was unwilling to suggest the comparison, for the same reason that his enemies forced it on him. It has ever been the policy of the Romish Church to stigmatize unwelcome doctrine by giving it the name of some exploded heresy. In England, various sectaries had already suffered under the name of Lollards; and when Wycliffe's disciples first appeared in decided antagonism to the Church, their adversaries sought to pre-judge their cause, by fixing on them the odium and ridicule of that unpopular name.

Perhaps in no instance had Wycliffe been the exclusive originator of the doctrine he set forth. Dr. James says:—

'Of Ockham and Marsilius he was informed of the Pope's intrusions and usurpations upon kings, their crowns and dignities. Of Gu. de Sancto Amore and Armachanus he learned the sundry abuses of monks and friars in upholding their usurped power. By Abelard and others he was grounded in the right faith of the Lord's Supper. By Bradwardine in the nature of a true, sole-justifying faith, against merit-mongers and pardoners, Pelagians and Papists. Finally, by reading Grosstête's works, in whom he seemed to be most conversant, he described

\* The authority is not good, but the incident in itself is much in the manner of the day, and highly probable. If the attempt failed, it was only a charitable effort made in vain; at the worst, if Wycliffe died without leaving proof of his resistance, his retractation might always be supposed or asserted.



the Pope to be open Antichrist by letting [hindering] the Gospel to be preached, and by placing unable and unfit men in the Church of God.'

He was rather the first to perceive the interconnexion of these doctrines, and to combine them into a system which very nearly represents the present Articles of the Anglican Church. But had he stopped even at this advanced point of his career, he would have incurred the censures of the Church without obtaining the gratitude of posterity. The one thing needful—that which gave life to his teaching and vigour to his convictions, which turned a dry belief into a vital principle of action—a knowledge of the Word of God, he possessed beyond any of his predecessors and instructors. Early in his career, he had been remarkable for a constant reference to Scripture, which had procured for him the title of the 'Evangelical Doctor;' and this fact is full of instruction. Up to the present time, experience confirms the observation, that when a rejection of the figments of the Romish Church proceeds from a perception of their intrinsic improbability, nothing is more difficult than to arrest the mind in its doubting descent, and fix it on the solid truths of the Gospel. On the other hand, when it arises from the difficulty of reconciling the doctrines of Rome with the revealed word of God, it rarely happens that the further examination of Scripture fails to lead to a knowledge of its saving truths.\*

From this time Wycliffe seems to direct his appeal chiefly to the people, and to see distinctly the necessity of propagating the truth by the same means by which he had acquired a knowledge of it—by giving to all free access to the Scriptures.

'The theological element, in our modern and narrower sense of the word, becomes predominant in his works; he begins to write English tracts, to speak of the translation of the Bible, which was probably in progress at this time.'

At last, in the spring of 1381, he put forth a paper containing twelve propositions against the doctrine of transubstantiation, which he offered to maintain against all opponents. The substance

\* In Blanco White's 'Letters of Doblado' (the most interesting book that ever was presented to those who really desire to understand the working of the Romish system), and in his most painful 'Memoirs,' we have a minute recital of the process by which the mind, unfed by the bread of life, is led to prey on itself, and sinks for want of sustenance. In the late Protestant movement in Tuscany, whose well-known victims the *Madiai* excited so much sympathy in England, the study of the Scriptures was the foremost object, and consequently the converts did not fall into atheism, nor fail in their duty as subjects; though unfortunately the Papal Court found means to induce the Tuscan Government to believe the contrary.

of his disputations on this subject are made public in his '*Triologus*,' and subsequently a more popular explanation of the doctrine was given in a tract intitled '*The Wycket*.'

The Chancellor, perhaps to display his zeal, perhaps by timely activity to save the dignity of the University from the interference of the metropolitans, was the first to condemn these doctrines at a select meeting of doctors. The condemnation is said to have been published in the divinity schools, at the time when Wycliffe was 'himself sitting in the chair, and determining the contrary;' he replied, that it was more easy to condemn than to confute his opinions, and he appealed to the king. His appeal was a fresh attack; not only did he petition the council to confirm his doctrine of the eucharist, but also his views on the subject of church property and the vows of the religious orders. John of Gaunt was no theologian, he had desired to bring the pope to reason, he was glad to humble the clergy, but he had no intention of tampering with the faith of the Church. Yet he could not desert his partizan—he rode down to Oxford and put an end, as he thought, to the whole dispute, by enjoining Wycliffe to speak no more about the matter. Wycliffe replied by his celebrated confession, or explanation of his doctrine, in which it is sufficient to say, without entering into the subtleties by which this mysterious subject is perplexed, he endeavours to maintain, in a certain sense, a real presence, without admitting the grosser and recently introduced fiction of transubstantiation; rendered still more inexplicable by the attempts of the schoolmen to define it with precision. His enemies complained that his reply was obscure, and it was certainly less open to their attacks, but it was as far as ever from satisfying the Church on this vital point, 'more important even to the ecclesiastical than to the theological system of the day.' His traducers have sometimes represented as a retraction of his principles the obscure scholastic reasoning with which the reply commences. To Wycliffe himself and his admirers this dialectic subtlety probably appeared the only weapon worthy himself and his audience, a mode of defence indispensable to distinguish the hypothesis of a philosopher from the crude speculations of the ignorant. In the annual change of officers, the new vice-chancellor and the proctors were both favourable to Wycliffe's cause; and so thoroughly unpopular were the religious and especially the Mendicant orders, and so much was the independent spirit of the University roused by the archbishop's interference, that no measures were taken in consequence of this condemnation. The volume edited by Mr. Shirley contains some curious letters from Peter Stokys or Stokes, a Carmelite, who  
was



was sent down by the archbishop with his mandates to the chancellor, and with instructions to preach and to dispute with Wycliffe and his followers, especially Nicholas Hereford, who is probably one of the most important contributors to Wycliffe's version of the Bible. It is likely that the Chancellor's resistance to 'his paternity's commands,' and the friar's 'own humble efforts,' was occasioned by his sympathy with Wycliffe's doctrines; its professed motive was his desire to maintain the privileges of the University, and on one or other of these accounts he was supported both by the municipal and academical bodies. Stokes may have been of a timid temper—he certainly, in his subsequent career, proved himself of a cruel one. We do not believe his danger was as great as he represents, nor do we understand why men attended his sermons with deadly weapons concealed under their clothes, which they never used. But he unquestionably encountered a most disorderly opposition, and to his infinite relief he was recalled by the archbishop.

Wat Tyler's rebellion, which occurred about this time, must materially have weakened Wycliffe's influence with his supporters among the nobility. Many among the demagogue's adherents professed doctrines which, if not the logical consequences, might be represented as the exaggeration or perversion of Wycliffe's teaching; and more especially John Ball, whose fanatical preaching had instigated and directed their excesses, is said, by the author of the 'Fasciculi,' to have confessed on the scaffold that he was a disciple of Wycliffe, and shared his heresies. Accordingly, in all subsequent attacks on Wycliffe's school, they were rendered odious to the lovers of order by the charge of exciting the people to *insurrection*.

It was an unfavourable circumstance for Wycliffe that the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sudbury, was killed in the affray, and that his old antagonist, Courtenay, was raised to the primacy. But no Primate, however lenient or favourably disposed to the Reformer, could have overlooked so flagrant an attack on the vital point of transubstantiation. For the last time, Berengarius had raised the question within the bosom of the Church. The voice of reason had been for ever silenced by authority. The point was 'defined,' the doctrine of Rome fully developed, and all return was impossible. Accordingly, in spite of the opposition of the University, the Primate, as soon as he had received the pallium from Rome, assembled a council at the Black Friars in London, on the 20th May, the day of St. Dunstan, and condemned ten conclusions, extracted from Wycliffe's works, as heretical, and fourteen as erroneous and contrary to the decisions of the Church. It does not appear that Wycliffe attended the

synod. He absented himself, it is asserted by some of his earliest biographers, because the bishops had laid a plot against his life. We cannot believe this; but it is highly probable that this time they too had their mob of fanatical partizans, and that his attendance would not have been without danger. At two o'clock of the afternoon of the same day a smart shock of earthquake was felt, and so ominous did this strange event appear to many of the assembled divines, that they desired to desist from the purpose for which they were called together. But the Primate endeavoured to restore their courage by explaining that as the earth, with convulsive throes, expelled the noxious vapours which generated disturbance within her bosom, so the Church, not without pain, rejected the heretical destroyers of her peace. This interpretation, though quite as plausible as any that could be offered, does not seem to have satisfied the theologians or the public, and that a portent so equivocal should have been generally interpreted in favour of the Reformer proves a strong sympathy with his cause on the part of the people, and perhaps no small amount of misgiving and reluctance in many of his opponents.

The archbishop was now thoroughly alarmed—without prompt and energetic measures the cause of the Church was lost. To deprecate the wrath of heaven, or to excite the zeal and the fears of the faithful, he ordered a penitential procession of the clergy to march barefoot to St. Paul's, and in that uncomfortable plight to listen to a sermon of Peter Stokes against heresy. Proceedings were instituted against Wycliffe's followers; the refractory chancellor and proctors were summoned to London and forced to recant. At the close of the Council, he wrote to all places in his jurisdiction, and especially to the University, magniloquent letters couched in the inflated style of the Church, and glowing with all the metaphors of mediæval latinity, to announce the condemnation of the Reformer's conclusions, and to admonish his various 'well-beloved sons in Christ' to proceed in all possible manners against this 'child of perdition.' But as yet in this country the machinery of persecution was cumbrous and inadequate for its purpose. True it was that heresy might be punished by imprisonment and forfeiture, and even by the stake, but the instances of capital executions for this offence had been few. The punishment of burning, barbarous and unreasonable as is its application to such a crime, was so much in accordance with the notions of early times that it was introduced into the Church rather by public opinion than positive enactment. 'By some,' says Dr. Stephen, 'the writ de hæretico comburendo is thought to be as ancient as the common law itself, but hitherto



it had not been issued except on a conviction for contumacy or relapse, nor unless such conviction had taken place before a provincial synod,\* and even then 'that authority could not award the writ, which was not issued but at the pleasure and by the special direction of the sovereign.' This form of procedure was subsequently exchanged for one not less speedy than compendious, which enabled the Church to condemn at discretion, and left to the State only the drudgery of execution; but in the mean time it was a matter of pressing necessity to enlarge the powers of the diocesans for the investigation and discovery of heresy. The Archbishop was defeated by the Commons in an attempt to put on the statute book, without their consent, a bill to permit the arrest of all preachers and fautors of heresy; but the King, by letters patent, supplied him with the authority he required, and by other letters patent he ordered the banishment of Wycliffe from the University.

The Reformer retired to his living at Lutterworth, where he passed the remaining two years of his life in an obscurity to which he owes his immunity from further persecution. Yet even thus it is strange that he was suffered to linger out the remains of his days in peace. Probably he had acquired, by his holiness of life, by his commanding talents, and by his learning and extraordinary powers of pleasing and persuading, an influence which his enemies were unwilling to attack without stronger necessity—and they preferred proceeding against his less able and less popular followers. Tradition says that soon after his retreat he was attacked by the paralysis which ultimately ended his life; but if so, it appears that disease did not at all impair his powers of mind. The number of his works which must be attributed to this period is prodigious. To these years of retirement, besides a multitude of others, probably belong his tract on the 'Leaven of the Pharisees,' directed against the Mendicants; another, 'De obedientia prelaturæ,' in defence of his poor priests; and also a tract, 'De conversationi ecclesiasticorum,' which disposes of indulgences, pardons, masses, and all the practical machinery for working the Romish Church. 'The great Sentence of the Curse expounded' cannot date earlier than 1383, as it contains allusions to the predatory warfare in which the Bishop of Norwich was engaged on the continent of Europe, to the scandal of all Christendom, on the pretence of a crusade in favour of Pope Urban VI. against the Antipope.

It was in the last few months of Wycliffe's life that he was sum-

\* 'New Commentaries on the Laws of England, by Henry John Stephen, LL.D.' Vol. iii., p. 50.

Vol. 104.—No. 207.

moned by Urban VI. to appear before him at Rome to answer to the charge of heresy. The reply which he wrote to the Pope is remarkable both for its substance and its tone. He expresses his willingness to declare his faith to every man living, and especially to the Roman Pontiff, who, if it be orthodox, will humbly confirm it, if erroneous, will wisely amend it. He proceeds to lay down, as first principles, that the Gospel of Christ is the law of God, and that the Pope, as Christ's first vicar on earth, is above all men bound to obey that law. Christ repudiated worldly riches and worldly power. The faithful are not bound to imitate the Pope or the saints, for even the saints have sinned, except in so far as they are imitators of Christ. Let the Pope resign all temporal dominion to the secular arm, for thus did Christ and his Apostles. If in this, he continues, I have erred, I am willing to be corrected, even unto death. If in my body I were strong to my wish, I would humbly seek the presence of the Roman Pontiff; but God hath compelled me to the contrary, and hath taught me to obey God rather than man. He goes on to offer a prayer that as God has given the Pope holy aspirations, so they may not be diverted from their due effect by the crafty arts of his counsellors, for 'a man's foes are often those of his own household.' In this letter there is throughout observable a tone of languid defiance, or rather of total indifference. He puts forth no strength of argument to convince, no passionate remonstrance to alarm, no solemn warning to awe, no humble supplication to move and pity. No good, he seems to think, can be wrought on the heart harder than Pharaoh's of him whom he addresses—no ill can come to himself—he has already received his summons to appear at the bar of another tribunal, where no injustice is to be feared. On the following Innocents' day, while attending the mass in his parish church, he was struck speechless and carried home. The next day, it seems, was the feast of St. Thomas à Becket, and the Roman Catholic writers of the time have thought fit to give a miraculous air to the narrative, by supposing that 'this fountain of lies, mirror of hypocrites, restorer of schism' (with a long etcætera of metaphorical abuse), was 'about to vomit forth his blasphemies against that most holy saint, and was struck speechless on that very day.' But whatever may be the guilt of preaching against the martyr of Papal pretensions, it is highly unlikely that Wycliffe could even in intention have incurred it on this occasion. As he did not say mass, it is highly unlikely he was able to preach. On the last day of the year, without having recovered the use of his speech, he breathed his last.

No friendly hand has left us the faintest sketch of his person  
or



or character. The editor thus sums up all that can be gathered from the slight notices of his contemporaries, the confessions of his own candour, and the evidence of his enemies :—

‘ A spare, frail, emaciated frame, a quick temper, a conversation “most innocent,” the charm of every rank ; such are the scanty but significant fragments we glean of the personal portraiture of one who possessed, as few ever did, the qualities which give men power over their fellows. His enemies ascribed it to the magic of an ascetic habit : the fact remains engraven upon every line of his life.’

In reply to the charge of asceticism, he accuses himself of gluttony and epicurism. From this discordant evidence we may infer that he added temperance to his other virtues.

Lewis thinks that Chaucer may have had Wycliffe in his thoughts when he thus describes his Country Parson :—

‘ Riche he was of holi thought and werke,  
He was all a lerned man and clerke,  
That Christ’s gospel truly would preche,  
His parishioners devoutly he wold teche :’ &c. ;

. but we dare not affirm it.

Dr. Zouch, some time rector of Wycliffe, has bequeathed to the rectory house a portrait, which he tells us was that of the Reformer, and which has since been copied and engraved with undoubting faith. We wish he had told us the history of the picture, that we might judge what chance there is of its having been taken from an authentic likeness. No portrait of the fourteenth century on panel, much less on canvas, exists, even in Italy. Likenesses were sometimes introduced in the paintings in fresco on the walls, or in the illuminations on vellum (from which the modern name of miniature is derived ;)\* but the modern ‘portrait’ was not yet invented.

In the year 1415 the Council of Constance condemned as heretical and erroneous forty-five articles, said to be extracted from the works of Wycliffe, whom they condemned as an obstinate heretic, and ordered that his bones, if they could be distinguished from those of the faithful, should be dug up and cast on a dunghill. Thirteen years later this sentence was executed by the Bishop of Lincoln, at the command of the Pope. The Reformer’s

\* Miniature, notwithstanding the similarity of sound and the authority of Dr. Johnson, has nothing to do etymologically with diminution of size. Its root is not *minutus*, but *minium*—vermilion. Miniare is, in the first place, to paint in red the capitals in the old MSS., and in the next, to adorn them with frontispieces and various other highly-laboured embellishments, ‘quell’ arte,’ says Dante, ‘che alluminare è chiamata in Parisi.’ The faces and figures introduced into these decorations were necessarily small. They were painted with a fine brush (stippled), in water-colours ; all which is still expressed by the word ‘miniature.’

bones were disinterred and burnt. His ashes were thrown into the neighbouring brook, called the Swift, which, says Fuller, 'conveyed them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they to the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.'

The rage of the Council which condemned John Huss and Jerome of Prague was not without reason, for Payne, one of Wycliffe's followers, had carried his doctrines into Bohemia, where they were eagerly received. In spite of the activity of the Romish clergy, his works continued to be studied on the continent of Europe till the time of the Reformation, for which he may be said to have prepared the way not less effectually abroad than in his own country.

After Wycliffe's death persecution fell heavily on his disciples. Some submitted, some fled, some sealed their faith with their blood, some received the wages of apostacy. Sawtre was burnt. Repington died a cardinal and a persecutor. The flame which Wycliffe had lighted was never trampled out by the iron heel of persecution, but it seems strange that, after having burned so brightly, it was so nearly extinguished. But, in fact, England was not yet prepared to shake off the yoke of Rome. Wycliffe's attacks on certain unpopular abuses brought him numerous followers. The nobles desired to humble the prelates. The Commons envied the wealth of the clergy, and all classes resented the exactions of the Pope. By all the better educated, the impostures of the Mendicants, their rapacity, their importunity, their letters of fraternity, by which they pretended, for a certain sum, to confer on the purchaser the spiritual benefit of the alms and prayers of the whole Order, were ridiculed and denounced. Chaucer, whom it is 'pleasing to believe'—but whom, without further evidence, we will not venture to call—Wycliffe's friend, in his satirical description of the friars only gave expression to the popular feeling of the time. But education was not sufficiently advanced to question the dogmas of Rome. Printing was not yet invented to give rapid circulation to thought. Preaching, the great agency of conversion, could not, as Wycliffe himself had experienced, be employed in despite of the authorities of the Church. The civil wars which shortly ensued diverted men's thoughts from abstract questions of theology; their result weakened the nobles and strengthened the power of the Church over a sovereign whose title was disputed. Henry V., in the midst of his glory, was forced to be a persecutor:—not all the thunders of the Vatican could have compelled John of Gaunt to permit a noble to be hung up by an iron chain to be roasted to death



death over a slow fire to gratify a provincial synod. But, above all, the ground had not yet been prepared for the reception of the reformed doctrine by the free circulation of the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue.

The Romish Church seems at all times instinctively to have felt the danger of imparting to the people a knowledge of Scripture. Till Wycliffe's exertions for this object were known, Rome was not seriously alarmed. Troublesome enthusiasts there had been before: some canonized as saints, some condemned as heretics, some—like Father Joachim—both at once, or it is impossible to say which; disputatious schoolmen ere now had filled universities with dissension, and had provoked the anathemas of councils, but none of them had shaken the foundations of sacerdotal power. By his translation of the Scriptures Wycliffe struck the first blow at the colossus, and has earned his title of Patriarch of the Reformation. He did not work alone; considerable portions were translated by his disciples, but the precautions which a due regard for their safety made necessary have involved their names and their labours in some mystery. Previously to this time there existed only translations of the Psalter and a few other detached portions of Holy Writ. Misled by these, and not unwilling to defend the Church from the imputation of withholding the Scriptures, Sir T. More has asserted that she had long possessed a version of her own, but it is certain that Wycliffe was the first to present to his country the whole body of Scripture translated into her native tongue. This version, together with another which is now ascertained to have been made by Purvey, Wycliffe's curate at Lutterworth, has been published by the University of Oxford, and the editors, in their able preface, have comprehended in the shortest space all that can be collected concerning the previously existing versions, the names and circumstances of Wycliffe's fellow-labourers, and the previous fragmentary translations, the harmonies and commentaries which were written by Wycliffe himself, and gradually led him to the commencement of his gigantic undertaking.

This publication has been the most enduring monument that has yet been raised to the great Reformer's memory; but it is far from satisfying the zeal of his biographers and admirers. They earnestly desire a complete publication of his works:—

\*Of his works, the greatest, "one of the most thoughtful of the middle ages," has twice been printed abroad, in England never. Of his original English works nothing beyond one or two short tracts has seen the light. If considered only as the father of English prose, the great Reformer might claim more reverential treatment at our hands. It is not by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that

Wyclif

Wyclif can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short, nervous sentences, fairly overmasters the weakness of the unformed language, and gives us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour.'

To this we cordially subscribe. In a mercantile point of view the publication of Wycliffe's entire works could hardly be expected to repay the cost. But we agree with his admirers that to no nobler purpose could the funds of an antiquarian society be applied. We would only suggest the propriety of so far curbing the antiquarian spirit as to abstain from reproducing fac-similes of the old alphabet of Wycliffe's days. If the same type which Dr. Todd has used in printing one or two short tracts were employed in a voluminous publication, its expense would be greatly increased, and its utility and popularity not less diminished. It is only by the chronological arrangement of the works written by Wycliffe at different periods and addressed to different readers that we can trace the progress of his opinions, or fix with any certainty the goal at which he stopped. It is not safe to identify his tenets with those of the sectarians of various denominations who were subsequently persecuted as his followers. On the whole, the received opinion that on most of the controverted points he had anticipated the doctrine of the Anglican Church may be received as well grounded; and so much are modern readers accustomed to consider him as the impersonation of Protestant doctrine, that it is with something of surprise, and even disappointment, they find in the list of his heresies opinions on points so abstruse as to be almost unintelligible, defended by arguments so subtle as scarcely to seem candid. But the teacher who to us appears only as the intrepid assertor of the supremacy of Scripture was, in his own day, the most learned of theologians and the most subtle of dialecticians; and it is to this double character he owes his influence over his own and over subsequent generations. Had he possessed only the qualities which exalt him in our estimation, he would in his own time have been condemned and put down as an ignorant fanatic: had he shone to our eyes only with the lustre which dazzled his contemporaries his name would have been as little known as those of his once famous predecessors. As he advanced in his career he probably learnt to value less the highly-vaunted learning of his day. That he did not consider it the best instrument for the diffusion of religious truth may be inferred from his prohibiting it to the Order of Simple Priests with which he hoped to regenerate the country.

Mr. Shirley has indicated in a rapid and masterly sketch the  
progress



progress which had been made by the scholastic philosophy, and the relative positions of the rival universities of Oxford and Paris at the time of Wycliffe's entrance into the arena of controversy: the former, strange to say, 'distinguished by the subtle rashness of disputations,' for which the Franciscans were then famous, 'from the more grave and solid learning of the latter,' under the guidance of the Dominicans. In the philosophy of the schoolmen metaphysics and theology were inseparably connected. The dispute which Roscelin had revived about the close of the eleventh century, as to the reality of universal ideas, penetrated every department of divinity, philosophy, and even of politics. The Nominalists, by whom it was denied, were schismatics and Ghibellines; the Realists, by whom it was affirmed, were Guelphs and orthodox. The editor gives some interesting instances of Wycliffe's speculations on some of the more abstruse points of natural theology. But this is a discussion which we cannot enter upon now.

'So long,' says Mr. Shirley, 'as the history of scholastic philosophy in this country is unwritten, so long must we be content to want an essential element, not merely in the portraiture of Wycliffe's character, but in the history of the Reformation.' A historian who will make himself so completely master of the subject as to be able to explain it to persons of ordinary understanding and cultivation, would indeed confer a great benefit on literature. Italian commentators are said to have taken this trouble, in order to explain the intricacies and obscurities of their great mediæval poet. Will no one in our day undertake this labour for a more important object? Exoriare aliquis! We hope Mr. Shirley's friends will suggest to him that he who most keenly feels the want is in all probability the best qualified to supply it. In the mean time our best acknowledgments are due to him for the learning and ability with which within the prescribed limits he has performed his appointed task.

ART. V.—1. *On the Right Use of the Early Fathers.* Two series of Lectures, &c., by the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity. London, 1857.

2. *History of the Christian Church during the first Three Centuries.* By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., &c. 2nd edition. London, 1857.

**A**MONG the men most useful in their generation are those lights of learning and science who devote their lives to the training of young men at the University, and who thus leaven our

our nobles, our gentlemen, and the members of all our professions with the soundest erudition and the loftiest principles. The fruits of their teaching are to be found in every corner of the kingdom, from the two Houses of Parliament down to the humblest curate; and it is for the interest of the world that their names and labours should meet with that recognition which they so eminently deserve. Foremost among this class of persons was John James Blunt, late Margaret Professor of Divinity, who entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1812, in his 19th year. He was a native of Staffordshire, the son of an able and respected schoolmaster at Newcastle-under-Lyme, by whom he was entirely educated up to the time of his going to college. The sobriety and simplicity of manners which distinguished him to the last were derived no doubt from this domestic training, which the discipline of his college served only to confirm and deepen. But the encouragement of St. John's, formerly a stronghold of antique and grim superstitions, was almost confined in his day to the strict and austere study of mathematics, and Blunt's natural bent seems to have rather inclined to the livelier muses. Those even who knew him only in his later and graver years, can testify to the sprightliness of his fancy, and his keen relish for fun and humour; and his early writings show his genuine love for the highest order of poetry. It was not without a struggle we conceive, that he bent his neck to the yoke of analysis and demonstration. Accordingly his success in the Mathematical Tripos was not more than respectable; but he had already acquired distinction as the winner of a Latin ode prize, and as a competitor for the classical medals he was known, by the extra-official whispers which are sometimes mercifully allowed to soothe the disappointment of our 'prope-victors,' to have actually received the suffrage of part of the electors. This combination of merits, joined to his high personal character, procured him a fellowship in the spring of 1816, immediately after he had taken his degree. Two years later he obtained a travelling bachelorship, which gave him the means of spending some time in Italy and Sicily; and there his quick observation was arrested by the traces, so often noticed, of heathen customs, still surviving in the manners of the people, and more particularly in the rites of their religion. After a second visit to the same countries a few years later, he threw his observations together in a small volume, the first of his publications. The idea, as he admitted, was suggested to him by Middleton's well-known 'Remarks' on the same subject in the middle of the last century. In later life he conceived some distrust of his predecessor, and with the feeling of the 'Timeo Danaos,' apprehended  
perhaps



perhaps that the argument might be perverted to the uses of irreverence. He never allowed the essay to be reprinted. It would be hardly necessary to allude to such a trifling performance, except as a first indication of a feature which marked Blunt's mind through life, his aptness to seize and work upon the hints of others, rather than to invent and originate himself.

After taking holy orders Mr. Blunt, resisting the temptations to a life in college, devoted himself for many years to parochial duty, first at Hodnet, as curate to Reginald Heber, and his successor, and afterwards at Chetwynd. The society of his first rector, known long before acquiring his peculiar fame as Bishop of Calcutta, as one of the most accomplished men in England, helped to enlarge the mind of our young college-fellow. From no one could he have better learnt the various aspects of his profession, the combined duties of intellectual self-cultivation, and spiritual intercourse with human souls of every degree. The interest he felt in his own parochial work, and with which he continued to regard it after his personal connexion with it had ceased, may be traced to the providence which threw him, at the outset of his career, within the sphere of Heber's influence in the curacy of Hodnet. To this influence he owed also his increasing interest in general literature, and the questions of the day. He became a contributor to this journal, and among other papers which appeared in it from his hand were more than one on the Life and Journals of Heber; which, coming at a time when all England was ringing with admiration of its missionary bishop, brought his name into notice, and stamped his character for information, sense, and ability. About the year 1833 Mr. Blunt was enlisted on the staff of the Family Library, the first series of the kind, embracing original works of the best living writers. His volumes on the Anglo-Saxon Church and the English Reformation were among the most successful of the series, and still retain their place among our ecclesiastical manuals. They combined sound learning with popular treatment, and fully realized the idea their author had long before expressed of what history for the people ought to be. As early as 1827 he had denounced as a vulgar prejudice the notion that popular writers cannot be profound, nor profound writers popular. 'To write strikingly,' he had said, 'so as to fix deeply the more leading facts which we would impart, is not only the province of the writer of romance or the poet; it is compatible with the grave dignity of the historian, and even with the cool precision of the philosopher.' And then he went on to quote the caustic remark of Guizot, '*Il n'y a personne qui ne dise que les Anglais sont peu habiles à composer un livre ;*'

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a remark which has been followed up by the assertion, whether by Guizot himself or by one of his disciples we do not remember, that Gibbon's history is the only 'book' in the English language. But Blunt's views on this subject are chiefly noticeable as showing that he was himself fully abreast of the current, which set at the moment so strongly in favour of literature for the people.

The future Professor was still in his curacy, when he was invited to preach the Hulsean Lectures from the University pulpit at Cambridge. This office he discharged in the years 1831 and 1832, and its fruits appeared in the little volumes on the Veracity of the Gospels, and of the historic books of the Old Testament, in which he followed up Paley's well-known argument from the 'undesigned coincidences' in the Acts and Epistles, and Graves's previous application of it to the Pentateuch. Here again we find him building avowedly on another man's foundations, with no view assuredly to personal fame or advancement, but with a single eye to practical utility. He perceived intuitively how attractive is the argument, and he felt how suitable the handling of it was to the bent of his own mind, which was acute and observant, and always intent on making comparisons and distinctions. Of the annual publications which have resulted from Mr. Hulse's munificent bequests, none, it may safely be said, have so well attained the object contemplated by the founder. Simple and unpretending as they are both in design and execution, they continue to be extensively read, and have deservedly assumed a permanent place in our standard divinity.

In the year 1834 Mr. Blunt accepted from his college the rectory of Great Oakley, in Essex, and suffered himself to be uprooted, not without a painful effort, from the soil to which he had been from his infancy attached. The living was a valuable one, but the spot overlooks the Sivache of our British steppes. For many years its successive rectors had obtained dispensations for non-residence, and dire suspicions of its unhealthiness, fostered, perhaps, by the impatient juniors, were current in the college. The story, however, that Blunt's predecessor, when reading himself in, remarked some ladies in deep mourning, and on asking who they were, was informed that they were the widows of the last six curates, was a piece of combination-room scandal not lightly to be credited. Blunt, at all events, entered on his charge with no misgivings. Coming to his living with the experience of fifteen years' service in more than one curacy, in the maturity of his powers, in the full tide of a rising reputation, with unbounded personal



sonal energy, a hopeful and elastic temper, and rare devotion to the duties of his calling, the new rector of Great Oakley became at once a man of high mark among his lay and clerical neighbours. He established his parish-school, his clubs and societies; he rebuilt his dilapidated and long tenantless parsonage; he married a wife; he was useful and contented. But the position he had attained in theological literature, and the strong regard in which he was held in his own college and in the University, already designated him as the probable successor to Bishop Marsh, the aged occupant of Lady Margaret's divinity chair. During the five years of his residence at Great Oakley, Blunt was doubtless meditating the Lectures he should deliver in the event of his appointment. At the period when his own views in theology had been formed, the distinction of High and Low Church was a matter of feeling much more than of reasoning. The first fervour of party contest had abated, and our young divines, on either side, either inherited their views from their fathers, or imbibed them from the associations of their early training. Blunt's natural temper, reflective rather than impulsive, his sobriety of judgment, his deference to rules and forms, his habitual submission to mental discipline, inclined him to the school of authority and tradition, and this inclination had been confirmed by his early education, by the moral atmosphere of his college, and again by the example of the illustrious man under whom he had studied and served at Hodnet. But the speculative high-church man of that day might indulge in an extent of liberality which would savour of latitudinarianism in the eyes of professors of the same principles now. Reginald Heber was a man of genial sympathies, with a heart that yearned towards every show of religious feeling under whatever banner it was enlisted, and traces are not wanting in the earlier writings of his friend and follower, of a bland toleration, such as in later days he would scarcely have reconciled to his sterner convictions. The Oxford movement found Blunt a high-church man in sentiment; but he had not yet entrenched himself in a logical position. Its effect upon him was to set him diligently to seek out the foundations of the Anglo-Catholicism in which he already implicitly believed. He persuaded himself that the true Fathers of the Anglican church are the Fathers of the first three centuries, and that their dogmatic theology is a full and sufficient sanction for all its doctrines. Here was the citadel of his faith. The conviction grew more and more strongly upon him, that every deviation from the standard of orthodoxy arose from neglect of these original fountains of the truth, and it became the mission of his life to enforce on all who fell within

within the sphere of his influence the duty of seeking here the ground and root of their ecclesiastical principles.

The opportunity for enforcing these views effectively was opened to him by his appointment to the Professorship, in 1839. From that time he resided regularly in Cambridge, relinquishing his parochial cure, and lecturing assiduously to large and attentive classes, moulding them to his own quiet sobriety of view, and his own patient earnestness of feeling. There can be no doubt that the comparative exemption of our Cambridge students of theology from the lamentable conceits and perplexities which led to the religious perversion of so many of their Oxford contemporaries, was mainly owing to the effect of Blunt's teaching. When M. de Montalembert, walking through the courts and groves of Cambridge, wafted an admiring sigh to the gallant men who had left, as he imagined, all these attractions at the call of religious conviction, he might have been answered that, in point of fact, not one Cambridge fellow had found himself obliged to make the sacrifice. If among the numbers that thronged our Professor's lecture-room there were many tender and impulsive spirits that yearned for a guide, a champion, in short, for a Pope to lean upon, they found, in the decision and confidence of the Professor himself, the strength and assurance they required. He taught as one having authority. Blunt's class was for many years formed entirely of voluntary hearers; and it was his pride to gauge the real weight of his character by the test of this voluntary homage. When in the latter portion of his career, the attendance, under certain questionable changes in the university system, was made to some extent compulsory, his interest in the work was marred. Some instances of inattention and misbehaviour, which naturally followed, among his new conscripts, reminded him painfully of the change forced upon him, and this annoyance, combined, perhaps, with a consciousness of failing health, or at least with failing spirits, led him to contemplate an early retirement from his office. It was just at this period that the offer was made him of the see of Salisbury. Ten years before, there was no function of the church he could not have discharged, no dignity he would not have graced. But, like too many of our best men in every profession, he was, to use Sir De Lacy Evans's pathetic expression, 'beaten by Time.' Yet it is a satisfaction to reflect that in no sphere, however eminent or extensive, could he have done better service to the cause he had at heart, than in that of his divinity chair, and his friends must rejoice that at this moment his judgment did not desert him, and he respectfully declined the worldly honour which could have added nothing to his true reputation. But whatever was the disappointment



pointment of his more distant admirers, when it was known that he had refused a mitre, still greater was their anxiety when it was whispered that the refusal was occasioned by a sense of bodily infirmity. In the winter of 1855, his health began seriously to fail, and, after a short illness, he died at Cambridge, on the 17th of June in that year. To this slight sketch of a life, so full of utility, so barren of events and incidents, the fit career of a Christian scholar, we need only add that he was twice married; first to Elizabeth Roylance, daughter of the late Baddeley Child, Esq., of Barlaston, by whom he left two daughters; and, secondly, to Harriet, daughter of the late T. Sneyd Kynnesley, Esq., of Loxley Park, who survived him. His remains were interred at Barlaston in Staffordshire, by the side of his first wife.

The papers which Mr. Blunt contributed to this journal extend over several years of his life; and besides the interest and value which intrinsically belong to them, they are important to complete the portraiture of so remarkable a man, and to show the trains of thought through which his mind had ranged, before he settled definitively into the Divinity Professor, and the Interpreter of the Early Church. Never was there a reviewer more laborious and scrupulous in the exercise of his craft. His papers all bear internal evidence of the pains he had bestowed on the subject in hand. The publications he chose were generally the collective works of a voluminous writer, and he always took care to master the entire remains of the author he undertook to illustrate. That he should be thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of Milton's works, prose as well as verse (his verse he is said to have known almost by heart, an exuberance of familiarity which may be seen perpetually breaking out in his writings);—that he should be versed in all the classic treatises of Paley—might be expected from any accomplished scholar of his day; but it is not every one who would have laboured so conscientiously through the whole of the ponderous tomes of Parr's *Life and Works* before he ventured to pronounce an opinion upon any part of them.

Essays like those of Blunt have an historic value, for they reflect the lines and shadows of contemporary thought and sentiment, and show the progress of the writer's mind keeping pace with the progress of public opinion. His review of Todd's *Milton*, which appeared in 1827, is an instance. It betrays the last flutter of the great Socinian controversy, in which the Church had taken a vital interest for half a century, from the date of the notorious Feathers tavern petition, and which was just about to give place to the Popish controversy, and the question of ecclesiastical authority and tradition. At the close of the first quarter of the present century, the conflict with Socinians had

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become little more than a name. The question which had given birth to such a cloud of polemical treatises, and which had even created jealousies and divisions within the Church itself, had subsided into a matter of historical curiosity. Milton's *Treatise on the Church*, in which the poet's heretical tendencies, already betrayed in his epics, but still fondly veiled or extenuated by his admirers, were at last defined and defended, had recently been discovered, and published with an English translation by a dignified clergyman. The calm tone which Mr. Blunt adopts displays the consciousness that the battle had been fought out, and that the Arian heresy was ceasing to be the theological question of the time.

But the name of Milton happened at that moment to be one of the shibboleths of party. The revivers of our early classics had recently recalled attention to the merits of the great poet's prose, and more than one edition of his controversial works had loaded the press, though they found perhaps more purchasers than readers. Zest, however, was given to these apologies for whiggery by the whiggish tendencies of the time. The long winter of Foxite discontent had begun to thaw with the break-up of the Liverpool administration. Liberalism was spreading its wings to catch the breezes of Favonius. The remarkable eloquence and spirit of a paper in our most distinguished contemporary, had lifted suddenly into fame the future historian of England. Macaulay's article on Milton was the talk of the day. It required some courage in a young and unknown writer to stand up at that moment, and point out so shrewdly, so temperately, yet so firmly, the fatal weaknesses in the character of the man whom Britain honoured as her Homer, and Holland House as her Socrates or Solon, and prove that though one of the first of poets, he was neither a divine, a philosopher, nor a statesman. Our reviewer continued, with a tacit reference to the rival article, to defend Johnson's thesis that Milton did ill to complain that he had come, as a poet, 'too late' into the world. He showed that, however the author of *Paradise Lost* dwelt apart in the sphere of his own unworldly imagination, no poet was ever so deeply indebted to the acquired knowledge which can only be amassed in an era of high civilization. The critical details into which Blunt was led, in support of this view, were enlivened by comparison with the Italian as well as the ancient masters, and he displayed his own poetical taste, with no mean aptitude for versification, in the translations he gave from Dante. Indeed his poetical faculty seems only to have required cultivation, to attain considerable excellence. Some twenty lines of translation from a well-known passage of Claudian, which  
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appeared afterwards in our pages, may be compared without disadvantage with any similar attempt of Pope or Dryden.

On the whole, however, the bent of Mr. Blunt's mind was now turned towards severer studies. Poetry might be his relaxation, but a stern sense of duty was always urging him to brace his energies for grappling with questions of morals and religious philosophy. His mind became more and more concentrated on the literature of his sacred calling. The year after the essay on Milton appeared he gave a review of the works and character of Paley, remarkable even in days of more genuine liberality than those which were soon to succeed them, for its generous appreciation of a theological opponent. His estimate of the merits and defects of the 'Moral Philosophy,' with the leading principles of which he was decidedly at war, was fair and genial; his contemptuous disregard for the sneers and affected compassion of the impugners of Paley's honesty ('poor Paley,' as we have lived to see him styled) was a matter of course; while the terse and unpretending style in which his opinions were conveyed would have delighted none so much as the simple sage of Bishop's-Wearmouth himself.

The review of Dr. Johnstone's ponderous compilation, 'the Life and Works' of Dr. Parr, was a composition of less mark and interest. Like its subject, it lacked concentration. It was desultory and anecdotal. The writer complains that he can gather no consistent idea of the character of the odd humourist before him. Plain and consistent himself in every thought and action, we can easily understand how Blunt was unable to find the clue to the eccentricities of one of the most self-contradictory characters of our times. Nor, at this time of day, will it be thought worth the pains of investigation: though the demise of the awful chimera of Hatton, which had so long buzzed in vacuo, was something of an event in the year 1825. We are a little surprised, however, at the slender appreciation the reviewer shows of his hero's ludicrous side. Perhaps he was not quite at ease with his subject. He was too much connected, if not with Parr himself, at least with many of his circle of admirers, to write with all the freedom such a topic required. We know not by what good fortune that special clique has escaped the humorous portraiture it so eminently challenged. Parr's Boswell was a very Brummagem Boswell indeed. The time has now gone by, and the follies of the divines and statesmen who repaired to Hatton as their Delphi, and imbibed from the doctor's pipe their inspiration, will have no niche in the literary history of their generation.

The paper on 'Parr's Works' was followed by that on 'Southey's Colloquies.'

Colloquies.' In this latter essay Blunt was again upon ground he loved. Catching not a little of his author's style and tone, he speculates with great force and feeling on the social characteristics of the age. His views of the signs of the times are prematurely tinged with the sombre hues of an observer twenty years his senior. Thoughtful and generally grave, as he constitutionally was, it is nevertheless sad to see the shades of anxious age deepening so soon around him. The epoch, no doubt, was one which stirred the depths of our deepest minds. The changes of the two or three years next preceding, the breaking-up of the prescriptive toryism which had occupied the high places of the land for nearly half a century, the moral effect of that 'stunning measure,' as Blunt here calls it, the Emancipation Bill, a greater shock to the feeling of the age than even the Reform Bill which followed, had filled men's minds with undefined presentiments of evil. Not that men like Southey and Blunt, whatever may be said of the class of reverend seniors they represented, were blind to the rooted maladies of the body politic: they were only at a loss for safe remedies, and nervously apprehensive of the application of untried theories. The wisest and most discreet of the present generation would readily acknowledge that, if the reforms of the last thirty years have produced more good and less harm than was so passionately predicted of them, it is because they evoked a spirit of conservatism in the best minds of the country, the existence of which at that period was not even suspected. They restored the balance between the old and the young, the passing and the rising generation, which not long before seemed arrayed in normal hostility to one another. Southey and his fellow-labourers were dismayed because the youth of their own class seemed to be banded against them. They did not calculate on the impending reaction, or anticipate that the glowing young liberals of 1830 would be the ripe leaders of conservatism in 1850 or 1860. If their reputation as statesmen or philosophers has suffered, it is not for us, who profit by the reaction they excited, to depreciate their gift of wisdom. To them may be applied the spirit of that dark saying inscribed on the obelisk at Munich, which commemorates the brave Bavarians who fell under Napoleon in Russia: 'They too died for the deliverance of their country.'\*

Bishop Butler's great work on the 'Analogy, &c.,' was next taken in hand by Blunt. His fondness for analogies and comparisons, for 'setting one thing over against another,' made this consummate treatise peculiarly interesting to him, and besides

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\* Auch sie für des Vaterlandes Befreyung gestorben.



bringing many neat and striking illustrations to bear upon special points, he discussed the general argument with a breadth of view and firmness of touch, which showed how truly he said that it had *lain in soak* in his mind for years. Butler's work itself was well-timed, or rather the times were favourable for its production, when the most vigorous intellects of the Church were relieved by the triumphant establishment of the ecclesiastical system from the narrowing discussions of sectarian and party divinity, and free to take common ground in the common cause of religion. If we have no such books now, it is because men are cribbed and confined by the polemical controversies of schools. We may surmise that Blunt himself, some ten years later, would hardly have given his time to the review of a work of purely general interest. He would have thought he was defrauding the Church of England and the Church of the Fathers, of which he was the pledged champion, of every moment he devoted to the cause of the Church Universal. But the few years which intervened between the Socinian and the Romish controversies, were a breathing time gained for wider theological views, and we are glad, for Mr. Blunt's reputation, that he had the opportunity of showing how firmly he had planted himself on the common foundations of the Christian faith, and how vigorously he could grapple with arguments of universal interest and application. The late Bishop of Calcutta encumbered, as we should say, his edition of Butler's *Analogy* with a preface, in which he suggested how much more useful the work might have been, had it been framed to enforce the views of his school with regard to faith and justification—an object quite beside the scope of the treatise. The school to which Dr. Wilson belonged has not generally shown much sympathy with works of such comprehensive philosophy as the '*Analogy*.' Hence, we conceive, the invidious statement of Mr. Wilberforce, recorded in his *Life*, that Pitt once remarked of it, that it raised more doubts than it solved. Pitt, in all probability, was speaking as a young man, to whom the deep questions of our being agitated by Butler were altogether new, and who had felt none of the difficulties of religion, till he found them in the treatise devoted to their discussion.

We have seen that the '*Evidences of Religion*' was among the earliest subjects to which Mr. Blunt applied his powers of discrimination and argument. The bent of his mind, it may be added, led him more to the study of external and historical, than of internal and moral evidences. His published sermons show not less distinctly than his historical and critical treatises, how jealously he placed his religious feelings under the control of his

reason. When he began to prepare for discharging the duties of a theological chair, to which he sedulously devoted all the latter years of his life, he seems, in choosing for his first and most constant subject of exposition the early records of Christian antiquity, to have fixed his eye attentively on the materials they afford for testing the truth of the revelation itself. In perusing the Lectures now before us we are forcibly struck with the stress he lays on this view of his subject.

'I shall show,' he says, 'in these lectures, the light the study of the Fathers casts upon the *Evidences*; the weapons with which they (in a peculiar manner) arm us against the infidel, and against Mr. Gibbon's infidelity more especially; by proving the rapid spread of Christianity over the world; by exhibiting the classes of society out of which its converts were made; and the mistake it is to suppose that they were exclusively the lowest; by developing the care and caution with which their characters were sifted before their allegiance was received; by furnishing us with a true estimate of the extent and intensity of persecution they encountered and sustained, and the trying nature of some modes of it less obvious, and therefore less adverted to, but not less searching.' . . . 'I shall treat,' he continues, 'of the *miraculous powers* ascribed to the Primitive Church; and of its *ecclesiastical construction*. I shall explain the good offices the Fathers render us in our investigation of the *canon* of Scripture, the *substance* of Scripture, the *text* of Scripture, and above all the *meaning* of Scripture on great cardinal points, by reflecting to us the sense of the Primitive Church on them all, on the last of which subjects I shall dwell more at length.'

In the courses of lectures now published we find all these topics handled with point and vigour, but that of the *Evidences* still holds the most prominent place among them, and seems to have been uppermost in the mind of the lecturer. The warmth with which he insisted on the early and rapid spread of Christianity as a proof of its divine origin, the minute and ingenious learning with which he maintained it, the deep importance he attached to it, recall forcibly to our minds a phase of discussion which had almost passed away in the evershifting polemics of religion and infidelity.

It was in the year 1838, when Blunt was occupied, no doubt, with the preparation of these lectures, that Dean Milman published his valuable edition of Gibbon's History. On the two famous chapters on the rise of Christianity Blunt fastened with all the ardour and energy of his character. The review which he gave of Gibbon's work was characteristically confined entirely to a consideration of this portion of it. Every religious man, every moral, every honourable man, must concur in the indignant rebukes with which he lashes the irreverence, the indecency, the bad faith, which have raised the

Decline



Decline and Fall to a painful pre-eminence among works of perverted genius. To protest against these vicious features is due to morality as well as to religion, and perhaps the more so at the present day, when the revived interest in history, and in the writings of its masters, cannot fail to elevate Gibbon's name to a higher pedestal than it has yet attained. To this generation his excellences have been rendered the more remarkable by the successive failure of all modern attempts to rival him. No historian of our time has equalled his skill in sifting and arranging his materials, his tact in estimating the relative importance of events and characters, his vigour in grappling with the true points of interest, and discarding every cumbrous impediment to the free march of his narration. The condensation of six centuries of imperial accessions and demises into his marvellous forty-eighth chapter, is a *tour de force* which deserves perhaps to be specially signalised in our era of voluminous volubility. Whatever be the eloquence of great modern writers in expression, none has approached Gibbon in the finer tact of suppression, in the mute significance of judicious reticence. Tacitus alone among the ancients, Gibbon alone among the moderns, always leave us with the impression that they have said less than they might have said, that they have acknowledged the duty of self-control, and shaped their narrative not as an index to be consulted, but as a story to be read and remembered.

Such being the legitimate fascination of Gibbon's work, it is the more important that the animadversion it fairly deserves should be administered with discretion. Possibly its pernicious influence might be weakened with modern readers if pains were taken to show how completely it was the genuine product of the age which gave it birth, how faithfully it represents the prejudices and errors of its own time. Gibbon, it is true, was coarse and indelicate; but we must remember the licence of his day, in the language of private life, and even in much of the lighter literature. Gibbon, it is true, speaks with revolting levity on many serious subjects; but he was a pupil of Voltaire, and the tone which the French freethinker adopted as a social necessity, the Englishman copied in thoughtless imitation. The severe restrictions on the utterance of opinion which disgraced the age and country of the master, must bear no small share of the blame of the pupil's insincerity. Even in Gibbon's sphere, we must remember, slender licence was allowed to the questioning of established things, and the tone of banter was commonly used as a conventional and well understood among the initiated, of intimations which it was unsafe to avow. Nor more

dour to acknowledge the provocation to indiscriminate attacks on religion itself from the pertinacious assertion of unsound interpretations, and baseless traditions. Intellectually the greatest of Gibbon's errors is his insensibility to the power of Christianity as an instrument of human progress. But here again we must put ourselves in his place, and recall the torpor into which Christianity had fallen, not in this country only but throughout Europe, not in our Church only, but throughout the Churches of Romanists and Dissenters; a torpor which had sapped the creeds of every denomination. Morals had relaxed, love had waxed cold, forms had faded into shadows, and even the material fabrics of religion were everywhere crumbling into ruins. The only sign of spiritual life, at least to an ordinary observer, the revival of Methodism, was disdained by the mass of the Christian world, as a fanaticism which would be pestilent were it not contemptible. It is difficult to see how any one who had not been bred in the fear and nurture of the Lord,—and we know how much Gibbon's breeding had been otherwise,—could have thought it worth while to pay even outward deference to Christianity, such as it then appeared on the surface of society. The fearful language of Butler in the Advertisement to the Analogy must be pleaded in mitigation of sentence against even Gibbon's disparagement of our faith. 'It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious, and accordingly they treat it, as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisal, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.' Gibbon, we may be sure, had accustomed himself to regard it as a doomed superstition, and was convinced that every one around him really thought the same; he made no doubt that the next generation would openly repudiate what his own was still expected to treat with decency.

But events have vindicated, since Gibbon's time, the historical importance of Christianity as an indestructible agent of human sanctification, and after nearly a century of revival and progress, the true philosopher turns with increased interest to the records of her antiquity, and scans the secret of her growth in the mystery of her birth and constitution. Those, however, who venture thus to inquire must go forth with modern discipline and learning. They will not be content with the set answer which satisfied the theologians of the last century, that the spread of the Gospel exclusively miraculous, and that to allow any place to



causes must be futile, if not irreverent. This at least can no longer be taken for granted : we are bound to examine the whole condition of the heathen world, to investigate its laws and customs, its beliefs and superstitions, through all their varying phases, and to ascertain precisely what room there was in the heart of heathen society for the reception of spiritual truths. If Mr. Gibbon be justly charged with the vice of indirect insinuation, it must be allowed that neither is Mr. Blunt wholly free from a similar imputation. For instance, after passing in review the alleged testimony of the early Fathers to miraculous powers in the Church, while he shrinks from taking Mr. Newman's desperate plunge, and abiding by the evidence to any one pretended miracle in particular, he concludes that 'the truth of the fact *in the main* it is extremely hard to resist.' But this is a matter which we cannot afford to leave thus in suspense. If amidst unnumbered assertions of the claim there is not one special instance of miraculous agency in the patristic Church to which a prudent advocate will commit himself, the conclusion of common sense must be that the whole claim, however loudly and pertinaciously it is urged, is groundless, and with its rejection must fall to a great degree the value of the Fathers themselves as witnesses to the facts of history.

It was Gibbon's aim in the slight and affectedly contemptuous sketch he gave of the early history of our religion, to represent the numbers of the Christians as scanty, their social importance as small, their learning as slender, their sufferings as trifling ; in short, to make them out a petty and obscure sect, almost overlooked amidst the diversities of creeds and manners in the world-wide empire, and held unworthy of special admiration. Advancing under the shield of Dodwell and Leclerc, he throws the ill-appointed ranks of his adversaries into confusion ; but he uncovers his own flank, and is liable, we think, to be out-manœuvred. Our main array of polemics, excited to bitter wrath by this disparagement of the incunabula of the Church, have hurled at his head many blunt and brittle weapons with little success ; the direct statements of the Fathers on these points are so justly discredited that the use of them has done more harm to the cause than good ; and the might of learning, far exceeding that of Gibbon himself, which Blunt and others have brought into the field, has encumbered the contest without helping to decide it. It is, however, in the indirect incidental notices of antiquity that the real strength of their battle lies, and our Professor's lectures and history are mainly valuable, as regards this question, from the unimpeachable because casual testimonies he has brought, by a minute and  
searching

searching analysis, to the numbers, standing, and character of the early Christians. We have said, however, that Gibbon's argument was open, on the face of it, to a sufficient reply. He insinuates that Christianity would never have become the mistress of the world but for its temporal exaltation by a worldly patron. But how came Constantine to establish it? Why a mere politician should have picked an obscure sect out of the mire, and placed it at the right hand of power, is a question Gibbon could not answer on his own principles, and he has therefore discreetly set it aside. The notion that Christianity was recommended to the Emperor by its principle of passive obedience is too puerile to be seriously suggested.

The theory of a miraculous agency for the overthrow of the imperial Paganism seems to have found favour, at least with modern Protestants, as accounting for and excusing the comparative failure of their own missionary efforts. For our own part we hope it is not irreverent to say that we should be loth to imagine that this great contest for the foundation of Christianity had been fought on such unequal terms. We regard the definitive triumph of our faith under Constantine, as a pledge that God's providence will always second and support the use of natural means for the propagation of His truth, though no doubt from the first the conditions of the great struggle of Christian antiquity were such as have never occurred again. It was the self-conversion of the civilized world. The work of our missionaries among the masses of heathenism in India and China is a different case, for they are in the position of strangers assailing from without; but the early Christian teachers were, from their familiarity with Greek language and Greek modes of thought, themselves practically members of the society which was the intellectual mistress of the world at the time. Even the apostle Paul must have derived immense advantage from this circumstance. At Athens, at Corinth, at Rome, still more in regions further west, if he actually penetrated further, he spoke with the authority of a tongue in which the secrets of wisdom were confessedly lodged. The sages of the Areopagus accepted him as an equal; at Rome he was regarded as a superior; beyond Rome he would carry a prestige of inspiration, almost of divinity. Greek education and Roman citizenship were letters of social credit throughout the empire, which far outweighed any prejudice against Jewish origin, and may be set against the disparagement which attached at the first to Christianity from the reputed dishonour of its founder's death on the cross.

A calm, and we hope a candid investigation, has brought us to the conclusion that on all the questions in debate between the  
sceptics



sceptics and the supernaturalists, regarding the progress of Christianity, the rank, means, and learning of its disciples, the extent of its trials, and the number of its martyrs, the truth lies in the middle, removed at an equal distance from the depreciatory view of Gibbon, and the glowing imaginations of patristic theologians. We conceive that Blunt and writers of his school have laid far too much stress on the direct assertions of the early Fathers, from not duly discriminating the matters on which alone their evidence is truly authentic. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Cyprian, etc., are unexceptionable witnesses to the belief and ritual delivered to them; they may establish for us the canon of Scripture, and show the agreement of our doctrine and discipline with those of primitive ages; but their knowledge of past historical facts was extremely slender, and was too often supplied by mere conjecture. So engrossed were the first generations of believers with the expectation of their Lord's speedy return, that they paid, it would seem, little regard to the past or the present; they kept no account of their own history; they retained no memorial of places hallowed by the great events even of their Saviour's ministry, nor preserved the faintest record of the later lives of many of those who were most closely connected with it. They gazed upwards and onwards, and cast no curious look around, no lingering look behind them. Hence the real history of the men and the times next succeeding the age of the apostles seems to have perished almost entirely. We have lost all historical account even of the martyrdom of the apostles; the traditions which remain of them are late, uncertain, and often contradictory; they are, as it were, fragments, or merely shadows of the truth, caught at with a loving faith by a later generation, which had cooled in its anticipations of the future, but turned the more fondly to the reminiscences it could recover of the past. Under such circumstances, it would be contrary to all experience, if traditions thus sought and found, had not been coloured with the imagination of the seekers; if, in short, the Fathers of the third century had not represented to themselves the first and the second in the hues familiar to their own generation. They suffered themselves from cruel and inveterate persecutions; they believed that such had been from the first the normal condition of the Christian society. They saw the faith propagated in remote provinces; they were assured that the apostles themselves had planted it in the ends of the earth.

We have not disguised our opinion that in his exposition of the records of early Christianity the Professor appears for the most part in the character of a partisan. The volume of lectures now before us is the work of an advocate, not of a judge; of a polemic,

polemic, not of an historian; of a divine, we say it not invidiously, rather than of a philosopher. In an academic chair such partisanship may not be wholly out of place; the hearer is invited to learn the views and arguments by which an admitted theory is maintained. But in a history, the title borne by the second of the works on which we are remarking, the case is surely different, and we are a little disappointed at finding the 'History of the Church of the first three centuries' to be little more than the substance of the polemical lectures, under another arrangement, and conceived in the same spirit. It contains no critical examination of records, no discriminating estimate of authorities, no judicial summing up of disputed views. It is, in fact, a continuous declamation, clear, rapid, and vigorous, of the most salient features of Christian manners and society, according to the notion which the writer had deliberately conceived of them. We are aware, indeed, that this is a theory of the true functions of history, which recommends itself to some readers. 'Scribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum,' the motto Barante prefixes to his 'Dukes of Burgundy,' indicates a style of composition which has charms for those who delight in accepting, without inquiry, any clear and graphic picture of the past, which a skilful artist presents to them; but far different is the spirit of the true historical inquirer, who demands satisfaction for his judgment, whose instinct assures him that the ways of relating every fact are as various as the minds of its witnesses, and is never content with catching a glimpse of it, however pleasing, from a single point of view.

If, however, Blunt was too sanguine in his temperament, too sure of his conclusions, too well satisfied with his moral positions, to estimate the many-sided opinions, interests, and sympathies, which form the character of an historical epoch, we think that as an essayist, a lecturer, and we may add, lastly, as a preacher, he possessed merit inferior only to the highest. Plain and curt, almost to homeliness, in his address, though these peculiarities were naturally softened down with advancing years, his oratory was wholly devoid of the practised graces of the schools. No man perhaps would have rejected with more scorn the temptation to premeditate a point in delivery, whether of tone or gesture. In the full and admirable instructions he gives for the composition of sermons, in his 'Lectures on the Duties of a Parish Priest,' his counsels on this head are the briefest and slightest; but he adds with his usual force and fervour, that 'no master of declamation could inspire him with the grace that should become the pulpit, half so well as the consciousness (if he could possess himself thoroughly with it) that he was there to save men's souls.'

After



After thus touching upon the greater part of Blunt's writings, and accompanying the progress of his busy but eventless life, we are impressed with the feeling that there was never an instance of a man and his career more fitted to each other. The early training of his home, the strict and formal discipline of his college, the long probation, humble but not obscure, of his curacies, the ripeness of his transition to the responsibilities of a living, his well-timed election to a professorial chair, wealthy, dignified, and important, the hundreds of ardent candidates for the ministry who surrounded him, respect kindling into interest, interest into admiration, admiration into reverence, and finally, the closing scene attended with a general expression of sympathy and love;—here is a succession of incidents in the happiest combination and harmony, unfortunately almost as rare as it is felicitous. Here is a type of the true life academic, such as we wish we could oftener see realized; the early flight from the mother's nest to gain experience of life, and cultivate social charities; the years of sequestered and almost solitary employment—for though 'society sharpens wit, solitude is the nurse of genius;' the gradual attainment of a name in the republic of letters echoed back to the listening halls of *Academos*; the gracious invitation gratefully embraced, to return to a sphere of influence and honour, to infuse into the University new views, habits, and convictions, and teach old routine to judge itself as it is judged at a distance—such was the favoured career of the subject of this notice, not less fortunate certainly for Cambridge than for himself. If among the changes projected, we will not say threatened, in the constitution of the University, a plan should be devised for making her noble endowments available for the maintenance of other Blunts; for recalling some of her parish priests to teach the duties they have practised; for retaining some of her scholars and astronomers, who now fly from the alternative of college rooms or a country living, to the ill-stuffed chairs of Glasgow or St. Andrews; we trust it will be met in a spirit worthy of an occasion which may occur perhaps only once in many ages.

Colonel Sykes, we observe, speaks with exultation of the twenty or thirty candidates from Oxford and Cambridge for a professorship lately vacant at Aberdeen. His feelings we cannot, for our own part, share. To us it is a matter of vexation, even of humiliation, that the greatest of Mathematical Universities, with revenues amounting to 200,000*l.* per annum, should have no more than a single chair even moderately endowed for the maintenance of a married man, from which '*cœlumque suum, sua sidera norit.*' Cut off by his indisposition to take orders

orders from the provision which she extracts obliquely from other sources for her men of science, the discoverer of Uranus has been driven to take refuge in the far north, and can find no fitting sphere in that University which he has honoured, and which, if it had the power, would delight to honour him.

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- ART. VI.—1. *An Abstract of the Returns made to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, of Wrecks and Casualties which occurred on and near the Coasts of the United Kingdom, from January 1st to the 31st of December, 1857.* London, 1858.
2. *Annual Statement of the Trade and Navigation of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions, in the Year 1856.* London, 1857.
3. *First Report from the Select Committee on Shipwrecks, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.* London, 1843.

THERE is no nobler or more national sight in our island than to behold the procession of stately vessels as they pass in panoramic pride along our shores, or navigate the great arterial streams of commerce, to witness the deeply laden Indiaman warped out of the docks, or to see the emigrant ship speeding with bellying sails down Blackwall Reach, watched by many weeping eyes, and the depository of many aching hearts. It would, however, spoil the enjoyment of the least interested spectator if the veil could be lifted from the dark future; if that gallant Indiaman could be shown him broadside on among the breakers; or that stately vessel with bulwarks fringed with tearful groups, looking so sadly to the receding shore, were pictured by him foundering in mid ocean—gone to swell the numbers of the dismal fleet that yearly sails and is never heard of more. Sadder still would be his reflections if another passing ship could be shown him, destined perhaps to circle the globe in safety, and when within sight of the white cliffs of Albion, full of joyful hearts, suddenly, in the dark and stormy night, fated to be dashed to atoms, like the *Reliance* and *Conqueror*, on a foreign strand. If such dramatic contrasts as these could be witnessed we should without doubt strain every nerve to prevent their recurrence. As it is the sad tale of disasters at sea comes to us weakened by the lapse of time and the distance of the scene of the catastrophe: instead of having the harrowing sight before our eyes, we have only statistics which raise no emotion, and even rarely arrest attention. In connexion with these  
annual



annual returns there is published a fearful looking map termed a wreck chart, in which the shores of Great Britain and Ireland are shown fringed with dots—the sites of wrecks, collisions, and other disasters. From this we perceive how all the dangerous headlands and sandbanks of the coast are strewn with—

A thousand fearful wrecks,  
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels—  
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

Strange to say, these dismal finger-posts to marine disasters are generally found grouped around the sites of lighthouses. If we analyse the chart for the year 1857, we perceive at a glance the relative dangers of the three seaboard of triangular England, and that a fatal pre-eminence is given to the East coast. Out of a total of 1143 wrecks and casualties which took place in this year, no less than 600, or more than one half, occurred between Dungeness and Pentland Frith. Along this perilous sea, beset with sands, shoals, and rocky headlands, no less than 150,000 vessels pass annually, the greater part ill-constructed, deeply-laden colliers, such as we see in the Pool, and wonder how they manage to survive a gale of wind. The South coast, extending from Dungeness to the Land's End, is comparatively safe, only 84 wrecks having taken place in 1847, whilst from the Land's End to Greenock, where the influence of the Atlantic gales is most sensibly felt, the numbers rise again to 286, and the Irish coast contributes a total of 173.

If we take a more extended view of these disastrous occurrences by opening the wreck chart attached to the evidence of the select committee on harbours of refuge, given in 1857, containing the casualties of five years, from 1852 to 1856, both inclusive, we shall be the better able to analyse their causes. Within this period no less than 5128 wrecks and collisions took place, being an average of 1025 a year. According to the evidence of Captain Washington, R.N., the scientific and indefatigable Hydrographer of the Admiralty, these casualties consisted of

	Vessels.
Total losses by stranding or otherwise .. ..	1940
„ „ collisions . . . .	244
Serious damage having to discharge .. ..	2401
Collisions with serious damage .. ..	543
Total	5128

The total losses from all causes, therefore, amounted to 2184 vessels,

vessels, or to an average of nearly 437 in each year. The destruction of life consequent upon these casualties was 4148 persons, or, upon the average of five years, nearly 830 in each year. In 1854 no fewer than 1549 persons fell a sacrifice.

How such a calamity should have been so long tolerated in a civilized country, without any proper attempt at a remedy, it is not easy to comprehend. Still more incomprehensible, in a trading country, is the apparent disregard of the pecuniary sacrifice. It appears in evidence that the loss by total wrecks is estimated at 1,000,000*l.* a year at least, and by other casualties at 500,000*l.*, making together 1,500,000*l.* as the annual loss to the country from the accidents on our own coasts—a sum which in two years would be ample to build all the harbours of refuge that are needed around our shores.

The first step towards a remedy for this state of things is to inquire into the causes of shipwreck. There can be little hesitation in naming Marine Insurance as the chief destroyer. Unseaworthiness and overloading of vessels, their being ill found in anchors, cables, sails, and rigging, defects of compasses, want of good charts, incompetency of masters, may all be attributed to this source. If the shipowners were not guaranteed from loss they would take care that their vessels were seaworthy, commanded by qualified persons, and furnished with every necessary store. The terms of the insurance, moreover, offer a direct premium to create in all cases of casualty a 'total loss.' For instance, a ship strikes the ground and becomes damaged, but under able management, might be got off and repaired. In this case, however, the assured has to bear one-third part of the loss, whereas, if the loss is total, he gets the whole of his insurance. Under these circumstances, even when there is no deliberate desire to perpetrate a wrong, the captain will leave the ship to her fate instead of using his energies to preserve her to the detriment of his employer. It is the opinion of many that if the insurers were to agree to pay the whole insurance, whether the damaged vessel were got off or not, that we should see a marked diminution in the list of total losses at sea, for the natural inclination of the captain to save his ship would then no longer be counterbalanced by his desire to save the pocket of the owner.

There is a class of casualties, however, which are the product of villany, against which we see no protection excepting in the vigilance of the insurers,—we refer to those cases of wilful casting away, which are not unknown even in this country, as the late trial of a captain, at the Old Bailey, will testify; but which are most frequent on the Florida Reef. It is notorious that our

American



American friends are in the habit of sailing ships into these waters, with the deliberate intention of steering them to destruction. So well is this known, that those on shore can predict, with tolerable accuracy, from the handling of the vessel, whether she is about to be sunk or not. When it is not the skipper's interest to lose his craft, he will allow the wreckers, who swarm as plentifully as sharks in those waters, to act as pilots, and to put the ship in dangerous positions for the purpose of making a claim for salvage, which the swindling captain shares with them. In the years 1854, 1855, and 1856, 189 ships were either lost or put into Key West. The salvage upon the latter class amounted to 298,400,05 dollars, a large portion of which was, without doubt, obtained by fraud. It is far from our purpose to insinuate, that the Americans are worse than their neighbours in this particular; had the English the same opportunity, there would always be found persons to enter upon similar practices. The memory of wrecking is not yet extinct in Cornwall, and only a few years since it was notorious that the pilots of the Downs were in the habit of recommending the cables of the vessels in their charge to be slipped in very moderate gales of wind, because these worthies had a good understanding with the chain and anchor makers of the neighbouring ports who would have to supply fresh tackle.

It must be admitted, that the same cause which prompts these villainies, operates in some measure as an antidote. The underwriters at Lloyd's and the different marine insurance offices, act in a certain degree as the police force of the seas. Their agents are as plentiful and ubiquitous as flies, and there is no port of the old or new world without one or more of them. Through the medium of these marine sentries, whose eyes are always upon the ocean, disasters at sea are speedily made known to the underwriters, and in those cases where the telegraph is at hand, a ship has scarcely broken up or come ashore, before hundreds are reading the account of the disaster upon the 'Board' at Lloyd's. With this spider-like web of intelligence spreading from port to port and from ocean to ocean, the chances of wreckers either on shipboard or on land must certainly diminish. The acuteness of the underwriters sharpened by self-interest is brought to bear upon the distant point, and all the resources of a powerful corporation are put in force to detect fraud when suspected and to punish it when confirmed. A singular instance of the vigour and ingenuity displayed by their agents in pursuing the marine robber was afforded by the case of the American ship *W. T. Sayward*. This vessel was reported by her skipper to have been lost off Loo Choo, on her voyage  
from

from San Francisco to Shanghai, and the sum claimed of the insurers in this country was £50,000, the value of the cargo, which was reported to have comprised, among other things, 50,000 Carolus dollars. It struck the gentleman engaged to settle the claim that it was very unusual to ship such a quantity of this 'Pillar' dollar, and on inquiring of the money-changers, he learnt that there was not a tithe of that number at present in existence out of China. This discovery at once aroused suspicion, and agents were sent to the spot where the ship had been lost, when it was found that the sailors, suspecting some roguery, returned to the wreck after the captain had departed, dived into her hold and discovered that she had been wilfully scuttled. They lighted, by happy chance, upon some of the boxes in which the 'dollars' were shipped, and they were found to contain only iron nails and leaden bullets. The nails were selected for the sake of the chink. The assured having heard of what had occurred never ventured to repeat their claim.

In a more recent case, that of the brig 'Cornelia,' a regular trader between the coast of Mexico and San Francisco, which was wilfully scuttled off San Quentin on the 27th of March last, it was reported that she had 48,000 Mexican dollars on board, 19,000 shipped at Mazatlan by an English house, and 29,000 by other persons. On the captain's own confession the 19,000 dollars were removed by him just before he scuttled the vessel, and hidden in the sand at Cape San Lucas, on the coast of Lower California; the remaining sum of 29,000 dollars he admitted had never been shipped at all, bills of lading having been fabricated, and a mythical consignee improvised for the occasion. Had not the agent been on the alert, this knave would have robbed the underwriters at one swoop of 48,000 dollars.

From the chief moral, or rather immoral, cause of shipwreck and loss at sea, we pass to a consideration of the physical agents which act directly in producing these disasters. Of these there are so many, and of such various natures, that it is difficult to group them. Currents of the ocean, fog, lightning, icebergs, sandbanks, water-logged ships, defective compasses, and imperfect charts, are all dangers which beset the path of navigators, and especially of such as have to run the gauntlet in ill-found ships. The effect of currents in taking the sailor out of his reckoning is an old, and formerly perhaps a frequent, cause of shipwreck. This source of danger is now much obviated by the more intimate knowledge we are acquiring every day of the general laws which produce the currents. One of the most effectual as well as simple methods of detecting surface currents is that known to seamen as the Bottle experiment. This has been practised



practised since 1808, but more especially of late years, and has been deemed of sufficient importance by the Admiralty to justify an order by which all Her Majesty's ships are enjoined to throw bottles overboard containing a paper, on which is noted the position of the ship and the time the frail messenger was sent forth on its voyage. The bottle, carefully sealed up, traverses the ocean wherever the winds and surface-drift may carry it, and, after a passage of longer or shorter duration, is perhaps safely washed by the tide upon some beach. Without doubt many are smashed upon the rocks, others again are sunk by weeds growing to them, some are destroyed by the attacks of birds or the jaws of hungry sharks, or if by chance they avoid all these dangers, they may be consigned to oblivion upon an uninhabited shore. It is estimated, however, that at least one-tenth are recovered. A collection of upwards of 200 has been made at the Admiralty, and are laid down in a chart called the Current Bottle-chart.

A single glance at this chart displays the principal well-known currents of the Atlantic ocean. The general tendency of the bottles to go to the eastward in the northern parts of this sea, and to the westward in lower latitudes, is at once apparent. It is equally evident that to the southward of the parallel of  $40^{\circ}$  N. on the eastern side of the Atlantic the bottles drift to the southward, while those again in the vicinity of the Canaries and Cape Verd Islands take a westerly direction. Those further south, lose themselves among the West India Islands, and some penetrating further are found on the coast of Mexico, between Galveston and Tanessied. A few manifest the effects of the counter-current of the celebrated Gulf-stream, while others again, on the western side of the Atlantic, from about  $40^{\circ}$  N., are set to the eastward. Indeed there seems to be a determination of all to the northward of the parallel of  $40^{\circ}$ , or that of Philadelphia on the American seaboard, to make their way to the eastward—some to the coast of France, in the Bay of Biscay, others to the western shores of Great Britain and Ireland, and others again to the shores of Norway.

We thus recognise distinctly, first the Portugal current, setting southward; then the equatorial current, influenced by the trade winds; then the extraordinary effects of the waters of the Gulf-stream flowing northward along the American coast, over the banks of Newfoundland—one portion following its north-east course and penetrating to Norway, and another continuing easterly into the Bay of Biscay. But let us particularize a few of the remarkable journeys made by these glass voyagers over the deep. The *Prima Donna* was thrown over off Cape Coast Castle, on the west coast of Africa, and after a voyage of somewhere within two

years was found on the coast of Cornwall. Now to have arrived there it must have been carried eastward by the well-known Guinea current, and reaching the Bights of Biafra and Benin it would meet the African current then coming from the southward, with which it would recross the equator and travel with the equatorial current through the West India Islands, and getting into the Gulf-stream, would be carried by this to the north-east, and thus would be landed on the Cornish coast, after making a detour of many thousand miles.

But curious as this is, it is not the only instance, for we find that the 'Lady Montagu,' setting out in nearly  $8^{\circ}$  S. lat., about midway between Brazil and Africa, a position which would fairly place it in the equatorial current, made the same voyage, but landed at Guernsey, having accomplished the course in 295 days, or between the 15th October, 1820, and the 6th of August, 1821. Confining ourselves now to the area included between  $30^{\circ}$  N. lat. and the equator, the general effect of the heat of the Gulf of Mexico in forcing the waters thither is plainly indicated by the direction which the bottles have followed that are included within those limits. Those thrown overboard in the Mexican Gulf, to the north of Cape Catoche of Yucatan, are hurried away with it and cast on the American shore, near St. Augustine and Charleston. Other instances show the effects of the counter current of the Gulf-stream on its eastern or ocean side, in driving bottles to the south-east, a current that must have affected the ships of Columbus in his first discovery, and which, upon his return northward among the islands, without doubt met and opposed his progress.

A curious example of the effects of the wind on the surface-waters is shown by a bottle thrown over from H. M. S. 'Vulcan' in the midst of the Gulf-stream, about 130 miles southward of Cape Hatteras. The ship was on her way to Bermuda, where she arrived, and the bottle, instead of being carried by the current to the north-east like others, actually went after her and arrived at Bermuda also. But we find noted on the paper that a strong northerly wind was blowing when the bottle started. This must have been sufficient to have checked its progress to the north-east, but allowed it to approach the eastern border of the Gulf-stream, whence it would drift into the eddy or counter-current, and thus become thrown on Bermuda. Again, between the Gulf-stream and the American coast bottles have found their way to that shore, while those to the northward of the parallel of  $40^{\circ}$  have invariably gone eastward; and many thrown over near the meridian of  $20^{\circ}$  have drifted into the Bay of Biscay, and been cast on the French coast.

Among



Among the numbers of bottles which have travelled westward with the equatorial and tropical current two are remarkable, as being thrown overboard about 700 miles from each other and yet arriving at nearly the same destination. They were thrown from sister-ships when on their errand of carrying relief, by way of Behring Strait, to Franklin and his devoted crew. The first was dropped from the 'Investigator,' Sir R. Maclure, in lat.  $12^{\circ}$ , long.  $26^{\circ}$ , the 27th of February, 1850, and was found on the 27th August following on Ambergris Cay, on the Yucatan coast; the second was sent afloat on the 3rd March, 1850, by Captain Collinson, in the 'Enterprize,' in lat.  $1^{\circ}$  N., long.  $26^{\circ}$  W., and drifted to the coast inside of that cay, about 30 miles to the northward of it. That the two bottles should take their western course was to be expected; but that they should have gone to resting-places so near each other is singular, considering that their points of starting were so far asunder.

The Gulf-stream, the limits of which are so clearly intimated by these little messengers, is but a sample of a grand system of currents which are produced by the unequal temperature of the different zones. These currents of hot and cold water are accompanied by atmospheric changes equally extraordinary; and, taken together, they largely affect the course of the navigator from the old to the new world, and, not unfrequently, are the cause of the most fearful shipwrecks.

Lieutenant Maury, in his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, has boldly likened the causes at work to produce the celebrated Gulf-stream to the mechanical arrangements by which apartments are heated. The furnace is the torrid zone, the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea are the caldrons, and the Gulf-stream is the conducting-pipe by which the warm water and the air above it are dispersed to the banks of Newfoundland and to the north-western shores of the old world.\* By this beneficent process the cold of our northern latitudes is greatly ameliorated. The waters sent north and north-east are edged by return currents, the one finding its way close to the banks of Newfoundland and along the seaboard of the States, and the other returning by the North Sea, the Bay of Biscay, and the West Coast of Africa, until about the latitude of the Cape de Verdes it crosses westward again to fill up the void caused by the waters issuing from the Gulf of Florida. Thus the grand circuit is for ever maintained, not always, however, exactly in the same form, but varying accord-

\* We may more truly liken the system to the warming apparatus of a hot-house. The hot waters of the Gulf, conducted across the Atlantic, are the forcing power which stimulates the vegetation of Cornwall, whence the London market is supplied with its early vegetables.

ing to the season. In the winter, the cold current coming S.S.W. along the Atlantic Coast of North America is greatly augmented, and pushes the Gulf-stream further to the south-east. With the return of summer this stream, in its turn, thrusts aside the waters coming from the Polar Ocean. Between these two periods the trough of the Gulf-stream, to use Lieutenant Maury's forcible expression, 'wavers about in the ocean like a pennon in the breeze.' The temperature of the Gulf-stream, even in the winter, is at the summer level as it runs between two walls of nearly ice-cold water. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on either side of it at the freezing point, at the same time that that of the stream was at  $80^{\circ}$ . This difference in the temperature of air and water is probably the cause of those terrible hurricanes that occur in the Atlantic and among the West Indian Islands, and which make it the most dangerous navigation, during the winter, in the world. The average of wrecks on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States during these rigorous months is not less than three a day. Sailors term the Gulf-stream 'The weather breeder,' and well they may, considering its frightful effect in producing commotion in sea and air. In Franklin's time it was no uncommon thing for vessels bound in winter for the Capes of Delaware to be blown off land, and forced to go to the West Indies, and there wait for the return of spring before they could attempt to make for this point. The snow-storms and the furious gales which greet the ship as she leaves the warm waters of the Gulf and nears the shores of North America, are quite dramatic in their effect. One day she is sailing through tepid water, and enjoying a summer atmosphere, the next, perhaps, driving before a snow-storm, her rigging a mass of icicles, and her crew frozen by the piercing blast. The Gulf-stream is answerable for another phenomenon—the fogs which invariably shroud the Banks of Newfoundland, and which render the approach to the North American coast in winter so particularly dangerous. The hot water of the Gulf-stream gives up its vapour to the cold air, and hangs about the coasts an impenetrable curtain, which baffles the navigator's skill; renders useless his chronometer, and but too often sends his bark to destruction upon the hidden shore.

Another danger of the stormy Atlantic arises from the flow southward, in the spring and summer months, of icebergs. These stupendous masses have their breeding-place in Davis' Strait, from which they issue in magnificent procession directly the current increases in a southerly direction. Polar navigators have been surprised to find these huge monsters moving against the wind, apparently by some inherent force, and crashing through



through vast fields of ice, as if impatient to escape from the silence and desolation of the Polar seas. The explanation of this singular occurrence is, that powerful under-currents are acting upon the submerged portions, which, in all cases, vastly preponderate over the glittering precipices of crystal that appear above the water-line. As the icebergs advance into the open waters of the Atlantic, they at last come to the edge of the Gulf-stream, where, in 'the great bend,' about latitude 43°, they harbour in dangerous numbers, and without doubt send many a noble ship headlong to the bottom. In all probability the ill-fated 'President' was thus destroyed, and some towering iceberg, that has long since bowed its glittering peaks to the solvent action of the warm water of the Gulf-stream, was, perhaps, the only witness of the calamity which placed the noble 'Pacific' among the list of ships that have sailed forth into eternity.

If the northern latitudes of the Atlantic have their dangers of ice, the southern latitude, especially the Caribbean Sea, in common with all intertropical oceans, have their dangers of fire. The hurricanes of those latitudes are generally accompanied by visitations of fearful thunder-storms, in which many a good ship is enveloped and destroyed. In the midst of a summer sea a clipper ship may be suddenly assailed by one of those tremendous conflicts of the elements, of the approach of which the silver finger of the barometer, unless carefully watched, has scarcely had time to give warning. However prepared by good seamanship and an active crew, there she must lie on the vexed ocean, her tall masts so many suction-tubes to draw down upon her the destructive fire from heaven. In his Report to the Admiralty, laid before Parliament in 1854, entitled 'Shipwrecks by Lightning,' Sir William Snow Harris—whose exertions to find a remedy for this evil are above all praise—states that in six years, between 1809 and 1815, forty sail of the line, twenty frigates, and ten sloops were so crippled by being struck as in many cases to be placed for a time *hors de combat*. In fifty years there were 280 instances of serious damage to ships in the British navy. Of these the 'Thisbey' frigate, off Scilly, in January, 1786, affords a melancholy example. The log represents her 'decks swept by lightning, people struck down in all directions, the sails and gear aloft in one great blaze, and the ship left a complete wreck.' In the merchant service the list of disasters is fearful. Since the year 1820 thirty-three ships, varying from 300 to 1000 tons, have been totally destroyed by lightning, and forty-five greatly damaged.

'A great peculiarity,' says Sir William Snow Harris, 'may be observed in cases of ships set on fire by lightning, viz. a rapid spreading of the fire in every part of the vessel, as if the electric agency had so permeated the mass as to render the extinction of the fire by artificial means impossible.' Take, for instance, the burning of the 'Sir Walter Scott,' in June, 1855. This fine passenger ship, of 650 tons, was struck in the Bay of Biscay: the lightning shivered the foremast, completely raked the vessel, and instantly set fire to the cargo. The passengers and crew had scarcely time to jump from their beds and put on their clothes, and leap into the boats, when the masts went over the sides, the flames shot up into the air, and the ship went down like a stone. Such extraordinary catastrophes as these seem to set forth in unmistakeable terms the feebleness of man in the presence of the tremendous powers of nature. In reality, they are only forcible instances to call upon him to use the means for dominating the peril. Of all the dangers that beset the mariner at sea, danger by lightning is the only one that he can thoroughly guard against. To Sir William Snow Harris we owe the perfecting of the lightning-conductor for marine purposes, and the power of braving unscathed the direst electric storms. The permanent conductor adopted in the navy in 1842 is arranged so as to extend along the masts, from the truck to the keelson, and so out to sea. In the hull various branches ramify, and admit of a free dispersion of the electric fluid in all directions. Thus armed, the ship is impregnable to all the forked lightnings that may dart about her. Since the system of fitting men of war with this apparatus has been adopted no vessel of the Royal Navy has been injured. The log of the frigate 'Shannon,' commanded by the late gallant Sir W. Peel, on his voyage out to China, affords a striking example of the manner in which the fury of such electric storms as are only to be met with in the Indian Ocean, was baffled by a contrivance which may truly be called, in the words of Dibdin—

'The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,  
And takes care of the life of poor Jack.'

'When the ship was about 90 miles south of Java she became enveloped in a terrific thunderstorm, and at 5 P.M. an immense ball of fire covered the maintopgallant-mast; at 5.15 the ship was struck a second time on the mainmast by apparently an immense mass of lightning; at half-past 5 another very heavy discharge fell upon the mainmast, and from this time until 6 P.M. the ship was completely enveloped in sharp forked lightning. On the next day her masts and rigging were carefully overhauled, but, thanks to Sir Snow Harris's system of permanent



permanent lightning-conductors, no injury whatever to ship or rigging was discovered.'

If we compare this remarkable case with that of His Majesty's frigate 'Lowestoffe,' when near the island of Minorca in 1796, we perceive how great is the protection science affords to the seaman. The frigate was struck, it appears, at 12.25 p.m. by a heavy flash, which knocked three men out of the tops, one of whom was killed on the spot. Within five minutes the ship was again struck, and her topmast was shivered to atoms. In another minute a third shock shivered the foremast and mainmast, and set fire to the vessel in many places, raked the deck from end to end, killed one man, paralysed and burnt others, and knocked several persons out of the tops. In two parallel cases, the addition of a rod of copper made all the difference between safety and havoc. The example of the Royal Navy is being followed by the merchant-service, but not so speedily as it should be. When it is remembered that the treasure-clippers trading between Australia and this country often bring home nearly a million sterling, in addition to a large complement of passengers, it does seem remarkable that the lightning apparatus is not considered as essential to their equipment as the boats, especially as they have to traverse an ocean where thunder-storms are of common occurrence. The cost of the whole apparatus is not above 100*l.*, and if the cupidity of the merchant is not sufficient to induce him to supply it, we think that Government should compel him, in order to insure the safety of the stream of passengers who annually leave our shores.

In the whole catalogue of disasters at sea, those which present the most terrible features are water-logged timber ships. The timber trade between Great Britain and her American colonies employs a very considerable fleet of large vessels. As wood is a 'floating cargo,' old worn-out West Indianmen, which would not be used for any other purpose, are frequently employed. A few years since, in addition to a full cargo, they carried heavy deck loads, which so strained their shattered fabrics, that they often became water-logged, and were sometimes abandoned in the middle of the Atlantic. The sufferings of the crews on these occasions in their open boats were appalling. Beating about for weeks on the waste of waters without food or drink beyond the rain that fell from heaven, they were obliged to sustain existence by preying on the bodies of their dead companions, and not rarely they cast lots for the living. Since the passing of the Act prohibiting deck loading, these disasters are far less frequent; but they have by no means ceased.

ceased.\* At this time there are several timber-ships drifting about the ocean, floating heaps of desolation, at the mercy of the Gulf-stream, which will ultimately cast them on some European shore, or drift them into the North Sea, to serve ultimately as fuel for the Esquimaux. In turning over the leaves of Lloyd's List, we find indications of these dreary wrecks, which, clothed in seaweed, are driven over the face of the waters, and sighted by passing ships, of which they often cause the sudden destruction, whilst careering along in seeming security. When these waifs and strays of the deep drift into much frequented ocean paths, they are doubtless the cause of many of those dreadful catastrophes witnessed only by the eye of God, and our only knowledge of which is a curt notice on the 'Loss-book' at Lloyd's, 'Foundered at Sea, date unknown.' A recent instance, in which possibly no damage was done, will yet suffice to show the risk. The 'Virago,' loaded with teak from Moulmein, in the Indian Ocean, to Queenstown, Ireland, became water-logged, and was abandoned on the 5th of March last, 155 miles south-west of Cape Clear. The next day she was passed by the American liner 'Eagle;' on the 17th of the same month a steamer, on her way from Rotterdam to Gibraltar, reports having seen her; on the 5th of April she was passed by the 'Naiad' on her passage from Palermo to Milford; and on the 15th the 'Samarang,' on her way to Tenby, met with her; on the 18th she was seen 160 miles off the Lizard, 'in a very dangerous position,' by the 'Champion of the Seas;' again, on the 3rd of May, the 'Alhambra' steamer, on her voyage to Southampton, met her in latitude 47°; about the same time and place she was seen by the 'Peru' steamer, 'and appeared as if run into;' and, finally, on the 20th of May, the telegraph sends word that she was stranded near Brest, and her cargo was being discharged. It is curious to note how, amid the tossing of the ocean, her name became gradually obliterated, till it was totally effaced, a type of the progressive decay and final destruction of the vessel herself. At first she is properly reported to Lloyd's as the 'Virago;' the next ship makes her out to be the 'Argo;' still later her cognomen is cut down to the '—go;' and then the name disappears until the French find her upon their strand. Here we suppose her half-obliterated papers were found, and our neighbours, according to their usual wont, transmute the 'Virago' into the 'Neroggogi.' From these reports it is evident that a

\* The effect of this Act, which passed in 1839, was most marked. In the three years previous, the average annual loss of timber ships was 56½, and the loss of life 300. In the three years subsequent to its coming into operation the loss of ships fell to 23½, and the loss of life to 106.



number of large vessels passed quite close to the wreck, and it is even probable that a collision may actually have occurred, and no one have been left to tell the tale. In some cases where the circumstances of wind and current are favourable, water-logged ships are taken in tow by other vessels and become valuable prizes. When, however, these wrecks are in such a condition that it is clear they cannot be brought in, we think it would be well if they could be destroyed. A few pounds of powder, judiciously placed, or a beam or two sawn across by the ship's carpenter, would break the bond that binds these logs together, and, once separated, they would not be likely to do much damage.

Many disastrous wrecks can be distinctly traced either to a defective compass, or to an ignorance of the effects upon it of the magnetism of the ship's iron. There is a melancholy example in the loss of H.M.S. 'Apollo,' of 36 guns, in 1803, with 40 sail of merchant ships, out of a convoy of 69 vessels, bound for the West Indies. The 'Apollo' was leading the way, with her train of outward-bound sugar ships following in her wake, little suspecting the catastrophe which was to follow. At the very moment her defective compasses drove her ashore, she imagined she was some forty miles off the coast of Portugal, and so close was the merchant fleet upon her, that upwards of half of them took the ground and were dashed to pieces. More recently we have had the instances of the 'Reliance' and 'Conqueror,' wrecked near Ambleteuse, on the French coast, in sight of the cliffs of Albion, after voyaging from India. The former is known to have had an immense iron tank on board, the influence of which upon her compasses must have been very great. The 'Birkenhead,' wrecked near the Cape of Good Hope, and the ship 'Tayleur' in the Irish Channel, are additional instances of the destruction to which the trembling finger of the magnetic needle points the way, where ignorance or wilfulness have placed impediments to its truthful action.

Of the numerous errors that may be classed under the general term of compass defaults, we may mention defective compasses arising from imperfect workmanship, or from an ignorance of the principles of mechanical and magnetical science, compasses perfectly adjusted but placed injudiciously either with reference to the magnetism of the ship, or in immediate proximity to concealed and unsuspected portions of that metal. Ignorance of the degree of compass error arising from the ship's magnetism, and of its varying amount in changes of geographic position, and a consequent belief, that in all places and under all circumstances

stances the needle is true to the north, are frequent causes of shipwreck.

With regard to the defective mechanical construction of compasses, it must be admitted that great improvements have taken place of late years, and the chief credit, we believe, is due to the British Admiralty. Nearly twenty years ago they instituted a Committee of Inquiry, and the silent working of the measures then advocated, and the adoption of the improvements suggested first under the direction of the late Captain Johnston, and more recently under that of Mr. Frederick Evans, R.N., have infused into the manufacturers, and a large portion of the mercantile marine and shipowners, a degree of caution, skill, and attention to details, which has brought forth good fruit. A large portion of the superior compasses of the United States navy are manufactured in this country, entirely on the Admiralty pattern, and several foreign governments have recently obtained the same instruments as models. It must not however be supposed that defective compasses have ceased to exist. Our coasting vessels and many of our noble sailing ships are miserably equipped, and there are many captains who still look on the compass as a cheap and common article, fit to be classed with hooks and thimbles and other articles of the boatswain's store-room.

There can be no doubt that great errors in navigation are induced by inattention to placing the compasses. It is common to see the binnacle within two feet, and even less, of the massive iron-work of the rudder and wheel, which again is in immediate contiguity with an iron sternpost. The local deviation is consequently great, magnet adjustment is had recourse to, and a temporary alleviation of the evil follows, which is only magnified on the ship approaching some distant port. Numerous examples are on record of iron being introduced by some addition to the equipment of the ship, which has perhaps been lost in consequence within a few hours after quitting port.

Among the causes which thus operate, we may name the fancy rails leading to state-cabins and saloons. These beneath a highly-polished covering of brass often conceal many hundred-weights of iron. Cabin stoves and funnels, immediately under and alongside the compass, are frequently unsuspected. A noble transport during the late war, carrying troops and stores, pursued her course by day with unswerving fidelity, but at night the compass was as wild as the waves themselves. After diligent search it was found that the brazier, in preparing the binnacle lamps, had introduced a concealed iron wire hoop to strengthen their framework. The stowage of iron in cargo does  
not



not receive the attention it deserves, and we consider it should be imperative for every vessel which carries it, to be swung for the local deviation before quitting port, and a certificate duly lodged before clearing the Customs. When the 'Agamemnon' adjusted compasses preparatory to sailing upon the last unsuccessful expedition to lay the Atlantic cable, it was discovered that the presence of the enormous coil in her hold caused a deviation of no less than 17 degrees! Had she been a merchant ship, no similar verification would have been made, and the sign-post which showed the path upon the trackless waters would only have pointed to mislead.

It is remarkable how much misapprehension on the nature of magnetic action exists even among men of high intelligence. A competent witness, in a recent law trial, in a case of wreck, arising chiefly from a want of knowledge of the laws of magnetism in the navigation of the ship, stated that seamen in general believed, that if a cargo of iron was covered over, its effects were cut off from the compass. A leading counsel in the case sympathised with the general ignorance, because he confessed that he shared it. The adjustment of compasses by magnets is a most delicate operation, and has received much attention from some of our leading men in science. An able Committee, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, are now engaged in the midst of an iron navy in the port of Liverpool in elucidating the whole of the subject. We feel bound, however, to record our opinion against the indiscriminate employment of all the nostrums prescribed by the compass doctors or quacks at many of our seaports. Let the shipowner consult such Reports of the Liverpool Committee as have been already published, or follow the Admiralty plan of having at least one good compass in a position free from all magnetic influences. In some of the large ocean steamers a standard compass is fitted high up in the mizen mast, and we hear that it is proposed to build a special stage on board the 'Leviathan,' in order to keep the compass from being affected by the immense body of iron in her fabric.

A perusal of the evidence given in those inquiries which take place relative to the loss of ships, under the Mercantile Marine Act, would lead to the supposition that defective charts were even a greater cause of wrecks than compass defaults; but this is not the case. The fact is, incorrect charts afford an excuse for a master who may have lost his ship, which is but too readily accepted by the members of courts of inquiry and of courts martial. The defence set up for the wreck of the 'Great Britain' steamer in Dundrum Bay, on the east coast of Ireland,

was that St. John's Light, placed two or three years previously, was not inserted in the most recent charts of the Irish Channel procurable at Liverpool, and that consequently it was mistaken for the light at the Calf of Man. But these two lights are at least thirty miles apart, and it is monstrous to suppose that a steamer should be so much out of her reckoning within a few hours of leaving port. Again, in the more recent case of the wreck of the 'Madrid' steamer, off Point Hombre, at the entrance of Vigo Bay, several masters were examined, who stated that they had invariably passed equally close to the same headland, in reliance on the correctness of the chart. 'Under these circumstances,' said the Court, 'the loss of the "Madrid" cannot be attributed to the wrongful act or default of the captain.' His certificate was therefore returned; and at the same time he was informed that, as a general rule, '150 yards is not a sufficient wide berth to allow in passing headlands.' We should think not; and furthermore we imagine that, if the omission of every insignificant rock close to shore in government charts is to be taken as an excuse for shaving a dangerous headland, we may expect to hear of many repetitions of the disaster. The 'Orion,' wrecked on the west coast of Scotland, and the much-abused 'Transit,' in the Banca Strait, owed their fate to the unseaman-like love of hugging the shore.

It must be admitted, however, that the charts in common use on board merchant ships are very faulty, both with respect to the position and character of lights, buoys, and beacons, and to the variation of the compass, which is not unfrequently half a point wrong,—an error which may be fatal in shaping a course up Channel or in a narrow sea. From this great evil the seaman has at present no protection. The remedy lies in the hands of the legislature, who have only to compel all chart-sellers to warrant their charts corrected up to the latest date, at least with respect to lights and buoys. There are but three or four publishers of private charts, as far as we are aware, in the United Kingdom; their stock of plates cannot be very large, and, once examined and set right, the corrections and additions could be easily inserted. Either the Board of Trade or the Admiralty should be entrusted with this duty. The latter are obliged to correct their own charts, and we understand it is the practice of the hydrographer to cause every new light, or change of light, or buoy or beacon, to be inserted in the plate within twenty-four hours of the time of the intelligence reaching the Admiralty. A large number of notices to mariners—upwards, we believe, of a thousand a-week—are printed and published, both by the Trinity House and the Admiralty, and distributed among those connected



nected with shipping; and every chart-seller should be bound under a penalty to give proof to the Board of Trade or to the Admiralty that he had inserted the corrections in his copper-plate within forty-eight hours of the appearance of the notice.

It is a startling fact that the materials for constructing charts, even of parts of the waters which wash the shores of Europe, are not yet in existence. Of the coasts of Europe generally we are tolerably well informed, although there are many portions that require closer examination; but on the African and Asiatic portions of the Mediterranean, the early seat of civilization, and the best known sea in the world, there is still much to be done. When M. de Lesseps brought forward his romantic proposal for a Suez Canal, no survey existed of the coast of Egypt from Alexandria to El Arish. Of Syria we know nothing accurately; Cyprus, Rhodes, and the western half of Crete, are still almost blanks. But it is in the Eastern seas and in the Asiatic Archipelago that we are most at fault. The Persian Gulf, portions of the coast of India, Ceylon, Burmah, Malacca, Cochin China, the Yellow Sea, Corea, Japan, the southern and eastern part of Borneo, Celebes, &c., are hardly so correctly mapped as the mountains in the moon. The north and east coasts of New Guinea again are unsurveyed. As long as the Spice islands and the unknown lands washed by the Indian seas were given up to pirates and to the imagination of poets, this want was not felt; but now that our clippers swarm in these seas, and that Australia herself is beginning to trade there extensively, we shall assuredly hear of fearful shipwrecks from want of surveys. Then indeed it will be truly said, that imperfect charts are the cause of shipwrecks, unless, when India passes under the Imperial Government, vigorous steps are taken to remedy this grievous defect.

Closely connected with the question of imperfect charts, is the state of the lights, buoys, and beacons around the coast—those fixed and floating sentinels set around the island to guide and direct the weather-beaten mariner. A few years ago we should have had to bewail our shortcomings in the number of these aids to navigation, and have had to point to them as prominent causes of shipwreck. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on lighthouses in 1845 shows the want that then existed, not only on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, but even at the entrance of the River Thames. Much, however, has recently been done. It appears from the address of the Prince Consort, at the annual Trinity House dinner, that 77 lighthouses, 32 floating light-vessels, and 420 buoys and beacons, under charge of the Corporation, are now distributed around the coasts of

land alone. Great praise is due to the elder brethren of the Trinity House for their care in lighting the Prince's Channel, and especially for their admirable works now in course of construction under Mr. James Walker, C.E. ; among which we may instance the new lighthouses at the Needles, at Whitby, and at St. Ives, the light-tower on the Bishop rock off Scilly, and on the Smalls off Pembroke. In Scotland also several new lights have been established ; and some of the buoys have been coloured on a systematic plan—red buoys being placed on the starboard hand, and black buoys on the port hand, on entering a harbour from seaward, according to the mode adopted in France, Belgium, and Holland. This system, however, presents difficulties where there are several channels, as at the mouth of the Thames ; but there are many places in which it might be applied with advantage. At present we believe the river Tees is buoyed on exactly the reverse plan, and in some of the large ports of the kingdom a local scheme is adopted, which completely closes the navigation to all but the local pilots, for whose special advantage this secret system appears to be maintained. The adversaries of a simple and uniform method of buoying the coast do indeed urge that it would put the key of our harbours into the hands of our enemies ; but this argument is so puerile that it is hardly worth notice. If we cannot maintain the integrity of our waters by force, we certainly shall never maintain it by cunning.

The want of lights on the shores of Ireland has long been a cause of complaint. Till within a few years, on a coast which is the land-fall of nearly all vessels that cross the Atlantic from Canada, Nova Scotia, Boston, and New York, there were spaces of 60, 70, and 80 miles without a light ! Yet during all this time light dues were levied on the Americans, and other nations, who were thus treated to a sample of Irish reciprocity. On the coasts of the United States there were ample lights and no light dues, while on the coast of Ireland the lights were few and the dues heavy. We trust that the Royal Commission, which on the motion of Lord Clarence Paget is about to be issued, to inquire into the state of the lights and buoys of the country, will give a stimulus to the improvement which has already begun, and either get rid of these light dues or recommend a more equitable method of levying them. One penny a ton on the actual tonnage of the country paid once a year would be sufficient to maintain all the lights in the kingdom, and would be more simple than the present complicated system of paying every fresh voyage, which bears so unjustly on the coasting trade. The time, we believe, is close at hand when the lights themselves will be revolutionised. It is of the last importance to the mariner that



that the brightest and best light that science can furnish shall be held out upon the sunken rock, or perpetually maintained upon the dangerous headland. Yet it cannot be denied that we have nothing better than oil lamps for the purpose; and though the most profound science and the most delicate art have been employed to make the most of this feeble power, the fact remains, that we have not advanced beyond the oil-wick of the last century in our attempts to provide a light which will throw its beams far and wide over the sea, and pierce through the fogs and drifting snow-storms of the dark winter nights. It is not less strange that we are behind the French, and even the Spaniards, with respect to the mechanism necessary to concentrate the little light we have. In the two former countries the vast majority of the lighthouses are upon the dioptric principle, the whole light of the lamps being concentrated in occasional flashes by means of a powerful system of lenses forming a complete cage of glass. England, on the contrary, employs in most of her lighthouses the old metal reflectors, and, as Lord Clarence Paget justly observes, the voyager leaving Folkstone will clearly appreciate the difference between the two systems by comparing the dioptric light flashing from the far distant Cape Griz Nez with the feeble spark of the English reflector light close to him at Dungeness. It has been the great aim of the constructors of these powerful lenses to throw all the light of the lamps into parallel rays, so that only a thin disk of light is cast upon the sea; but as Mr. Findlay truly remarked in his paper read at the Society of Arts, we have at last over-refined, and a fearful shipwreck has already been the result. The Dunbar, after making a prosperous voyage to our antipodes, was wrecked at the Sydney headland within sight of her port. This dangerous cliff was surmounted by a reflector light which sent a thin disk of rays, under which the ship passed in a fog. Had a few divergent rays been allowed to light the danger at her feet, she would have escaped her fate.

Another great and increasing difficulty arising from the limited capabilities of the present burners is the fact that steamers are beginning to show lights as powerful as those exhibited in lighthouses of the inferior order and in the light ships. Hence a confusion is growing up between the fixed and the moving lights, which threatens to produce most disastrous consequences. As recently as February last the 'Leander,' an American barque, proceeding down St. George's Channel, saw a light which she mistook for that on the Tuskar rock, and, when too late, discovered that it belonged to the screw steamer 'North America,' which was coming right ahead. A fearful  
collision

collision was the consequence, and the unfortunate ship with nearly all her crew was sent to the bottom. It has been found absolutely necessary to change the light in the Nore light-ship from a fixed to a revolving one, to distinguish it from the numerous powerful lights carried by steamers at anchor or when passing along the Thames.

Various attempts have been made to increase the illuminating power of the burners. In 1832 Lieutenant Drummond proposed the use of the oxy-hydrous light, and as far as the intensity of light was concerned the new agent was perfectly successful, the Drummond light at seventy miles' distance appearing nearer to the spectator than the ordinary reflector light at 12 miles. But it was found impossible to maintain a steady light by this system, and it was therefore abandoned. Since then Professor Holmes has been making experiments with the magnetic electric light. The apparatus is said to consist of a series of very powerful magnets, around the poles of which the helices are made to revolve by means of a steam-engine. A powerful magnetic current is thus produced, which passing through carbon pencils shows a splendid light. The great difficulty of this and of other similar propositions to obtain the light by passing the current through two points is to so regulate them that they shall always remain at the same distance, for any variation would immediately affect the intensity of the light. This desideratum has not yet been accomplished, neither do we think it possible of accomplishment. Professor Way has, however, we imagine, solved the problem by substituting a running stream of mercury in place of these points. The splendid light which is the result has been showing and will for some time show 'its bright particular star' on Saturday nights on one of the towers of the Crystal Palace, and can be seen from half-a-dozen of the adjoining counties.\*

A moment's inspection of the grim wreck chart leads us to reflect whether the care taken to warn mariners of their danger is not in many cases the immediate cause of their seeking it. If we note, for instance, the lighthouses fringing St. George's and the English Channel, we are struck with the extraordinary fact that there we find the greatest congregation of those dismal dots which indicate loss of life and property, and it would seem as though ships like moths were attracted and destroyed by the light. Such, no doubt, is often the case. Ships bound up

\* We have heard also of another light—a modification, we believe, of the Drummond light—by the Hon. Major Fitzmaurice; but, as it has not yet been publicly exhibited, we can only allude to it.



Channel make for the nearest light, and from that shape their course until they meet with the next light. They feel their way, as it were, in the dark night by the hand-rail of these guides, and sometimes stumble on the very rocks that support the beacons themselves—the fog, as in the case of the ‘Dunbar,’ allowing them to get within and under the danger flash. The disasters produced by this system of groping about sunken rocks and bluff headlands, has led Mr. Thomas Herbert of the Trinity House to propose the lighting of the Mid Channel. His system is to moor floating lighthouses, of a form which secures a steadiness sufficient for the purpose, and he is thus enabled to place a row of most powerful lights at little comparative expense up the very centres of the two great channels of English commerce, and indeed of the commerce of the world. A ship on entering the Channel would immediately make for the westernmost of this line of ‘Fair-way lights,’ instead of looking out for the Lizard, and once having made it, the course would be free of all possible danger. Eight floating light-towers extending from the westernmost one, forty miles southwest of Scilly, to Dungeness, would add enormously to the security of this wreck-strewn sea. The outermost of these lights Mr. Herbert proposes should be put in telegraphic communication with the shore, by which means merchants and consignees would be made acquainted with the arrival of vessels full a day earlier than at present. By this means also Greenwich time could be laid on to the station, and enable the anxious captain to verify the correctness of his chronometer up to the latest possible moment. Such a station might further serve as a *dépôt* for water and fresh provisions, so much required by vessels detained by contrary winds in the Chops of the Channel, and to provide which ships are now annually sent out by the Admiralty. Without expressing any decided opinion upon this scheme, it seems to us to possess sufficient plausibility to warrant inquiry. If there should be no insurmountable practical objection,—and we have heard practical men speak well of it,—there can be little doubt that it would dissipate in no small degree the dangers of the Channel, without interfering with the present lights, which would always be useful for the coasting trade.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of wreck, especially on our own coast, is negligence on the part of the master. If we analyse the cases of collision that occurred last year, we are surprised to find that by far the larger portion of them occur in the open sea, and in clear bright weather. Out of 277 collisions involving total and partial loss, bad look-out was the cause of 88, and neglect of the rule of the road of 33 collisions. It is a saying

saying among sailors that if the three L's are attended to—lead, latitude, and look-out,—a ship is safe, and no more apt saying could have been uttered. Simple as the casting of the lead is, it is almost invariably found, when the causes of wreck are inquired into, that this precaution has been neglected. The *Ava* mail-steamer was undoubtedly lost off Trincomalee in February last, owing to this omission. The lead is not only capable of telling the soundings, which alone would warn the mariner of the approach of shoal water; but when armed, it is capable of bringing a voice from the deep to say on what coast the ship may be. Had the masters of either the *Reliance* or *Conqueror* cast the lead, they would not only have known that their vessels were getting into shallow water, but that they were upon the French coast, for the lead brings up a coarser sand from the shores of our neighbours than from the opposite coast on the English side. The question of latitude is a question which tests the nautical knowledge of the captain. A man who can take celestial observations correctly is not very likely to be deficient in a knowledge of navigation. The differences between masters of ships in this respect are very marked. Captain Basil Hall tells us, in his '*Fragments of Voyages and Travels*,' that on a voyage from California to Rio, the first land he saw was on either side of him, upon the clearing off of a fog at the entrance of Rio de Janeiro. With no other guide than science he had hit his port without sighting land, after a voyage of many thousand miles. With this we may contrast a case given in the Report on Shipwrecks for 1836, in which the brig *Henry of Cork*, bound to St. John's, New Brunswick, with 70 passengers on board, was fallen in with by the *Andromeda* of New York, in a starving condition, her master by his own reckoning being 800 miles to the westward of his true position. This man must have been one of those who, as the sailors say, 'come in at the cabin windows instead of working his way up through the hawse holes.' Errors of this kind are not likely to occur so often as formerly, thanks to the working of the Mercantile Marine Act, which will, we think, prevent the recurrence of the grosser mistakes in navigation. No greater blessing was ever conferred on the merchant shipping of this country than a law which compels the holding an inquiry by competent persons in all cases of casualty. It is abused, as any measure is sure to be that rigidly sets its face against misconduct; but it has already done infinite good, and would do still more if its provisions were strictly enforced.

It is often supposed that the shifting of sandbanks is a cause of wreck, but there does not seem sufficient ground for this opinion.



opinion. We have heard many marvellous stories relative to the shifting of the Goodwin, and of the sudden exposure in full preservation of the hulls of long lost ships. These tales are all poetical, though the edge of the bank may here and there give way and expose the ribs of some vessel long since sucked in. What change there is in the Goodwin, and it is of a very gradual nature, takes place on the western or inshore side: its eastern side is as steep as a wall, and retains the position it had when the first exact survey of it was made. The Brake sand in the Downs off Ramsgate seems to have moved bodily inshore or to the westward, and there is a slight disposition to change in sands known by the names of the Leigh Middle and Yantlet Ground in Sea Reach at the entrance of the river Thames. The Yarmouth and Lowestoff sands shift slightly. A channel, or gat as it is called, opens now in one place and now at another, but these variations are soon known and buoyed by the Trinity House. Changes take place at the entrance of the Mersey, but the Surveyor of the river quickly marks the deviations and makes them known to the pilots. On the north-east coast of England more extensive alterations have taken place; a large portion of Holderness in Yorkshire has been washed away, and the sea has broken through Spurn Point, threatening to make it once more an island. At Landguard Point, at the entrance of Harwich harbour, the injudicious removal of a barrier of cement stone, by which the heavy stroke of the sea has been allowed free action on the shore, has caused the sand to be heaped up within the last half century, until a shingle beach now rears its head seven feet above the level of high water, where, not many years since, a line-of-battle ship could have sailed into the harbour. Another remarkable increase of land is at Dungeness, where the shingle has extended at the average rate of three yards a year, since the beginning of the Christian era. But although of vast importance to the engineer in dealing with harbours, these changes are not productive of shipwreck.

The principal cause of shipwreck on the shores of the United Kingdom is undoubtedly the want of Harbours of Refuge. From the parliamentary returns it appears that the tonnage of vessels which entered and cleared from the ports of this country in 1857 amounted to 23,178,782 tons, or in round numbers 232,000 vessels. Even this falls short of the number of vessels that are constantly passing and repassing along our coasts, and which, on the springing up of a sudden gale, are liable to wreck, inasmuch as it only gives those which are carrying cargo. It does not

include colliers and other vessels in ballast, nor ships of war nor small coasters laden with stone, lime, &c., all of which would swell the amount to full 300,000 vessels.

We have already stated that the number of casualties to shipping on the coasts and within the seas of the United Kingdom has averaged 1025 a-year; that the loss of life has amounted to 830 a-year, and that the destruction of property reaches a million and a half. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a single gale to strew the coasts with wrecks. In the three separate gales which occurred in the years 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were lost on the east coast of England, in the short space between the Humber and the Tees, 169 vessels. In the single gale of the 31st of August, 1833, 61 vessels were lost on the sands in the North Sea and on the east coast of England. In the tremendous gale of the 13th of January, 1843, as many as 103 vessels were wrecked off the coasts of the British Isles, and among them 13 large ships off the port of Liverpool alone. In the gale of 1846 thirty-nine vessels got ashore in Hartlepool; and in the month of March, 1850, 134 vessels were stranded or came into collision. In the gale of the 25th of September, 1851, as many as 117 vessels were wrecked; and for each of the four first months of the present year the Board of Trade returns show that there has been from 140 to 150 casualties, or from four to five a-day. These facts are sufficient to prove the appalling loss of life and of property, and the absolute necessity which exists for establishing on the most exposed and frequented positions of our coasts that shelter which the sailor has a right to expect in the time of need.

Formerly in the Reports of the Shipwreck Committees so many vague generalities were dwelt upon, that the House of Commons had no definite conclusions upon which to proceed. This is no longer the case. In the evidence laid before the select committee of the House, when inquiring into refuge harbours, in the present session, it is shown that there are certain districts in which wreck is the normal state. Nearly one-third of all the casualties take place on the east coast of Great Britain, and last year it was more than one-half! Nay, it is all but demonstrated that the larger part of these occur within some seventy miles of coast, or between Flamborough Head and the Tyne. Here then the subject is narrowed to a point. The immediate vicinity of the coal ports must be the site of a harbour of refuge—some spot which all colliers, light and loaded, pass, whether it be in the bight of the bay (or the bag of the net), as Tees Bay, or whether it be farther to the southward, near

Filey



Filey Bay. The exact locality may require careful consideration; but the question of situation on the east coast of England is now narrowed to a distance of fifty miles. One unexpected fact has come to light in the course of this investigation, namely, that of the colliers lost on this part of the coast, the proportion of loaded vessels to light is as 5 to 1.

On the coast of Scotland there is a sad want of deep-water harbours of refuge. From the Pentland Frith southward to Cromarty, a distance of 100 miles, there are none but tidal harbours, all inaccessible for twelve hours out of the twenty-four. It is the same from the Moray Frith round by Peterhead to the Frith of Forth, with the exception of the Tay. Yet it is along this coast that a great part of our Baltic trade, and all the Greenland, Archangel, Davis Strait, and much of the Canadian and United States trade must pass. In addition to this traffic, both of these coast districts are remarkable as the great scene of the herring fishery. Peterhead has its 250 fishing-boats, Fraserburgh and Buckie more than 400 sail; while farther north, off the coast of Caithness, more than 1200 fishing-boats, manned by 6000 men, nightly pursue their calling, exposed to the proverbial suddenness of a North-sea gale. Here then, in some portion of this district, either at Peterhead, Frazerburgh, or Wick, a refuge harbour is imperatively required.

On the west coast of England, between the Land's End and the south coast of Wales, including the Bristol Channel, shelter is absolutely needed. The trade of the Irish Sea, including Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast, and the great and increasing traffic of the coal ports of Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea, in addition to the trade of Bristol and Gloucester, urgently call for some refuge. For the former probably a harbour near the entrance of the Channel, as at St. Ives, would be the most useful; for the trade of the upper portion of the Bristol Channel, Clovelly on the south coast, Lundy Island in the centre, and Swansea Bay on the north, have been the sites particularly recommended in the evidence. On the coasts of Ireland, the rocks named the Skerries, near Portrush, on the north coast, Lough Carlingford on the east, and Waterford on the south, have been mentioned as places where good harbours may be obtained at but a trifling outlay.

The various grounds on which the merits of the different places rest are of a nature so technical in their character, involving questions of engineering and nautical skill and the facilities which the different spots offer for the supply of material, that we trust the subject will be placed in the hands of a Royal Commission

to examine and report. As the subject is one of pressing importance, and admits of no unnecessary delay, it is highly desirable that the Commission should visit the several coasts immediately on the rising of Parliament, and transmit their plans and reports to the Treasury before the close of the present year, in order that Government may have time to consider them, and be prepared to apply to Parliament for the funds necessary to carry them into execution. What the amount required may be we cannot pretend to say, but judging from the evidence, a sum of two millions of money, spread over ten years, or 200,000*l.* a year for ten years, would be ample. What is this compared to the annual loss of property (not to mention the infinitely more important loss of life), which has been shown to amount to a million and a half yearly? Plymouth Breakwater has cost rather more than a million and a half of money; Cherbourg Breakwater more than two millions and a half sterling. These sums are for single harbours for naval or military purposes, and the country will not, we feel confident, refuse a less sum to save its mercantile marine from the dangers to which it is exposed by every gale of wind that blows.

It appears from the evidence, in the course of the inquiry, that many witnesses pointed out the great improvements of which the existing tidal harbours around our coasts are susceptible for the purposes of refuge in case of need. We think this supplementary view of the question one of much importance. It is shown that the small sum of 2500*l.* a year, which the Scottish Fishery Board is empowered to grant annually, to meet double the amount raised from private sources, has been of much value, and has given rise to many piers and fishery harbours on the coasts of Scotland. A somewhat similar measure applied to harbours generally would be of the utmost value. There are many in which the loan of a small sum of money, at a low rate of interest, would confer a great benefit. The enormous parliamentary and other fees attendant on getting a Harbour Act are so ruinous, that many of the lesser harbours are kept in a state of decay from the impossibility of raising funds to restore them. We are glad to see that Mr. Henry Paull, M.P. for St. Ives, has given notice in the House of a bill to remedy this evil, and to enable some public department, such as the Admiralty and Board of Trade, to grant the necessary powers for raising funds to execute *bonâ fide* improvements. We cordially wish him success, and trust that he will persevere until his proposal has become the law of the land.

It would naturally be imagined that the wrecks and collisions that occur on our own coasts formed only an insignificant



cant portion of the casualties that take place throughout the world. But this is not so. The trade of the world is drawn towards our shores, and these shores are washed by narrow and therefore dangerous seas. Hence we can account for a fact which would otherwise appear astounding, that the losses on our own coasts form nearly a third of the losses throughout the world. According to the returns of Lloyd's agents, the average annual number of casualties and of vessels that have touched the ground within the last four years in all seas is 3254; whilst, as we have already stated, those that occur upon our coast average 1025. Long as the list of home disasters is, it is at least satisfactory to find that the more severe cases are not increasing. The official record of these casualties does not extend back farther than the year 1852, but the annual returns since that date, which we append, are on the whole encouraging.

	1852.	1853.	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.
Wrecks ..	958	759	893	894	837	866
Collisions ..	57	73	94	247	316	277
Total ..	1015	832	987	1141	1153	1143

From this Table it will be seen that while there is an absolute decrease with respect to wrecks, which is due, no doubt, to the greater intelligence of the masters and the working of the Mercantile Marine Act, a large and increasing number of collisions have happened. The latter circumstance is important, and in all probability is attributable to two causes, the vast addition that has taken place of late years to the trade of the country, and the manner in which steam is supplanting the use of sails. If we cast back our glance only fifteen years and compare the trade of that period with what it is at present, we are astonished at the rate at which our commerce has advanced. We find it stated in the Statistical Abstract of the present Session, that the amount of British shipping which entered and cleared from the ports of the United Kingdom in 1843 was 7,181,179 tons, and of foreign 2,643,383 tons, making together an aggregate tonnage of 9,824,562 tons. In 1857, however, the tonnage of British shipping entered and cleared had increased to 13,694,107, and the foreign shipping to 9,484,685 tons, making an aggregate quantity of no less than 23,178,792 tons; thus showing an increase of 13,354,230 tons, or 136 per cent., in fourteen years! With this prodigious addition to the ships passing our shores, we have reason to be thankful that

that wrecks are not of far more frequent occurrence, and it will account for the otherwise alarming multiplication of the number of collisions. And not only are there more ships, but a greater proportion of them are propelled by steam. A parliamentary paper not long since published shows that the number of steamers employed in the Home and Foreign trade has increased from 414 in 1849 to 899 in 1857; that is, the number of vessels most prone to come into collision has more than doubled within the last eight years, and while the sailing vessels have increased during this period only 3·49 per cent., the latter have increased 117·15 per cent., the proportion of steamers to sailing vessels having advanced from 2·22 per cent. in 1849 to 4·87 per cent. in 1857. Bearing in mind the speed at which steamers go, and the manner in which their powerful lights just introduced simulate those of lighthouses and lightships, the increase of collisions is not surprising. There can be no doubt that the introduction of coloured side lights, which all vessels, both sailing and steamers, must henceforward exhibit, will enable the direction in which another ship is standing to be distinguished, which was not the case heretofore.

The most important object after the prevention of shipwreck is that of rescuing the crew when the catastrophe takes place. All along the coast—grouped thicker together where the fatal black dots indicate dangerous spots—we find rude marks indicative of the presence of life-boats. Thus whenever the dangerous headland, or the hidden shoal, threatens destruction to the mariner, the means of preservation are close at hand. Of these boats, each manned by a fearless crew of twelve volunteers, there are 141 stationed along the coast; seventy being under the management of the National Life-Boat Institution, and seventy-one under the direction of various corporations and local authorities. To the princely conduct of the Duke of Northumberland, the President of the National Life-Boat Institution, we owe the present improved condition of the means of saving life in cases of shipwreck. As far back as the year 1790, two humble boatbuilders on the banks of the Tyne, Greathead and Wouldhave (who were encouraged and fostered by the then Duke of Northumberland), invented the broad, curved form of life-boat, with air-cases, which was chiefly in use around our coasts. This model was afterwards much departed from, and by degrees the most imperfect boats (provided they were lined with what were supposed to be air-tight cases) were dignified with the name of life-boats. The many casualties that happened  
to



to these craft, which were built by rule of thumb rather than upon any scientific system, brought them into much disrepute. Too often, indeed, their hardy crews, instead of fulfilling their mission, were drowned on the way. In some instances, owing to their defective build, they turned *end over end* when struck by a heavy sea, and, from want of the power to right themselves when capsize, the unfortunate men were encaged beneath them. To prevent the recurrence of such disastrous accidents, the Duke of Northumberland offered a premium for the production of a model life-boat, and the result was the exhibition of several respectable contrivances. Not one of them, however, fulfilled all the prescribed conditions; nor was it until after several trials and many experiments that the present life-boat was completed. It appears to be the production of a Committee and not of an individual, but the chief credit of it is due to Mr. Peake, of the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, to Joseph Prowse, junior, foreman of the same yard, and to Messrs. Forrestt, the well-known boat-builders of Limehouse. It has been adopted by the Life-Boat Institution, and has stood the test of some years' experience without a single failure. In a trial lately made at Boulogne, the boat was twice purposely capsize by the help of a crane, and righted herself in two seconds, and in less than fifteen seconds the water with which she was filled disappeared through her self-acting valves. Of the entire number of 1668 seamen saved during the last year, 399 owed their lives to these boats, and we have no doubt that in future years they will prove still more effective, if only well handled and not rashly sailed by inexperienced men; for no life-boat can be devised that will not be liable to accidents if entrusted to careless or unskilful hands.

But there is another point almost equally important that seems to have been greatly overlooked, the worthlessness of the so-called life-boats that every emigrant ship, every transport, every passenger vessel, is by Act of Parliament required to carry. We have no hesitation in pronouncing them to be in most cases a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It is not long since that we heard from the lips of one of the most extensive boat-builders on the banks of the Thames, that, when a boat was condemned as unseaworthy for any other purpose, it was a common practice to patch it up, add a certain amount of air-case, and dispose of it as a life-boat. We know not with whom it rests to see the Act enforced, whether with the Board of Trade or the Life-boat Association, but the fact of its evasion is notorious, and a heavy responsibility rests somewhere. Even when the crazy thing is embarked,

embarked, it is often so stowed that it cannot be lowered in case of need without long delay, and is frequently deficient in sails, oars, thole-pins, plugs, and always without an efficient compass. Yet in this ill-equipped boat the lives of thirty, forty, perhaps fifty, of our too confiding countrymen are risked. It would be easy to see, before the vessel sailed, that the life-boat was efficient; that a certain supply of provisions and fresh water were placed in proper cases; that the mast, sails, oars, and thole-pins were secured into the boat, and that an efficient boat-compass was provided, instead of the ridiculous toy that goes by that name, the card of which spins round like a top at every stroke of the oars. The beautiful spirit or liquid boat-compass of Dent may be purchased for less than 5*l*. A life-boat thus furnished would give confidence to the passengers, would serve them well in time of need, and would be no more than the legislature is entitled to require under the provisions of the Act. Anything less is a gross imposition upon the simple emigrants, who embark in confidence, believing that everything has been done for their safety.

In addition to the life-boat system we have located in most of the coast-guard stations rocket and mortar apparatus to enable a connection to be established with stranded vessels by firing a rope over them. This method was effectual in 243 cases during the last year, and is well worked under the auspices of the Board of Trade. The drawback to the use of the mortar apparatus is its weight, which prevents its being easily transported along the rocky shores where it is chiefly needed, but we understand that Mr. Brown, of the General Register and Record Office of Seamen, has invented a portable apparatus, which is at present under trial, and which if found to succeed will greatly facilitate our means of communicating with stranded vessels, and tend in no small measure to still further lessen the dismal list of seamen who annually perish on our weather-beaten coast.

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- ART. VII.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the British Museum; together with the Minutes of Evidence.* London. 1835, 1836. Fol.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Management of the British Museum, with Minutes of Evidence.* London. 1850. Fol.
3. *Acts and Votes of Parliament relating to the British Museum.*
4. *Synopsis and Contents of the British Museum.*
5. *Copy of all Communications made by the Architect and Officers of the British Museum to the Trustees respecting the Enlargement of the Building of that Institution, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30 June, 1852.
6. *Copies of all Communications made by the Officers and Architect of the British Museum to the Trustees respecting the want of space for exhibiting the Collections in that Institution, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1 July, 1858.

THE British Museum is insufficient to accommodate a vast portion of its treasures. Either this great national establishment must become a gigantic warehouse of unpacked goods, or it must be enormously enlarged, or there must be some division of its multifarious contents, and a single building be no longer made the receptacle for almost everything which man has executed and nature produced from generation to generation and from one end of the earth to the other. Literature, art, and science are each interested in the solution which may be given to the problem, and as all persons are agreed upon the necessity of an immediate remedy, and as there is a difference of opinion as to what that remedy should be, we shall endeavour to assist the public in arriving at a decision.

The British Museum has not been formed upon any well-matured plan. It has become what it is because the collection of Sir Hans Sloane, which, in conjunction with the Cottonian and Harleian libraries, constituted its basis, happened to be of an exceedingly miscellaneous character, and that the casual bequests of its numerous benefactors were equally various. All the curiosities which were brought to the door of the building in Great Russell Street found a home there, and its contents have been regulated in a great degree by the chance fancy of the contributors, and not from a previous consideration of what objects were proper to be grouped together. An account of the manner in which the Museum has grown up will best explain how things have been brought into juxtaposition in this country which in every other capital in Europe are kept distinct.

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In the year 1753 the Act of Parliament was passed by which the museum of Sir Hans Sloane was ordered to be purchased and placed, together with the Cottonian and Harleian Libraries, in one 'General Repository.' The books and manuscripts of Sir Hans Sloane were estimated at 50,000 volumes, which was, no doubt, a great exaggeration; but the number must have been large, and, combined with the Cottonian and Harleian collections, they constituted the principal feature of the Museum. In consequence, the framers of the Act gave to the person in whom the 'care and custody' of the General Repository was vested, the title of Principal Librarian, while all other employés are styled 'officers and servants.' The preponderance, however, of the book department caused the whole of the subordinates to be technically termed under and assistant librarians. From the recital of the will of Sir Hans Sloane in the Act of Incorporation, it appears that in addition to books, drawings, and manuscripts, he had gathered together 'prints, medals, and coins, ancient and modern, seals, cameos and intaglios, precious stones, agates, jaspers, vessels of agate and jasper, crystals, mathematical instruments, drawings, and pictures; and it might have been added, stuffed birds, beasts, and fishes, together with anatomical preparations, and divers reptiles, monsters, and abortions, very fit for the museum of a learned physician, but rather offensive than pleasing to the general public. It is evident, from the silence with which the natural history department is passed over, that it was then thought of subordinate importance, and, in truth, science had seldom much share in those days in the formation of collections from the animal kingdom, which were generally regarded by educated men with contempt. Sir Hans Sloane expressed a desire that his medley of curiosities might be kept together, *if it were possible*. As it bore about the same proportion to the present establishment that a Thames wherry does to the Leviathan, there was then no difficulty in complying with this request, and Parliament acceded to it without foreseeing the result.

It was the wish of Sir Hans Sloane that his collection should remain at his manor-house at Chelsea, and therefore rather at a distance from town than close to the metropolis; but as this was incompatible with the formation of a General Repository, Montague House was purchased. Thither the whole was removed in the year 1757, and opened to the public in 1759. Large additions were contemplated by the Act of Incorporation; but it never appears to have occurred to the Trustees that either their Institution embraced too wide a field, or Montague House must soon become too narrow for the purpose. No prophetic eye foresaw what treasures from every quarter of the globe would be rapidly accumulated,



lated, and it is not improbable that the managers thought more of filling the cistern than of providing against its overflow. The immediate result was to attract fresh contributions. King George II. led the way in 1757 and presented the old royal library, which comprised a very valuable collection of about 2000 manuscripts and upwards of 9000 books, formed by the sovereigns of England from Henry VII. to the time of the royal donor. In 1759 Mr. Solomon da Costa presented 180 Hebrew books, which had been collected and bound for King Charles II., though from some circumstance not explained they never became the property of that monarch, perhaps because he was unable to pay for them. Always needy, he had tastes which he cared much more to indulge than the possession of books in the Hebrew tongue. In 1762 a large and unique collection of tracts, relating to the period of the great Rebellion and the Commonwealth, was presented by King George III. In 1766 Dr. Birch bequeathed a collection rich in biography. Mr. Speaker Onslow bequeathed a collection of Bibles in the year 1768; and in 1773 and 1783 Sir Joseph Banks presented a considerable number of books printed in Iceland. In 1778 and 1798 Sir John Hawkins presented several works on music. In 1780 the remarkable collection of English plays, formed by Mr. Garrick and bequeathed by him to the nation, were received; and above 900 volumes, chiefly classics, were bequeathed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in 1786. In 1790 and 1799 about 1900 works, chiefly biographical, were obtained by gift and bequest from Sir W. Musgrave; and in 1799 the library was enriched by the splendid collection of Mr. Cracherode, who bequeathed to the Museum all his books, consisting of nearly 5000 of the most choice volumes, together with his prints, gems, minerals, &c. This was the last acquisition of importance by gift or bequest to the library of printed books within the first half century of its existence.

The manuscripts obtained during the same period were principally derived from two sources. In 1796 the trustees purchased the collection of Oriental manuscripts formed by Brassey Halked, Esq., for 550*l.*; and in 1803 the Museum came into possession of the large and important collection relating to topography and biography, bequeathed by the Rev. William Cole.

In 1765 Gustavus Brander presented a collection of fossils, obtained principally by himself in Hampshire, and to which he afterwards made considerable additions. In 1798 a large and valuable collection of minerals of every class was purchased from Charles Hatchett, Esq., which received an interesting accession under the will of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, besides a considerable number of the volcanic productions of Mount Vesuvius,

Vesuvius, presented by Sir W. Hamilton. An extensive collection of stuffed birds, which had been exhibited for some time by a person named Greenwood, was purchased for 460*l.* in the year 1769.

The antiquities received an important addition in 1772 by the purchase, for the sum of 8410*l.*, of the collection of Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, formed in Italy by Sir William Hamilton, who also presented many objects of a similar character; and in 1802 a large collection of coins, formed by Mr. Samuel Tyssen, and containing the most complete series of Saxon coins, perhaps, at that time in the kingdom, was bought for 620*l.* About the year 1773 Sir Joseph Banks presented the collection of dresses, implements, &c., from the South Sea Islands, which has become the nucleus of the Ethnographical collection. In 1804 the Egyptian antiquities, acquired by the capitulation of Alexandria in 1801, were directed by George III. to be deposited in the British Museum. In 1805 the House of Commons granted 20,000*l.* for the purchase of the Townley collection of sculptured marbles, terracottas, and bronzes and gems; and in 1799, under the bequest of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, a collection of prints, valued at 5000*l.*, was received. During the first fifty years of its existence the Museum was divided into three departments,—manuscripts, printed books, and natural history; each of which was from time to time fostered or neglected according to circumstances. To such an extent did the antiquities increase that, instead of continuing to be classed with the library—an incongruity only to be accounted for by the fact that the library was considered the main feature of the institution—they were formed into a separate department of Antiquities and Art in 1807, and placed under the care of Mr. Taylor Combe.

Twenty years later another department, that of botany, was called into existence. But this arose rather from accident than necessity. Sir Joseph Banks by his will bequeathed about 16,000 volumes to the Museum, subject to the use of them for his life by Mr. Robert Brown. This distinguished botanist allowed the specimens and library to be at once transferred to the Museum, on condition of his accompanying them as one of the under librarians of the institution, or, more plainly, as keeper of the botany. Thither he came, and, to use his own words, ‘brought his department with him.’

It would be wearisome, and, indeed, almost endless, to particularise the additions which were made to the Museum after the first fifty years of its existence. Enough has been said to show how diversified were the gifts of its benefactors and the purchases



chases of the trustees, and it soon became apparent that all the curiosities of art and all the products of nature could not be stowed away in a single house in Great Russell Street. Accordingly the acquisition of Sir W. Hamilton's collection was accompanied by a grant from parliament of 840*l.* for 'a proper repository.' When the Egyptian Antiquities were presented in 1804, parliament voted 16,000*l.* for another addition to the edifice. In the following year, when the Townley collection was bought, a further sum of 7500*l.* was granted for more buildings, which were subsequently pulled down again on the erection of the present pile. The purchase of the Elgin Marbles for 35,000*l.* in 1816 rendered a further enlargement necessary, and funds were voted that enabled the trustees to give a fitting habitation to these exquisite remains of Greek art. But while the limits of the building were fixed, the contents went on swelling from day to day. Mummies and sculptures, birds and beasts, fossils, shells, and minerals were brought by the waggon-load to the gate of the Museum and required a domicile. It was in vain that the trustees or parliament tried to check the irruption. They had made the Museum a general receptacle, and they were expected to accommodate everything which was brought them. An inn-keeper could hardly be in greater perplexity if a mob was suddenly to appear at his door and demand to be instantly lodged in his hotel.

In 1835 a Mr. Millard, who had been dismissed for being fonder of play than work, turned his attention towards the House of Commons, as a fit instrument of his revenge, and charged the trustees and officers with mismanagement and corruption. The result of the inquiry was not what Mr. Millard anticipated. The trustees were proved to have done their duty; the officers were rewarded with an increase to their salaries, and two new departments were created. The prints were separated from the antiquities and arts, to which they had hitherto been attached, and the collections of geology and mineralogy from the other branches of natural history. The year 1837 found the Museum with a new constitution and new arrangements, calculated to promote development to an unlimited extent. A new building, which had been for some years in progress, was fast approaching to completion. Parliamentary grants were more liberal than formerly; and holiday folks were admitted to see the property of the people. The institution became popular, and every step in advance made a further step necessary. Buildings and collections both grew apace, but the collections continued to grow the fastest.

Of all the departments of the Museum none made such rapid strides

strides as the Library. This was partly due to some magnificent benefactions, and partly to the circumstance that Mr. Panizzi filled the office of Keeper of the Printed Books. To this distinguished foreigner England owes a debt of lasting gratitude. By his learning, his sagacity, his energy, and his firmness, he succeeded, in the face of great opposition, in noting and supplying the enormous deficiencies in the numerous different classes of works, and in perfecting the complicated arrangements which so vast a collection entailed. It is doubtful whether any man in Europe possessed the peculiar combination of powers required for his position in an equal degree—the knowledge, the bibliographical lore, the administrative talent, the undaunted perseverance, and the ability to expound and enforce his views. He has rendered the library one of the finest in the world; and if the opportunity which offered of supplying the gaps in it had then been lost, no second chance, in a multitude of cases, could ever have occurred. Mr. Panizzi has now been placed, by almost universal acclamation, at the head of the Museum to which he has been so large a benefactor; and from his long experience and the success which has so uniformly attended his measures, we feel confident that his advice in the present crisis will carry the weight which is due to it. In the year 1838 he was engaged in grappling with a difficulty of another kind. The trustees resolved upon printing a catalogue of all the works in the Museum. Eighty years had seen a succession of librarians, each of whom had views of his own on the subject of cataloguing books. As a consequence, the several existing catalogues presented peculiarities and discrepancies, irreconcilable with each other. To print the titles as they stood would have been absurd, and it was necessary to begin by reducing them to a uniform system. But in truth the scheme was impracticable, and in our opinion the trustees committed three great mistakes: the first in yielding to the pressure from without, and consenting to print a catalogue at all; the second in attempting to limit the time within which it should be completed; and the third in laying down the rules by which it should be drawn up. Mr. Panizzi objected from the first to compile his catalogue against time; but it was his duty to obey, and he did his best. But doing our best will not enable us to perform impossibilities, and therefore it could not enable Mr. Panizzi to compress the work of twenty years into five. He continued to struggle with courage and determination against the project, and from the same printed evidence from which we gather these particulars we also learn the odium he brought upon himself by his opposition to the ‘ignorant impatience of a catalogue.’



logue.' It has been calculated that the present titles alone would fill sixty volumes in folio. Long before B was begun A would be obsolete. Seventy-five thousand articles were added last year to the library, of which seventy thousand would require a distinct entry; and at this rate of increase the materials for an enormous supplement would accumulate before the principal catalogue was complete. While the first supplement was at press titles would be gathering for a second, and supplement would succeed upon supplement until patience would be exhausted in consulting one series after another to ascertain if a particular work was in the Museum. Nor would any purchasers be found for this gigantic publication, with its endless train of offsets, in themselves a small library. The authorities of the Bodleian, with their smaller additions, have come to the determination to discontinue the printed catalogue, in consequence of the multiplicity of supplements which grew up, and of the labour of referring to them. By writing the titles on moveable slips of paper the manuscript catalogue at the British Museum is kept in one unbroken alphabetical series, but even this requires the constant labour of from thirty to forty persons, and no such scheme is applicable to a printed work.

Unanswerable as we believed these arguments to be, we were somewhat staggered when we heard of the preparations making in a yet larger library than our own, the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris, to print a classed catalogue of its vast possessions. The simple perusal of the introduction was enough, however, to satisfy us of the correctness of our views. The attempt, we are informed, was produced by a clamour from without, and certainly the boldness of inexperience or of despair was apparent throughout. We have heard that the press-marks in the portion at present printed are not always true guides to the shelves where the books stand; that not one-tenth part of the books in the library are even catalogued in manuscript; that this extraordinary neglect encourages and facilitates pillage to an incalculable extent; that thousands upon thousands of the boasted riches of the library are no longer contained in it; that when the titles of any particular class of works are published, there will remain a large number which will be omitted; and that the classification of the library is the same now that it was upwards of 150 years ago, no modifications having been made to keep pace with the progress of science, the alterations in governments, or the changes of territorial possession. Nor can the confusion which reigns be expected to disappear while the employés are underpaid, and 520*l.* per annum allowed for the library against 4000*l.* for watering the Bois de Boulogne. The commissioners who  
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have recently been engaged in investigating the organization of the Imperial Library have strongly recommended that the officers should not be allowed to hold any other post, and that as a natural consequence they should have salaries sufficient for their maintenance. The same regulation was adopted by the trustees of the British Museum twenty-two years ago, in compliance with a resolution passed by the Select Committee of the House of Commons. The printed catalogue of the Imperial Library, if report speaks truly, has received its *coup de grace* from the commissioners, who strongly urged the importance of cataloguing all the books before printing the titles of a portion of them, and advised that the experiment should stop with the completion of the classes already commenced—History of France, and Medicine. But probably the experiment will not proceed so far. The printing and cataloguing have both ceased, for the employés have come to the conclusion that, as what they were doing would almost certainly be altered, the safest plan would be to do nothing at all. The five volumes in quarto which have been published are all we suspect that will ever appear; and the present attempt, like its predecessor in folio, will remain an abortive fragment. Nobody denies the desirableness in the abstract of a printed catalogue, but it could only exist under conditions which would render it useless lumber, and therefore an expensive folly.

The discussion excited by the question of the catalogue led to the issuing, in the year 1848, of a Royal Commission to inquire into the management of the British Museum, which again ended in the justification of those attacked and the signal defeat of the fault-finders. As on the former occasion also, it gave an additional impulse to the institution, and additions flowed in faster than ever. Since 1837 the library has been doubled. The various branches of Natural History, with the exception of the mineralogy, have increased in an equal proportion. The mineralogy itself has now been raised into a distinct department, with its special keeper, who does not seem inclined to slumber over his work, and who, like the rest of his colleagues, is repeating the cuckoo-note, which is always resounding through the Museum, of room—more room. The acquisitions from Nineveh have scared and perplexed the authorities. The collection of drawings and prints in the British Museum is one of the finest of its kind in Europe; but it is little known excepting to amateurs, because it forms no part of the public exhibition. In 1850 the trustees determined to erect a gallery to be specially devoted to the display of these treasures; and we see by the returns ordered to be printed by the House  
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of Commons, 30th June, 1852, that the site had been agreed upon, and the preliminaries arranged. But the prints never went there. The claims of the Assyrian sculptures were too urgent, and the drawings and prints are still in their cases. Marbles from Budrum are glazed in under the portico, awaiting an asylum. Remains from Carthage add to the embarrassment; lighter articles and mediæval antiquities are filling table-cases by dozens and wall-cases by hundreds; while coins, medals, et hoc genus omne, are stowed away in mysterious holes and corners, to be brought to light at some good time which may be coming, but about the advent of which no one is willing to venture a prediction.

The library had long suffered with the rest of the Museum for want of space. At one time, Parliament said, 'You shall not buy English books.' But English readers wanted English books, and would have them. Then the trustees said, 'We will limit the purchase of foreign books.' But, again, readers wanted foreign books, and insisted upon having them. Marbles and pots and pans were put into the cellars, but this mode of overcoming the difficulty could not go on for ever, and the presentation by George IV. in 1823 of his father's library on condition that the nation should erect a suitable room in which it might be deposited, brought the matter to a crisis. The trustees issued orders to their architect to prepare a plan which should afford ample accommodation for all the collections. The attention of the architect was so completely engrossed by the requirements of style that he quite forgot the purpose for which the structure was wanted; and, what was more serious still, he seemed to have forgotten the cause which led to the necessity of building, and left the question of increase almost entirely out of sight. Before the sound of the workman's hammer had ceased to be heard on the original edifice, it resounded in the construction of an excrescence in the shape of an addition to the north wing; for no sooner were the books removed in 1838 to the new library than it was discovered that there would not be space for the accumulations of more than two or three years. By the time this elongation was completed, it became necessary to look out for ways and means to provide fresh shelves. Mr. Panizzi, unlike most librarians, instead of boasting of the riches of his department, made a public display of his poverty, and accompanied it by the startling request of 10,000*l.* per annum, as the lowest sum for which the deficiencies could be supplied. The application was granted, the books bought, and a low building was constructed by the side of the King's Library. This off-set began after a short time to show signs of filling; and again we meet with accounts of

entreaties made and battles fought by Mr. Panizzi, all of which we found interesting to read, but which must have been serious affairs to him. In his zeal for the collection under his care, he brought a nest of hornets about his ears, in the shape of attacks from literary men, who complained that the books in the library were not forthcoming, when in fact the books were there, but not the shelves on which to range them. The favourite scheme of the trustees was to purchase ground to the north-east of the Museum for the purpose of providing new reading-rooms, with increased accommodation for printed books, manuscripts, and natural history; but this plan was summarily disposed of by the Treasury, which declared by a letter dated 6th December, 1853, that—

‘ Their Lordships are unable to entertain any plan for the improvement and enlargement of the British Museum, which involves new purchases of land, until it shall have been fully considered and decided how far the recent acquisition of property at Kensington may enable them altogether to dispense with such purchases elsewhere.’

In the meantime the process of accumulation was going on; and, as any outlet was refused, relief seemed impossible, when Mr. Panizzi suggested to the trustees to erect a library and reading-room, on a novel construction, in the vacant quadrangle—a suggestion which has resulted in a success the most triumphant that any projector could desire.\* So far as space for books and manuscripts is concerned, no more need be said for the next generation; but this is a solitary exception: none of the other departments have elbow-room, and some of them are so crowded and crushed that unless an outlet be speedily afforded the British Museum will become the burial-place of the national treasures of art and nature instead of their temple. The true state of the case will be best illustrated by a few extracts from the ‘Communications made by the Officers to the Trustees respecting the want of space for exhibiting the collections in that Institution,’ and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on the 1st of July.

Mr. Hawkins, the keeper of the antiquities, reports on the 6th of July, 1855, that many cases of Assyrian sculptures had arrived, that many more were expected in a few weeks, that no

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\* The details of management are equally admirable. Many of them have been adopted in the Royal Library at Berlin; and we have been informed that the authorities of the Bodleian Library at Oxford have it in contemplation to do the same. One of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the Imperial Library at Paris came over to this country, and he also, we believe, was impressed with the excellence of the arrangements.



accommodation had even been suggested for them, and that there was no convenient place for unpacking them. He therefore requests that some of the cellars, which are dignified by the name of crypts, might be fitted up for their reception. In January, 1856, he informs the trustees that the proposed arrangement for exhibiting the Assyrian sculptures is only an expedient, and that all the galleries which have been added as present emergencies required, are extremely inconvenient. On the 2nd of April, Sir H. Rawlinson addresses the principal librarian, and exclaims against the Assyrian marbles (occupying 325 cases) being consigned to the limbo of the Museum cellars. The architect suggests that 34 out of 78 of the Assyrian slabs might be displayed on the principal staircase; but that those in the upper ranges would be imperfectly seen, and those below would be liable to defacement; while serious mutilation of the walls, and great dust, and stoppage would be caused by the insertion of proper supports into them. In the basement of the new Greek gallery he could provide for about 40 slabs more, of which 20 slabs might be properly exhibited, and some *laid flat on the floor*. The only public access would be by a dark and indirect passage under the Elgin gallery. On the 5th of June, 1856, Sir Charles Fellows complains that an Ionic trophy monument and isolated work of Greek art found at Xanthus have been placed in the room devoted to Lycian art; and reminds the principal librarian that the artistic views, architectural drawings and measurements of the Lycian expedition, with the moulds of the sculptured portions of rock-tombs, are stowed away in the Museum and have never been shown. Mr. Hawkins is directed to find room for the Ionic trophy elsewhere, but he reports that there is no unoccupied space to which it can be transferred; that when the Lycian room was first built it was too small for the objects which it was destined to receive; that the space then available had been much reduced by the gangway and two large openings which had since been made, and that old objects had to be removed instead of new being introduced. He states that the sole method, though one which would be awkward and inconvenient, of enlarging the Lycian gallery, is to take down the western wall and, extending the apartment over the roadway, encroach upon a portion of the gardens of houses in Bedford Square. In fact, Mr. Hawkins had grown desperate, and determined to speak the truth at all hazards he said without disguise:—

‘If the Department of Antiquities is to remain in Bloomsbury it will be necessary to secure the whole of the ground lying to the west and south-west of the Museum.’

This ground has *not* been secured, but, as a substitute, projections and insertions have been carried to such an extent, that the outside of the building has lost all describable form, and nothing but the roof is left for enlargement.\* Still the antiquities demand double the space the department possesses, and in March, 1857, Hawkins, determined that his wants should not be misunderstood, writes :—

‘Area comprised between Elgin room and main building south of Phygalian room to be roofed with glass, plastered, floored, aired, warmed, painted, &c. &c. : in short, fitted up with everything specified or not specified which may be required to make it fit for the reception and exhibition of Assyrian and other sculptures.’

The Assyrian sculptures are, however, but a small part of the excluded specimens. Other objects of the most interesting nature are displayed in cellars, and a vast number cannot be shown at all ; to say nothing of the crowding of the whole collection, so that specimens of the greatest beauty can only be seen under circumstances the most unfavourable to a due appreciation of their merits.

But the antiquities are well off in comparison with the Natural History. Dr. Gray adopts the form of an advertisement :—

‘Wanted in the zoological department . . . a gallery and series of shallow cases over the cases in the mammalia-room in the south front.’

Two months later the Doctor conveys the pleasing intelligence, that if the zoological collection in the basement is not speedily removed to a dryer place it will be utterly destroyed. The architect replies, that if the basement is damp it is not his fault, but the fault of all basements, and recommends that the windows should be opened and holes made in the doors. Dr. Gray retorts that they do open the windows, and that if they make holes in the doors the coal-dust will come in. On exploring, however, these Tartaric regions, we found that the holes had been resorted to in some of these cells, and Dr. Gray had proved a true prophet, for the coal-dust *had* got in. Of two evils it is probable that the doctor thought it better that the specimens should become black than that they should perish by decay. On the 30th June, 1856, Mr. Brown begs to apply for

\* Some idea may be formed of what some of the proposed expedients would cost by the estimates which we find at pages 33 and 35 of the last printed returns for galleries, skylights, &c., amounting to no less a sum than upwards of 32,000*l.*, and which, we may conclude, would not have been completed under 40,000*l.* This was all for mere makeshifts, which, after all, would have provided only store-room, but would yet have been of sufficient importance to prevent the construction of suitable buildings. It is to the credit of the trustees that they declined to incur such an expense.



an additional room, as that occupied by the Botanical department in the basement is quite insufficient for its wants. On the 30th October, 1856, Dr. Gray returns to the charge about his gallery and series of glass cases, with an additional demand for an enlargement of the Insect room by extending the building to the north wall of the Elgin gallery. This was followed on the 29th of December, by a report in which the Doctor shows that it is not a gallery and enlarged insect room which will answer his purpose, but that he requires fresh accommodation for every branch of the Natural History.

‘At the present moment,’ he says, ‘scarcely the half of those collections is exhibited to the public, and their due display would require more than twice the space devoted to them. The osteological collection—the finest of the kind in Europe, and which requires for its display as large a space as that devoted to the stuffed specimens—is crowded into a single dark room in the basement, and the great majority of the skeletons are kept in boxes instead of being properly set up and articulated. The entire collection of animals of all classes, preserved in spirits, is in like manner crowded into the wall-cases of three rather large rooms in the basement. There is no access to these rooms in the basement, except through coal-cellars and long dark passages, and the rooms themselves are so damp and uncomfortable that students refuse to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the collections. The collection of tertiary and still more recent fossil shells is shut up in drawers, and a large proportion of the recent shells is not exhibited. The collection of annulose animals is arranged in cabinets. The preserved specimens of vertebrated animals actually exhibited are so crowded in the cases as to render it impossible to see a large portion of them at all.’

The students may well decline the privilege of pursuing their avocations in the damp, dreary vaults, with their interminable dark and intricate passages. A cell in Newgate is more cheerful, more airy, and more commodious. Professor Owen, in a report to the trustees on the same subject, dated 7th January, 1857, approves of all the statements of Dr. Gray, and adds:—

‘To show how the mammalian type is progressively modified and raised from the form of the fish or lizard to that of man; to illustrate the gradations by which one order merges into another; to impart to the visitor by the arts of arrangement and juxtaposition a knowledge of his own class akin to that which he derives from the collection of birds—would require a corresponding mammalian gallery.’

Or, in other words, a gallery 300 feet long.

On the 22nd. of October, 1857, Dr Gray comes forward again with a demand for his gallery and series of glass cases, and the enlargement of the Insect room, but was prevented, we suppose, from asking for more accommodation because he knew no more  
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could be had. On the 18th of December, 1857, however, he took courage, and proceeded to lay before the trustees a fuller statement of the space required and of the grounds on which he had come to this conclusion:—

1. *Mammalia*.—The space at present devoted to this class allows only, and very insufficiently, for the exhibition of the stuffed skins of the smaller and middle-sized kinds with a very few of the larger species. The specimens actually exhibited are so closely crowded that they cannot be seen to advantage, and they would require at least twice the present space for their proper display. Additional room is also required for a better series of the larger kinds, such as the ruminant and pachydermatous animals. . . . Many of the species are entirely unrepresented. . . . Some indeed have been offered as presents and refused because they could not be shown. Only a very few of the marine mammalia, as whales, porpoises, dugongs, manatees, and seals, are now exhibited; and those that are shown are hung up against the walls, over the cases, where they can be very imperfectly seen. . . . To render the collection of mammalia in the British Museum as useful as it ought to be as a means of teaching the visitor at large, and especially the scientific student, there should be arranged with or near to the stuffed specimens, and in the same order, a series of the skulls of each of the species in different states of growth, and a set of the bones of the hands and feet of each of the orders and families. . . . To exhibit the collection of mammalia so as to give a proper illustration of them would require at least four times as much space as we are at present able to devote to it.—2. *Birds*.— . . . Scarcely half the specimens exhibited can be properly seen, and we are not able to exhibit one half of the specimens of the smaller or passerine birds that the Museum possesses. To give some idea of the want of space in this department I may observe, that properly to exhibit the hornbills and parrots, now in the Museum, we should require five or six times the space we can now devote to these families; and that if the Museum were to obtain Mr. Loddige's or Mr. Gould's collection of humming birds, they would require seven or eight times as much space for their proper exhibition, not in small cases as they are at present kept, but arranged in the same manner as the other birds. For these reasons I have no hesitation in stating, that to exhibit the smaller birds in the same manner as the larger ones are now displayed, we ought to have at least half as much space more than the collection at present occupies.—3. *Reptiles*.—Only a few stuffed skins of reptiles are at present exhibited to the public. . . . Properly to exhibit the reptiles already possessed by the trustees would require at least four times the space which is at present devoted to this class of animals.—4. *Fishes*.— . . . At present only a few stuffed skins are exhibited. But as this class of animals is much more numerous than the reptiles, . . . seven or eight times as much space as at present bestowed on them would be wanted for the proper exhibition of the specimens already in the Museum.—5. *Osteological collection*. . . . A large portion of these skeletons are preserved as bones, the bones of each



each individual being kept in a distinct box, and the larger ones are suspended in some of the dark passages under the pediment. . . . This collection will require a large gallery for its proper exhibition. What constitutes the great superiority of the collection of skeletons in the British Museum over that of any other collection of the kind, consists in its being most frequently derived from the bones of the identical individuals which are stuffed in the preserved collection.—6. Mollusca.—Though all the table-cases in the eastern zoological gallery are devoted to the shells of the mollusca, the space is insufficient for the exhibition of all the species of recent shells which the Museum possesses; and if the Museum should acquire Mr. Cumming's collection, which was formerly offered to the trustees, and which at his death will be again offered, it would require more than twice its present space to exhibit the type specimens of the additional or presumed distinct species contained in it which are not at present in the Museum. . . . The British Association some years ago memorialized the trustees, that a series of fossil shells should be arranged with the recent species. . . . We have never been able, for the want of space in the cases, to carry out this very desirable union. To do this with any degree of completeness the united collections will require at least as much space again as that now devoted to the recent shells.—7. Radiated Animals.—The space which is devoted to the exhibition of the sea-eggs, star-fishes, and corals of all kinds, is as large as the building at present affords; but it does not admit of the exhibition of a tenth part of the specimens which the Museum possesses. . . . There is, moreover, no place for any of the fossil examples of these animals, which ought to be arranged in the same zoological series. . . . To arrange such a collection properly would require as many table-cases as are now occupied by the collection of shells. [And these fill both sides of a gallery 300 feet long.]—8. Annulose Animals.—The general collection of insects and crustacea are preserved in cabinets kept in a low-roofed room, under the print room. The upper drawers are beyond the reach of the visitors, and as all the space where cabinets can stand is occupied, the remainder of the collection is kept in book-like boxes arranged on the tops of the cabinets, and still further out of reach. This room is the common working room of the department, much to the inconvenience of the entomologists, artists, and others, who come to make use of it for scientific objects. The cabinets and boxes should have allotted to them a room, or rather two or three rooms, giving at least three times the present space. . . . The room or rooms appropriated to these cabinets should be exclusively used for the collection of insects, and for purposes connected with it; and there should be separate, well lighted, and airy studies, for the use of those who now frequent the insect room, to investigate and to make drawings from the other classes of animals. Such rooms are required for the use of zoological students in the same manner as the reading room is required for students of books.

These statements are enough. But we cannot conclude this part of the case without referring to two important reports from the

the principal librarian, which means the director of the Museum, one dated the 10th of November, 1857, the other 10th of June, 1858. In the first of these reports, he discusses the means suggested for relieving the departments of mineralogy and geology, and shows that they would not avail for more than seven years, and this only by stopping up windows, to the manifest peril of the ventilation, and by fitting up the lower portions of the show-cases with drawers, in which objects might be stored away, but could not be seen by the public.

'In the department of prints and drawings,' he continues, 'the want of room even to lodge the portfolios containing the collection is sufficiently shown by the placing of presses in the narrow passage leading from the landing to the print-room. The display of some of the best prints and drawings has often been entertained by the trustees, who felt how important it was that this should be done, but who never could carry their intention into effect for want of room. The Kouyunjik room, by the side of the north-western portion of the Egyptian saloon, had been built for the purpose of such an exhibition, when the influx of Assyrian antiquities forced the trustees to devote that room to their display,' &c.

In answer to a question submitted to him by the trustees, 'Whether any limitation can properly be put on any of the collections,' Mr. Panizzi remarks:—

'It seems to the principal librarian that, in the case of antiquities, such a limitation as that contemplated in the question might take place with great advantage to the Museum and to the public. The principal librarian assumes that the word "limitation" implies the adoption of a principle affecting not only the future but the past. The crowding into one institution many collections, even belonging generally to the same class of learning, interferes with the full development of each of them. . . . By limiting the British Museum collections to classical or pagan art, as was in a great measure the case a few years ago, space might at once be found to display to the public view a selection of medals, the gems and the gold ornaments, the Townley terracottas, &c. All that space which is now occupied by mediæval antiquities, by what are called British or Irish antiquities, and by the ethnological collection, might thus be turned to better account. It does not seem right that such valuable space should be taken up by Esquimaux dresses, canoes, and hideous feather idols, broken flints, called rude knives, to the exclusion of such objects as have been just before mentioned.'

In this opinion we entirely concur. From the report of the 10th of June last we learn 'that the mediæval antiquities have been increased by purchase since the beginning of 1852 at a much more rapid rate than the collection of classical antiquities.' Mr. Panizzi states, that if it be the intention to have a collection of mediæval remains worthy of the nation, and of the pagan art already in the Museum, ten times the present space will  
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be required; and that for the ethnological department the whole of the area now occupied by antiquities on the upper floor would be scarcely sufficient. Of the zoology he has the same tale to tell as Dr. Gray,—that specimens of many of the larger mammalia are not in the Museum, and cannot be purchased for want of room; that not a tenth part of the specimens of fish is displayed; that not one-fifth part of the skins of reptiles is stuffed; that only three drawers of coleopterous insects out of six hundred are exhibited, and in about the same proportion for other insects; and that the arrangement of several of the collections is incomplete—and all for want of room. His final conclusion is that—

‘To keep the Museum entire, a site and suitable buildings must be provided with as little delay as may be. The whole of those parts of Great Russell Street, Charlotte Street Bedford Square, Montague Place, Russell Square, and Montague Street, which are contiguous to the Museum ground, will have to be purchased and built upon. The cost of both site and building will not from first to last be inferior to that of the existing building, exclusive of the cost of the new reading-room and adjacent libraries—something between 700,000*l.* and 800,000*l.* This estimate is founded on the two estimates made by the architect for the purchase of the houses either on the east or north side of the Museum, and for erecting suitable buildings thereon. The principal librarian thinks these estimates rather too low.’

Temporary expedients are out of the question, for the demands are too extensive. Either permanent accommodation must be provided by the purchase of ground contiguous to the present Museum, or a separation must take place and one or more of the departments be removed elsewhere. In the discussion which took place when the estimates for the British Museum were moved in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elcho, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer pronounced a decided opinion upon the impracticability of keeping the collections much longer together. The naturalists, on the other hand, are desirous of maintaining the union, and vehemently protest against the proposed divorce. To congregate under one roof the productions of nature, art, science, and literature, might be proper at the commencement of the institution, when the contributions in each department were few, and the whole together only constituted a Museum of very moderate dimensions; but the question is entirely different now that every collection is made as far as possible complete, and has assumed colossal proportions. This development will continue, and the inconveniences, which are already so manifold, must increase so rapidly, that we must confess our surprise that the proposition for a separation should have met with opponents.

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It is clear, in the first place, that while all the departments are united none will ever be properly accommodated. Each is requiring an extended space at the same moment, and the united demands are far too great to be satisfied. For this reason, when new buildings are sanctioned there will never be any considerable margin allowed for further accessions, and no sooner will fresh channels be opened, than the Museum will again be ready to burst its banks. The whole history of the establishment confirms this fact. In the second place the building must stop somewhere. It is impossible to go on expanding it indefinitely, for it will become too vast for superintendence. Already the functions of controlling the various departments are almost beyond the powers of a single man, and must soon outgrow the limits of human oversight. In the third place, no director can unite a supreme acquaintance with antiquities, with natural history, and with literature, conjoined with the qualities of a vigilant overseer, and he will always therefore be liable in some degree to be an object of jealousy to the heads of any department of which he has no special knowledge. However considerate he may be to their claims, they will always, in the contest for accommodation, believe themselves sacrificed to rival sections. In the fourth place, the trustees who are selected for their special acquirements, and who are the governing body of the institution, pronounce upon questions of which many of them are ignorant—the literary man voting upon subjects connected with natural history, the naturalist upon subjects connected with books. To some extent, this must prevail under any arrangement, but there is no need to aggravate the evil, and combine functions in the same person as incongruous as if the Speaker of the House of Commons was also to be appointed President of the Royal Academy. There is a plain and broad line to be drawn between the works of nature and the works of man, and in no other capital has the junction been attempted. In Paris, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Florence, the animals form a distinct museum, and the English naturalist is the only one who thinks that his science derives any advantage from the juxtaposition of Roman, Greek, and Assyrian remains. Everything which flies in the air, swims in the water, walks, creeps, and grows upon the earth, or is dug out of the bowels of the earth, is surely enough for one institution.

All branches of learning are fostered and improved by association. There must be a centre towards which the separate atoms may congregate. Men following the same pursuit naturally flock together, and the grandest results are produced from the information each member throws into the common stock. The necessity of unity of purpose is felt more strongly every year.

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The Royal Society, which in its constitution was the most catholic of all learned bodies, found it expedient to alter its statutes not long ago, with the view of limiting the number of Fellows and giving to the council the power of selection. As science advances, its cultivators necessarily divide themselves into groups, and the venerable parent has given birth to a numerous offspring in the shape of Chemical, Geological, and Linnean Societies. No reason has been assigned why the British Museum should be an exception to so wholesome a rule. At least when we turn to the protest of the eminent 'promoters and cultivators of natural knowledge' against the removal of the natural history collections from the British Museum, we look in vain for any arguments which can outweigh the manifest advantage of a transference. They commence with the statement, that the British Museum was founded by Sir Hans Sloane, and was essentially a natural history collection. Both these assertions are erroneous. The Museum was founded by Parliament, which, having purchased the Sloane Museum at the price named by the collector, did what it pleased with the property, and united it with other collections which had long been the property of the public. That it was not 'essentially a natural history collection' we have already shown. 'The British Museum,' said the great botanist, Robert Brown, before a Committee of the House of Commons, 'is and always has been more a literary than a scientific institution.' In fact, so little attention did the trustees pay to the latter department that for the first forty years only one purchase of natural history was made, that of a collection of birds. Let us see, on the other hand, what was going on in the way of destruction. Mr. König, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, states in answer to a question as to the condition of the entomological collection: 'When I came to the Museum most of those objects were in an advanced state of decomposition, and they were buried and committed to the flames one after another. Dr. Shaw had a burning every year; he called them his cremations.' On his being asked, 'Is there one single insect remaining of the 5394 which were presented by Sir Hans Sloane?' he replies, 'I should think not.' Again the same witness stated that he did not think there was one specimen left of Sir Joseph Banks's collection of birds. He adds, 'I know there was a considerable number of bottles which contained birds, partly in spirits of wine, partly dry, consisting of skins merely. They were transferred with other objects, chiefly of comparative anatomy, College of Surgeons, and among these birds were certain which had no business at the College of Surgeons;

wished to have the bottles, otherwise they would probably not have taken them; the bottles were of some value to them.' Such was the treatment which the natural history received in the early days of the British Museum, when this department is supposed by the memorialists to have been in the ascendant.

The next paragraph of the memorial asserts the excellence of the natural history collections, which is not denied. The sole question is how they can be made available to the public instead of being hidden in coal-cellars, where they are of little more use than if the creatures had remained in their native wilds or in the depths of the sea. The petitioners, however, proceed to urge that as the British Museum must at all events be extended to accommodate many massive specimens of art, which can only be placed on the basement, the natural history may occupy the galleries above. But they forget that numerous objects now below would be brought up stairs if there was space; that there are already extensive collections of antiquities in the upper floor which will be constantly expanding; that rooms have long been required in which to exhibit the prints; and that if the birds, beasts, and fishes are to occupy any new area which might hereafter be provided, all the other purposes for which the Museum exists would be checked. This is precisely the reason for the separation, that one department can only now be accommodated at the expense of another. The memorialists propose to get over the difficulty by taking the lion's share to themselves, and even then they would not find anything like verge enough.

They proceed to argue against breaking up the natural history into several parts to be distributed among different societies, 'because its chief end and aim is to demonstrate the harmony which pervades the whole, and the unity of principle which bespeaks the unity of the creative Cause.' In this we agree with them. But with singular inconsistency they immediately depart from their own principle, and admit 'the possible expediency of transferring the botanical collections to the great national establishment at Kew.' How can they demonstrate the harmony and unity of principle for which they properly contend while they exclude the entire vegetable kingdom? \* Let the collection of  
natural

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\* Such a separation would hardly have been sanctioned by the great botanist who has been termed the foremost scientific man of his country. In a recent biography of him (*Athenaeum*, No. 1599), it is said, 'His influence was felt in every direction . . . . and the history of development was the basis on which all improvement in classification was carried on. . . . This influence extended from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. The researches of Schleiden on the vegetable cell, prompted by the observations of Brown, led to those of Schwann



natural history be kept together by all means, but let the union be complete.

The memorialists again object to remove from the British Museum because their specimens are now in the neighbourhood of the works on natural history in the library. Professor Owen was examined upon this point in 1848, when he stated that such a library as was attached to the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris would answer every purpose. There is no difficulty whatever in procuring such a collection, just as the Museum of Geology in Jermyn Street have recently brought together a fine library of the same description. As far as this topic is an argument at all, it is in favour of the proposed separation. The library in the Museum is now made to answer every conceivable purpose. The same volume is often wanted by different persons; and, on observing in the returns of the expenditure of the British Museum a sum set down for books for several of the departments of natural history, and inquiring the reason, we were informed that they were needed by the officers because the general public monopolized many of the works in the library. Few things are more required than the formation of subsidiary collections, to divert the drain from the great central store, which could always be consulted in case of need.

The last reason which the memorialists urge against the removal is, that it 'would be viewed by the mass of the inhabitants with extreme disfavour, it being a well-known fact that by far the greater number of visitors to the Museum consist of those who frequent the halls containing the natural history collections.' If this be so, it is difficult to see why the inhabitants should view the removal with disfavour; for they will simply follow the natural history to its new destination, and desert the present Museum. But though the fact is said to be well known, we must beg to question it. In our visits to the Museum we have observed that the greatest number of persons were usually assembled round the illuminated missals and autographs; and if the prints could be exhibited, as they would be if the natural history was removed, they would attract greater crowds still. The visitors, we are satisfied, would in every way be the gainers. Once in the building, and they are anxious to make the circuit of the

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Schwann on the animal cell; and we may directly trace the present position of animal physiology to the wonderful influence that the researches of Brown have exerted upon the investigation of the laws of organization. Even in zoology, the influence of Brown's researches may be traced in the interest attached to the history of development in all its recent systems of classification. Brown had, in fact, in the beginning of the present century, grasped the great ideas of growth and development, which are now the beacon lights of all research in biological science, whether in the plant or animal world.'

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entire Museum. This has already, from its extent, become a weary pilgrimage, and if the building is to be increased till it will accommodate all the collections which are now congregated beneath its roof, there will be so much of a good thing that it will be good for nothing. No doubt there is force in the demand of the naturalists that their department should be kept within the reach of the people; but it need not be fixed in the very heart of London. To sight-seers a little journey is often rather an incitement than a drawback, and if the new locality which may be chosen should be further from some, it will be nearer to others.

Notwithstanding the assertion of the naturalists, that their department is the most popular portion of the British Museum, we believe that all their arguments may be summed up into one which they have not expressed—the dread that the separation would diminish their importance. In our opinion, they are over modest, and underrate both themselves and their science. Apprehensions have been expressed that Parliament would be less liberal in its grants than now the natural history forms a part of one grand national institution. Of this we have no fear. The natural history, once allowed to have its proper development, which it never can have where it is, and it would become a matter of general admiration and pride, and would certainly not be grudged the sums which were essential for maintaining its supremacy.\*

There is another circumstance which we confess has considerable weight with us. We allude to the position of the great naturalist who is at present called the Superintendent of the Departments of Natural History in the British Museum. As an officer of the establishment, he is by the Act of Parliament subject to the immediate control of the principal librarian, and to such regulations as the trustees may think right to establish. He is bound to come at a certain hour and not to leave his post before a certain

\* Upon this point Mr. N. A. Vigors expressed what we believe to be the truth, in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1836. 'If,' he says, 'I were to pass a judgment on the subject, I should say that the Department of Natural History ought to be removed entirely from the British Museum. The present improved state of science leads us to consider individual species as united by their affinities and analogies into one grand system. If all these were placed together, and the whole deposited in one national and central museum, the result to science would be most beneficial. It would be one of the grandest objects of the legislature of this or any other country: useful not merely to science, but conducive to that paramount object to which natural science should be directed—conducive to the exhibition of the wisdom of the Creator in the creation. Such a collection would be of the greatest consequence to the study of natural theology. Such a view can only be efficiently followed up by having one comprehensive museum, embracing, as far as possible, the whole of the species now known.'



hour. He must superintend questions of detail, and look after the subordinate officers and servants in his department, and be answerable for the manner in which they and all others under him spend their time. He has to bear responsibilities which formerly rested upon the directors of the several sections into which the natural history is divided, and who have always discharged their duties in the most efficient manner. He is ordered to deliver twelve gratuitous lectures at Jermyn-street on certain days, which are attended by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen who are well able, and we dare say would be willing to pay for them, but for which the trustees are kind enough to pay on their behalf with public money; and should he desire to deliver any lectures elsewhere, he must ask permission of the trustees. Is this the way to popularize science? Is this the proper position for a man like Professor Owen, who has spent his life in forcing nature to give up her secrets? Is it right that learning so extensive and so accurate should be confined to so narrow a sphere, and that the exercise of such rare powers of communicating information should thus be impeded? Let the natural history be elevated to its rightful dignity. Let it form an independent institution, with Professor Owen at its head, and let him have a temple of his own instead of being a lodger. Let him have leisure for giving the world the benefit of his vast knowledge by his writings and his lectures, and let him enjoy all the honour and distinction he so richly deserves by conferring on him an independent post, where he will be no longer trammelled by the obligations of an inferior office in what the Act of Parliament calls a 'general repository.'

Having disposed of the point of expediency, the question yet remains as to the power of the trustees to dispossess themselves of any portion of the objects committed to their charge. But this need not detain us a moment. The separation of the natural history collections cannot take place without a grant from Parliament; and if any difficulty arose under the present Act, a single sentence would enable the Legislature to decree a divorce. But the memorialists ask, 'where are we to go?' To this we answer, either to Kensington Gore or Burlington House. Nothing can be better than the situation of the latter. It is healthy and central; it has a large garden behind and a large court in front; and here a building might be erected at a much less cost than would be required for the necessary enlargement of the British Museum, and far more commodious. The Museum is constructed in an expensive style of architecture and with a massive solidity which would not be necessary for specimens of natural history. Provision could then be made for the develop-  
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ment of the several collections to an almost indefinite extent. It is our conviction that natural science has no greater enemies than those who oppose the separation. Who will venture to calculate the injury it has already sustained by want of space? Who can say how much has been lost by the necessity of abstaining, more or less, for upwards of thirty years, from purchasing specimens or displaying those already in the institution? And surely the visitors who have recourse to the departments of literature, art, and antiquities in the British Museum, have also a right to complain that they look in vain for what they seek, because the space it would occupy is wanted for the collections of natural history. Each, in a word, is a detriment to the other, and the only effectual remedy is that one should go.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Indian Rebellion, its Causes and Results, in a series of Letters from the Rev. Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D.* 1858.

2. *Notes on the North-west Provinces of India.* By Charles Raikes, Magistrate and Collector of Mynpoorie. 1852.

3. *British India, its Races and its History.* By John Malcolm Ludlow. 2 vols. 1858.

4. *The Administration of Justice in British India.* By William H. Morley. 1858.

5. *The Letters of Indophilus to the 'Times.'* 3rd edition. 1858.

LONG before the last embers of the rebellion are extinguished, the question of the future government of India must force itself upon the attention of the country. We do not mean the home government—a subject which under its various aspects has occupied Parliament during the whole of one session, and has been discussed with all the virulence of faction and all the earnestness of conviction. It really signifies little whether we have a President of a Board or a Secretary of State, whether the council is to be nominative or elective, whether to consist of eight or fifteen members. These are matters of comparatively little importance when compared with the great question of 'How is India to be governed in India?' The time is come when we should be prepared to lay down some great principles on which this country is willing that those vast dominions—acquired for her, let it always be remembered with pride, by an association of British merchants—should for the future be ruled in her name.

We believe that, as far as India itself is concerned, it will  
matter



matter little in what form the bill now before Parliament is finally passed. Fewer delays, greater energy at home, the more direct influence of public opinion, and the more ready appliance of the discoveries of modern science and civilization, may develop the resources of India, and may add to her material prosperity. But there are questions affecting the very basis of her government, our relations with the people, and the possibility of the duration of our rule, which can only be settled on the spot. The broad principles upon which our policy is to be founded must be laid down in England, but it is in India that they must be carried out. An incompetent minister may trifle with our Indian empire here, but that empire will be lost unless in India itself we have able and experienced statesmen and an efficient and wise system.

It is essential, therefore, that the people of this country should clearly understand our true position in India, and should ascertain how far any misconduct or neglect on our part may have led to the terrible events of the last fifteen months. By a due estimate alone of the past can the recurrence of such disasters be prevented for the future. We are convinced that even yet we have not fully felt the prodigious weight of the task imposed upon us. The massacres and the desperate struggle have rather tended to make us forget the duties we owe to the peoples committed to our care. If they have weakened our sense of responsibility and substituted indiscriminate feelings of horror and contempt for the natives of India, the rebellion has indeed been a calamity, the worst results of which are yet to be experienced.

The various races of India have already been sufficiently set against us. Few persons, except those who have made India a special object of inquiry, are aware how critical our position has been, we may say still is, and how our rule has been shaken to its very foundation. The English people have been too long inclined to give credence to the assertion of a few Calcutta civilians, who, unwilling to admit the failure of their favourite schemes for the class government of India, have declared the rebellion to be 'a mere military mutiny.' They have been ignorant that the presidency of Bombay has only been saved by the energy, foresight, and judgment of Lord Elphinstone, although its army was on the eve of revolt, and its population, especially that of the Mahratta country, ready for insurrection. In the presidency of Madras, notwithstanding the admitted misery and discontent of the people, there has been, it is true, comparative tranquillity, attributable to the mixture of castes and religions, including the Christian, in its army, and to the fact that the real Hindu and Mussulman elements are found comparatively speaking to a very small extent in the population, which is

composed mainly of aboriginal races, forming a poverty-stricken and long oppressed class. Every additional despatch from the seat of war proves that the inhabitants of the North-western Provinces, and of Central India, are almost to a man against us; that, to use the words of a well-known describer now with the army, 'like a field of corn stricken by the wind, the population bends as we pass but to rise again.'\* We are nowhere willingly furnished with supplies; in information as to the movements of the rebels we are utterly deficient; our 'Intelligence Department' gets no tidings; our columns and detachments are under the guns of the enemy before they are aware of his presence; bands cross and recross the great rivers with the connivance of the very guards set to watch them; our officers are attacked and government treasures captured within a few miles of the Governor-General's residence at Allahabad. Nor must it be supposed that the war is yet coming to an end. The latest accounts received from the North-western Provinces, Bengal, and the Mahratta States, are such as to cause deep anxiety. The rebels broken up into bands, and in most places aided and maintained by the population, are harassing our troops and adopting a system of warfare which must entail upon us great sacrifice of life. Unceasing efforts must still be made, not only to send out men to supply the places of those who fall victims to battle and the climate, but to despatch reinforcements to India. Every letter from that country asks for 'more troops.'

It is principally to the fidelity and prudence of native princes and native statesmen that we owe the tranquillity of part of Central and of Southern India, as it is to the courage and faithfulness of two Sikh chiefs, the Rajahs of Puteala and of Jhind, that we owe the opportune aid of our first Sikh levies. Salar Jung, the Minister of the Nizam of the Dekkan, acting under the able guidance of Colonel Davidson, the Resident at the Court of Hyderabad, restrained, at the imminent risk of his own life, a fanatical Mohammedan population eager for Christian blood. The steady devotion of Scindia and Holkar left the Mahrattas without a leader of skill or influence, and has hitherto rendered harmless that formidable race.

Whilst thus bearing testimony to the friendly conduct of these native princes, we must not forget that there were special causes for it; nor must it be overlooked that their subjects were with difficulty restrained from open hostility against us, and that,

\* Letter of the 'Times Correspondent,' June 4. It must be borne in mind that the description thus given of the 'ill-will and opposition of the mass of the people' does not apply to Oude, but to Bundelcund, Rohilcund, and part of Central India.

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except in the Nizam's dominions, their troops joined our revolted subjects.

It is very important, when considering the Indian question, to keep these facts in mind.<sup>4</sup> Those who know India best were not unprepared for this state of things long before the rebellion broke out. The Protestant missionaries of all denominations established in Bengal, described, in a petition to Parliament, dated in December, 1856, and presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Kinnaid, the deplorable condition, the sufferings, and the demoralization of the people; and declared 'that a spirit of sullen discontent prevailed amongst the rural population,' and that 'measures of relief could with safety be delayed no longer, as from information they had acquired, they found that the discontent of the rural population was daily increasing, and that a bitter feeling of hatred towards their rulers was being engendered in their minds.' Mr. Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, in his celebrated Minute upon the state of the Police, dated 30th April, 1856, gave a nearly similar account of the condition of the people, and admitted that 'the Government appeared indisposed to make any real effort towards reform.' The disasters that have since fallen upon us have unfortunately proved that the fears expressed in these documents were not unfounded. Rare have been the instances in which an unhappy fugitive from the massacres has received help or sympathy from the population. Englishmen and Englishwomen, when not murdered, were driven with insults and blows from village to village. If horrible mutilations have occurred, and, thank God! there is good reason to believe that there has been gross exaggeration, if not wilful misrepresentation, on the subject, it would seem that they were perpetrated by the villagers and felons escaped from our jails rather than by the sepoys.

The sepoy has never put forward a military grievance. He was well paid, and well cared for, and received an ample pension when he could no longer serve. He might have been recently deprived of a few privileges, or exposed to a few irregular and harassing duties, but, on the whole, no soldier of any nation had less cause for complaint. In many intercepted letters, he wrote of the kindness of his officers, and justified the mutiny by national and religious wrongs.\* The conduct of the native regi-

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\* A striking instance of this feeling may be mentioned. When Holkar was remonstrating with one of the contingent regiments which had murdered its officers, the Sepoys, exasperated at his refusal to place himself at their head, cried out, 'What should prevent us shooting you? Have we not killed our own father?' alluding to their colonel, who had been from youth upwards in the regiment, and was much beloved by the men.

ments has been too hastily attributed to the kindness and leniency with which they had been treated. Is it not more reasonable to suppose, considering the state of India, that if they had not been thus treated they would have risen long before?

We are willing to attribute to laxity of discipline, to the manner in which our native army was scattered over the country, to the caste system adopted in recruiting its ranks, and to many other purely military reasons, the general defection of the troops when the moment came for trying their fidelity. But the real causes of the rebellion must be sought for elsewhere. The sepoy army was a part of the people, its grievances were those of the population from which it had been drawn, and with which it still maintained the most intimate social ties.

A phenomenon, perhaps unparalleled in the history of the human race, was witnessed in India. The very nature of the people seemed to have changed in a single night. Those who went to rest surrounded by an obsequious, servile, and timid crowd, were roused by the cries of the same men seeking their lives. The tracks, along which for thousands of miles a solitary Englishwoman could travel in greater security, and with less risk of insult than in the best ordered State of Europe, were choked by a ferocious rabble thirsting for English blood. Disciplined sepoys, amongst whom not only a crime, but the most trivial fault, was almost unknown, had become ruthless murderers.

Is there a natural antipathy between races so opposite even as the natives of Hindostan and the Anglo-Saxon, that could alone account for this hatred of our rule? It is not credible. A conquered people has always more or less hated its conquerors. This feeling must be a thousand-fold more intense when there is so wide a difference in dress, manners, habits, language, religion, and colour, as between ourselves and the Hindus. It has been too much the habit to affect surprise that this antipathy should exist at all, and to accuse our Indian subjects of the basest ingratitude because, having been so long accustomed to oppression and conquest, they are now disaffected under a foreign sway so much milder than any other they have experienced. Such reasoning, supposing even the facts to be true, argues but a small knowledge of human nature, and of the history of India itself. A sense of wrong weighing upon a people is not to be removed or softened by comparison with their previous condition. It is needless to point out to the present generation that their fathers paid double taxes and suffered more torture. The question is simply, Does the population actually labour under real hardships which Government can remove?

But the feelings which would naturally exist towards a dominant



nant race have been greatly increased and embittered by our own conduct towards the people we have subdued. Our rule in India differs essentially from the rule of any previous conquerors in this respect, that retaining our nationality in its utmost exclusiveness as a superior, separate, and peculiar race, we hold ourselves aloof from the natives, reject all intermixture with them as derogatory to our dignity, form no permanent social relations with them, and deprive them of all share in the government of the country, and consequent participation in its emoluments and honours. The Mohammedan invaders of India adopted the manners and in many respects the prejudices and laws of the inhabitants. They looked upon the country they had acquired by their arms as their future home. They consequently contracted all those ties which permanent residence renders necessary—they married into native families, they erected those magnificent monuments which still testify to their greatness and to their peculiar civilization, and they endeavoured as far as possible to make themselves a part of the people they had subdued. They became ‘Hinduised.’ After the bloodshed and persecution inevitable upon such a conquest, they gave up their previous nationality and accepted a new, preserving only the distinctions imposed upon them by the obligations of their creed. Thus throughout the Peninsula there were, and are still, to be found Hindu princes with Mohammedan ministers, and Mohammedan princes with Hindu ministers, whilst even intermarriages took place between royal houses of such opposite faiths. The original difference of race disappeared only to be occasionally marked by the persecutions of an intolerant religion. Our rule in India has hitherto been grounded and maintained upon diametrically opposite principles. Although there may have been at one time a tendency on the part of our countrymen in that distant land, to adopt to some small extent the customs and habits of the people, that tendency was soon checked. Few Englishmen ever went out to India with the intention of making it their permanent home. Any assumption of Indian manners in England was treated with contempt and ridicule, if it did not give rise to grave suspicion as to the sanity or moral character of the individual who thus ventured to outrage public opinion.

As our civilization and refinement increase we look with more abhorrence upon any departure from our confirmed habits and prejudices. The establishment of rapid and frequent communication between England and India has led to constant intercourse between the two countries so far as Europeans are concerned. The existing system of pensions and leaves of absence has contributed

tributed to the shortening of the residence of Englishmen in India. Few men in the service of the Company now desire or contemplate a longer absence from Europe than may be just sufficient to acquire a right to a retiring allowance. 'When can I go home?' is the hourly thought, if not the daily question, of almost every Englishman and Englishwoman in India. This goal once reached, all connexion with the East ceases.

From many causes, chiefly connected with the maladministration of justice, the tenure of land and the impediments virtually thrown in the way of colonization by the East India Company's government, few independent Englishmen have settled in India, or have ventured to invest capital in the cultivation of its soil. In the whole of Bengal and the North-western Provinces, containing some of the most productive land in India, the number of English settlers scarcely exceeds 900, including the clerks and numerous subordinates of all classes employed in indigo and other factories. By the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee, now sitting on colonization in India, it would appear that in twenty-five or thirty years there has not been an increase of more than twenty-five or thirty independent European settlers in the province.

The result has naturally been that the estrangement, under any circumstances existing between a subject and a dominant race, has been greatly increased, and is daily increasing to a degree which threatens our very existence in India. The history of the world furnishes no previous example of thirty or forty thousand strangers, divided by nearly half the globe from the seat of their power, holding an empire of nearly two hundred millions of human beings in absolute subjection, imposing upon them their laws and their policy, and at the same time keeping them at arm's length, and treating them, if not with actual cruelty, at least with the contempt and harshness with which men, rendered overbearing by the knowledge of strength and the pride of high civilization, will be too apt to treat what they consider an inferior and barbarous people. This is a condition of things which must give rise to the most anxious reflection, and which cannot be too much impressed upon the people of this country. The danger that must inevitably ensue is rendered more imminent by the total want of any bond of sympathy between the natives of India and ourselves.

The increasing estrangement between the English and the subject population had long been foreseen and deplored by our ablest Indian statesmen. During the early occupation of the country there existed a double necessity to mix with and conciliate the natives—a political and a social necessity. It was by



securing the goodwill and sympathy of the people that we could alone hope to carry on the struggles in which we had engaged with powerful princes, and to extend our rule. We were almost entirely dependent upon the natives for our knowledge of the country and its resources, and for the collection of our revenues. We relied upon their skill and their treachery in our intrigues and in our wars. We entrusted them with a large share in the administration, and an English civilian did not then believe it derogatory to his dignity to acknowledge the higher rank and position of a native officer.

The want of frequent and easy intercourse with England, and the absence of female society, led to the establishment of social relations with the natives, and to the adoption, in many respects, of their habits. It was the Anglo-Indian of nearly a century ago who furnished the type of the 'Nawab,' a race now almost extinct, that fertile theme for ridicule and caricature. He considered it no discredit to contract ties with the native women of India, which the customs and laws of the country did not condemn as either illegal or immoral. The picture of Clive and his Indian family is probably familiar to most of our readers. It might be considered invidious now to mention the names of other well-known men who have left descendants by Indian ladies, not undistinguished in our Indian annals. Such ties were not alone contracted with women of mean condition or doubtful character. On the contrary, alliances were formed between British officers and some of the proudest families of the Peninsula. Colonel Fitzpatrick, many years holding the high office of Resident at the Court of the Nizam, married, according to the laws of the country, a lady of the house of the reigning sovereign. A dwelling of singular elegance, in the oriental style of architecture, which he constructed for her residence in the very grounds of the Residency, still exists, although falling into ruins. Her tomb is a place of annual pilgrimage to the Mohammedans of Hyderabad, who preserve the tradition of her virtues and her charity. General Palmer married one of the Begums of Oude, and his descendants hold the highest rank amongst the 'Eurasian' families of India. Colonel Gardiner was united to a lady of the Imperial house of Delhi. We are now familiar with many names distinguished in our former and recent wars, borne by the offspring of similar marriages. In many an 'Eurasian' house may still be seen a picture by Zoffany, or some contemporary painter, representing a British officer, in the ungainly uniform of the last century, with wig, powdered hair, or pigtail, drooping epaulets and yards of gold ~~on~~ standing over a dark beauty, who, crouching under the weight

weight of pearls, jewels, and kinkobs, the spoil of kingdoms, is surrounded by a bevy of dusky children.

The Begum was then a lady of weight and authority in the household. Through her, petitions were laid at the feet of the great man, and the thousand little intrigues, indispensable to Eastern life, were carried on. She was constantly visited by her family and friends who were then seen by her lord. Every one acquainted with India knows that such alliances would, in these days, be no less repudiated by the natives themselves than by their English rulers.

So the natives mingled in the amusements and sports of the English. A series of engravings, which still adorns the walls of many a roadside inn, represents the magnates of ancient days, elbowing nawabs and rajahs in an eager circle round a cockfight. An old Indian native officer will relate how, in his boyhood, the Sahibs, before they married 'Mem Sahibs' and lived upon gram to save money to send their children home, or to go there themselves, would take part in the rejoicings of the men, would lend their horses and their elephants to swell their marriage processions, and their tents and hangings to give splendour to their great periodical festivals; how they took part in their sports, and were frequently honoured guests at their feasts. Then it would have been impossible for a whole army to mutiny without some information having been conveyed to its officers, nor would those officers have been butchered without pity or mercy.

Mr. Shore, an able and keen observer, who held high civil appointments in India, had watched this gradual estrangement between the English and the native populations, foreseeing that the time must, sooner or later, come, when its results would be equally disastrous to both races. In his admirable 'Notes on Indian Affairs' \* (vol. ii. No. 40), he has traced the change that had taken place in the conduct of Englishmen towards the natives, from 'the era of Lord Cornwallis's great reforms of 1793, by which natives were excluded from all employments, except such as no English would accept.' 'From that day,' he declares, 'a separation seems to have taken place between the two classes which has been widening ever since.' 'Formerly, much intercourse,' he remarks, 'used to be kept up by means of entertainments reciprocally given. Fifty or sixty years ago, the Mus-

\* Mr. Shore's Essays are calculated, more than any work with which we are acquainted, to give English readers a just understanding of our relations with the natives of India, and to impress upon them a due appreciation of the difficulty and importance of the task imposed upon us. They were published in a collected form in 1836.



sulman had no scruple about eating with an Englishman; but they have changed their ideas of late years, and now there are few in the country who would not think themselves degraded by so doing.'

Many circumstances render a return to the former relations between the English and the natives impracticable, were it even desirable. A higher tone of morality and a more open profession of Christianity have rendered such alliances as we have described impossible for the future. A system of pensions, which secures from want widows and children, is an encouragement to early marriages, and Englishwomen have long ceased to dread a residence in India. The luxuries of the West have superseded the barbaric splendour of the East. The difference between our habits and those of the people amongst whom we live is becoming daily greater. The English cantonment, separated altogether from the native city, and frequently three or four miles distant from it, has become a little colony in which the fashions and manners of London and Paris are aped with a punctiliousness unknown even in the most formal capital of Europe. Balls, private theatricals, and races, have taken the place of matches and beast-fights. Even those field sports which led Englishmen into remote districts, and compelled them to mix with the people, are yielding to domestic cares and to rules for the preservation of health. The British officer now rarely condescends to borrow the elephants of the neighbouring Rajah, or to turn out his horses and his beaters. Even the most willing civil servant complains that the present system of centralization, with its daily, weekly, and monthly returns in quadruple, or quintuple; its correspondence with various departments; its abstracts, *précis*, journals, and all its foolscap ceremonies, leaves him no time to associate with, or even to see the natives. He can no longer, as Munro, Elphinstone, or Metcalfe were wont to do, wander leisurely through the districts committed to his care, pitching his tent in a shady mangoe tope, or spending his day from dawn to midnight in personal converse with the people, attended by their natural chiefs, surrounded by a crowd of cultivators, wandering through the lanes of a native village listening to grievances, giving prompt redress, and offering words of encouragement and sympathy. He is now compelled, by overwork at the desk, to leave all such intercourse to his native subordinates, a race notoriously venal and corrupt. His progress through his district becomes a curse rather than a blessing to the inhabitants. His police officers and *chuprassis* plunder right and left. Supplies for the great man are not paid for, although they appear without fail in his own bill. All personal access to him is denied except through a complicated system of bribery, beginning

ginning with the very porter at his gate, and far beyond the miserable means of the poorest of mankind, the starving Indian peasant. He knows, however, that he is to be judged not by the condition of his district, not by the happiness and prosperity, by the love and respect, of the people committed to his charge, but by the number of his reports and the figures that fill up the columns of his returns. And we are surprised that under such a system the natives of India show us 'opposition and ill will!'

Whilst we have thus been separating ourselves from the natives, they, on the other hand, appear to have shown little real desire to adopt our habits and manners. As for the peasantry—the many millions who teem over the rich soil like the insects that the burning sun calls to life in the sedgy plain—they know nothing of us, and are still as they were when the worshippers of Brahma first descended from the hills. Our occupation of India has left no more impress upon them than would the shadow of a cloud drifting across the sun. In the large cities, a wealthy merchant may hang his walls with coloured prints of European beauties or Scripture subjects; may adorn his dwelling with musical clocks, looking-glasses and chandeliers innumerable; may cram his rooms with arm-chairs, tables and sofas, yet, except perhaps with the Parsees of Bombay—a stranger race like ourselves—all this is for show and not for use. The owner of this finery will probably live in a room fitted up after the manner of his forefathers; will sit on the floor and will eat with his fingers. Nana Sahib bought a house built and furnished for the former British Resident to the mock court of the ex-Peishwah at Bithoor. But he does not appear to have used it himself; keeping it merely for show, and for the reception and accommodation of Europeans, on particular occasions. Even the Baboos of Calcutta who are employed in the government offices, are said, on their return home after the work of the day is over, to take off the clothes which they are expected to wear when in the performance of their duties, to purify themselves from their pollution by abundant washings, and to squat down on the floor for the rest of the day with the more congenial clothing of a scanty cloth round their loins. Indeed, until the fashionable society of the capital was suddenly outraged in its sense of propriety, it was not uncommon on the public parade to see, amidst the brightest dresses of Paris, the wealthy Hindu merchant reclining in an English barouche, attired in the full native costume of a yard of muslin and a pair of spectacles. The fact is, that our English mode of life, our dress, our food, and our habits, are neither suited to the climate nor to the temperament of the people. Their religious prejudices and superstitions forbid them

to



to eat with us, their manners prevent them mixing with us, and their pride leads them to reject the condescending forbearance of a dominant race.

Thus then, the social ties, slender as they may have been, which once existed between us and the natives of India, have been severed, and no new ties have taken their place. There is no sympathy between us; we have no common interests, affections, or pleasures; we treat them with an overbearing insolence, a haughty contempt, or an insulting indifference. They are too generally addressed in terms of the grossest abuse. There has, perhaps, been less of personal ill-treatment during the last few years than Mr. Shore describes: the police court in the principal cities shields the natives against actual violence, although in the provinces disgraceful cases of ill-usage are unfortunately not rare. The very kindness which it is alleged is shown to servants and to those employed by government too generally partakes rather of that shown in England to a domestic animal, or of the pitying condescension displayed by a superior to an inferior race. The Englishman in India rejects the notion of any equality between himself and the dark inhabitants of the land. It was this feeling that exasperated the Europeans of Calcutta against Lord Canning, and led to the petition for his recall, when in the 'Arms Bill,' and in the Act for the suppression of the freedom of the press, he placed both races on the same footing before the law. The same feeling has led to the resolute opposition shown by the English to what is called the 'Black Act,' by which, had it passed, they would have been subjected to the same courts as the people of the land. Were that opposition grounded upon the state of the courts themselves, and the maladministration of justice, it would be reasonable enough; but arising as it does from hatred and contempt of the natives, it is unreasonable and unjust.

That the natives cannot be treated with kindness and consideration, that they are insensible to all attempts to conciliate them, that the only way to make ourselves respected and to hold the country is by leading the inhabitants to fear us, are assertions so often repeated that they have been almost accepted as truisms. They are so carefully impressed upon every young man who sets foot in India, that he soon brings himself to believe that by illtreating a Hindu or a Mohammedan he is actually performing a painful public duty, and is individually carrying out a part of a great imperial policy. He is told, that as for gratitude it is not to be expected; that 'black fellows' have no such feeling; that those who are treated the best hate us the most. We need scarcely say that we utterly repudiate such maxims. We believe, also,

also, that the sweeping assertion so frequently made, that in the late massacres those who had been kind and just to the natives were equally, with those who had maltreated them, the victims of an indiscriminate vengeance, is not borne out by facts, except in some unhappy cases where any distinction was impossible. Many instances to the contrary might be cited, of officers and their families saved by grateful sepoys; of women and children protected at the cost of life itself by faithful servants; and of native chiefs who, in return for good and fair treatment, have risked all to give us aid. We trust that when a calmer survey is taken of the events of the insurrection than the present not unnatural excitement will allow, we shall not forget these proofs of good feeling or those who gave them.

It is chiefly through the personal influence of men who have gained the love and confidence of the natives, and who deprecate and deplore the manner in which Englishmen are too apt to treat them, that we have not lost India altogether. Thus Mr. Frere has kept from the contagion of rebellion a wild race, subdued not more by the military genius and undaunted courage of Napier, than by his moderation, his justice, and his humanity. Thus Sir John Lawrence has turned a recently-conquered people, still mourning their independence, into our most useful subjects; thus Colonel Davidson has obtained, through Salar Jung, the able and enlightened minister of the Nizam, the support of the greatest Mohammedan power in India; and thus Major Macpherson by his personal influence over Scindia, and Sir Robert Hamilton by the affection borne to him by Holkar and by the reputation he had left in Central India, have kept the two most formidable chiefs of the Mahratta tribes faithful to our cause. The names of such men should be recorded, and their services acknowledged by the State; for it is not less those who maintain the peace, than those who restore it, who deserve our gratitude.

The dangers to which the estrangement between ourselves and the natives must naturally give rise, are daily increasing as we spread education amongst them. Public opinion, whilst it has influenced and controlled those who in this country have directed Indian affairs, has hitherto had but little effect in India itself. English statesmen and English philanthropists have acknowledged our duty towards the populations confided to our charge. Admission to political rights, and the diffusion of education, have been recognised as the two great claims our Indian subjects have upon us—claims which we are bound to satisfy. The principle of political equality, and that neither creed nor colour shall be grounds of exclusion from any post or office, has been solemnly



solemnly laid down by an Act of Parliament, which hitherto, in this respect, remains nearly a dead letter. A list of places and salaries enjoyed by natives in our employment would show how far, in point of pay and position, the Hindu has been placed on an equal footing with the Englishman.\* On the other hand, efforts have undoubtedly been made—though not always, in our opinion, in the right direction, and certainly to a far less extent than is necessary—to afford education to the people. The chief cities of India now possess educational institutions of considerable importance, in which the English tongue and the sciences are taught. In Calcutta, Benares, Agra, Delhi, Bombay, Poona, and Madras, colleges have long been established. They are, or were before the rebellion, well attended by the Hindu youth, if not by the Mohammedans, who, for the most part, reject our education altogether. The various Protestant and Roman Catholic missionary bodies have not been behind the Government, and, in many respects, have met with better success. The Scotch missions especially, headed by such men as Dr. Duff of Calcutta and Dr. Wilson of Bombay, equally remarkable for their learning, their knowledge of the native character, and their kindly feeling and sympathy for the people, have, through their admirably-conducted establishments, already exercised considerable influence upon a portion of the Hindu population. Even universities for conferring degrees are to be opened in the Presidencies; that of Calcutta has commenced its operations.

Whilst education has thus been extended, we have overlooked its inevitable results. For some time the demand for young natives acquainted with the English language and with the rudiments of European learning was sufficient to secure some employment in the public service for those who were educated in the various establishments we have mentioned; but that demand is now greatly exceeded by the supply. Reflecting and reasoning men, highly trained and instructed, are already collected together in the principal cities of India, and are increasing day by day in numbers and influence. They have either no prospect whatever of employment, or are compelled by absolute want to accept the meanest places, with salaries of a few shillings a month. Any interference with the religious principles and moral conduct of those who are taught in the Government colleges is strictly forbidden; they are studiously and carefully left in these respects without any instruction or restraint whatever. The lessons they

\* The returns laid before Parliament show that whilst in 1857 there were 856 native employes receiving less than 120*l.* a year, and 1377 between 120*l.* and 240*l.*, there were only 6 receiving between 840*l.* and 960*l.*, and 5 above 960*l.* The average annual salary received by English civilians is estimated at 1750*l.*

receive in our philosophy and sciences soon destroy any remnant of belief they may have in their own doctrines and superstitions. The faith that is gone is replaced by no other. A miscellaneous library, chosen without discrimination, is thrown open to them; they may there find the ablest controversial works upon the Christian religion. Nor are works of doubtful morality or directly opposed to Christianity avoided. Their very class-books may inculcate hatred and contempt of England and Englishmen. It is not an uncommon thing to see Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' with its exposure of English follies and vices, stammered through by boys learning to read, or eagerly devoured by the more advanced youths, who readily seize the allusions and take a quiet pleasure in asking their explanation. At the same time young Hindus and Mohammedans are examined in the histories of Greece and Rome, and are taught, not the virtues of Christian resignation and Christian obedience, but the glorious example of ridding one's country of her tyrants and of shedding one's blood in her cause!

Young men who have received an education such as we have described, and who have passed through an examination scarcely inferior in the variety and difficulty of its subjects to those of our English Universities,\* are treated with haughty contempt,

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\* The question of education in India is one of vast importance and interest. We cannot do more than touch upon it in this article; but to give our readers some idea of how we are instructing our young Indian subjects, we will give an extract from the examination paper of 1859, for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Calcutta University. English Literature—first six books of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' Pope's 'Essay on Criticism,' and 'Gray as in Richardson;' Defoe's 'History of the Plague,' and three of Lord Macaulay's 'Essays.' Greek—Demosthenes 'De Coronâ,' Æschines 'De Coronâ,' Euripides 'Medea.' Latin—first four books of the Odes of Horace and the Agricola, and Germania of Tacitus. Hebrew—Genesis with the Targum of Onkelos on the last nine chapters; Isaiah xl. to lxi.; Psalms xlii. to lxxxix.; Job. Moreover there are books, the titles of which will scarcely be understood by our readers, in no less than six native languages, Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindee, and Urdu, and the candidate is informed 'that sentences in each of the languages in which he is examined will be given for translation into the other language.' History—Principles of Historic Evidence, as treated in Isaac Taylor's two works on the subject, and other similar books; the History of England, including British India to the end of 1815; Elphinstone's History of India; Ancient History, especially that of Greece, Rome, and of the Jews, to include the Geography of the countries. Arithmetic and Algebra—including amongst many other subjects too numerous to give in detail, Permutations and Combinations, Binomial Theorem, Simple and Compound Interest, Discount, and Annuities for terms of years, and the nature and use of Logarithms. Geometry (including conic sections), Trigonometry, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Hydraulics, Pneumatics, Optics, and Astronomy. The Physical Sciences, including Chemistry, Animal Physiology, and Physical Geography. The Mental and Moral Sciences, including Logic, and Moral and Mental Philosophy. (General Report of Public Instruction in the Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency for 1856 and 1857, Appendix B., p. 47.) The scheme of studies for 1857, in the Benares Government



or, at best, with condescending civility, by a youth fresh from an English school, who has just managed, by cramming or interest, to get an Indian appointment, and who is taught, the moment he puts his foot on Indian ground, to look upon the 'niggers' as of a race so inferior in every respect to himself that contact with them amounts almost to contamination. And yet these 'niggers' are men of very subtle intellect, of great reasoning powers, and of extraordinary aptitude for acquiring knowledge. No race, perhaps, shows a higher intellectual development than the Brahmins of Western India or the higher castes of Bengal. Their thirst after knowledge—whether for its own sake or for the object of obtaining employment—is unbounded. In the Poona College are young men, who, coming from a far village, beg their bread by day in the city, and sleep by night in the courtyard of the building. No school in England would show such anxious, painstaking and intelligent pupils, such perfect discipline and order, and so complete an absence of punishment as are seen in a Government or missionary school in India. Even the little swarthy children in the Mofussil, their half-starved bodies uncovered except by a miserable rag gathered round their loins, who crouch on the floor, with their sanded boards, exhibit an intelligence in their sparkling eyes and an eagerness in their quick answers which would be sought in vain in the best schools of the most favoured district of our own country.

We have entered somewhat fully into the subject of the feelings of the natives towards us, as we believe that there is none connected with our government of India of more importance; and as we greatly fear that recent events may tend to increase to a most unfortunate and dangerous extent the antipathy already existing on both sides. That the estrangement be-

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Government Institution, comprises, for the School Department, English Poetry (Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' &c.), Grammar in its various divisions, English Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra to Quadratic Equations, first four books of Euclid, Geography, History of Greece and Rome, Political Economy, and the Urdu, Persian, Hindee, and Sanskrit languages, with the Grammar, Sciences, and Philosophy peculiar to each language as representing the various races of Northern India. For the College Department, in addition to a more advanced course in the native languages, we have the highest branches of English literature, including Milton and Shakspeare, Histories of India and England, the Moral Sciences, Justinian's Institutes, Whately's Logic, Astronomy (Herschell's), Mechanics (Young's), Hydrostatics (Webster's), Abercrombie's works on Moral Philosophy, and those of many other writers on Physics, Law, Mathematics, including Spherical Trigonometry, Differential and Integral Calculus, &c. &c. And it is the young men passing through such examinations as these who are to get places worth fifteen shillings or a pound a month, and are to be scowled at as 'niggers' by the new-fledged civilian or boy ensign just arrived from England!

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tween the people and their English rulers was the principal cause of the hatred shown to us during the insurrection no impartial man can doubt; that its removal is essential to the preservation of our Indian empire no statesman can question. How is this to be effected? What bonds are to unite such opposite races? Those best calculated to create common sympathies are—identity of interests, of language, and of religion, accompanied by just and prudent laws and by a speedy and cheap administration of justice.

Identity of interests can only be established by admitting the natives of India to higher offices than they yet hold; by giving them better salaries; and by proving to them that under our rule they have greater means of acquiring and keeping property, ampler justice more easily obtained, and a better chance of rising, by lawful means and by the exercise of abilities, to posts of dignity and power than in the dominions of any native prince. To what extent we can at this moment advance the natives, how far we can admit them to places of more trust and influence than they yet occupy, are questions requiring the gravest consideration; yet they are questions which will have to be solved sooner or later in favour of the people of India. Their continued exclusion from a more equal participation in the government is becoming impossible. The concession must come from us in good time and with a good grace. The experiment may be a difficult one, but it is one we are not only bound to try, but the very trial of which would be less dangerous than the persistence in a policy of exclusion which is inconsistent with our character as a just and civilised nation. It has been made on a small scale in the island of Ceylon and has proved eminently successful. In that colony natives are admitted to the legislative council in which not only the independent Europeans and the burghers, or those of mixed blood, but even the Buddhists and Hindus, have each their representatives.\* We are convinced that a similar concession must sooner or later be made in India. The oft-repeated Anglo-Indian assertion, that natives are unfit, by the absence of the necessary intellectual and moral qualities, to take a share in the government of the country, is rendered

\* The legislative council of Ceylon is at present composed of sixteen members—the Governor, nine official and six independent members; the latter selected by the Governor from all classes indiscriminately, and consisting of three Europeans, representing the commercial and planting communities, one Burgher, or half-caste, a native Christian convert, and a Hindu merchant. They are usually chosen on the recommendation of the various communities. Sir Henry Ward's administration of this beautiful island has been singularly successful, and is raising it to an unexampled state of prosperity.

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absurd as much by the instances of the great men who ruled India under the ancient native dynasties as by those of Dinker Rao, Salar Jung, and other living statesmen, who have shown no less integrity in administration than wisdom in legislation. As regards salaries, it is to be hoped that by a wiser policy, with less annexation, fewer foreign wars, and with a better system of taxation, we may bring the finances of India into a condition to enable us to be more generous to those who may have as good, if not a better, title than ourselves to partake of the revenues of the country. Lord Clive raised the moral standard of our own countrymen in India—once as low as that of any natives—by so apportioning their salaries as to render bribery and peculation no longer essential to the support of an official position. We trust that temptation will be removed from the miserably under-paid native officials, 'who,' to use the words of a writer we have already more than once quoted, 'are driven by necessity to have recourse to dishonest means to procure a sufficiency for the maintenance of themselves and their families.'

As regards community of language, confined within certain limits, we believe the difficulty to be less than some would imagine. The Mohammedan conquerors of India introduced a foreign language as that of the law and the state. Persian is still principally used for official communications and for the transaction of legal business. It is spoken or understood by most natives of education. To displace it by the language of those who actually govern India, and who have now destroyed almost the last of the Mohammedan dynasties, would be no injustice; at the same time, to make English, by one sweeping measure, the language of all the courts of justice, as some have proposed, would be equally an act of injustice and folly. We believe that gradually such a change might be made in the higher tribunals, and might, in the course of time, be extended to the lower. A knowledge of English, amongst applicants of otherwise equal qualifications, might be considered as giving a preferable claim to any employment, even of the lowest description. Amongst a people who must for a long time to come consider the primary object of education to be, as a scholar in one of the Government colleges expressed it, 'to fill the belly,' such an understanding would soon lead to a general study of English. We would, moreover, desire to see all official communications addressed to native princes in English, according to the rule laid down by the British Foreign Office in our dealings with foreign Courts. Although a translation might be appended, if necessary, the official version should be that in our own language, and to

it, in case of dispute as to the meaning of terms, we should alone appeal. Native princes would then be compelled to name ministers acquainted with English, as in Turkey the Sultan will now scarcely appoint a Foreign Minister who does not understand French. Indian statesmen have already perceived the advantage of a knowledge of our language, and the enlightened ministers of the Nizam and Holkar are proficient in it.

Many native gentlemen, educated in our colleges, have adopted English as the ordinary language of communication between themselves, both in writing and speaking. They are in the habit of reading our newspapers as regularly as we do ourselves. They take the liveliest interest in our parliamentary debates. Even blue books are not unknown to them. Although attempts have been made in one or two instances to compound scientific terms out of Sanscrit roots, English must ultimately become the language of science in India.\*

We do not, of course, mean to assert that English can be used generally to convey instruction to the vast and varied populations of India. On the contrary, we believe the establishment of vernacular schools upon an extended scale, and the preparation of elementary educational works in the native languages, of which there is now a most lamentable deficiency, to be a duty the fulfilment of which is imperatively demanded of the Government. All we can hope for, or aim at, is that the educated classes of the natives, who must ultimately influence and guide their countrymen, should be taught to think, and that their characters should be formed, through the English language. We present them with a literature through which they can acquire the knowledge requisite for attaining the highest rank in civilization. It is our duty to enable them to avail themselves of this boon to its utmost extent.

The question of religion, at all times a difficult one, has been rendered more delicate and dangerous by the traditionary policy pursued in India by the East India Company. On the other hand, the reaction, which recent events have produced, both in England and in India, may lead to infinite mischief unless wisely directed and controlled. The broad principle to be laid down in dealing with the subject is, that the government should openly

\* The able and learned principal of Benares College, Dr. Ballantyne, has endeavoured to introduce this Sanscrit scientific nomenclature. The following specimens are not encouraging, at least in their appearance:—'Impenetrability,' *parimāṇdyantatyāgāsambhara*—'Statics of imponderables,' *gurutvarahitapadārthasamāsthithitividya*—'Gypsum,' *churnagandhakāyitāmakaprasāra*, &c. &c. (See a Synopsis of Science, printed for the use of the Benares College, by order of Government, N. W. P., by James R. Ballantyne, LL.D. Mirzapore, 1856.)



profess Christianity, and act up to its profession in all its dealings, but at the same time should secure perfect toleration and protection to all creeds.

In our tenderness to the feelings and convictions of the natives, and our anxious wish not to be supposed to interfere with their prejudices, we have gone the length of publicly disowning, or, at least, of pretending a complete indifference to our own religion. This has been no less a political error of the greatest magnitude than a national sin. Whilst it has failed to convince the natives of India that we have no desire to convert them to Christianity, it has led them to believe that we are ashamed of our own faith. Instead of reconciling them to us, by an assumed respect for their superstitions, we have only earned their contempt for a religion which we seem ashamed to profess. There cannot be a stronger instance of this antiquated policy than that so severely but justly condemned by Dr. Duff (p. 144). During the height of the insurrection, at a public meeting of the Protestant inhabitants of Calcutta, a memorial praying that a day for humiliation might be appointed, was addressed to Lord Canning. The Governor-General in council refused to name a week-day for the purpose, but issued a proclamation, in which any allusion to Christianity was carefully avoided, calling upon 'all loyal subjects of the British Crown' to offer a supplication to Almighty God, &c., thus confounding the God of the Christians with the gods of the Sikhs, Parsees, Hindus, and the innumerable sects which teem in the Indian peninsula; with Shiva, Vishnu, and Brahma, and the thousand deities of the most prolific of Pantheons. The Christian clergy indignantly repudiated the proclamation and appointed a day of humiliation for themselves.

The history of the sepoy who was expelled his regiment because he had embraced Christianity is well known. A rule existed until very recently by which not only were teachers and professors in Government schools and colleges forbidden to use any work of a Christian tendency, but were actually prohibited explaining to their pupils any allusion to a Christian or biblical subject which they might chance to meet with in the usual course of their studies; for instance, if a Scripture name occurred, the student could not be told to whom it applied, nor could the argument of Milton's '*Paradise Lost*,' one of his class books, be explained to him. Lord Elphinstone has lately rescinded this absurd regulation in a very able and sensible Minute. We have seen by the rebellion that such things have had no effect upon the native mind. It is ignorance, not enlightenment, that we have had to fear.

Until lately, it might have been said, that the only religion persecuted in India was the Christian; the only book proscribed, the Bible. Some improvement has taken place during the last few years. Several of the leading men of India, such as the Lawrences, Mr. Raikes, and others, have boldly defied 'the traditional policy' of Leadenhall Street, and have recognised Christianity, not only as no disqualification for public service, but, in certain instances, as a claim upon official favour. Christians have at length been appointed to offices, certainly of minor importance, but still of some trust; and Dr. Duff states, in accordance with an impression prevailing generally in India, that native converts have behaved during the present crisis with remarkable fidelity and constancy. Whilst thus advocating a just recognition of Christianity by a Christian government, we deprecate any direct interference whatever on its part, or on the part of those officially connected with it, with religious teaching. The principles that should guide a public servant are admirably laid down in a Minute of Sir Thos. Munro, upon the conduct of a civilian who had taken advantage of his official station to distribute tracts amongst the natives.\* The mischief caused by the proceedings of well-meaning but injudicious men has been exemplified in more than one case of military insubordination preceding the mutiny. As soon as the natives have grounds for believing that the government is bent upon using its authority and influence to convert them to the Christian religion our tenure of India would cease. The first and gravest suspicion would originate in any attempt in that direction by the servants of the government.

One of the causes of the insurrection may probably be traced to the hostility of the chiefs of the Brahmin caste and of the Mohammedan sects, who saw and dreaded, if not a considerable progress in the spread of Christianity, at least a falling off in their influence over the people and a growing disbelief of, or indifference to, ancient superstitions and rites. It is very doubtful, however, whether the presence and labours of missionaries in India were as much feared as the supposed interference of Government in religious matters. The result of missionary work has been small indeed when compared with the extent of the country and its population. The utmost number of converts claimed from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin does not exceed, we believe, 112,000. It may be doubted whether they are not considerably overestimated. As men, the missionaries are liked and respected by the natives. They are

\* Gleig's 'Life of Sir T. Munro,' p. 293.



rarely, if ever, mentioned as having caused any part of the disaffection of the people to their rulers. They have not been the object of any special vengeance during the insurrection: on the contrary, they have, in some instances, been protected and spared. At Nagpore, a conspiracy, which might have ended as fatally as those in any other parts of India, was disclosed to a missionary.

With regard to the public acts of Government affecting the rites and superstitions of the people, the limits of our legislation appear to us to be, for the present, sufficiently well defined. There need be no hesitation in abolishing practices notoriously opposed to morality or humanity. Every effort has been wisely made to suppress suttee, self-immolation, infanticide, and public ceremonies of a grossly indecent character; and respectable and well-informed native gentlemen fully approve of the course taken by the Government. It would even be well if our interference in such matters were carried a little further. A funeral party may yet be seen bearing to the banks of the Ganges a living burthen, or watching the rising waters as they slowly quench the last spark of life. The remarriage of widows is, however, from its social as well as religious bearing, a question of a very different nature. It appears to have been somewhat hastily dealt with. The new law on the subject has, undoubtedly, caused very general dissatisfaction, and scarcely a dozen persons have, we believe, availed themselves of it.

It is only by extended education that we can hope to bring the people of India to a just appreciation of the efforts we may make for their improvement, and can root out those superstitions which are founded on ignorance rather than on natural vice. Hitherto, what the Indian Government has done is as nothing when compared with the extent of the populations committed to its charge. Attempts have been made—some in the right direction—by the home authorities to introduce a better and more general plan of education. Grants in aid have been offered, but their acceptance is clogged with so many conditions that not only is it difficult to obtain them, but those who are opposed to the scheme—and there are, unfortunately, many amongst the leading civilians who are so—can find ample pretences to evade the regulations altogether. Amongst a poor, ignorant, and debased population the voluntary system is being enforced, when even in the most civilised countries of Europe the experiment may be considered as one of very doubtful result. The few miserable books and slates that used to be distributed amongst the naked children in the village schools have been withdrawn, and they are required to purchase their own, whilst they are called upon to pay the required fees before they  
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can receive the appointed Government aid.\* If half the money we have expended in India upon unjust and useless wars had been spent in educating the people, we might have been spared a rebellion which has exhausted our finances and may lead to an irreparable breach between our Indian subjects and ourselves.

We have thus touched upon the social and religious condition of the people of India, and have shown how far our interference with it may have been one of the causes of that hatred of our rule which has displayed itself in the present rebellion. Let us next consider how far we have respected their rights, and especially those connected with the land—the dearest of all to a nation, and the violation of which is rarely forgotten or forgiven.

The question of the nature of the tenure of land in India is one of the greatest importance. On its right solution our very existence in that country may depend; whilst upon it must be based some of the leading principles of our policy in dealing with the populations of that vast empire. Yet the ablest statesmen and the most experienced civil servants have differed upon the simplest definition of the nature of the proprietary right in the land. It still remains a matter of doubt whether every acre belongs absolutely to the Sovereign, except such portions as he may have transferred to individuals, or whether the soil is the property of those who are in its occupation as its cultivators. Hence the dispute—still raging as violently amongst Indian economists as it did half a century ago—as to whether the revenue derived from the land is a tax or a rent. The future relations between the government and the people, and the feeling now existing between them, depend so much upon our treatment of these proprietary rights that, at the risk of dwelling upon a subject already well understood by many of our readers, we venture to give a short sketch of the various modes in which our Indian ‘revenue settlements,’ as they are called, have been made.

Whatever may have been the original nature of the tenure of land under the Hindu dynasties or those aboriginal races which they subdued, it is now known that the revenue system prevailing in India on our first connexion with the Peninsula† had been reconstructed,

\* In the Education Despatch of 1854 it is laid down that fees must be levied in every school as a condition precedent to grants in aid. The people in most districts are too poor to afford, or too ignorant to pay these fees. It is proposed to raise the amount by subscription, but the Government of India, several members of which are opposed to the education of the masses, refuses to accede to this proposal, although the Government of Bengal strongly advocates it, on the ground that the Despatch orders ‘fees’ to be levied. The result is, that the people are left in their ignorance, misery is perpetuated, and crime encouraged; but the police profit and Government servants have less trouble.

† Mr. Morley, the title of whose work we have placed at the head of this article,



reconstructed, if not invented, by the Mohammedan conquerors. It was introduced in the middle of the sixteenth century by Shir Khan, an Afghan usurper, who expelled the descendants of Baber from the throne. It was perfected by the greatest and most liberal statesman who has ever appeared on the Indian stage, the Emperor Akbar. Its principal features were, the appropriation by the government of a certain portion of the produce of the land as the main revenue of the state, and the appointment of a class of officers, generally known as zemindars, to receive it, whose remuneration consisted of a per-centage upon the amount they collected. Out of this state of things arose three questions :—1. Whether the government, by claiming a share in the produce of the land, asserted its absolute right to the land itself, and, if so, what were the rights delegated to the zemindars? 2. Were those officers appointed for a particular purpose—mere collectors of rent or of taxes; or were their functions hereditary, and did they constitute some kind of proprietary right? Or, 3. Were there any other classes who could claim proprietary rights in the land? To this day these doubts have not been satisfactorily or conclusively solved. In dealing with the question, the East India Company has at one time assumed that the absolute ownership of the land belonged to the government; at another that it belonged to the zemindars, and others of the same rank, such as talookdars, jaghirdars, &c.; at another, again, that it was vested in a third class—the cultivators of the land, whether individually or collected together in village communities. Upon each of these assumptions it has legislated on this all-important subject. It must, therefore, be evident that the results of such legislation must be most opposite and discordant; that, unless the fundamental laws relating to landed property vary essentially in different parts of India—a supposition, it must be admitted, not unreasonable when we consider the vast extent of the Peninsula and the diversity of races which inhabit it—we must, in thus acting upon diametrically opposite principles, have been guilty, in many instances, of manifest injustice: and such, it is now admitted by all parties, has been the case. Each party, however, has its own peculiar doctrines and theories—each believes its own plan to be the only politic and just one. To this day the rival civilians of Bengal, the North-western Provinces, Madras, and Bombay, are ready at any moment, over their tiffins

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article, has rendered good service to those who are interested in the great question of India, by bringing together in one volume, and comparing with judgment and ability, the various systems of law under which the Peninsula has been governed from the earliest period.

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and under their punkas, to fight to the death each in behalf of his favourite system.

The first occasion on which the subject was practically dealt with was in the settlement of the revenues of Bengal. Our conquests in India had gradually extended our dominions to the proportions of an empire, of which a company of merchants, established for trading purposes, had now become the political and civil administrators. It was found absolutely necessary to introduce some recognised system in the apportionment of our land revenue, which had hitherto been squandered by the neglect or absorbed by the rapacity of those who were entrusted with its collection. Lord Cornwallis was sent to Calcutta in 1786 to effect this object. In carrying out the instructions of the Court of Directors he acted upon the principles, that the resources and prosperity of a country can never be developed whilst there is no fee-simple and absolute tenure of the land; and that, between the government and the actual cultivators of the ground, there must be an intermediate class of landholders enjoying absolute proprietary rights, upon whom must fall the duties of collecting the rent and of improving to the utmost the capabilities of the soil. Upon these principles was founded what is commonly called the 'Perpetual Settlement of Bengal.'

In that province Lord Cornwallis found the zemindaree system in its fullest development. He had thus ready at hand the materials for creating a landed aristocracy, if it did not exist already. The zemindars might or might not have had proprietary rights in the soil itself; they might originally have been mere collectors of revenue on commission, whose office, in conformity with the spirit of Hindu institutions, had become hereditary. The government was, however, clearly at liberty to transfer to them its own rights, but nothing more. Unfortunately, not satisfied with conferring upon the zemindars those of which he could justly dispose, Lord Cornwallis made over to them others to which he had no good claim. There was a class, consisting of the great body of the peasantry, who had prescriptive rights, founded upon occupation and cultivation, dating from the earliest periods of Indian history. They were handed over without protection or conditions to the zemindars. Rights which every native government had respected even in the worst times of rebellion and war were summarily placed at the mercy of an ignorant, grasping, and tyrannical aristocracy. The zemindars were declared to be the absolute proprietors of the land of which they had previously, as representatives of the government, only levied the rent in the nature of a tax, and the unhappy



happy ryots, as the cultivators of the soil are called, were treated as mere serfs. An annual sum was then fixed upon the land to be paid in perpetuity by the landlord. The indecent haste with which this transfer of the most sacred rights of a people was effected, the injustice to which it gave rise, and the amount of misery, poverty, and human suffering which it has caused, are almost unexampled in the history of nations. No surveys existed; the commonest precautions to ascertain the boundaries of land thus made over were not taken. A rude catalogue of rent-paying estates was accepted by the Government as sufficient proof of imaginary titles. It would take up too much space to enumerate a part even of the grievous evils which the Perpetual Settlement inflicted upon the peasantry of Bengal. Even its main object, permanency of tenure, was not in many respects attained. To enforce the punctual payment of the revenue the law provides that the zemindaree estate shall be put up for sale by the collector to satisfy arrears as soon as they accrue; and in order that the land may be sold free from any incumbrance whatever so as to meet the Government demands, every lease granted by the defaulting proprietor is declared to be void. The result has been to encourage frauds, and to render the tenure of land altogether insecure. Few men holding leases under a zemindar have been bold enough to invest money in the improvement of the soil or for the purposes of trade, for there are no means of evading the law. Fraudulent collusion with a neighbour, and a small intentional deficit in the payment of the revenue, enable a zemindar to appropriate the labour of years or the fruits of wisely-expended capital by buying in his own estate put up for sale by the Government. To this state of the law no remedy has yet been applied, although a Bill was a short time ago introduced into the Legislative Council of India by Mr. J. P. Grant for the purpose of protecting tenants against such collusive sales. The evidence given before the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the colonisation of India, proves how these, with other evils resulting from the Perpetual Settlement, have contributed to discourage Europeans from settling and from investing their capital in Bengal.

Under Lord Cornwallis's settlement the amount to be paid upon land was fixed in perpetuity; no allowance or provision whatever being made for any improvement or change in its value. Whether this revenue was to be considered as a rent or a tax, thus to fix its amount for ever without relation to the value of the article rated, was either a fraud upon all subsequent Governments and  
a renunciation

a renunciation of just rights operating most unfairly upon the remaining tax-payers of India; or, in the case of any great and permanent deterioration in the land, to saddle it with a perpetual tax which it might be unable to pay, and which would consequently entail poverty and misery on the population. The distinction between such a settlement and a wise scheme for the redemption of a land-tax is sufficiently evident.\*

Attempts to extend the Perpetual Settlement to the Presidency of Madras and the newly-acquired North-western Provinces failed. Although its advocates in India would have persisted, the Court of Directors at home could not persevere in a system, the injustice and impolicy of which were so patent to the world. As is usually the case under such circumstances, the East India Company fell into the opposite extreme. As it had now been discovered that the cultivators of the soil had ancient proprietary rights, which had been respected from time immemorial, the zemindars and great landholders were put aside altogether, and the Government, as sole landlord, was determined to treat with each cultivator as its immediate tenant. Hence the 'ryotwar system,' first introduced into the Presidency of Madras. Its principal advocate was Sir Thomas Munro, a man of fine parts, of true benevolence, and of great experience of the native character; he had mixed widely with the people, he had their interests deeply at heart, and he felt keenly the duties which, in governing a long-suffering and oppressed race, were imposed upon us. It is not, perhaps, surprising that such a man overlooked those great principles upon which a statesman should alone have acted, and should have admired a system which brought the rulers into immediate contact with the labouring classes, and promised protection and encouragement to those who had hitherto been the victims of tyranny and neglect. The new system consisted in making a rude survey and classification of the land; after which a money rent at a maximum rate was fixed upon it, instead of the rent being received, as under previous governors of the country, in kind. Each tenant was then charged yearly for the quantity of land he cultivated. As long as English officers of the experience and capacity of Munro, and intrusted with large discretionary powers in dealing with the cultivators, were employed in the collection of the revenue in districts not too extensive for their personal superintendence, this

\* In addition to the grants to the zemindars, there were a vast number of alienations of revenue, many of them notoriously fraudulent, and many originally of a mere temporary nature, such as pensions, salaries, &c., which were virtually confirmed in perpetuity by Lord Cornwallis's settlement.



system may have so far worked well, that it protected the ryot from much injustice, and enabled him to obtain ready redress for any substantial grievance.

But the evils inherent in such a system soon became apparent. It imposed duties upon the government which no government could adequately fulfil, and it placed unexampled power in the hands of the revenue officers, who were able to oppress the people with impunity. As the money rent had been fixed at a maximum, bad seasons and other causes soon threw the cultivators into arrears. The revenue collectors had power to reduce the rent under these circumstances. In small districts, under able and active administrators, many individual cases might be investigated and reductions made accordingly; but with the means at our command, this soon became impossible. The collectors were unwilling to reduce the amounts assigned to their districts. Their capacity and their claims to advancement were measured by the sums they paid into the treasury. The introduction of a system which soon removed them from immediate contact with the ryots, by imposing upon them a variety of duties engrossing the whole of their time, left the adjustment and collection of the revenue to native subordinates, without sufficient pay and without any principle. Hence arose that disgraceful system of oppression, of violence, and of torture, which has reduced the greater part of the Presidency of Madras to a state of misery and wretchedness, forming an everlasting reproach to the government of the East India Company. The landed gentry were swept away, the last pice was wrrenched from the naked cultivator for his rent, and nothing was soon left but the Government on the one side, and the most abject poverty on the other.

The failure of the Perpetual Settlement and of the Ryotwar system having thus been so signal, both as regards their effect upon the condition of the people and upon the revenues of the State, a new scheme was to be devised. In the investigations carried on by the revenue commissioners in Bengal and Madras it was discovered that there were village proprietary claims, absorbing even those of the cultivators, who, it appeared, held their land rather as members of a community than in right of personal occupancy. On inquiring, too, into the mode of collecting the revenue adopted by some of the Mohammedan rulers of India, it was found that they dealt not with the individual ryot, but with the village of which he was an inhabitant, and to which he was directly accountable for his proportion of the gross rent levied upon it as a corporate body. A more extended acquaintance  
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with the natives of India, with the spirit of their ancient law and institutions, and with their social condition, led to the conviction that whatever changes might have taken place through conquest or legislation, 'the village system' was the groundwork of the relations between the government and the people. In some parts of the Peninsula the village communities still existed in their ancient integrity. In others, over which the torrent of invasion had swept, or in which foreign legislators had imposed new laws, their vestiges, it was believed, could yet be traced beneath the social surface, like the strata which, partly hidden beneath the soil, mark some bygone geological epoch. In few places had they disappeared altogether. The 'village communities' soon became a hobby with the Bengal civilian. Their general recognition formed part of the basis of the new land revenue system, which, it was determined, should be introduced into the North-western provinces of India. The government was no longer to deal directly with the great landholder or the small tenant, but with the village as a corporate body. The land belonging to each village was surveyed and classified, and its rent fixed and registered. The individual ryot, instead of paying his share to the officers of the government, paid it to the heads of his own community, or to the proprietor of the village when his proprietary right could be established, who were responsible for the gross amount of the apportioned revenue.

In order to give a better title to the land than that afforded by a mere lease from year to year, which was virtually the only tenure so long as government assumed to itself the power of fixing the rent anew at the expiration of that term, the settlement was now made for definite periods; at first for twenty, subsequently for thirty years. It took nearly twenty years before all the lands could be surveyed and classified. The survey was completed in 1842. In many parts of the North-west provinces the settlements are approaching their termination, and may be renewed by government upon its own conditions. The landholder is consequently at its mercy; and his title depends upon a lease, for the renewal of which, upon reasonable terms, he must rely entirely upon the good faith and moderation of his rulers.

In our newly acquired territories of the Punjaub, this system has been carried out to the utmost extent. The village communities were there found to be more perfectly preserved than in any other part of India. The officers employed in the administration of the country after its conquest were civilians brought up in the North-western Provinces, and enthusiastic advocates of its revenue settlement. Passing over all middle  
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men and zemindars, the Government has dealt directly with each village. Its boundaries having been determined, it is assessed at a gross sum, after consultation with the head men, who form a kind of municipality called the 'Punch.' This assessment has hitherto been summarily fixed upon no definite plan. It is intended that careful surveys should hereafter be made, and the rent apportioned accordingly; but the village communities are to be retained in all their purity, and the Government will deal directly with them. The system is to be assimilated as far as possible to that carried out in parts of the North-west Provinces. It will be more perfect in its operation because the village communities exist almost universally in the Punjaub in their ancient integrity. In very few cases would the Government have to treat with middle-men or the great landed proprietors. So that in the Punjaub also the landed aristocracy have been put aside, and the Government deals almost entirely with the cultivators of the soil.

In Bombay, after much discussion, and the trial of various schemes, all of which appear to have been equally oppressive and unjust, a fourth system has been introduced, although not yet carried out in all the districts of the Presidency. It consists of an arbitrary partition of the land into fields, with a minute and careful survey of the whole surface of the soil, and its division and subdivision according to its quality, its capabilities, and various concurrent circumstances which may affect its value. A money-rent is fixed upon each field by striking an average, by a most complicated and artificial process, of its good and bad qualities. A settlement is then made for thirty years, Government reserving to itself the right of readjusting the rent at the end of that period. The cultivator is the proprietor of the field as long as he pays his rent. Those fields which are not cultivated are annually let by Government as pasture. The system has been for so short a time in operation, that a definite opinion cannot be formed upon its results. The assessments appear on the whole to have been moderate. The villagers admit that they are more lightly taxed than they had previously been. The objections to it are such as must be inherent to any system founded on similar principles; it is eminently inquisitorial, it is too complicated and refined, it deprives the landholder of the absolute right to his land of which he virtually holds only a lease renewable after thirty years on such terms as the Government may think fit to impose, and the expenses of collection absorb no less than 55 per cent. of the revenue. In Bombay too, as in other parts of India, this mixed ryotwaree system has had the effect of  
destroying

destroying the landed gentry and of leaving no class between the Government and the cultivators of the soil.\*

Such is a sketch of the various tenures of land and the modes of raising the revenue from it in India—a sketch necessarily brief and condensed: for it would far exceed the limits of an article to give even the most superficial notion of the details of each system, of the manner in which it is carried out, and its general results. We must refer our readers for more ample information to the eighth chapter of Mr. Campbell's able work on '*Modern India and its Government*.'

As regards the relative burden of our rent or land-tax upon the people when compared with that imposed upon them by our predecessors, it has often been asserted, in justification of our various revenue settlements, that however large the amount undoubtedly is, it is nevertheless less than it was under previous governments, and that in most cases on taking possession of native states we have reduced the assessment which we may have found in operation. Such may be, and probably is, the case, but the best-informed natives of India deny the inference which we attempt to draw from these facts. They contend that it would be found, if the average of years were taken, that we really raise more revenue than any native government ever actually collected, except during periods of extraordinary misrule, of foreign invasion, or of civil commotion. The system under their own princes was lax and elastic; the surveys of land were not carried out with the same science and care as they have been under our rule: whilst one field paid its rent, the next to it might escape altogether, or the measurement was so inaccurate that only a third of the land to be assessed appeared in the books. In bad times remittances and reductions were made, and frequently no rent at all was demanded. The collectors could be bribed or deceived; exemptions were obtained by fraud or collusion. Under our administration such things become almost impossible. The inexorable taxgatherer, backed by irresistible force, arrives with never-failing punctuality. The collectors' books are verified to the utmost tittle; every inch of land is entered, its very quality is accurately known. When the appointed time comes, and the rent is unpaid, the land itself is sold to satisfy the smallest arrears. Government will not abate a jot of its

\* For an account of the revenue settlement of Bombay and its results, and for an exposure of the lamentable effects of neglect and misgovernment in India, we would refer our readers to the admirable reports of the late Mr. Mackay, published in 1853, under the title of '*Western India*.' It is extraordinary that such a work should not have long ago roused public attention to the deplorable condition of the country it describes.

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demand; it will not even condescend to distraint the goods and chattels which may be upon the land.

In no country in the world is the love of land greater than in India. Under the rule of the native princes, and even of the Mohammedan conquerors, it was rarely if ever sold to satisfy obligations to the State. During the most troublous times this attachment to the soil was respected. Even when a village was deserted and depopulated in the time of war, the right to the land still remained to those who had fled, and who returned as soon as the storm had swept by. Frequently many years elapsed before the owners again sought the fields their ancestors had tilled, and which were consequently their own. No result of the English rule in India has, perhaps, given rise to more hatred of us, and more deep-rooted disaffection, than the summary proceedings of our revenue officers and civil courts in the sale of land; and admitting that some modification of the old system was absolutely necessary for the prosperity of the country,—as an Encumbered Estates Act was necessary for Ireland,—it cannot be denied that it has been as impolitic as unjust to place such enormous power in the hands of the revenue and judicial officers.\* The first consideration has, unfortunately, been the revenue—the last, the rights of the people. The result has been the lamentable but indisputable fact that the poorest parts of our territories are for the most part those which have been longest under our rule; the richest, those which we have most recently acquired.

Thus it is evident that the revenues of India are derived almost exclusively from the rent of land, and that, in raising that rent, we have adopted different and distinct principles, throwing the responsibility of its payment, according to the locality, in one instance upon the great landed proprietor, in another upon the

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\* Mr. Raikes, himself long a revenue officer, gives the following graphic account of the result of the sale law:—‘A war of land-holder against decree-holder, auction purchaser, and all other intruders, began, which has left indelible marks upon the history and condition of the people at large. Law failing, luck failing, the stubborn husbandman had recourse to the last argument, indeed too often the first argument with a Rajpoot, the club or the tulwar. Open affrays, nightly assassinations, endless and bloody feuds, spread over the land. The excitement of the ordinary law courts was tame compared with that which our revenue officers afforded. As the sale day came round, whilst the defaulting land-holder was either kept by the contrivances of the officials in ignorance of his liabilities, or was sulkily abiding the doom of his lands in his old ancestral hill-fort, the sleek money-lender was at his post: the lot was proclaimed, bribes went round, knowing looks passed between the amlah and the capitalist, whilst the collector’s hammer transferred estates, equal, perhaps, in extent and value to a first-rate German principality, from a family of fine fellows whose forefathers had reclaimed it from the wild beasts, to some cunning usurer who would never have the heart to visit his purchase.’—(p. 66.)

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cultivator, and in a third upon the village community in its corporate capacity. Moreover it will be seen that, whilst in one part of India we have created a fee-simple in the land by establishing a permanent settlement, which has bound down the Government to receive a fixed rent for ever without regard to any improvement or deterioration in the value of the soil, and even without allowing for the errors of a hasty and incomplete survey, in others we have destroyed fixity of tenure by reserving to ourselves the right of renewing the terms of the settlement from year to year, or at the utmost at the end of thirty years, and of summary sale of the land for arrears of rent. We have also made this great distinction in legislating for the people, that whilst in Bengal we have not only recognised but built up a landed aristocracy, in the rest of India it has been our object to destroy all large landed proprietors, and to leave only the actual cultivators of the soil, or the smallest tenants, to be dealt with by the State. To carry out this policy to the utmost, and to increase, as far as possible, the revenues, the Inam and Resumption Commissions were instituted. As these commissions have contributed greatly to the hostility to our rule, and have reversed, in a very important point, the policy of those who governed India before our occupation, it is necessary that we should shortly explain their objects.

The former rulers of India, especially the great Mohammedan dynasties, having assumed that they were the general landlords, proceeded to deal with the rent as they thought fit; recognising at the same time the claims of the peasantry and villages, founded upon ancient Hindu law and custom, so that there were really two co-existent proprietary rights—that of the government in the rent, and that of the cultivator in the soil.\* Accordingly, the sovereign was accustomed to assign portions of the rent to individuals, as a reward for services rendered to the State or to be performed for its benefit, or as a mark of royal favour, and as endowments to mosques, temples, and colleges, or as grants to holy men. Thus sprang up that Indian aristocracy, known by the different names of Zemindars, Talookdars, Jaghirdars, &c., and the various religious and charitable endowments called Inams, which are scattered over the land. It was the policy of the native princes, as it still is the policy of the few who retain a nominal independence, to encourage and favour

\* It would appear that the serfs in certain parts of Russia insist upon similar co-existent rights, and that serious disturbances are threatened in consequence of the Russian Government not recognizing their claims to the land they cultivated, but requiring its purchase of their former proprietors as one of the conditions of its retention upon emancipation.

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this class of nobles as a link between themselves and the ryots, and as an influential and powerful body, dependent upon the bounty of the sovereign for the enjoyment of its dignity and wealth, and, consequently, when under proper control, affording a useful and certain support to the State. We have seen that, whilst seeking to maintain this class, and to form out of it a permanent landed aristocracy, Lord Cornwallis, unlike the native sovereigns of India, overlooked those who had the actual proprietary right in the soil itself, and committed a sweeping act of injustice by handing them over unconditionally to the zemindars. It was afterwards suspected, that many of the claims to alienated revenues had really no foundation whatever, or had been originally acquired by fraudulent means. A commission, known as 'the Resumption Commission,' was accordingly appointed to inquire into titles. Unfortunately the government had allowed a considerable period to elapse before entering into this investigation. Holders of estates, who had for many years enjoyed quiet possession, or had received them in the course of succession, suddenly found themselves deprived of their land and reduced to poverty. The proceedings of the commission were harsh and summary. Little respect was paid to the principles of law, either as recognised in England or in India. It is said that one commissioner dispossessed in a single morning no less than 200 proprietors. If the government had made one fatal mistake in alienating their revenues to the zemindars, they were determined to make up for it by confiscating as much as possible of the land, and they were well seconded by 'the Resumption Commission,' composed of their own officers. It is no matter for surprise that such proceedings should have given rise to general alarm and disaffection. The result was so threatening to the tranquillity of Bengal, that the Court of Directors was at length compelled to interfere, and the labours of the commission were suddenly brought to a close. The expense incurred in its inquiries, and the amount of bad feeling engendered, were scarcely compensated by the addition it had made to the resources of the state.

In the Bombay Presidency, especially in the Dekkan, the alienations amounted to a considerable portion of the revenue; and a commission, called the 'Inam Commission,'\* was appointed to inquire into them. The principles laid down for its guidance were:—1. That a surinjam (alienated revenue) granted before A.D. 1751, or held in commutation for anything so granted, should be considered hereditary. 2. That those granted between

\* The term 'Inam' applies strictly to an endowment for religious, charitable, or educational purposes.

A.D. 1751 and 1796 should be continued to the holder at the introduction of the British rule in 1817, and for one generation further, with a pension of half the net proceeds of the surinjam to the third generation. And, 3. That all surinjams granted after 1796 should be continued to the holder at the introduction of British rule; after his death a pension of half the net proceeds being paid to the next generation.

The Inam Commission commenced its inquiries in 1851, thirty-four years after we had taken possession of the Dekkan, certain investigations by other officers having, however, previously taken place. It has not yet concluded them; consequently, proofs of possession and of title for above one hundred years are required to establish an hereditary right, and that in a country which has been over and over again swept by war and civil commotion, and notwithstanding the assurances to the contrary implied by Mr. Elphinstone's proclamation on the annexation of the territories of the Peishwah! Moreover, uninterrupted enjoyment for far shorter periods had established a prescriptive right, which, we believe, in the opinion of some of our ablest English lawyers, was complete as against the Company. Powers, such as have scarcely ever been conferred upon any tribunal or any body of men, are given to the commissioners. They can send their agents with the police at any time of the night or day into the houses of those who are in the receipt of alienated revenue, to search for and seize documents, for which neither a receipt nor a list need be given. There is even no reliance to be placed upon the decision of previous authorities. Surinjams admitted by Mr. Brown in 1847 were subsequently reinquired into and disallowed by Captain Cowper in 1855.\*

Contrary to every rule and principle of law and equity, the East India Company, the plaintiff, constituted itself judge in its own cause. Young men utterly wanting in judicial training and experience, captains in the army or boy civilians, were appointed to the commission. The greater the ingenuity they displayed in upsetting claims the greater their chance of future advancement. Every surinjam disallowed was so much revenue gained. Appeals to higher authorities were only answered by a reference to those who had decided in the first instance, and were ready to insist upon their first decision. Redress was consequently hopeless. Such appeals as were made to the Privy Council in England against decisions of these resumption commissions ended generally in their reversal. But it is well known in India how difficult it is to carry out a decree of the Privy Council against the Com-

\* See 'Correspondence relating to the Scrutiny of the revised Surinjam and Pension Lists.' Bombay, 1856. (Printed for Government.)



pany. This fact and the great expense attending a reference to England prevented appeals, and left the victims of the commission to their despair. Is it surprising that such a state of things should have caused a wide-spread hatred of the Government, and should have filled with well-founded alarm the wisest servants of the Company? All confidence in the word of the Government has been shaken. The cultivators will no longer trust the assurances given them as to the duration and renewal of their revenue settlements. They believe, not unnaturally, that having broken faith with one class, their rulers will not hesitate to do the like with them. The people everywhere see those whom they had been accustomed to look up to with pride as a native landed aristocracy reduced to poverty and want. That part of the revenues of the village which at one time was spent amongst the inhabitants themselves, is now made over to the tax-gatherer, to be no more seen. The castellated mansions, which frowned over many an Indian village, have fallen into ruins. The brothers and sons of the cultivators are no longer the retainers and servants of their ancient chief. The chase is abandoned; the elephants are sold or starved; the Brahmin is no longer supported, and the hungry no longer fed. What would be the result in England if the whole of the landed gentry were suddenly despoiled of their estates, and the rent of every field were to be collected by the Government tax-gatherer for the maintenance of a vast standing army, to be squandered away in useless foreign wars, and to be remitted to some distant island in the Pacific Ocean?

The traveller in the Dekkan will find the proceedings of the Inam Commission the first and gravest cause of complaint against the Government. So general and alarming had become the spirit of disaffection it had engendered, that it was brought suddenly to a close when the rebellion broke out, its introduction into Guzerat, which had been previously contemplated, was at once abandoned, and some of the confiscated estates have been given back. But the mischief has been done, and it will take a century, if we remain so long in India, before confidence in our good faith and justice will be restored. The feeling against us has been increased by the fact that in villages belonging jointly to the Company and native princes, as, for instance, on Holkar's frontier, we have confiscated the surinjams of those who hold land under us, whilst they have been respected on the other side of the boundary line.

There can be no doubt that many frauds had been committed, and that the government had been deprived of much revenue to which it was justly entitled; but the inquiries into titles should

have been instituted at once on our taking possession of the Peishwah's territories, and should have been confided, not to inexperienced servants of the Company, whose claims to promotion depended upon success in confiscation, but to a tribunal whose legal knowledge was unquestioned and whose independence was beyond suspicion. It would, however, have been far more politic, and more advantageous to the State, if, instead of forfeiting rights which had been established by long enjoyment, we had imposed a tax of some kind upon them, either in the form of a yearly payment or of a succession duty. A proposal to this effect had been urged upon the Government by several of its ablest servants, and such a tax was by no means unknown under native sovereigns.

To avoid again placing ourselves in a false position, by allowing a prescriptive right to grow up in consequence of our own negligence, we have in the North-west Provinces and the Punjab dealt with alienated revenues immediately on the introduction of our revenue system, or on entering into possession of the country. But the result in those provinces has been to a great extent the same as in the Dekkan: the aristocracy and landed gentry who have escaped destruction by the settlement have been ruined by the resumption of alienated land.\*

The fatal effects of this policy has now been too fully recognised in the case of Oude to render it necessary for us to dwell upon it at any length. The first step of the Indian government, after the annexation of that kingdom, was to place the settlement of its revenues in the hands of officers who had been trained in carrying out the system adopted in the North-western Provinces. Proprietary rights were treated with a reckless indifference unknown to English law or English justice. Confiscation succeeded annexation, to such an extent that even the East India Company, greedy as it was after revenue, was compelled to interfere. The North-western revenue collectors were recalled or stayed, and Sir Henry Lawrence was sent to restore confidence to the few landholders who had escaped the wholesale destruction. One of the first steps taken by that distinguished statesman was, we have reason to believe, to write to Maun Sing and other landholders to express his regret at the treatment they had experienced, and to assure them that, had he been earlier in Oude, they would have been otherwise dealt with. But it was now too late: already an exasperated people were ready to

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\* On taking possession of 'the assigned districts' of the Deccan, we stopped all payment of alienated revenue until proofs of right were established—thus confounding fraudulent and legal titles! It was only after continued remonstrances that the Government consented to allow these revenues to be received under protest, and subject to future inquiry.



rise against our rule, and they too soon found the occasion to take a terrible revenge. How much misery, how much suffering, how much bloodshed has our Oude policy entailed, not only upon ourselves, but upon those for whose protection and welfare we declared ourselves justified in committing an act of unexampled injustice and bad faith!

It was a just and a wise policy which led to the condemnation of the principles laid down in Lord Canning's notorious proclamation, as originally drafted, for dealing with the landholders of that kingdom. This indeed has now been universally acknowledged, not only in England, but in India itself. Mr. Montgomery, one of the oldest and most experienced of our Indian administrators, has, since his appointment as chief commissioner in Oude, repudiated that proclamation altogether, and has acted with signal success upon the very opposite principles—those set forth in Lord Ellenborough's despatch. We understand, moreover, that a similar policy has been adopted in dealing with the rebel chiefs of Rohilcund, whose grievances are of a much remoter date and perhaps less well founded than those of our newly-acquired subjects in Oude. When the heat of party has cooled, and the people of this country can judge with dispassionate calmness of the events of this great crisis, justice will be done to one who truly loved India, and would have dealt with her in a comprehensive and far-seeing spirit of equity, moderation, and forbearance worthy of a British statesman.

If the result of the rebellion in India has proved one thing more than another, it is the failure of our revenue settlement in the North-west Provinces to accomplish the objects of its projectors and advocates. In endeavouring to conciliate the cultivators by destroying the landed gentry we have only succeeded in putting both classes against us. With very few exceptions, the talookdars and landed proprietors, who had been dispossessed of their estates by the revenue collectors, or by sales under decrees of the civil courts, have taken advantage of the recent troubles to return, with the full consent and by the assistance even of the ryots and small tenants, to their former holdings.\* The Punjab may still be pointed to by some as a proof that our system works well, at least, in one great instance; but we have reason to believe that Indian civilians, of great authority, begin to entertain serious misgivings as to the ultimate result of its introduction into that

\* We perceive that a bill has already been introduced into the legislative council to enable the Government to restore estates to those who have been dispossessed, and that Mr. Ricketts, the new member of council, has opposed the bill and suggested an entire revision of our revenue system, upon the failure of which he strongly insists.

province. Sir John Lawrence has now found the necessity of relying upon, and has skilfully availed himself of the native aristocracy; but no man acquainted with Indian history can fail to look with very deep apprehension upon the relations we have been forced in our weakness to establish with the brave and ambitious chiefs of the Punjaub, and the power we have placed in their hands by arming so large a portion of that warlike population.

On the other hand, notwithstanding the discontent prevailing throughout Bengal, and the wretchedness and poverty of its inhabitants, the landed gentry, with recognised proprietary rights and enjoying a fee-simple tenure of the land, have been so far identified in interest with the government and have felt that they have so little to gain by any change, that, with few exceptions, they have not only remained faithful, but have aided the government in maintaining tranquillity. At the same time this province is the most flourishing and highly cultivated part of our Indian dominions. The results, therefore, of the rebellion have proved two great facts of the utmost importance to direct our future policy in ruling India—the necessity of a class holding the position of our landed gentry as a link between the rulers and the cultivators of the soil, and the advantage of a fixity of tenure of land.

The condition of Oude, as described by Sir William Sleeman, has been frequently dwelt upon not only as a conclusive argument in favour of the annexation of that kingdom, but in support of the policy of destroying the native landed aristocracy. We will not enter into the merits of the annexation. The question is not whether Oude was ill or well governed, but whether we violated a solemn treaty binding upon us. This is a matter for the decision of those best versed in the law of nations, and we are willing to rest our condemnation of that most unparalleled act of bad faith upon the professional opinion of Dr. Travers Twiss, with which many of our readers are probably acquainted. As regards the misconduct of the talookdars it must be borne in mind that these men very much resemble the Barons of England in the Middle Ages. Unrestrained by the strong hand of the law or by a vigorous government, they become semi-independent chiefs, ambitious to increase their power and their wealth, and ready at any time to enforce their pretensions or to satisfy their avarice by an appeal to arms. In this condition of society the strong naturally prey upon the weak. In all countries such has been the case before the executive became strong enough to keep turbulent and ambitious men under control; but its power, once fully established, this troublesome class settled down into a landed aristocracy, useful to the Crown and to the State. A wise policy



policy should lead us in India to turn such men to our purpose, not to destroy them altogether. To replace them we have nothing but the money lender, who, still charging the exorbitant interest that once marked anarchy and misrule, and accumulating wealth under our protecting sway, buys up the land summarily sold for arrears of revenue, too frequently by connivance with the native revenue-officers, and evicts the ancient proprietor. He has no hold upon the affections or sympathies of the people. He is despised by them, and upon the first outbreak is driven from the estate which has been knocked down to him by the hammer under the decree of a civil court or by order of the revenue collector, but to which, in the popular opinion, he has no good title whatever.

The report of Sir W. Sleeman upon the state of Oude has led to the hasty conclusion that Indian landholders are little better than beasts of prey, whose sole occupation consists in destroying their neighbour's property, and in reducing to ruin their own. But this social disorganisation could only have occurred during a complete state of anarchy, such as may have existed at times in Oude as in other parts of India, and for which we ourselves have been too frequently responsible in consequence of the support and countenance we have afforded to native dynasties. It is to the interest of the proprietor that his villages should be flourishing, and their inhabitants contented. As his wealth depends upon their prosperity, it must be his object to help and protect them. In cases of distress and want, he can lower his rents or make such remissions as will enable the cultivator to tide over evil times, and still to keep the land which the hereditary occupation of centuries has endeared to him with a love almost unknown in any other country; a love so great, that the magistrate in India will tell you that it is scarcely necessary to make any great effort to capture a man who has been guilty of the gravest crime, as no fear will prevent him from returning, sooner or later, to his little plot of ground which has come to him from his fathers.

Nowhere will so much wealth, comfort, or prosperity be found, as in a well-administered jaghir, or private estate, in the dominions of a native prince. There is little doubt that some of the most flourishing and happy districts of the peninsula existed in the independent states, such, for instance, as Nagpore; and that annexation to our territories has been followed by speedy decay and abject want. In the dominions of Holkar and Scindia, many a village head-man has accumulated a little money,—in those of the Company, such cases are rare indeed. On the other hand, no population can be more oppressed and more poverty-stricken

stricken than that of a district belonging to a bad and reckless chief, who can defy or bribe the government. In Oude the disgraceful outrages and misery described by Sir W. Sleeman, were the results not of any inherent vice in the talookdar system, but of feeble and demoralized rulers, whose action and authority had been weakened by our interference, who relied upon our support for their persistence in criminal negligence, and who had been induced to commit acts of injustice and oppression to replace the money which we had done them the honour of borrowing, and had not repaid. We much fear that a case might be made out against the East India Company not less grave and damaging than that against the King of Oude, by any one who would make a progress similar to that of Sir W. Sleeman through Bengal, and collect from the mouths of the people the stories of oppression, misrule, injustice and extortion. With the evidence given before Mr. Ewart's Committee,\* with the petitions to parliament of the missionaries and European inhabitants of Calcutta, with Mr. Halliday's minute on the police in Bengal, and with the reports of the torture commission in Madras, we may well pause before we condemn the native princes of India, and commit another act of bad faith and injustice on the pretence of insuring the happiness of their subjects.

The most important question of Imperial policy, after the good government of our own territories, is that of our relations with native states. The rebellion has forced this subject upon our consideration, and we must now deal with it on definite principles. The terrible consequences of our recent conduct towards the native dynasties of India has led those who have been mainly responsible for them, to deny that there ever has been 'a policy of annexation,' and to declare that we have annexed from absolute necessity, and not as part of any general scheme. But this is not the case. For many years a controversy has been carried on amongst Indian statesmen as to whether we can best govern our Indian empire by maintaining a certain number of native states, and playing them off one against the other, taking care that they shall not, individually or collectively, become too strong, and that they shall not have any common interests or sympathies to bind them together; or whether we should absorb them all into our own dominions, remove every rival from the

\* Although this Committee was appointed to examine into the subject of European colonization in India, it has entered into a far wider range of inquiry, embracing almost every important question connected with our policy in India. If such had been the intention of the House of Commons, a different Committee ought to have been named, and due notice have been given of its object. We trust that the startling revelations which have been made before it, will lead to further investigation.



scene, and leave no native power around which the various populations of India could gather in case of a serious revolt against our rule. According to one party we can never govern India economically and well as long as we cannot extend our laws and regulations over the whole face of the Peninsula, and cannot have one general system of administration. Those who take the opposite view, maintain that the more we extend our dominions the less perfect will our administration become; that we have not the means or the men to rule so vast an empire, and that whilst we might govern a part well, and ensure the sincere affection and support of the people, we can only govern the whole ill, and incur their hatred and opposition. Successive governor-generals have had to choose between the two policies. Lord Ellenborough declared himself against the policy of annexation when he restored to Scindia his conquered territories. Lord Dalhousie acted upon it during the whole of his term of office, and boldly avowed it in his celebrated minute on quitting India. The one saved our empire, the other has brought it to the verge of ruin.

No one acquainted with the course of recent events will be inclined to doubt that we owe the maintenance of our rule in India to the fidelity of certain of the native princes such as the Nizam of the Dekkan, Scindia, Holkar, and the Rajah of Puteeala. Had either of them openly declared against us, no Englishman would probably have remained in the peninsula. The Nizam would have carried with him the wavering populations of southern and central India; in either Scindia or Holkar the formidable Mahrattas would have found an hereditary chief of great influence, of youthful activity, and of no inconsiderable military abilities; the hostility of the Puteeala Rajah would have left us without those Sikh allies, by whose aid alone we have been able to subdue the rebellion in the north. These four princes, the Rajpoot chiefs who have remained for the most part neutral or indifferent spectators of the struggle, and one or two petty rajahs, are the only native rulers to whom we have left any shadow of their former independence or over whom the doom of annexation is not actually pending. We do not include Nepaul, which is scarcely an Indian state, although the result of a wise policy and friendly relations with a native power have, in this instance, been remarkably illustrated.

Fortunately for us, the Nizam, whom Lord Dalhousie bullied into the surrender of his three richest districts, and had likened, in a letter full of unworthy invective and sarcasm, 'to the dust under his feet'—for it is thus that, forgetting the maxims of English justice and forbearance, the strong treat the weak in India—had died before the outbreak. His successor was guided  
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by the counsels of Salar Jung, who honourably respected treaties and justly estimated the power of England and the value of her alliance in supporting the Hyderabad dynasty on the throne. Opposed by the Mohammedan aristocracy, except the Shems ul Umra, the oldest and most influential of the Hyderabad nobles, threatened by the turbulent populace of the city and unsupported by his own troops, this statesman remained, at the risk of his life, faithful to the English. Had the Company annexed the Nizam's dominions, as it had been urged to do more than once by unscrupulous officials, we should have been unable to control one of the most dangerous and fanatical Mussulman populations in India. The reward the Nizam expects for the services he has rendered to us is probably the restoration of the 'assigned districts,' which were filched from his father by a series of manœuvres as unjust and discreditable to the British name as any that may be found in the history of our administration of British India.\*

The fidelity of Scindia had been purchased by the generosity of Lord Ellenborough. When the defeat of a wanton aggression upon us, and the utter destruction of its army had placed the Gwalior state at our mercy, the governor-general, considering the extreme youth of its sovereign, restored him to his throne, and acknowledged the independence of his kingdom. In justice to Lord Canning, let it be added that he contributed not a little, by the profession of a just and wise policy, to confirm the fidelity of Scindia. When the Maharajah was about to quit Calcutta, which he had visited shortly before the rebellion, the Governor-General at his last audience complimented him on the successful administration of his territories and the wise introduction of useful reforms, and added that he hoped, if such measures were persevered in, the ancient Hindu custom would not be departed from—meaning that the Government would recognise his adopted successor instead of annexing his kingdom, in the event of the failure of direct male heirs. This remark appears to have made a deep impression upon the Maharajah, and he has shown that gratitude, a sense of which we are too much in the habit of unjustly denying to the natives of India. He gave the British officers at Gwalior ample notice of the approaching mutiny of the troops, and offered them his palace as a place of refuge for themselves, their wives, and children. Had his warning and advice, and that of the distinguished resident at his court, Major Macpherson, been received, the history of the

\* We have not space to give even a sketch of this transaction. The garbled Blue Book on the subject, laid before Parliament upon the motion of the late Mr. Hume, will, however, afford an insight into its true nature.



mutinies would have been spared one of its saddest chapters. After the massacre, and the escape of the survivors through his assistance, he resolutely held back the revolted troops, eager to burst upon the British territories. They forced themselves into his presence, and presenting their loaded muskets to his breast, threatened him with instant death, unless he placed himself at their head. When threats failed, they endeavoured to cajole him with promises of the restoration of the Mahratta empire, but, nobly seconded by his minister, Dinker Rao, he resisted both threats and persuasion, and, under various pretences, succeeded in retaining the mutineers until he received intelligence that we were prepared to deal with them. They were then allowed to cross our frontiers, and were totally defeated by Sir Colin Campbell at Cawnpore.

Holkar had succeeded to the throne by adoption. His rights as an adopted son in default of a male heir were admitted, and the East India Company compromised by the act of the British Resident. Lord Dalhousie condemned that act emphatically, and signified to Holkar that for the future the English Government would not recognise the Hindu law. It required no ordinary reliance upon English justice and a knowledge of English power to counteract the effect of this impolitic declaration. Fortunately the education of Holkar from his childhood had been confided to the superintendence of a man who treated the natives of India with justice and kindness, and who ventured to respect the rights and feelings even of a 'nigger.' The lessons taught by Sir Robert Hamilton and by a visit to Bombay, where he had been received by Lord Elphinstone, had not been thrown away. When the revolted regiments called out to him, on his refusing to lead them against the English, 'What would your great ancestor have done at such a moment?' he boldly replied, 'That I cannot say; but I know what he would not have done—he would not have joined the murderers of women and children!' His life, like that of Scindia's, was threatened by the mutineers; but he unflinchingly persevered in his fidelity to us, saved the lives of many Christian families by receiving them in his palace, and rescued those who had fallen into the hands of hostile chiefs. The return we have made to him for these great services has been to insult him in his capital, to demand the surrender of his near relatives as traitors, and to hang summarily and with scarcely the form of, we will not say a trial, but an inquiry, his own subjects! \*

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\* It is to be regretted that when Dr. Duff's letters were re-published, many statements credited at the time they were written, but proved by subsequent events to be completely unfounded, were not modified or omitted altogether by the

It is probable that the state of Puteeala would have been annexed by Lord Dalhousie—the measure, we believe, had been frequently contemplated—had not a fear of Parliamentary interference fortunately prevailed to delay or prevent the measure. The personal confidence of the Rajah had been conciliated by Sir John Lawrence. On the breaking out of the rebellion, unhesitatingly declaring in our favour, he marched with our troops upon Delhi and has proved our most valuable ally. Several Sikh independent chiefs of the same class, though less powerful, were induced to join us on the promise of a reward from the British Government. We have heard that after Delhi had fallen, and when they asked what that reward was to be, they were told that it was to consist of their being allowed to retain their own territories, and that they might consider themselves very lucky, as, had they shown any ill feeling towards the Government, they would have been stripped of all they possessed. Some such reply was, we fear, even given to the Rajah of Puteeala. If so, we trust that it has not received the sanction of either Lord Canning or the authorities at home.

Let us turn to the other side of the picture. Upon Oude we have already touched—the fatal results of its annexation are now too well known to require recapitulation here. We have learnt by bitter experience how that signal breach of faith shook the confidence of the princes of India in British honour and the British word. We will cite another example, and one scarcely less striking, from the letters published under the well known signature of Indophilus. The writer will not be accused of hostility to the East India Company.

‘When Lord William Bentinck was returning to Calcutta from his tour of the Upper Provinces, he passed by Jhansi. This was then a well-ordered little state. The Rao was a sensible, high-spirited young man; his aristocracy and army were composed of two or three thousand persons, chiefly of his own family and tribe, and his villages and people had as good an appearance as any in India. It had been arranged that the title of Maharajah (*magnus rex*) was to be conferred upon him. After the ceremony had been performed in the presence of all orders of his people, the Maharajah approached the Governor-General in the attitude of supplication, and said he had one more boon to crave, the con-

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the Editor. Thus, for instance, we have at p. 59, an account of Holkar's treachery, then current in India, but since entirely contradicted. (*See 'Report of Occurrences at Mhow,' by Capt. Hungerford, printed for private circulation.*) In like manner the book contains details of horrible atrocities committed by the mutineers, now found to be mere inventions, although generally believed in India when Dr. Duff wrote. It must be remembered that such statements, on the authority of a man of Dr. Duff's reputation, now deliberately re-published, are calculated to do much mischief and to mislead very greatly.

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cession of which would complete his happiness and make him the devoted servant of the Government for life. As this was not in the programme, Lord William naturally suspected some interested application for additional territory; but when the Maharajah was asked what more he wanted, he replied, "To be permitted to adopt the British flag as the flag of my State." This was granted without a moment's hesitation, and a union jack was placed in the Maharajah's hands, and was immediately hoisted by his order from the highest tower of his castle under a salute from 100 guns. The meaning of the request was unmistakeable. The adoption of the flag of the supreme power by a dependent chieftain was the most impressive symbol of attachment and union of interests. After this came the change of policy, the death of the Maharajah, the annexation, and the invasion.'

Indophilus then contrasts Jhansi with the small state of Kerowlee, the annexation of which was only prevented by the interference of the Home Government on a threatened motion in the House of Commons, and whose chief has remained faithful to us during the rebellion.

Jhansi, with its 2532 square miles and 200,000 inhabitants, figures in the list presented to Parliament of native territories annexed by Lord Dalhousie. The Rhanee, the representative of the ruler who received Lord William Bentinck, driven to despair by the confiscation of what she considered the lawful rights of her family, rose at the first signal of the mutiny and revenged herself upon the unhappy Europeans who were within her reach. Few escaped one of the bloodiest and most treacherous massacres that we have had to deplore in India. The reduction of this stronghold has occupied an army, and has been one of the most difficult operations of the war.

It is not only in its results as affecting our relations with the native states, but as regards the government of our own territories, that the policy of annexation is so dangerous to our rule. The dominions of the Company by this process of absorption have become so vast in extent that we have no longer the power of administering them efficiently. Lord Dalhousie alone added to them not less than 225,000 square miles, and considerably above twenty millions of human beings. Most of the fundamental evils to which the disaffection of our subjects in India may be traced, and which caused the rebellion, grow out of this inordinate extension of our empire. The civil service, numbering scarcely more than eight hundred Englishmen, is entirely inadequate to the administration of territories comprising nearly one hundred and eighty millions of inhabitants. To make up as much as possible for the want of civil servants, military men are employed, our native troops are thus left destitute of officers, and discipline is necessarily relaxed; those who remain behind believe themselves ill-treated as they cannot

cannot obtain staff appointments; they lose interest in the condition of their regiments, mutinies are hatched, and a whole army turns its arms against us. The number of British civil administrators is so small that districts of vast extent must be assigned to them, over which by the utmost physical exertions it would be impossible to exercise any personal supervision. Young men fresh from school and the play-ground are entrusted, as Mr. Halliday informs us in his *Minute*, with magisterial functions, over hundreds of thousands of human beings, are invested with almost unlimited power, and are scarcely under check or control. The duties and details are left in the hands of native officials, who are ill paid and of the worst character. Hence arises that system of injustice, corruption, oppression, and torture, which is the opprobrium of our rule in India, and those disgraceful delays and evasions in the administration of justice, which have rendered our laws a mockery, and have left without protection the miserable cultivators of the soil. Whilst it would be eminently unjust to accuse the civil service of India of any wilful participation in these shameful misdeeds, the Government is so far responsible for them, that through its policy they can be committed with impunity. Taken as a whole no class of men more honourable, more pure, more earnest, and more able than the civil servants of India has ever existed. Exposed to great temptations, entrusted with a power rarely exceeded, and placed almost beyond the control of either Government or public opinion, they have exercised their functions with moderation, and have impressed those who have personal relations with them with a conviction that they are truthful, just, humane, and incorruptible. They are anxiously desirous to protect the natives, and to shield them from injustice. But the people know nothing of them, and they, with few exceptions, know nothing of the people. No conscientious civil servant in India will deny, whatever the representatives of the East India Company in the House of Commons may do, that exaction, torture, and oppression are committed with impunity around them. They lament and deplore the evil, but it is not in their power to remedy it. The task imposed upon them is greater than any one man can possibly perform. The indignation of Parliament, when these things become known, may compel the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry. Revelations of the most revolting and heart-rending nature may be made to it. Protestations of horror and sympathy are freely uttered, promises of redress are given, but up to this time nothing has been done to afford a remedy or to check the evil. The East India Company by persisting in its old courses has become morally responsible for their results. Shocking to say, at this moment  
torture



torture of the most fearful description flourishes throughout Madras and Bengal, and justice is denied to the poor. If we will not credit missionaries or planters, we cannot reject the admission of one of the highest of the Company's civil servants. It is Mr. Halliday who possibly tells us in that remarkable *Minute* we have already quoted, that

‘Throughout the length and breadth of the country the strong prey almost universally upon the weak, and that the general native opinion is certainly that the administration of criminal justice is little better than a lottery, in which, however, the best chances are with the criminal.’

Let it always be remembered that the poor ignorant peasantry of India can make no distinction between the government and its agents. They cannot believe that the tax-gatherer or the policeman, who, protected from resistance by the uniform and badge of the state, pours boiling oil upon their emaciated limbs, scorches their flesh in the burning sun, inserts red-hot irons into the most sensitive parts of their persons, and commits other atrocities too horrible to be described, and spares neither age nor sex, is not supported by the whole power and authority of their English rulers. They cannot believe that the last miserable copper bit, which they unroll from the rag round their loins to give to the *chuprassi*, who watches at the door of the English magistrate, before he will condescend to receive for his master a petition showing their sufferings and their wrongs, is not a fee to the magistrate himself. They only know the government through its crushing irresistible power, and through the inexorable tax-gatherer, the grasping agent of the law, or the cruel policeman. Those poor timid *ryots*, who would be reconciled or indifferent to any rule were they only treated with bare justice, are driven into rebellion by our own officers and our own neglect. Millions in India have never even heard of the Governor-General. Millions know not by whom they are governed, or whom they are to obey; the ‘East India Company’ is an unintelligible fiction to them. Millions perhaps have never even seen a white face. We in England can scarcely ‘realise’ the state of things we have described; when we do get a glimpse of it, we endeavour to justify ourselves by exclaiming that the natives of India were ‘worse off’ under their own rulers, and that consequently they have no right to complain. We are inclined to question the fact—we altogether reject the conclusion.

As an instance of the various results of annexation, let us take the three ‘assigned districts’—the long-coveted and most valuable provinces of the Nizam of the Dekkan. They are rich in agricultural produce, and they afford convenient frontiers for our presidencies. We demand their cession in liquidation of a debt incurred

incurred through a contingent army forced for our own convenience upon the state—a debt to which, moreover, there are counter claims we refuse to acknowledge. The debtor is not allowed to select his own security. No! we must have the three districts we have pointed out—part of Berar, Nuldroog, and the Reichar Doab. They are separated by several hundred miles; but each has its special attraction for us. They have furnished the best part of the revenues of the Nizam. Deprived of them his finances will get into disorder, additional taxes will have to be levied, his people will be oppressed, insurrection will ensue, and there will be general misery and anarchy. So much the better! We shall have to step in and to protect his misgoverned subjects by deposing him and annexing the whole of his territories. We have pledged ourselves by treaty, it is true, to administer the ceded districts and to pay over the surplus, after satisfying our own demands and expenses, to the Nizam. Does any one believe that a farthing of surplus would, under the Company's administration, ever find its way into the Nizam's treasury? The first result of the annexation has been accomplished. We have excited the fears and suspicion of every other native prince in India, all of whom will anticipate the same fate. By taking possession of a part, we have ruined the whole of the native state—we have added to the wretchedness of the inhabitants—we have involved their ruler in inextricable embarrassments. He will wind himself daily more surely in the fatal web, until we are at leisure to suck his blood.

Now, what are the results as far as our own subjects are concerned? Civil servants must be found for the administration of the newly-acquired territory. A sufficient number cannot be spared from the presidencies. One—an honourable, just, and humane man, of experience and ability, and anxious to promote the welfare and happiness of those committed to his charge—is selected as commissioner of the three districts. His subordinates, upon whom most important civil duties devolve, are military men, taken from active duty in their regiments. He is no sooner installed in his new post than he finds himself the unwilling instrument of every kind of injustice and oppression. All civil and criminal cases of any importance can be tried by him alone. The parties, witnesses, police, and all persons concerned in the trial, must be sent to his court, which may be held in the southernmost district, above four hundred miles from the most northern part of his jurisdiction. Innocent men may be dragged from their homes and compelled to walk the whole distance, chiefly through the territories of an independent state. Their journey may take place during the floods of the rainy season,



or under the scorching heat of an Indian sun. Their harvest may have to be neglected or their labours suspended. A year may elapse before they can return to their native village—ruined men. The police, with their miserable pittance of a few shillings a-year, the accuser or plaintiff, and the witnesses have all to go through the same hardships. Is it surprising that those who are wronged should forbear to prosecute; that witnesses should refuse to give evidence; that the police should allow the guilty to escape? But the government steps in with a wise provision! If the accused admits his guilt, his confession may be taken down, and the commissioner may proceed to give his verdict without the presence of the parties concerned, who are then released from their long and harassing journey. The beetle burying into the vitals, the boiling oil, the cleft-stick—all the horrid paraphernalia of Indian torture are ready at hand; and if a confession cannot be obtained, the police is less ingenious and less persevering than it may claim to be in most parts of India.

Neither time nor means are found for building prisons or other necessary public works. Prisoners of all classes are crammed together into a dungeon so small that, when the sun goes down, they fight for the little space upon which only a few can lie during the weary night. Within one month forty die of disease, produced by neglect, want of air, and filth. The rest, driven to despair, attempt an escape: twenty are shot down dead. Such is a picture—and not an imaginary picture—of the results of one of the most recent cases of annexation!

But what is the effect of this policy upon the character of the people? How far has it encouraged or bred those very vices for which we condemn the unhappy natives of India? Let a great authority be heard on this subject. Many years ago, Sir Thomas Munro, protesting in a letter to the Marquis of Hastings, then Governor-General, against the policy of annexation and our interference in native states, thus wrote, in a spirit of wisdom and foresight rarely excelled:—

‘Even if all India could be brought under the British dominion, it is very questionable whether such a change, either as it regards the natives or ourselves, ought to be desired. One effect of such a conquest would be, that the Indian army, having no longer any warlike neighbours to combat, would gradually lose its military habits and discipline, and that the native troops would have leisure to feel their own strength, and, for want of other employment, to turn it against their European masters. But even if we could be secured against every internal convulsion, and could retain the country quietly in subjection, I doubt much if the condition of its people would be better than under their native princes. The strength of the British Government enables it to put down every rebellion, to

invasion, and to give to its subjects a degree of protection which those of no native prince enjoy. Its laws and institutions also afford them a security from domestic oppression unknown in those states. But these advantages are dearly bought; they are purchased by the sacrifice of independence, of national character, and of whatever renders a people respectable. It is from men who either hold or are eligible to public office that nations take their character: where no such men exist, there can be no energy in any other class of the community. The effect of this state of things is observable in all the British provinces, whose inhabitants are certainly the most abject race in India. The consequence, therefore, of the conquest of India by the British arms would be, in place of raising, to debase the whole people. There is perhaps no example of any conquest in which the natives have been so completely excluded from all share of the government of their country as in British India.

‘Among all the disorders of the native states, the field is open for every man to raise himself; and hence among them there is a spirit of emulation, of restless enterprise and independence, far preferable to the servility of our Indian subjects.’—*Munro’s Life*, p. 249.

We have thus stated the principal causes which, added to the natural antipathy of race, have led to the hatred of our rule in India. Some of them can no longer be removed. The territories we have annexed must remain a part of our empire. To restore them now would be a sign of weakness or defeat, which might produce the most disastrous consequences. Providence punishes states as well as individuals for their misdeeds. In Oude we have raised our own Nemesis. There are, however, other evils which, by a wise and prudent policy, may be remedied. We have no space left to enter upon so vast and difficult a subject as the changes necessary in the future government of India. Our readers will doubtless have foreseen that, in our opinion, they should be directed to two great objects: the improvement of the social condition of the people; and to the remodelling of our revenue system, with a view to the creation of a fixity of tenure in land. We have purposely avoided the subject of the reconstruction of our native army, as it is a purely military question, separated from that of civil administration, and to be dealt with as a distinct matter.

To improve the condition of the natives of India, we believe the following measures to be chiefly essential: the introduction both in the English and vernacular tongues of a sound system of general education—we do not mean in its higher branches, but as applied to the people at large; a thorough reform of our judicial and police systems, in conformity with the recommendations long urged in vain upon the East India Company by the ablest and most experienced of its own servants, so that all classes



classes may have cheap and speedy justice and be protected from oppression; the extension of public works, such as ordinary roads, railways, canals, and the means of irrigation, in order to develop to the utmost the vast resources of the country; the gradual admission of natives to places of higher influence, rank, and emolument; the construction of the legislative council of India and of the councils in the presidencies on a more liberal footing, with a view to admitting into them representatives, not only of the independent European element, but of the native populations; and lastly, a renunciation of that policy of annexation which has rendered the well governing of our own territories almost impossible.

To establish a fixity of tenure in land, it will be necessary to introduce once for all, throughout our Indian possessions, a well-digested system for raising our revenues, and for apportioning the taxation more equally amongst all classes of the people; removing some of the burden from the land, which has hitherto borne nearly the whole, and placing a share of it upon the money-lenders and traders, who have alone prospered and grown rich under our rule, and have hitherto contributed little or nothing to the charges of the state.\* A scheme for the gradual redemption of the rent, treated as a land-tax, should be matured, and the Government, without at first attempting to force it upon the people, should take every means of encouraging and aiding those who might wish to avail themselves of it, until the natives of India themselves should see its advantages by its results in the wealth and prosperity of those who enjoy the fee-simple of the soil. At the same time the cultivators and tenants should be protected in their rights by wise and liberal laws. A race of landholders might then be created, and might replace the landed gentry which we have destroyed, as a link between ourselves and the actual tillers of the soil. Colonization would increase; Englishmen of wealth and enterprise might be induced to devote their capital and their energies to the development of the unbounded resources of this fertile land, and we might boast, as Seneca did of the Romans, that 'wherever we conquer we inhabit.'

It may have been vain to look for such changes as we have pointed out under the East India Company. Now that the government of India is to be transferred to the Crown, let us hope that the weight of public opinion in this country may ultimately bring them about. It is for us to bear in mind unceasingly the stu-

\* We entirely concur in the proposition made by Lord Ellenborough to send a commission to India to inquire into the finances. This is a question of the utmost importance, as bearing upon the settlement and well-being of the country, and one which has hitherto been lamentably neglected.

pendous fact, that we have undertaken to rule nearly two hundred millions of our fellow men, and that upon us their present happiness and their future civilization must depend. We have scarcely any direct interest in India except the well-being of its varied populations. If we cannot effect this end, it is a question of the most momentous consideration how far we are justified, either by prudence or by right, in remaining there at all. We derive no revenue for imperial purposes by our occupation; we are by the mal-administration of our finances inflicting on India a permanent debt which may lead to her perpetual embarrassment, and for which England may find herself one day morally responsible; we are exhausting our military resources, and may have to drain them still more to reconquer and maintain our supremacy; and we have taken upon ourselves to govern a vast empire far removed from our shores, which may become a serious source of embarrassment to us, if the day should unfortunately come when this country were threatened with a great war.

One thing is certain, that in the present state of our relations with India every effort should be made to conciliate the people, and to restore confidence in our justice and humanity. From the course already taken, to his infinite credit, by Lord Canning, in opposition to evil councillors and local exasperation, we cannot expect any other policy from him. We cannot wage a war of extermination against a whole race, or even against a whole army. The time is come when we must acknowledge our own errors and deal leniently and mercifully with those who may have been partly driven into rebellion by them. It is for us to remove the seeds of disaffection which have been sown throughout the length and breadth of the land. Some may still persist in denying that the populations have shared or sympathised in the mutiny, and may yet reject the evidence which every fresh mail brings from India. Let us at least take care in good time, that, if this insurrection be quelled, we may not hereafter have to face a second far more general and more formidable—one in which the whole people of India may rise against us, exasperated by a sense of injustice and wrong.

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# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—PUBLICATIONS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY:—

- a. *The Life of Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, translated from the Italian of Vasari* by G. A. Bezzi. With Notes and Illustrations. 1850.
- b. *Giotto and his Works in Padua, being an Explanatory Notice of the Series of Woodcuts executed for the Arundel Society, after the Frescoes in the Arena Chapel.* By John Ruskin. 1854.
- c. *Notices of Sculpture in Ivory, a Lecture delivered by M. Digby Wyatt, at a general meeting of the Arundel Society; and a catalogue of specimens of Ancient Ivory Carvings in various collections, by E. Oldfield, M.A.* (With Photographic Illustrations.) 1856.
- d. *Account of Perugino's Fresco of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, at Panicale.* By A. H. Layard, Esq. 1858.
- e. *Photographs after the Paintings by Tintoretto in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice; with Descriptive Notice extracted from Mr. Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice.'*

THE Arundel Society, whose publications we have placed at the head of this article, was founded about nine years ago by several gentlemen distinguished amongst the lovers of art, and known as its most liberal patrons. Of its council were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lindsay, Sir John Hippesley, the late Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Charles Newton, since well known from his successful researches on the site of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus. It was called after Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, 'the father of *Virtù* in England,' whose name is connected with some of the most valuable remains of classic antiquity in this country; and who, according to the author of 'The Compleat Gentleman,' was 'as great for his noble patronage of art as for his high birth and place.' Its objects were, 'the preservation of the record and the diffusion of the knowledge of the most important monuments of painting and sculpture, by engravings and other mechanical means of reproduction,' such contributions towards the illustration of the history of art being calculated, it was hoped, to elevate the standard of taste, and

thus have a beneficial influence upon our schools of painting and sculpture.

In pursuance of this design the Society has issued to its members, for the moderate yearly subscription of one guinea, the works we have enumerated; and, in addition, has published, for general sale, three admirable reductions by Mr. Cheverton's process from the Elgin Marbles of the so-called Theseus, the Ilissus, and a group of two horsemen from the Panathenaic procession, and a series of about one hundred and seventy facsimiles in 'fictile ivory,' of ancient ivory carvings. The figures from the Elgin Marbles have enjoyed a well deserved popularity, and have, it is hoped, had that influence which the highest ideal of the human form, the union of matchless physical beauty with the greatest outward expression of intellectual power—the truest embodiment of the ancient Greek mind—must to all time exercise upon art. The ivories, extending over a period commencing with the second century and ending with the fifteenth, are as instructive to the art-student as to the archæologist, forming, as they do, almost a complete history of the art of design itself, from its decay under the later Roman Empire to its resuscitation in the middle ages.

Last year the Council announced its intention of enlarging the sphere of action of the Society, by publishing a series of copies in colour of the most important frescoes of Italy, as comprising the greatest works of the greatest masters nursed in that cradle of Christian art, and more especially as illustrating the highest object and aim of painting, when forming, as in its best period, an essential part of architectural decoration. We think its decision a wise one, and well calculated, if judiciously executed, to enable those who lack the advantage of seeing the frescoes themselves, to understand their character and merits, and to aid in giving a right direction to that better feeling for art which is gradually, but we trust surely, springing up in England.

Moreover, the Society may thus render most material service to painting by preserving, through faithful copies, the record of some of its grandest monuments. Although the frescoes of the golden age of modern art, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the early part of the sixteenth, include the masterpieces of the most illustrious Italian painters, they have been but recently understood or appreciated, and are even yet but little known. They were not, like the easel picture, a portable object of curiosity or of admiration, of actual money value to its owner. They had remained for centuries and would remain until time dragged them from the walls, in public buildings and churches. To keep them in repair and to preserve them from  
injury



injury by weather or men's hands money was required; and money is unfortunately not easily obtained for such purposes from the Italian citizen. Covering in rich profusion the sides, within and without, of town-halls, cathedrals, chapels, and convents, they were exposed to every process of destruction and decay. The suppression of religious orders, and of ancient municipal corporations, during periods of revolution or conquest, had led to the desecration, the abandonment, and frequently to the pulling down of these buildings. Such had been the fate of many of those 'public palaces,' the palaces of the people, glorious monuments of Italian liberty, throwing heavenwards their machicolated towers amid the vine-tangled valleys or from the olive-clad hills, their massive architecture casting its cool, dark shade over the narrow streets beneath—stately and stern without, yet within all glowing with the fairest treasures of art, fit emblems of those who had raised them when Italy was still their own and the Italian mind was as yet free. When the deep religious feeling of the middle ages, that union of child-like faith with an earnest impatience of the vices and power of priestcraft—the Dantesque of Catholicism—gave way to an uninquiring pietism and a cowardly resignation to priestly authority, the nimble brush of the academies swept over the solemn, heartfelt outpourings of the early masters, leaving in their stead theatrical groups of muscular apostles and anatomic saints, happily, for the most part, invisible in varnish and *chiaro-scuro*. Next succeeded the age of whitewash, when a large portion of mankind seem suddenly to have been seized with the one idea that all that is not white is dirt. Then the 'operajo' of the south, like his fellow the churchwarden of the north, with the lime-pail in one hand, and a broom in the other, restored the walls disfigured by old pictures and 'roba di Giotto,' in which popes, monks, and kings were not always treated with the highest respect and consideration, to a virgin purity more befitting the morals and taste of the times. Lastly, the foreign invader and occupier of Italy still quarters his soldiery and stables his horses in the desecrated church and convent, wantoning in the destruction of what little may remain of their priceless monuments.

A few noble old frescoes, that, by their almost divine beauty, may have stayed the hand of even the Italian destroyer, gradually yielded to the ladder and nails of the sacristan and the carpenter. Who that has wandered in the highways and byeways of Italy has not watched the preparation for a 'festa'? Garlands of flowers and green boughs stretching across the street, and the perfume of bay leaves, trampled under the feet of a listless crowd, invite you through the curtained doorway of a neighbouring church.

church. The solemn chaunt of evening vespers, rising from the dark choir behind the high altar, is well nigh lost in the clatter of the hammer. The rays of the falling sun stream through the jewelled windows upon gorgeous hangings of crimson silk embroidered with gold, trailing upon the filthy pavement. Workmen hurry about with tinkling chandeliers and acolytes with jugs of fragrant lilies and roses. The ponderous ladders are raised against the painted aisles, and huge nails are driven in with remorseless hands. Flakes of yielding plaster fall in showers to the ground, and things that have cost years of earnest thought and loving labour are gone for ever! On the following day the fumes of incense and the smoke of a thousand tapers roll up from the altars and uniting with the fetid exhalations of an Italian crowd, curdle over the walls.

Talk of London smoke! why, Italian neglect, indifference, and ignorance have done more to deprive the world of some of its noblest and most precious monuments of art than could be accomplished by the atmospheres of ten Londons! The able and careful editors of the last edition of Vasari's *Lives* have indicated in foot-notes the fate of the works mentioned by the biographer as existing in his day. The extent to which the work of devastation has been carried is amazing. Half, if not more than half, of the great frescoes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are hopelessly and curtly described as '*sono periti*,' '*appena rimane qualche vestigio*,' '*dato di bianco*,' '*la chiesa fu disfatta*.'

Some years ago a few zealous men who felt a due reverence for these records of their country's glory protested against their barbarous treatment. Intelligent travellers indignantly exposed it. At last the Italian Governments and the heads of churches and convents, finding that a few pence might be gained by the preservation of objects which attracted the curiosity of strangers, suddenly appreciated their importance. But they let loose upon the devoted monuments a plague more terrible than any that had as yet swept over them. An army of restorers was raised in every city of Italy and recruited by every dauber who had interest or means to obtain the privilege of earning a miserable pittance by repainting and repairing. Their work has proved more mischievous than even that of time and neglect. In the one case the life of the old painter was taken away, but a pleasant tradition of his worthiness still remained: in the other, his fame, the thing which had been dearest to him, and for which he had worked so earnestly and so well, was destroyed for ever. Ignorant men and so-called connoisseurs held him responsible for bad drawing, bad colouring, and bad sentiment, and the name of many a great master has thus become a bye-word.

How



How much have we lost by this wanton destruction! Printing has preserved for ever in their strength and purity the words of the thinker and the poet. It is only on the works of his own hand that the mind of the painter can be fully and completely impressed. When once these are gone, the traces of his genius have passed away. Copies or engravings may convey an imperfect if not a false idea of them; but of the frescoes of the older painters of the middle ages even such records do not exist. And yet they contained thoughts scarcely less exalted, and invention scarcely less graceful, than the poetry of Dante and the prose of Boccaccio. They formed, too, an inexhaustible storehouse from which Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo, and their great contemporaries drew their wealth. And this was so because to their authors, art had been a sacred calling, demanding the utmost love, study, and devotion. They painted for two great objects, the glory of their religion and the instruction of their fellow men.

‘Since, by the grace of God, we are teachers to ignorant men, who know not how to read, of the miracles performed by virtue and in virtue of the Holy Faith, and the foundations of our faith are principally laid in the adoration and belief of one God in Trinity, and in God and infinite power, infinite wisdom, and infinite love and mercy; and since no undertaking, however small, can have a beginning or an end without these three things—that is without the power to do, without knowledge, and without the true love of our work;\* and since in God every perfection is eminently united, now to the end that in this our calling, however unworthy it may be, we may have a good beginning and a good ending in all our words and deeds, we will earnestly ask the aid of the Divine grace, and commence by a dedication to the honour of the name, and in the name of the most Holy Trinity.’

So begin the statutes of one of the most ancient fraternities of the middle ages—the ‘art’ of the painters of Siena, who, according to the historians of that celebrated city, had already enrolled themselves as a corporation in the twelfth century. The document from which we quote, is dated in the year 1355. Its articles insist above all things upon the punctual celebration and observance of fasts and festivals, when no work must be done, upon an honest and religious life, and upon relations of loving brotherhood between the members of the guild. About the same period similar fraternities were founded in most of the principal cities of Italy. In Florence the painters enrolled themselves as a branch of that of the physicians and apothecaries; providing by their statutes ‘that those who inscribed themselves on the roll,

\* The Italian expression, ‘*senza con amore volere*,’ can scarcely be rendered with its original force and conciseness.

whether men or women, should be contrite, and should confess their sins; and that whilst members of the guild they should go to confession and to the communion at least once a year.

Thus these old painters believed that they had duties to perform which demanded a pure and holy life. They looked upon their calling as one of serious and heavy responsibility, and they did not exaggerate it. They were the acknowledged teachers of those who could not acquire religion, morality, and knowledge from books, in their day by far the greater part of the population of Italy. With the clergy they shared the task of educating the people—the one taught by the eye, as the other did through the ear; while both were required to enforce their teaching by example. Their works then were not mere displays of technical skill, but had a better and a nobler aim. The beauty of holiness, the reward of virtue, the triumph of faith, the punishment of sin and heresy, the duties of civil life, and the blessings of good government, were the themes they chose for their pencil. To treat them in a worthy spirit required high qualifications, and even, according to the early masters, a certain religious preparation. ‘Ye of gentle spirit,’ exclaims old Cennini, in his quaint treatise on painting, ‘who are lovers of this art and devoted to its pursuit, adorn yourselves with the garment of love, of modesty, of obedience and of perseverance.’ He who had to teach virtue and holiness to others, was in the first place to lead a virtuous and holy life himself.

This office of the teacher was no new duty assumed by the painter. But the aim, influence, and extent of his labours had become suddenly enlarged. During the first centuries of the progress of the Christian faith various circumstances—some unconnected with its development, others not foreign to it—tended to check and throw back the imitative arts. A great social, religious, and political revolution, of which Christianity was the pivot, convulsed Europe. The vital struggle between the new religion and the various forms of paganism was still going on. Christianity had not yet asserted her full victory by stamping her own effigy on all the undertakings of men, and infusing her own spirit into all the relations of life. The Byzantine empire represented the transition period in which the last vitality of an epoch, already passing away, still mingled with a new order of things—as in the geological structure of the globe forms characteristic of a previous condition of the earth are found sparsely scattered in its succeeding phase. This influence of the expiring faith was manifest in all that marked the belief, the feelings, and the sentiments of the great mass of the people—in their social relations, in literature, and especially in the arts. It was not until the Gothic spirit



spirit had acquired the full mastery that that influence altogether ceased and a new civilization appeared, inspired and directed by Christianity alone. In the arts this great and fundamental change was inaugurated by the introduction of a new order of architecture—for architecture in all ages and in all countries is the forerunner of painting and sculpture. Its development was followed by the birth of that noblest school of modern painting—fresh and original in its character—stamped with its own individuality, and eminently the representative of the new faith—in a word, Christian art.

In the first centuries of the Christian æra the architecture of Byzantium had spread its influence through the greater part of Europe, either in its purity or in some modified form. There was much in its union of the gorgeous display of heathenism with the mystic symbolisms of the new belief to excite the imagination and to captivate the senses. It was admirably suited to the exercise of the rites and the celebration of the mysteries of early Christianity. With all its richness, its overflowing decoration, its glow of colour and its beauty and variety of materials, there is a simplicity in the forms and in their arrangement which renders it eminently adapted to a primitive and simple faith, as yet uncorrupted by superstitions and ceremonial observances. Those forms were indeed so simple and so well defined, that Byzantine architecture retained much of its purity when the other arts had entirely succumbed to the barbarism resulting from the struggle then taking place throughout Europe. Painting and sculpture, though both still used for religious objects as well as for mere decoration, had degenerated into the repetition, according to fixed canons, of rude conventional symbols and of lifeless representations of the human form. Sculpture first lifted her head under the magic touch of Niccola Pisano. Lord Lindsay has justly observed, in his most instructive and gracefully written history of Christian art, that 'it might be too much to parallel Niccola in actual praise with Dante and Shakespeare; they stand alone and unapproachable, each on his distinct pinnacle of the temple of Christian song; and yet neither of them can boast such extent and durability of influence—for whatever of highest excellence has been achieved in sculpture and painting, not in Italy only but throughout Europe, has been in obedience to the impulse he primarily gave, and in following up the principle which he first struck out.' This principle was 'that the study of nature, corrected by the ideal of the antique, and animated by the spirit of Christianity, personal and social, can alone lead to excellence in art, each of the three elements of human nature—matter, mind,  
and

and spirit—being thus brought into union and co-operation in the service of God, in due relative harmony and subordination.’\*

Painting was nearly a century behind sculpture in its rise. The three sister arts have ever had the same relative development. Protection from the inclemencies of the weather, and places for the worship of a deity, are the first wants felt by mankind: hence architecture is the earliest of the arts. Materials for ornamenting the simple edifices first raised by uncivilized men are next required. Wood, clay, and stone are those most ready at hand, and but moderate skill is needed to fashion them into shape; consequently sculpture follows architecture. A long interval must then elapse before the experience and varied knowledge absolutely necessary for the manufacture and use of pigments and for representing objects on a flat surface can be acquired. This progressive development, modified, of course, by a certain amount of traditionary knowledge never altogether lost in the most barbarous times, took place on the revival of the arts in the middle ages. Suitable edifices for the celebration of its rites was the first necessity of the new faith. The pagan temple was converted by a few architectural modifications into the Christian church. Rude imitations of the remains of classic sculpture in stone, marble, or bronze, soon furnished the first and easiest means of decoration. But the technical skill of the painter, the experience absolutely requisite for the exercise of his art, was of slow growth. Nature furnished materials to the sculptor which were always ready at hand, but the secret of the manufacture of colours and the means of using them had to be discovered again before the painter could begin his work; he was consequently still groping his way almost in darkness when Niccola Pisano had already fashioned his most beautiful creations.

This want of proper and adequate materials for the technical part of painting led, for some time, to the adoption of a substitute to obtain the end of that art—the representation of form upon a flat surface. Mosaic, a process well understood in antiquity, and one, from the peculiar nature of the substance used for its production, more allied to sculpture than painting, was largely employed in decoration. The worker in Mosaic long held the place of the painter, and accomplished all that could be effected under the trammels of tradition and with a defective knowledge of drawing. Their rude though majestic representations of the Virgin and her Son, of evangelists and of angels, and

\* ‘Sketches of the History of Christian Art,’ vol. ii., p. 101.



of the symbols of early Christianity, still linger upon the solemn vaults and apses of Ravenna, Rome, Milan, and Murano, and on the domes of St. Mark's. Great in their rudeness, they may have served well enough for the time. Byzantine architecture—we employ the term in its widest sense—and its daughter the Lombard, with its innumerable arches and its flowing fretwork of carved tracery, had no broad spaces left for decoration except far above the eye and half hidden in gloom. To adorn them, what more suitable than figures traced in tessellated work of sparkling gems inlaid in fields of burnished gold? Italian-Gothic architecture, with its simple blank wall beneath the springing of the vault and its numerous side-chapels, required less gorgeous materials for its decoration. Moreover, the time necessary for working in mosaic and the great expense of the process rendered it ill-adapted to general and extensive ornamentation. It shackled the efforts of those who had genius for design—the natural bent of the Italian mind; consequently, when a more ready and cheaper material came into general use mosaic was quickly abandoned,—not, however, until some eminent men, such as Mino da Tureta, Tafi, Gaddo Gaddi, and even Giotto himself, had brought the art, applied to decoration, to as high a degree of perfection as it was perhaps capable of attaining.

When the Gothic spirit fully exercised its influence on Italian architecture in the thirteenth century, there arose that long line of illustrious fresco painters which may be said to have ended with Raphael and his contemporaries, and which raised the art to the highest excellence it has ever attained. For two centuries and a half they laboured over the broad face of the Peninsula. There is scarcely a church or a public edifice built during that period, from the Alps to the shores of Calabria, the walls of which they did not adorn with their pencil. In the stately cathedral of the city, in the humble chapel by the way-side, in the silent cloisters of the convent, in the busy town-hall of the republic, so many illustrated books were outspread before the multitude, in which each one might, through pictorial representation, learn the truths and traditions of his faith, or his duties as a citizen of the state. The amount of work accomplished by these painters during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is truly wonderful. Age and neglect, the inevitable havoc of time, and the wanton mischief of man, combined and exerted with extraordinary energy, have failed to obliterate its traces, although they have destroyed for ever some of its most glorious results. But what is even more remarkable than the extent of the work, is its almost exclusive object—devotion and teaching. There is scarcely an important fresco of these two centuries  
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which is not of a religious or a moral tendency, either representing a Scripture story, a sacred legend, or an allegory inculcating the excellence of virtue and faith, or the blessings of good government. Even when subjects from Pagan mythology or classic history are introduced, as by Taddeo di Bartolo in the chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena, or by Pietro Perugino in the Exchange at Perugia, it is with a view to illustrate and enforce the truth and worth of Christian revelation, or the doctrines of moral theology.

Such being the objects continually kept in view by the early masters, they painted for the edification of men in general, and not for the gratification of individuals, wishing their fame to rest not upon mere technical skill, but upon the general results of their work, as it influenced and affected those for whose express good it was executed. We have already pointed out, in a previous article,\* how rarely they painted easel pictures, except for altar pieces, or as special helps to devotion; as mere objects of curiosity or virtù, they were scarcely known before the second half of the fifteenth century. Almost the only exceptions were the arms of noble families and articles of furniture, such as the *cassoni*, or chests to hold the trousseau of a bride, the clothes and precious property of wealthy citizens, described by Vasari, who thinks it necessary to justify the painters, some of eminence, who employed their talents upon such things.† The subjects for these chests were usually chosen from the fables of Ovid and other classic poems, from popular romances, or recent historical events. Many have been preserved, and are of considerable interest, not only as affording accurate representations of contemporaneous costumes and manners, but as being almost the only examples of the treatment of profane subjects by the early masters.

The great painters of Italy, from Giotto to Raphael, lavished all their genius, their energy, and their thought upon mural decoration, a branch of the art now generally, though incorrectly, called 'fresco.' For the sake of convenience we shall adopt the term, which strictly refers only to a particular process, and apply it, according to its popular acceptation, to all paintings on plaster or lime, forming part of an architectural whole and specially adapted by their composition, colour, and general treatment,

\* 'Quart. Rev.' No. 203, Art. 'Manchester Exhibition.'

† In his 'Life of Dello,' the most distinguished of the painters of *cassoni*, he tells us that there was no one who did not possess these painted chests. An article of the Statutes of the Painters of Siena forbids members of the guild painting tavern signs. Only the treasurer of the fraternity is allowed to engage in such work at a moderate price; half of which is to go to the funds of the corporation.



the place in which they were executed.\* The durability of fresco exceeded that of any other material. Its peculiar fineness and transparency rendered it specially suited to the interiors of dimly-lighted churches and public buildings. Instead of absorbing light like oil-painting, it may be said to throw out light of itself. The eye which has been accustomed to look upon pictures scarcely be reconciled to oil-pictures, especially when they are darkened by age. It admitted, too, a marvellous freedom in its use. The painter could throw his whole mind at once into his work, and could produce by simple and rapid means effects which were either unattainable in easel pictures or only to be arrived at by great labour. Fresco was consequently selected by the greatest masters as best calculated to display their powers and to impress a multitude. Vasari declares it to be 'more masterly, noble, healthy, secure, resolute, and durable than any other kind of painting,' and records a well known dictum of Michelangelo, 'fresco was fit for men, oil painting only for women and the frivolous and idle. The history of fresco is consequently the history of painting in its highest and most spiritual development from the thirteenth to nearly the middle of the sixteenth century.

Many circumstances combined in the thirteenth century to give rise to a new and original phase of painting. It was at this period, as we have already observed, that Gothic architecture, hitherto nurtured by the earnest self-sacrificing faith of the north, descended the Alps. A new order of monastic life, the Franciscan, had been founded about the same period—an order which rapidly gained and gained favour in the Catholic world. Its rules, which enforced poverty—the maintenance of existence by begging—the highest claim to the support and sympathy of mankind, the surest preparation for heaven, were calculated to secure a large number of adherents. Convents for their habitation rose not only throughout Italy but throughout Catholic Europe; attached to them were of necessity churches and chapels. The story of the founder of the order was full of episodes well calculated to excite religious enthusiasm. His early conversion, his adventures in the East, his miracles, the impress upon his person of the stigmata or marks of the nails and spear-wound upon the body of the crucified Saviour, his abstinence and mortifications, the holy love of S. Chiara, his death and canoniza-

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\* For a definition of true fresco, the 'buon fresco' of the Italians, and the distinction between it and tempera and other processes applied to mural decoration, see C. Eastlake's 'Materials for Oil Painting, &c.' In true fresco the artist has to paint upon damp lime newly laid on, and was consequently obliged to work at once, a certain space being prepared for each day's work.

tion, furnished ample subjects to the imagination and devotion of the painter. It was in the church consecrated to his memory, that Christian painting may be said to have had her first great development.

As the Tiber leaves the shade thrown by the heights crowned with the Etruscan Perugia for the sunny meadows of a wide and fertile valley, its yet unsullied stream eddies round a spur of the Apennines. This solitary hill is clothed at its base with the olive and the vine, but where the winter winds sweep it with their chill blast it is naked and bare of verdure. As the setting sun throws its last rays upon its rugged sides it glows with a golden light and scatters infinite purple shadows from its frowning rocks. To an ancient town built on this barren declivity came St. Francis, after a life of perilous wandering, from the bright world below to die. His profession of poverty, abstinence, and humility, whilst it exalted beggary into a holy virtue, had nevertheless laid the foundation of a religious brotherhood that in no ways neglected worldly influence and power. He had scarcely died—covered by another's cloak cast over his wasted body eaten with sores—than there arose over his ashes, a monument such as even Italy, with all her wonders of art, has rarely seen. An architect was invited from Germany to fashion the edifice after the new order of architecture. The steep and rocky slope offered no sufficient level space for the foundations; but in those days men had invention in the arts, and trusted to their own genius instead of holding only to those who had gone before them. Having probably no treatises on architecture to refer to for an 'authority,' he built boldly against the mountain, piling one church upon another; the upper vast, lofty, and admitting through its broad windows the bright rays of the sun; the lower—as if in the bowels of the earth—low, solemn, and almost shutting out the light of day. Around the holy edifice grew the convent, a vast building, resting upon a long line of arches clinging to the hill-sides. As the evening draws nigh, casting its deep shadows over the valley, the traveller beneath gazes upwards with feelings of wonder and delight at this graceful arcade supporting the massy convent, the ancient towers and walls of the silent town gathering around, and the purple rocks rising high above—all still glowing in the lingering sunbeams—a scene scarcely to be surpassed in any clime for its sublime beauty.

But it was the sanctity of the place, not the delight of its scenery, that attracted thither almost every painter of note during two centuries. To decorate the walls of the sanctuary of St. Francis was equally an object of pride and a duty of religion.

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The upper church had scarcely been finished ere Giunta was summoned from his native Pisa to adorn it with the art of which he was then the acknowledged chief. He commenced, as was the custom of the time, by representing in the tribune and transept subjects from the life of our Lord. His death, in 1255, prevented the completion of the work he had commenced. Ten years later Cimabue, who, but a young man, had already earned the admiration of his countrymen by the originality and vigour of his genius, was invited to continue it. He adorned the walls and vault of the nave with a long series of stories from the Old and New Testament, and with noble single figures of Christ, the Virgin, Angels, and the Doctors of the Christian church. He too left his undertaking incomplete. Some years after his death, his illustrious pupil, Giotto, called to Assisi by the General of the Order, found a large part of the walls of the upper church, and probably the whole of the lower, still unpainted. Aided by his pupils, who had been the partners of his triumphs in many parts of Italy, he added the closing page to the volume by representing the principal events of the life of the saint in whose honour the edifice had been raised, his death and his canonization. These he painted in the upper church, developing his subjects by many new and ingenious conceits which he had introduced into his art, and with that love for truth, and that deep religious sentiment, which are the peculiar characteristics of his genius. In the lower his rich fancy traced upon the solemn vault, in grand and striking allegories, the three virtues that formed the very groundwork of the observance of St. Francis,—chastity, obedience, and poverty,—and which led, according to monkish legend, to his celestial triumph and beatification.

With these great works ended Giotto's labours at Assisi. He was claimed by the rival states of Italy,—rivals no less in their magnificent patronage of the arts, than in politics and war—and had yet to journey from Naples to Avignon, leaving bright traces of his footsteps wherever he bent his way.

Much still remained to be done in the lower church; but with the scholars Giotto had formed, and the schools which emulation had founded in the principal cities of the Peninsula, there was no lack of men worthy to complete the undertaking so well begun. In its nave and side chapels may still be traced, through the uncertain light, the works of nearly every great painter of the fourteenth century. Buffalmacco, whose merits as a painter have been obscured by Boccaccio's merriest tales, the illustrious Florentine Taddeo Gaddi, Giovanni from Milan, Puccio Cappanna, and Simone Memmi, the ornament of the Sienese school, covered

covered chapels and oratories with apocryphal legends of the saints, and with Scripture stories. Pietro Cavallini, one of Giotto's most earnest followers, passing through Assisi, and eager to leave one monument of his pencil near those of his illustrious master, painted that Crucifixion,—now partly hid by a tawdry altar,—which, for boldness of design, variety and vigour of action, and skill of drawing, received the admiration of the master of those qualities, Michelangelo Buonarroti. Giotto also entreated that he might be allowed to add to that wonderful collection. He represented above the organ-loft the Virgin crowned by her Son, surrounded by a host of ministering angels, a work of almost unearthly beauty.\*

Thus enclosed in one shrine are not only materials for the history of the rise of painting, but a gorgeous volume of Scripture illustration, of monastic legends, and of Christian allegory. A nobler example of the great end and use of painting, in its intimate union with architecture, could not be found. The church and monastic buildings of Assisi should be diligently studied by all who desire to obtain a just insight into the religious feelings of the middle ages, and a knowledge of the history of art. Unhappily, through long neglect and exposure, the frescoes they contain are fast yielding to decay; some, as those of Giunta, have perished altogether. Here, then, is a field well worthy of the Arundel Society, and we urge the Council not to forget this great storehouse of early Christian art.

If the Society's object be to foster in this country a feeling for the highest aims of painting, it should publish coloured representations of the interiors of the principal monuments decorated by the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, such for instance as the church we have described. Without neglecting accurate copies of important single frescoes—of great value and interest as showing the peculiar mode of treatment, and the skill of the master—let the Council, at the same time, furnish representations illustrating the manner in which the arts, during the period of their highest development, were combined, and aided each other for the instruction as well as the delight of men—appealing to the soul as well as to the eye. They have made

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\* Notwithstanding Vasari and the tradition which assign this work to Giotto, it has been doubted whether it is by him. Fea, in his 'History of the Church of St. Francis,' attributes it to one Frate Martino, a scholar of Simone Memmi. The frescoes in a chapel of the lower church are, however, undoubtedly his. Of his numerous works executed in Assisi but little remains. A fresco attributed to him, representing a legend of S. Chiara, in the church dedicated to her, was knocked to pieces some years ago by order of a bishop, who declared it drew idlers to the church, and was the cause of interruption to the devotions of the nuns. A few heads may still be traced which have partly escaped.



a good beginning with the Arena Chapel at Padua, one of the most beautiful and complete works of the fourteenth century.

This most perfect of Giotto's conceptions—for it embraces one great story carried out in all its principal details—was executed about the year 1306, before his visit to Assisi. He was then still young, having scarcely reached his thirtieth year. Yet his vast and original genius was fast spreading its wings. He had already discarded the old conventionalism of the Byzantine school, putting forth that dramatic power and giving himself to that careful imitation of nature, without sacrificing the ideal, which have entitled him to the glorious title of the father of modern painting. The interior of a chapel, newly dedicated to the Virgin by the noble family of Scrovegno, afforded him full scope for the play of his overflowing fancy and the utterance of his deep religious feeling. Aided by his pupils he painted its walls, from the vault to the pavement. Forty-four compartments, divided by the most delicate ornaments, intermingled with figures of apostles and saints, contain the legendary history of the Virgin and the principal events recorded in the New Testament. The sacred epic is brought to its awful climax by the representation of the Last Judgment, with the heavenly glory of the Saviour, the reward of the good and the punishment of the bad. A series of allegorical figures, ranged beneath these subjects, symbolise the cardinal and theological virtues, and their opposite vices. A vault of azure, studded with golden stars and enriched with medallions, containing heads of Christ, the Virgin, and apostles, encanopies the whole.

The Arundel Society has almost completed a series of engravings on wood of each compartment; but to convey an accurate idea of the entire work, of the marvellous effect of colour, design, and ornament when combined into one harmonious whole, a general view of the interior of the chapel was required. Such a representation the Council has given to the subscribers in a lithochrome from a very beautiful drawing by an amateur, Mrs. Higford Burr, executed with that feeling for early art and that true understanding of Giotto without which the works of his hand and of his period cannot be faithfully or worthily reproduced.\* To mark that the edifice is represented as it stood five

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\* Mr. Vincent Brooks's copy, for its accurate reproduction of minute details, and for the richness of its colouring, may be classed amongst the best examples of chromolithography, and entitles that gentleman to great praise. A certain want of atmosphere and of a harmonious gradation of tints is almost inseparable from a mechanical process. Mr. Brooks has recently rendered further good service to art, by publishing a highly interesting collection of specimens of early ornamentation in various materials, including fresco, from drawings by Mr. Waring.

centuries and a half ago, the artist has omitted the side altars which interfere with the simplicity of the interior, and are of a later period, and has peopled it with an appropriate group of figures. Near Giotto, who is putting the last touch to his great work, stands the divine poet, feeding the imagination of the painter with his own exquisite fancies, or watching the children as they gambol around their mother—not an ideal scene, but one bequeathed to us by a tradition which is alone sufficient to attach an undying interest to the Arena Chapel.

Mr. Ruskin has written for the Society an essay on the character and genius of Giotto, and an account of the various pictures on the walls of the chapel. His observations are characterised by that enthusiastic admiration of the art of the middle ages, and by that abundance of eloquent description, which render his writings, however much his readers may differ from him in opinion, at all times so fresh and attractive. With his appreciation of Giotto, however, we most cordially agree.

We trust the Council will finish the work they have begun by adding to it a coloured copy of the Last Judgment. The whole composition—the glory of the Saviour, seated amidst the heavenly host, the crowd of noble figures of the saints and of the blessed, the horrors of hell depicted with a wild and quaint fancy, the little group, in the centre of the whole, of the three beautiful angels as they appeared in a dream to the founder of the chapel presenting him with its model, form one of the completest pictures of the belief, the religious enthusiasm, and the spirit of the middle ages, embodied by Dante in his immortal verse, and by Giotto in his, alas! too perishable frescoes. In 1856 large portions of the plaster had already fallen away from this fresco and from other parts of the chapel. It was of no avail to appeal to those who are the ignoble inheritors of this priceless monument. With Italian indifference they watch the progress of decay, unmindful of the loss of another trace of their country's glory.

Of the many fruits of his genius which Giotto during his long career scattered over the face of Italy, giving life to art wherever he placed his foot, only an imperfect record is preserved in the pages of Vasari. Even of those mentioned by the biographer, very few have escaped the wreck of time. Amongst them we would especially recommend the frescoes in the Bargello at Florence to the notice of the Arundel Society. Vasari mentions the chapel of the Podesta in this edifice as one of the interiors earliest adorned by the pencil of the master. In his day the people of Florence still beheld on its walls the portraits of their immortal fellow-



fellow-citizen, Dante, of his master Brunetto Latini, and of Messer Corsi Donato. But at a subsequent period the palace was converted into a prison, and the chapel was divided into cells for malefactors. Those who revered the memory of the poet, believed that a true outline of his features, traced by the hand of his own friend, might still be preserved beneath the veil of whitewash with which the frescoes had been covered. But it remained for a stranger and an Englishman, Mr. Kirkup, to recover this precious relic. With the assistance of Mr. Bezzi (one of the founders of the Arundel Society), and of some other gentlemen whom he had interested in his researches, and who consented to share in the expense, he after some difficulty induced the Tuscan Government to allow the plaster to be removed. Lord Lindsay has described how the unexpected announcement of the discovery of the very portrait of Dante roused that ancient enthusiasm, latent but not quenched in the Italian breast—too often to be excited by far more trivial events and on less worthy occasions; how the cry went through Florence, that the true likeness of her poet had been found again, and how thousands of citizens, shouting ‘*l’abbiamo il nostro poeta*,’ flocked to gaze upon the well-known features. But they appear to have forgotten that it was not to one of themselves that they owed this delivery from a national reproach. This forgetfulness might have been forgiven in a moment of general excitement; it will bear no excuse when the Florentine editors of the last edition of Vasari’s *Lives*—a work of merit and authority—in their account of the discovery, omit all mention of the name of him to whom it is due.

The recovered portrait confirmed in most respects the traditional representations of the poet. When it was painted Dante was still in the middle of the pathway of his life. His delicate but strongly marked features had not yet been impressed with that sternness and melancholy which his country’s ingratitude and hopeless exile afterwards wrote upon them. They are calm, sweet, and dignified, becoming the man whom Giotto had placed among the blessed.

The subsequent history of the portrait—if we can trust the story which has been related to us—illustrates the fate of such works in Italy. A nail had been driven into the eye before the whitewash was removed; it was carelessly pulled out, bringing with it the surrounding plaster. Every one who visited the painting put a finger, of course, into the hole, which at last became so large that it threatened to consume the entire head. The restorer was then called in to make a fresh eye: the new feature did not agree with the rest of the face, which was accordingly altered to match it. The poet’s dress being of three

colours—green, white, and red, the symbol of Italian liberalism—was offensive to the Government; it was changed by order, and Dante was fitted with more loyal garments. The published tracing of the head was made after these alterations. The authorities, with that narrow-minded jealousy which characterises the modern rulers of Italy, had previously refused permission to any one to copy or trace the original except the restorer. Fortunately, Mr. Kirkup had bribed a jailer to lock him up for the night in the prison before the fresco had been restored, and thus succeeded in obtaining a facsimile of the head as painted by Giotto.

Of the followers and contemporaries of Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, his godson and for twenty-four years his best-beloved scholar, has left the most important works in fresco. He was chosen by the Dominicans of Florence to paint the Chapter-House, since called the Chapel of the Spaniards, opening into the cloisters of their beautiful church of S. Maria Novella. Its simple architecture offered a spreading space of wall and groined vault, over which the reflected rays of the noonday sun cast a soft and subdued light. He had already made some progress, when Simone Memmi, returning to his native Siena from Avignon, where he had established his fame, was invited to assist him. Taddeo warmly welcomed his old fellow-pupil. ‘Truly noble souls,’ exclaims their biographer, ‘they loved each other as brothers, without rivalry, ambition, or envy; each rejoicing in the honour and reward of his friend as if they had been his own.’

The triumphs of the Catholic Church and the inculcation of religious truths by Scripture stories and popular legends of the saints, were here united as parts of one great episode. The Sienese painted on the wall opposite the entrance, in a majestic series, the mysteries of the death and resurrection of our Lord; a tumult of men on horse and foot hurrying onwards, the wondering crowd surrounding the victims, the despairing women following the Saviour, the Saviour himself bearing his cross, and then, high above the scoffing multitude, hanging upon the fatal tree; below, the majestic figure of Christ descending into Hades, overthrowing the evil spirits of the place and receiving the first man, who, as he recognizes his Redeemer, presses eagerly forward, accompanied by the saints—figures of men and women full of beauty and grace. The Florentine crowned the work by painting on the vault above, the Resurrection and Ascension of Our Lord and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, compositions in no way unworthy of those beneath.

Of the subjects not Scriptural the two principal are the Glorification of St. Thomas Aquinas by Taddeo, and the Triumph of the



the Catholic Church on Earth by Memmi. In the first the 'Angelical Doctor' treads under foot the authors of notorious heresies, Arius, Sabellius, and Averrhoes. Around him are saints of the Old and New Testament and emblematic figures of the cardinal and theological virtues. Below, in one long line enthroned in stalls of exquisite Gothic design, are fourteen female figures, personifications of the profane and theological sciences, admirable in expression and for their individuality. At the foot of each one sits he who, by his works or life, was most distinguished for the particular science or virtue symbolised by the figure above. Thus in one assembled group we have imaginary portraits of the great philosophers and heroes of antiquity, no less remarkable for the skill with which they are executed than for the dramatic power displayed in the conception of each. We may trace in them the germ of some of the grandest creations of the painters of the next century.

On the opposite wall Memmi has celebrated the triumphs of the Dominican order over the heretics who threatened the Catholic Church, by allegories and incidents for the description and explanation of which we must refer our readers to the glowing pages of Lord Lindsay. To us the great interest of this fresco consists in the fact of the painter having introduced into it, if the fond tradition of the Florentines may be trusted—and who would reject it?—the portraits of his most distinguished contemporaries, of Cimabue, Petrarch, Laura, Arnolfo di Lapo, and Pope Benedict XI.

These grand compositions are enclosed by beautiful borders of scroll-work, intermingled with medallions, doubtlessly designed, as was the custom, by the masters themselves, and painted by their pupils. The chapel thus forms one entire monument, nothing being left naked and without colour, but all its parts equally finished and blending into one harmonious whole. We know of no interior which would form a more worthy companion to the Arena Chapel.\*

In a notice of the Florentine painters of the fourteenth century, who, by their works in fresco, contributed to the revival of painting, two names must not be forgotten—those of Orcagna and of Spinello of Arezzo. Of the two the first was most dis-

\* That captious spirit of modern German criticism which throws a cold damp upon all sentiment and imagination, and considers it necessary to dispute the authenticity of every great work hallowed by tradition and by history, has dogmatically pronounced that none of the frescoes in the Spagnuola chapel are by the painters to whom they have for generations been ascribed, except the St. Thomas Aquinas. It has, however, scarcely left one fragment of art in Italy unassailed; and we see no good reason to listen to it in this instance.

tinguished. Like many other great Italians he was at once architect, sculptor, painter, and poet, displaying the genius of each in the most glorious of his works, the shrine or tabernacle in the Or' San Michele of Florence. Of his frescoes the greater part have perished; the most remarkable that still exist, although already far advanced in decay, are those in the Campo Santo of Pisa, and the Paradiso in the Strozzi Chapel of the S. Maria Novella at Florence, representing the saints in glory—a crowd of beautiful figures arranged with almost architectural symmetry, rising one above the other to the throne of Christ and the Virgin, and forming a living portal, through which, led by angels, the blessed pass into everlasting bliss. A grand composition beaming with grace and beauty, in colour like the rainbow, in the expression of the heads full of variety and holy sentiment.

Of the many frescoes with which Spinello enriched his native Tuscany the greater part have perished, or are hidden beneath the whitewash in the churches of his birthplace, Arezzo. A curious friar may, sometimes, in an idle moment, remove the plaster, and some have thus been of late recovered. In many an obscure corner of that ancient city may, however, still be found in a 'maesta,' or small road-side oratory, buried beneath the undisturbed dust of centuries, or lighted on rare festivals by a solitary lamp, a 'nostra donna,' or an Annunciation, which justifies the enthusiastic praise of Vasari, that 'the representations of the Virgin by this painter breathed an indescribable holiness and divinity, which led those who gazed upon them to hold them in deepest reverence.'

The last and perhaps greatest work of his long life was the fresco painted for the confraternity of S. Agnolo in Arezzo, in which he represented the overthrow of the rebel angels, 'who,' says his biographer, 'changed into devils, fall, like rain, upon the earth.' In the air was seen the Archangel Michael contending with the ancient Serpent of seven heads and ten horns, and below him Lucifer, already changed into 'a very horrible beast.' So horrible, indeed, did Spinello represent the vanquished Satan, that he appeared to the painter in a dream and demanded in a terrible voice why he had been represented in so hideous an aspect. The poor old man, for he was then past ninety, was seized with a great quaking from fear, and soon after died, 'deeply lamented by his fellow citizens, who much esteemed him for his virtues and goodness.'

The fresco to which this story relates was engraved by Lasinio in 1821, is described by those who have written upon the history of art, and is mentioned as still existing in the  
last



last edition of Vasari. It might have been expected that so interesting a monument would have been preserved; but Lord Lindsay tells us that when he visited Arezzo only a few fragments of angels and devils were to be seen on the walls of a room inhabited by a poor peasant, the desecrated church having been converted into a cottage, known from these remains as the 'Casa de' Diavoli.' The head of the Archangel and a group of armed angels behind him were, however, still hid beneath the smoke and dirt. They have been detached from the wall, and were to be seen last year in the Manchester Exhibition!

The Sienese school was not behind that of Florence in fresco-painting. One of its chief ornaments was Ambrogio Lorenzetti. It has been the fashion to call that school the contemplative, as distinguished from the dramatic, founded and developed by Giotto—the object of the one being to convey religious sentiment and human emotions mainly by expression, the other principally by action—a distinction rather too broadly drawn, and only applicable to the very earliest painters of the two schools. The wants and spirit of the age soon demanded the union of the two qualities, if it did not result from the influence of Giotto, in all Italian art. Ambrogio certainly combined them. There may be a more religious and earnest expression in his heads than in those of the immediate followers of the founder of the Florentine school, but that he was not wanting in the highest dramatic power may be gathered from the descriptions of his frescoes in the cloisters of the Frati Minori of Siena, representing the career of a Franciscan missionary, which, for variety of incident and bold representation of human passions, and of natural phenomena, if we are to credit the enthusiastic eulogy of Ghiberti and Vasari, must have been the most remarkable work of the age. Almost the only entire work in fresco of this great master that has been preserved to us displays the same qualities, although to a less extent. It is, however, principally of interest as an instance of pictorial allegory directed to the inculcation of morals and civil and political wisdom, teaching citizens their duty to the State and their rulers justice and forbearance.

In the year 1337 Ambrogio having been elected to paint the great hall of the 'nove,' or nine magistrates, in the Palazzo Pubblico of Siena, chose for his subject the fruits of good government and the blessings of peace, justice, and concord, as a lesson and warning to those who administered the affairs of the republic and to his fellow-citizens, at a time when civil discord and foreign wars were rife among the Italian states, and were rapidly undermining their liberties. At the upper end of a  
sumptuous

sumptuous chamber he represented by allegorical figures, following the Aristotelian philosophy then in vogue, the moral and civil virtues. Justice, royally crowned and attired, sits on a throne and raises her eyes towards Divine Wisdom, who, floating above her, supports a book in one hand and in the other a pair of scales, from which angels distribute rewards and punishments. Beneath her Concord holds a musical instrument in her lap, and guides by a rope a long train of citizens, probably portraits of the principal inhabitants of the city. To the left of this group sit enthroned the 'Comune' or Government of Siena, symbolised as an old man with flowing beard, wearing a diadem of black and white—the colours of the republic—arrayed in rich and ample raiment, and raising in one hand a sceptre, in the other a shield, bearing on its face the image of the Virgin and Child. At his feet the Roman twins crouch beneath the she wolf, the emblem of Siena. Above his head hover the three theological virtues—Faith, Hope, and Charity—winged figures, with their respective emblems. To the right and left are seated on a couch of diaper-work the six civil virtues—the companions and stay of a well-ordered State—Peace, Fortitude, Prudence, Magnanimity, Temperance, and avenging Justice; beneath them are prisoners of war and malefactors. These female personifications are no less remarkable for their beauty, dignity, and grace, than for the character of individuality which the painter has stamped on each. The most characteristic figure of the whole composition is that of Peace, from which the hall takes its name of 'Sala della Pace.' She is represented as a young and lovely woman, crowned with an olive wreath, and attired in white flowing robes, holding in her left hand an olive-branch, and resting her head gently upon her right. Half hidden beneath the pillow on which she reclines is a coat of mail, and she treads under foot a shield and helmet. This exquisite conception at once arrests the attention. There is something in its treatment so different from all contemporary works, that some new and foreign influence is immediately suspected. The drapery, with its numerous folds following the flowing lines of the limbs, points to a classic origin, and a curious story related by Ghiberti confirms the suggestion. He says that in digging the foundations of a house in Siena, early in the fourteenth century, an ancient statue was found inscribed with the name of 'Lisippus.' It was of such marvellous workmanship and such consummate beauty, that all the artists of the city, including sculptors, painters, and workers in metal, crowded together to look upon it. They then placed it, with great honour, upon the public fountain. But the Sieneſe immediately afterwards received repeated defeats from their enemies, the Florentines.



tines. A meeting of citizens having been convened, one of them arose and denounced the statue as the cause of their calamities; 'for,' said he, 'whilst it has been among us we have ever suffered misfortunes, because idolatry is forbidden by our religion, and since we have honoured this statue our affairs have been going from bad to worse.' His advice that it should be thrown down and broken into pieces was followed with acclamation, and to get rid of it altogether the fragments were buried in the territory of the enemy. Ghiberti adds that he had seen a drawing of the statue by 'uno grandissimo pittore della città di Siena, il quale ebbe nome Ambruogio Lorenzetti.'

To illustrate the allegory we have described, Ambrogio represented on one side of the wall the results of good government, on the other those of bad, each diversified by varied groups, which display the manners and costume of the time in which he lived. The paintings are all fast perishing—the hall being used as a repository for the public archives, and huge presses having been placed against the walls.

The monuments we have specified are those which are best calculated to afford an idea of the use to which fresco was applied in the 14th century, and of the subjects chosen for illustration by the painters of the period. There are many others still existing in various parts of Italy, such for instance as the Baptistery of Padua, which would deserve notice for their completeness and the interest of their decoration, had we space to dwell upon them. If we have deferred mention of the Campo Santo of Pisa, it is because, although enriched with some of the greatest works of the 14th century, its fame is perhaps chiefly owing to Benozzo Gozzoli, a painter of a later period, and differing altogether in the character of his genius from those who preceded him. The revolution that took place in painting at the dawn of the 15th century was a remarkable phenomenon—illustrating the intimate connection between art and the life and spirit of the time. Hitherto the expression of religious sentiment, the embodiment of mystical doctrines, the teaching and edification of the people, had been the chief ends of painting. In endeavouring to attain them the painter did not neglect the technical part and the details of his art, although he may have looked upon them as secondary considerations. For instance, he was especially careful in selecting the purest and most durable materials, and in rendering as truthfully as he was able objects added as accessories to the picture. In fact, he did the very best he could, never drawing badly, like his modern imitators, what he could draw well. His faults were faults of ignorance and inexperience. He kept in view the end of the work upon  
which

which he was engaged—its general effect upon the multitude. If he attained it he was well satisfied, and did not trouble himself about criticisms of details. Nor did those who looked upon the result of his labour care to detect any little shortcomings if they felt their heart stirred, their sympathies enlisted, and their lives chastened. The defects of works of this age arise from a want of study of the human frame and a disinclination to represent the naked figure, which led to incorrect drawing; from ignorance of the principles of light and shade, which give roundness and relief to objects; from want of knowledge of perspective, and a consequent violation of its rules; and from a certain conventional mode of treatment not yet thrown aside, and especially displayed in the arbitrary proportions between various parts of the picture. Their excellences consist in a reverent and almost holy rendering of sacred subjects, and a constant endeavour to embody moral beauty in graceful and lovely material forms, which appeal directly to our hearts and our imagination, and make us almost pass over faults of execution; in a natural feeling for pure and harmonious colouring; in a symmetrical and pleasing composition almost architectural; and in the innocence and unaffected simplicity of the human countenance, which, notwithstanding its ideal treatment, bears the stamp of truth and nature. These have ever been the characteristics of a people arising from long darkness, and searching with singleness of mind, like children, for the light. Those who cannot enter into the earnest feeling which inspired the works of the 14th century, nor understand their spiritualized meaning, will detect and dwell upon errors of detail apparent to the least practised eye. But it requires something more than the eye to appreciate their beauties and to interpret their inner signification. Few, therefore, can feel true sympathy, although sympathy may be affected, for what are somewhat contemptuously called ‘pre-Raphaelite pictures.’

In the 15th century the condition of Italy underwent a great change. The struggle for political and intellectual freedom had ended in success. Independent republics, confiding in their strength and rejoicing in their power, now turned themselves to the gathering of riches and the pride of display. Painting soon felt the influence of the new order of things and succumbed to it. It was in the Tuscan school—for those of Florence, Siena, and Pisa were now really blended into one—that the change was first apparent. It was by no means simultaneous throughout Italy. One of its principal features was the increase in the demand for easel pictures, owing to the diffusion of wealth and education amongst individuals who began to covet pictures for  
private



private purposes, to the greater knowledge of the technical part of painting, and ultimately to the discovery or more general introduction of oil as a vehicle. Still fresco painting held the foremost rank, and claimed for its function the religious and moral teaching of the people, the excitement to devotion and godliness, and the representation of sacred history. But although its objects may have been the same as they had been in the previous century, its mode of effecting them was different. The philosophy of the schools had penetrated deeply into the religious and profane literature of Italy. The Gothicism of religion and of manners, if we may so express ourselves, was fast giving way before intellectual habits and modes of thought more congenial to the Italian character and the Italian sky. The earnest, simple faith of the revival was yielding to the pomp and pride of a powerful hierarchy. This change was equally felt in the three sister arts, in architecture, sculpture, and painting. It displayed itself in a loss of freshness and simplicity, in an increasing love of ornament for the delight of the eye, in a tendency to sacrifice the highest functions of art to technical skill, and in the introduction of numerous accessories, such as architectural monuments and rich costume, of classic rather than of Gothic design. At the same time there was far more correctness in the drawing, especially of the human frame, the composition or general arrangement was more studied and less conventional, and a growing knowledge of the properties of light and shade imparted more truth and relief to the objects represented. The ideal and spiritual treatment of the old painters gave way to the realistic tendency of the new, and less was now left to the imagination and the feelings. Still there lingered until nearly the end of the century men who, like Fra Angelico and Gentile da Fabriano, preserved in their lives and works the purity, devotional spirit, and childlike faith of those who had passed away. It is no small proof of their skill and their sincerity that they touched the hearts of the multitude, and asserted for yet a season the influence of purely Christian art.

Let us not be understood to say that among the many great painters who adorned this century, so rich in illustrious men, there were none who possessed the same religious and earnest feeling and the same appreciation of the highest functions of art as the painters of the fourteenth. Some of them were eminently distinguished in these respects, but still there was more of earth than of heaven in their works. They sought to achieve, by the representation of objects and actions familiar to men in daily life, the effect which the painters of the previous century had produced by appealing to the imagination and the sentiments.

sentiments. In this they no doubt adapted themselves to the wants and opinions of the age. We believe that, as means of conveying instruction in a pleasing and interesting manner, and of displaying to the utmost technical skill, taste, and fancy, the works of these painters are more suggestive and would be more useful as objects of study to those who affect in these days the name of pre-Raphaelites, and are endeavouring to restore to painting its early truthfulness and simplicity, than the productions of any other period.

The painters who chiefly mark this century by their frescoes were Pietro della Francesca, Filippo Lippi, Benozzo Gozzoli, Masolino, Masaccio, Filippino Lippi, and Ghirlandajo. The first place in order of genius, as well as of birth, may be assigned to Pietro della Francesca, a painter but little known out of Italy. He is one of those masters whose easel pictures afford but a faint idea of his originality and vigour. He was pre-eminently a painter in fresco, displaying a complete mastery over that material. Unfortunately only two of his works of any importance have been preserved from destruction. The most extensive is the series behind the high altar of the church of S. Francesco in Arezzo, portraying the apocryphal history of the true cross—a legend crowded with romantic incidents and marvellous events, affording the amplest field for the imagination of a painter. His representation of it is characterized by many grand and noble figures of men and horses, showing, in a very marked manner, the influence of the study of the antique, by a consummate power of depicting human emotions, and by many new and ingenious effects of perspective, fore-shortening, and chiaroscuro. The union of all these qualities to so remarkable a degree led Vasari to exclaim ‘that these frescoes might be called too beautiful and excellent for the time in which they were painted.’ The sleeping Constantine, with his wakeful page seated by his side—a figure of singular beauty and expression—and the two guards watching in darkness outside the tent, which is lighted within by the glory of the angel descending from heaven with the sign of victory, is so wonderful an effect of chiaroscuro, that the same writer has justly claimed for it the honour of being the foundation of this part of modern painting, an opinion curiously verified by the fact, that at the sale of Sir Thomas Lawrence’s collection of drawings by the ancient masters the original sketch for the fresco was attributed to Guercino.

Three years ago the ‘operajo,’ or churchwarden, of S. Francesco gave orders to enlarge the window of the choir containing these frescoes. Parts of the wall upon which they were painted  
were



were knocked away; into other parts iron bands were inserted to strengthen the masonry. Fragments of brick and plaster as they fell destroyed or injured the paintings beneath, which were left altogether unprotected. Amongst the things destroyed was the head of the watching page. An Englishman, who chanced to be present, warmly remonstrated against this disgraceful act of Vandalism. The authorities, somewhat roused by the indignant protest of the foreigner, appealed to the restorer.—‘Bah!’ said he, shrugging up his shoulders, ‘it is a thing of no importance; I will put in another head!’

The other work of Pietro—his greatest, according to his biographer—is to be found in his native town of Borgo S. Sepolcro. It is the Resurrection of our Lord. The Saviour, bearing aloft the red-crossed banner of victory, and gathering the grave-clothes about him, leaves the tomb with solemn step. There is an awful and unearthly majesty in His countenance, in the large eyes fixed on vacancy, and in the still placid features. Beneath, buried in a death-like sleep, lie the guards. The cold grey morning creeps above the hills, and the dark trees stand motionless in the twilight. The glory of the rising Christ, and of His shining garments, casts a pale subdued light around Him. No painter has ever so painted the scene!

And what does the reader suppose has befallen this sublime conception? The hall which it adorns, once that of the Palace of the ‘Conservatori,’ has been converted into the storehouse for the pledges deposited in the Monte di Pietà, the Government pawnbroking establishment. The windows have been carefully blocked up to exclude light and air. Copper caldrons, pots and pans, instruments of agriculture, spinning wheels, and balls of cotton twist—all the furniture of an Italian peasant’s cottage, upon which a few pence can be borrowed—are piled against the walls. If a stranger should ask to see the fresco, he must wait the convenience of the several directors of the institution, who have separate keys as a check upon each other’s honesty.

Whilst we are still on the threshold of the new period let us seek the cool shade of the cloisters of the Holy Cemetery of Pisa, in which are united, by an unbroken chain of fresco decoration, the genius and spirit of the two centuries. As the Arena and Spagnuola Chapels are in themselves the most complete monuments of one master, or the expression of one great idea, the Campo Santo affords an entire and consecutive history of the Florentine or dramatic school. After the ruder works attributed to Buffalmacco, the series commences with the allegory of Death and the Last Judgment, in which Orcagna has poured forth in daring and varied measure the treasures of his imagination.

imagination. It is in the resurrection of the dead that occurs a figure, never to be forgotten, combining the truest poetry, and the highest dramatic power, with the most intense feeling that painting can boast—that of the Archangel, who, cowering beneath the throne of the Avenging Christ, and half hiding his face in his mantle, gazes with hopeless anguish upon the victims of the irrevocable decree. And in each composition what variety, what deep spiritual meaning, what artless simplicity and grace, and what touches of nature,—in the kings seated on their affrighted steeds, meditating on the opened coffins holding the festering remains of royal mortality,—in the maidens, unmindful of the coming hour, toying beneath the leafy bower,—in the expression of the overflowing joy of the blessed, and the miserable despair of the damned! No man who has any sympathy for the beautiful and true can look upon these great works, even now that the age whose spirit and belief they embody has long passed away, without feeling his heart touched and his imagination warmed. Surely this is the triumph of ‘Christian Art.’

Orcagna is followed by Pietro Laurati, Spinello, Antonio Veneziano, and Francesco da Volterra, who adopted his dramatic treatment in sacred and legendary story, and prepared the way for Benozzo Gozzoli, one of those who carried it to its highest development in the fifteenth century. This great painter was invited to Pisa to complete the work they had so well commenced. Nearly the whole of one cloistered side of the building, 400 feet in length, was covered with frescoes by his ready hand—‘un’ opera terribilissima,’ as Vasari calls it, occupying no less than sixteen years of his life—a period not too great for so vast an undertaking. There, in a succession of pictures of exquisite grace, he dramatised the principal episodes of sacred history. To give interest and variety to them he borrowed from the beauties of nature and the masterpieces of art which he saw around him. Temples and triumphal arches of classic form, palaces and cathedrals of Italian architecture, arcades, pyramids, and Gothic towers, flower-gardens and shady groves, spreading trees bending with golden fruit or tenanted by painted birds, hills and valleys, mountains and rocks, adorn landscapes peopled by graceful forms of women and children, and noble men, dressed in every variety of costume, and by animals of every clime. No fear of anachronisms checks his genius, no test of authority chains his fancy. What he found worthy of admiration in nature or art he claimed as his own, to be used as he deemed best. He went even further; to place in these fanciful creations those who could give a living reality to the scene, he introduced amongst patriarchs and Jewish warriors varied groups of



of the statesmen, philosophers, and artists of his time; thus bringing together a collection of historical portraits which gives an additional interest to his frescoes.\*

Of this illustrious painter there still remain two nearly perfect monuments, illustrations of which would, we think, be most acceptable to English students and lovers of art—the Adoration of the Magi, in the Riccardi Chapel at Florence, full of delicate and beautiful fancies, and the stories from the life of S. Augustine in the church dedicated to that saint in the town of S. Gimignano. The latter are, perhaps, even more interesting, from their careful execution and pleasing composition, than his better known works at Pisa. We rejoice to see that the Arundel Society includes them both in its list of subjects for future publication. Benozzo was eminently a fresco painter; his works appear to have been executed, without exception, in sacred places, and illustrate in almost every instance one idea or subject carried out to its full development—all the accessory decoration being either the work of his own hand or from his designs. His easel pictures are greatly inferior in breadth, colour, and design—in fact in every quality of good painting—to his frescoes; they have the appearance of being the productions of another hand.

Less lavish of ornament, less exuberant in fancy, but more severe and simple in design and composition, were Masolino, Masaccio, Filippino Lippi, and Ghirlandajo—all, like Benozzo, essentially fresco painters. The first three by their well-known works in the Brancacci chapel, the last by his beautiful frescoes behind the high-altar of the church of S. Maria Novella, prepared the way for those who carried the art to the highest perfection it has ever attained, as far as we are enabled to judge. From these paintings Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci drew some of their happiest inspirations—making them the frequent objects of their youthful studies. But before coming to these illustrious men we must turn for a short time to a school whose influence was deeply felt by the greatest of them, Raphael.

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\* Many of Benozzo's compositions have perished altogether, and are only known by original sketches and ancient copies; others have been partly destroyed. The whole series of frescoes in the Campo Santo have been treated with the most disgraceful neglect, and have been exposed to wanton destruction by the erection of sepulchral monuments of the worst taste. Efforts are now being made, when it is too late, to preserve them. Fortunately the elder Lasinio—a name ever to be held in honour by the lovers of early art—published copies of the paintings as they existed in his day. Much has since disappeared. His engravings, although highly valuable as the only records existing of these great works, are far from correct, and give but an imperfect idea of their beauty.

A school of painting had flourished almost from the earliest days of the revival of the art in Umbria. Its principal seat was in the very ancient city of Gubbio. Although probably affected, as all others of Italy, by the genius of Giotto, its own historians claim for it an independent origin. Like those of Florence and Siena, it was, however, distinguished by its own peculiar characteristics—a deep, earnest religious sentiment, expressed by elevating rather than idealising natural types, an absence of dramatic power, a peculiar grace in its forms, and pure, warm, and harmonious colour. These qualities may be traced in the few fragments of frescoes still preserved of Guido Palmerucci, who may be looked upon as the real founder of the school, and of his pupil Martino Nelli; but it was the son of the latter, Ottaviano, who first united them to an eminent degree. The Council of the Arundel Society will include, in its publication for 1859, a copy in lithochrome of one of his few existing frescoes, from a drawing by Mrs. Higford Burr. To say that this drawing is a beautiful and truthful rendering of the spirit of the original is no slight praise. It requires no ordinary qualifications to copy without exaggeration the works of these early masters; to preserve their real feeling, without either concealing or giving too much prominence to defects or peculiarities of manner. We are inclined to believe that an amateur can better accomplish the task than a professional artist, whose hand, accustomed to another style of drawing, can with difficulty be cramped into these antique forms. It is not difficult to produce the general effect of an old picture by exaggerating its archaisms. This is a fault into which German copyists and imitators are almost always apt to fall. In this instance the artist has avoided the snare, and has rendered, with exquisite feeling, and with evident accuracy, the tender and delicate fancy and the artless sentiment of the original. The Virgin and Child, surrounded by saints and by angels of a quaint and innocent simplicity, receive the adoration of the members of the family for whom the fresco was painted, probably in fulfilment of a vow. The head of the Virgin, of which a tracing will be given, is, from the peculiarity of its treatment, and from its sweet pensive expression, highly characteristic of the school. The whole picture is a rich yet harmonious combination of colour, reminding one of the illuminations of a mediæval manuscript.

We see from this fresco whence Gentile da Fabriano derived his glowing hues, and Perugino his graceful outline. Signor Bonfatti, of Gubbio, has even shown the probability that among the pupils of Ottaviano may be reckoned Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raphael, who, judging from his few existing works,  
especially



especially his fine fresco at Cagli, of which the Arundel Society promises a copy, exercised no small influence upon his son. But the highest type of the Umbrian school is Pietro Perugino.

Pietro was, like the illustrious men we have described, essentially a painter in fresco, although he attained to great perfection in the execution of easel pictures. The bent of his genius was, in many respects, that of the masters of the 14th century—it was eminently religious and instructive—but it wanted their grandeur of conception and their intense spirituality. In the list of his numerous works, as given by the last editors of Vasari, there will only be found one representation of a profane subject. Although he worked for nobles and powerful states, some of his finest frescoes are to be found in the churches and humble chapels of the towns and villages around Perugia. Notwithstanding the accusation of avarice preferred against him by Vasari, it is proved by authentic documents that he did not sacrifice his art to the mere love of gain. When the fruits of his pencil were sought by the wealthy as objects of luxury, he placed upon them a price which, as such, he thought they were worth. Nor did he much care whether or not he was thus employed. In some instances he even broke advantageous agreements into which he had entered. But he seems to have been ever willing to labour for a good and pious object for an almost nominal reward. One of the frescoes he thus painted, and one of the most characteristic of his works, is the S. Sebastian in the small mediæval town of Panicale, on the lake of Perugia, of which a very beautiful copy in colour has been published by the Arundel Society. For his fine fresco of the Adoration of the Magi in his native town of Citta della Pieve—a vast composition full of subject, but unfortunately much injured by time—he received only 75 florins, bargaining for a mule and a guide to take him to the spot. For those in the Exchange of Perugia, upon which he and his pupils must have laboured for many years, he was only paid 350 golden ducats. Yet he covered the hall and chapel of the edifice with the most exquisite productions of his pencil and those of his best scholars, even designing with his own hand every pattern of the ornaments and furniture, thus completing, in its utmost detail, a monument which admirably illustrates the use of painting applied to mural decoration.\*

Many of the principal frescoes of Pietro were destroyed at

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\* The fine frescoes of the Cambio are fairly preserved. Those by Pietro, with the exception of the arabesques, have been well engraved. A complete series of the whole, including the woodwork and ornamentation, drawn and photographed by an association of artists of Perugia, is now in course of publication.

an early period, as, for instance, those in the Sistine chapel, which made way for Michelangelo's great work; others are still in good condition. Amongst the best preserved is the Martyrdom of S. Sebastian at Panicale. Some years ago the bishop of the diocese was scandalised at the partly naked figure of the saint being in a chapel attached to a convent of nuns. He decreed the destruction of the fresco, but an indignant remonstrance of the inhabitants of the town prevented this act of barbarism. He then proposed to give the saint a suit of decent garments. This was equally objected to. A compromise was effected by placing a veil over the offending figure, huge nails being knocked into the fresco for the purpose.

For many years after the death of Pietro, his pupils, amongst whom may be especially mentioned Lo Spagna, l'Ingegno, and Tiberio d' Assisi, were adorning the walls of the churches and chapels of Perugia, and of the surrounding towns and villages, with their frescoes. In every hamlet, and by the side of nearly every bridle-path on the hills and in the valleys of Umbria, may yet be seen, peeping out from amidst the rich foliage, the 'maesta,' with its painted image of the Madonna and Child full of sweet simplicity and grace. Time has dealt rudely with them, and the restorer even more cruelly; but in remote and unfrequented spots the traveller may even now suddenly find himself before one of these humble oratories, with its pitcher of flowers and little lamp, containing a holy group still almost as fresh and beautiful as when it came from the master's hands.

Pinturicchio, although greatly influenced by the works of the Perugian painter, can scarcely be called his pupil. Imitating the manner of Pietro in the graceful treatment of individual figures, his compositions are more dramatic, and from their richness and symmetrical arrangement are well suited to architectural decoration. His colouring is always rich and pleasing to the eye; in the variety and grace of his arabesques he was scarcely exceeded by Raphael himself. His frescoes in the library of the Duomo of Siena, in the churches of S. Maria Aracœli and of S. Croce in Gerusalemme in Rome, and in the chapel of the S. Maria Maggiore at Spello, may be classed amongst the most perfect examples of the decorative mural paintings of the sixteenth century combined with architecture. They are consequently well deserving of study, and we are glad to find that the Arundel Society has already commenced the publication in colour of those of Spello, which may be reckoned amongst his best, and are now fast perishing through neglect.

The Gothic spirit of the 14th century had entirely passed away, and the 'Renaissance,' founded upon the classic antique, had



had succeeded to it. Architecture was, as in other cases, the first among the arts to feel the new influence. Here again we find the political and social condition of Italy producing the change. The last traces of freedom were fast fading. The republics of central Italy had been gradually extinguished, and their territories absorbed into powerful states, in which liberty was forgotten in the love of wealth and ease. As it had ever been the case, the artist responded to the wants of those who employed him. A refinement of taste prevailed, such as had not been seen since the best period of the classic age of Greece. It extended to every social want—to dress, to arms, to furniture, to manufactures, as well as to the arts. The commonest objects of daily use were fashioned with an exquisite perception of the beautiful. At no time had the skill of the artisan been exceeded. The work of the ‘cinque-cento’ has become a proverb: but this love of mere material beauty, this seeking after technical skill alone, was fast destroying the power of appreciating the highest and noblest aims of painting. The painters in fresco, with few exceptions, no longer painted for the people. They no longer looked upon teaching as their first and paramount duty: we shall find them henceforth decorating chapels for the gratification of popes, palaces for the noble or wealthy, and churches for the mere sake of ornamentation, without any ulterior or more elevated object. One of the first results of this change was the absorption of nearly all the schools of central Italy into the ‘Roman,’ a name denoting no identity of origin or positive peculiarity of style, but arising out of the fact that nearly every artist of celebrity was summoned to the capital of the Catholic world, to add by his genius to its embellishment, or to the gratification of those who, through the credulity of Europe, were best able to patronise art. The easel picture had now become a mere object of luxury, and no longer one of devotion. It was eagerly sought after by the rich, and yielded the best reward to the labours of the artist. Still fresco-painting maintained yet for a little while its ascendancy. Its pre-eminent capabilities for producing grand and solemn effects, and for displaying to the utmost the resources of genius, were still acknowledged. The three most illustrious painters of the age, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo, accordingly chose it as the vehicle for embodying their loftiest conceptions.

Their principal works in this material are too well known to require description. The neglect and wanton injury which have brought most of them to their present lamentable condition have been denounced and deplored by every traveller and every man of feeling and taste. It is the more remarkable that they

should have been allowed to decay, after the whole of civilized Europe had acknowledged their excellence, and had placed them the first amongst the productions of modern art. As to *their* merits, at least, there have never been two opinions, from the time they were painted to this day. Yet the masterpieces of Michelangelo have been left to blacken in the smoke of torches and incense, and in the dust and dirt of more than three centuries. The frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican have not escaped a similar fate. Some have been restored and repaired by Carlo Maratti and far inferior hands, but the beautiful designs and arabesques in the Loggia, teeming with exquisite fancy, have been the sport of the seasons and of men. Of most of these great works, however, we have some trustworthy records. The ablest copyists and the most skilful engravers have vied with each other in reproducing their beauties. They have been published to the world in every form, and have, for the most part, been made more familiar to us than any productions of the same period. There is no chance of the memory of them dying away as long as the art of painting is held in honour.

Although we have classed these three great men together as marking a third period in fresco-painting, their genius was by no means of a similar order. The characteristics of each were essentially distinct. Yet they all three represented in their own way the spirit of the age and country in which they lived. They may be best judged by the influence they each exercised on art, and on their followers and imitators.

By the grandeur and boldness of his conceptions, his consummate power of depicting human passions, his unrivalled skill in drawing the human form under every aspect, and his complete mastery over the technical processes of his art, Michelangelo strikes us with wonder and awe. We feel that something not of earth, yet not of heaven, is before us. His forms have the super-human power of Titans, but are generally without true majesty and dignity, and do not appeal to the highest nature of man. He who can appreciate the difficulties which have been overcome in their production, and the infinite knowledge and profound thought which they display, gazes upon them with amazement and places them amongst the greatest efforts of the human mind. The ignorant may look upon them with a curious and wondering eye; but they can neither understand nor feel them. Their effect is thus confined and limited, and the highest object of fresco-painting has not been attained. Yet was Michelangelo not devoid of those pure and elevated sentiments which inspired and guided the most spiritual of the painters of the fourteenth century. None exceeded him in child-like simplicity of character and in purity of life. His piety,



piety, indeed, was more rational than theirs. It was earnest from conviction, the fruit of Christian philosophy and reasoned faith. Hence it was, perhaps, that his art did not touch the feelings or reach the sympathies of those for whose benefit and instruction painting was in its first development chiefly designed. He painted for men of worldly knowledge and experience, eager for new sensations and able to appreciate his skill, but unmoved by either passion or sentiment.

Portions of his frescoes and many of his works in sculpture show how little he was wanting in the highest and noblest qualities of the painter, and afford some idea of what he would have been had he lived in the age which inspired Giotto and Orcagna. Unfortunately those qualities were not felt or understood by the men who came after him, and who were captivated by the vastness of his intellect, which they could only detect in his extraordinary mastery over certain technical difficulties of his art. To the influence exercised by his works must partly be attributed the decay of fresco-painting, and with it of the last traces of true Christian art.

Raphael did not escape that influence, against which, however, the memories of his native Umbria seem to have long struggled. He was constantly casting back a lingering look towards the purple hills and sunny valleys amidst which his childhood had been spent—to the time when old Pietro would lead his pupils to some quiet village and pay by the work of his brush, sometimes even painting on the dishes they had used, for a simple feast of fruit and wine. It is to those early recollections that we may attribute that grace, that profound religious sentiment, and that calm repose of his landscapes, which are so grateful and so soothing in his works. Whether, had he lived longer, they would have still exercised their sway is perhaps more than doubtful. They were rapidly fading away when he died. The spirit of the age was too powerful for even his genius. He no longer painted for the instruction of the humble or the free—he was the friend of the great and powerful. It was their chapels and their palaces that he adorned, not the town hall of a republic or the secluded cloisters of a convent. He consequently mingled Pagan myths and symbolism with Scripture story and sacred legend. To those for whom he laboured the one was as acceptable as the other. They looked with the same critical eye upon a scene on Parnassus and the Agony in the Garden.

But Raphael, like Michelangelo, could break through the trammels which the changed aspect of the time imposed upon him. His own inner love of the beautiful and the true, idealized

in the spirit of Christianity—a spirit which gives the peculiar freshness, power, and charm to the frescoes of the great painters of the fourteenth century—burst forth uncontrolled in the *Madonna di S. Sisto* and the *Cartoons*.\* That he was truly a fresco painter is proved by his greatest works—his frescoes in the Vatican. Reynolds has observed of him that ‘when he painted in oil his hand seemed to be so cramped and confined, that he not only lost that facility and spirit, but even that correctness of form which is perfect and admirable in his fresco works.’

The mind of Leonardo da Vinci was cast in a different mould from those of his two illustrious contemporaries: in such respects as he resembled them we trace the influence of the age acting similarly on the three. Yielding to the ‘new manner,’ even competing in it with its greatest apostle, Michelangelo, his genius assimilated more with that of the painters of the 14th century. This is shown, whatever his own practice may have occasionally been, in his most important works, and more especially, as M. Rio has well pointed out in his *Life of the painter*, in those of his pupils and followers. The grandeur and dignity of his compositions and the freedom of his style were essentially adapted to mural painting, although he seems to have executed few works in fresco. It is doubtful whether his great *Cartoon*, painted in rivalry with Michelangelo, was ever completely transferred to the walls of the edifice for which it was intended. His famous *Last Supper* at Milan (which from the material employed has little claim to be called a fresco, although it has in many respects the qualities of fresco-painting), notwithstanding all that it has suffered from wilful injury and from the restorers, still shows a feeling for ideal beauty, a religious sentiment and an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, combined with the greatest technical skill and knowledge of the resources of his art—the union of the spirit of the old masters with the power of the new—which render it the most perfect work executed since the revival of painting.

His pupils followed faithfully in his footsteps. Long after the true spirit of fresco had fled from Central Italy they kept alive the sacred fire to the north of the Po. The wall paintings of Luini carry us back to Ghirlandajo and the Lippi; they display the same appreciation of the beautiful, the same truthfulness, the same severe and simple outline, with even richer and more cheerful colouring and greater grace of design. The church of S. Maurizio

\* We cannot refrain from mentioning the fine photographs of the *Cartoons* recently executed for Mr. Colnaghi, by Messrs. Montecchi and Caldesi. They reproduce with wonderful effect the spirit of the originals.



Maggiore at Milan, adorned in every part by his pencil, and his exquisite frescoes around the high altar of the Sanctuary of the Virgin at Saronno, surmounted by a gorgeous cupola covered with the rejoicing host of angels clothed in garments of every hue—the work of Gaudenzio Ferrari, another eminent fresco-painter of the school—are admirable examples of mural decoration, and are well worthy of careful study no less for their beauty than as examples of what may be achieved in the material.

There are no remains of very ancient frescoes, as far as we are aware, in Venice. The sea-air seems to have destroyed all traces of such early works as may have escaped wanton injury. It is, however, doubtful whether this mode of painting flourished as much there as in other parts of Italy. It appears to have been chiefly used, but at a comparatively late period, on the outside of buildings. Giorgione painted many exteriors after this fashion; but only a few perishing fragments of his frescoes now remain on the exterior of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi. A commission, named by Gian Bellini, and consisting of 'Lazaro Bastian, Vettor Scarpaza, and Ser Vettor de Matheo,' was appointed to determine the price to be paid for his work, which was fixed at 150 ducats: the painter consented to receive 130. The façades painted by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Pordenone, and others, have, we believe, entirely disappeared. But the interiors of the public buildings and churches of this rich city must have been admirably fitted for mural painting. We find, indeed, that Luigi Vivarini, Gian Bellini, and other eminent painters of the latter part of the 15th century, were invited to embellish the Ducal Palace. Their works unfortunately perished in the fire of 1577, which destroyed the two principal halls. Frescoes by Guariento, a painter of considerable merit of the 14th century, but now only known by some fragments in the church of the Eremitani at Padua, are said to be yet in existence beneath the Last Judgment of Tintoretto; but it is difficult to understand how they could have escaped the conflagration.

In no part of the north of Italy does fresco-painting seem to have attained the same importance as in the centre of the Peninsula. The Venetian school had scarcely been founded, had certainly produced no painter of eminence, when fresco had become an exponent of national faith and sentiment in the republics of Central Italy. Padua might be cited as an exception; but its early wall pictures are so essentially Giottesque in character that they can scarcely be considered the works of an independent school. The frescoes by Titian in the Scuola di S. Antonio in the same city, executed in the decline of his life, are the only existing specimens of the master. They do not hold the same high

high rank as his easel pictures, yet are well worthy of study from their broad and simple treatment. The vast canvases covered by this great painter and by Tintoretto at Venice, set in their ponderous gilded frames, and with their vehement dramatic action and powerful effects of chiaroscuro, have none of the qualities of architectural decoration. We can scarcely, it is true, fairly judge of their original effect in their present state of decay; but they are essentially oil pictures on a very large scale, frequently exhibiting extraordinary grandeur and power, especially those by Tintoretto in the Scuola di S. Rocco, of two of which, Christ before Pilate, and Christ bearing the Cross, the Arundel Society has published photographic copies. It is much to be regretted that the frescoes of the great Venetian painters should have perished, as it was in the execution of those works that they acquired that freedom of treatment and that broad comprehensive mode of colouring which distinguish their oil pictures.

Nothing marks more completely the loss of Italian freedom and the degeneracy of Italian taste than the state of fresco-painting towards the middle of the 16th century. Correggio, invited in the year 1518 to paint a chamber in a convent of nuns in Parma, represented on its walls a series of mythological subjects, with Diana, the Graces, Cupids and Satyrs. Between 1526 and 1530 he painted in fresco, on a cupola of the Duomo of the same city, the Assumption of the Virgin, in which all religious and spiritual feeling is sacrificed to violent foreshortenings and exaggerated action. Raphael had been dead but a very few years when his pupil, Giulio Romano, decorated the halls of the Palazzo del Te at Mantua with the battle of the Titans, in which all feeling for the beautiful and true is lost in coarse and vulgar exaggeration. He painted, however, to suit the taste of the day, and hence soon lost the traces of his master's early influence. 'Do not paint me any of your saints and such like things,' wrote Frederick of Este to Sebastian del Piombo, of whom he asked a picture, 'but something pleasing and agreeable to the sight.' But that sight had already been perverted. If the great painters of the commencement of the century had battled against the evil influences to which this corruption is to be attributed, those who followed yielded to them without a struggle.

Domenichino and Guido may, for a short time, at the beginning of the 17th century, have raised fresco-painting from its low condition; but even with them it no longer fulfilled its original mission. Notwithstanding the beauty of parts of the frescoes at Fano and Grotta Ferrata by the one, and in the chapel of S. Silvia at Rome, and in the cathedral of Ravenna by the other,



other, they are cold and academical—sacrificing to effect and dexterous handling the highest objects of art.

Before leaving the subject of early Italian frescoes we would add a word upon their technical qualities. These works being destined to endure as long as the walls on which they were painted, it was of essential importance that the colours used in them should be of the first quality and should be such as would best resist decay. It was considered an act of criminal dishonesty punishable by fine to employ any others. In the statutes of the brotherhood of the painters of Siena it was decreed, 'that any member of the guild who should dare or presume to use in his works any gold, silver, or colour other than he may have promised to employ, as for instance alloyed gold for fine gold, tin for silver, cobalt blue for ultramarine, indigo for azure, red ochre or carmine for cinabrese, should be punished and fined upon every conviction ten libri.' Cennino Cennini insists upon the use of good colours as a religious obligation, and most especially in portraying the Virgin. If the painter, he declares, be even underpaid for his work, God and our Lady will recompense him in the soul and in the body. It was customary in most contracts for frescoes—especially those solemnly entered into between the heads of great communities and masters of repute—to specify precisely the nature of the colours. Ricci, in his history of the Arts in the March of Ancona, cites certain articles of agreement concluded in the year 1429 between the Agent of Filippo Maria Duke of Milan and one Aliguzio, for painting the Adoration of the Magi, in a chapel of the church of the Virgin at Loreto. The price to be paid is fixed at 50 golden florins, and the painter undertakes

'In the first place to paint the blessed Lady Mary, with her son in her arms according to custom, with a mantel of ultramarine blue smalt; item, St. Joseph with a mantel of purple colour; item, the first mage dressed in fine cobalt green; item, the second mage dressed in cinabrese; item, the third mage dressed in ultramarine blue, as our lady Mary; item, three knights dressed like the three magi; item, the other attendants on horseback, some dressed in fine ultramarine, others with hoods of the same blue, a few saddles and animals and birds worthy of the magnificence of those kings; item, the horses of the Magi and of the knights to be finished with trappings; item, the manger with the ox and the ass; item, the ground (of the picture) above all of gold, with a few prophets upon it.'

In many contracts, even as late as the time of Titian, we find the employers of the painter undertaking to furnish certain colours, such as the blue and the gold. An anecdote is told of Pietro Perugino, who, when watched by a stingy abbot, for  
whose

whose convent he was painting a fresco, lest he should steal the ultramarine, continually washed his brushes and asked for fresh supplies of the pigment. At the end of the day, exhibiting the deposit that had accumulated at the bottom of the basin, he remarked that had he desired to cheat his employers, he should have had no difficulty in accomplishing his purpose.

This scrupulous care in the use of pure and lasting colours has had two very contrary results; it has tended both to the preservation and to the destruction of frescoes. On the one hand, those of the best periods of Italian art, even of the 13th century, such as the frescoes in the upper church of Assisi, by Cimabue, have lost none of their brightness; on the other, the actual value of the pigments was such as to tempt greedy priests and friars, and many noble works of art have been almost entirely destroyed for the sake of the gold, the ultramarine and the cinabrese.

It has now become a habit in Italy to remove frescoes of interest for sale or for preservation in public museums. The method adopted is to apply upon the face of the painting a linen cloth, covered with a kind of glue. The 'intonaco,' or prepared plaster, is then carefully detached from the wall with a knife. The rough surface having been rubbed down with a pumice-stone, until the lime is reduced to the thinnest state consistent with the preservation of the painting, a canvas is fastened to the back, and the cloth in front is removed. When this operation is skilfully performed, the detached fresco may almost be treated like a common oil picture. But there is great danger of injuring the painting, especially if it has been finished in tempera, as was the custom of the painters of the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th century; whilst the parts in 'buon fresco' remain the subsequent touches are destroyed. The same thing occurs when frescoes are cleaned, as it frequently happens, in a careless and ignorant manner. We have been assured that when the dirt was removed by some process from the fine fresco of the Last Supper, recently discovered at Florence, and attributed for some time to Raphael, but now probably with more truth to Pinturicchio, a great part of the work, especially the details of the table, disappeared altogether. This painter, in the contract for the decoration of the Piccolomini Library at Siena, agreed to paint the heads in fresco and to finish them in tempera.

Although during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the true end and qualities of painting combined with architecture were forgotten, there was no lack of frescoes. The art had, indeed, never been so flourishing, if the acres of wall which it covered be any test of vitality. There is scarcely a church or chapel



chapel from the north to the south of Italy that is not coated with frescoes, but they are mean, insipid, and lifeless productions, without one redeeming merit. The degradation of Italy was followed by the degradation of painting; and he who delights in art when devoted to good and noble objects turns away from this period in sorrow and disgust.

The first revival of fresco-painting in this century took place in Germany, and was consequent upon the great political and social movement which followed the French revolution. Sir Charles Eastlake, in one of his admirable reports to the Select Committee on the Fine Arts, remarks, that 'the efforts to create a new style of art in Germany in the beginning of this century were intimately connected with the struggle for political independence.' The same connexion existed in this instance between the arts and the condition and feelings of the people as in Italy at the time of their revival. There was, however, a material difference in the two cases. In Italy the arts rose gradually from infancy to the highest perfection, developing themselves by slow degrees, and through continuous labour, thought, and experience. In Germany an attempt was made to return to times gone by, whose spirit, tastes, and intellectual habits were foreign to those of the living generation. The German painters sought to restore bodily what they considered to be a national school of painting—such as it had existed when the Teutonic influence prevailed unalloyed in their country—instead of adapting themselves to the wants and sentiments of the times in which they lived. They committed the grave mistake of believing that art can be transplanted from one period to another without reference to the foundation upon which it must always rest. Hence the modern fresco-paintings of Germany, with very few exceptions, are cold, unmeaning, and affected, and fail to attain their legitimate object or to represent any true national feeling.

Fresco never exercised its highest functions to the north of the Alps. The mural paintings which adorned the interiors of churches in Germany were of a very insignificant character when compared with the grand compositions which are to be found in the sacred edifices of Italy. In the history of northern art there is no record of a painter in fresco of any distinction. The new German school had, therefore, no good models to which it could turn in its efforts to revive Teutonic art. It was driven to adopt the rude archaisms of composition and design of early painters of easel-pictures; but, by some singular perversion of taste, it rejected at the same time their rich, positive colouring, adopting, in its stead, pale half-tints. Its frescoes have consequently for the

the most part a mean and insipid appearance, ill adapted to architectural decoration, which demands bright, harmonious, and well-defined colour. The contrast between the affected Teutonism of the German revival and the true spirit of the old painters could scarcely be better illustrated than by comparing the fresco of the Vision of St. Francis, painted by Overbeck, in the church of the Angeli, at the foot of the hill of Assisi, with the ancient wall-paintings in the town above: the one cold, poor, and monotonous in colour, affectedly stiff, and cramped in composition,—the others abounding in artless and graceful conceptions, and still bright and grateful to the eye, although five centuries have swept over them: the one an unimpassioned imitation,—the others the utterance of earnest and original minds.

Still the Germans boast of having delivered Europe from the thralldom of false taste, and of having restored to painting its early simplicity and legitimate position. They have celebrated their æsthetic triumph at Munich by a fresco, in which modern German art, represented by German artists mounted on Pegasus, is attacking, horse-pistol in hand, a human-headed monster in bagwig and ruffles, who guards the cave in which lie bound the three Graces—a specimen of scenic decoration not unworthy of a country fair.

A similar movement to that in Germany, though not arising from similar causes, took place a few years ago in this country. A juster appreciation of the true principles and ends of art, partly derived from a more intimate acquaintance with the great works of the early Italian painters, and partly from the influence of German writers, began to prevail. We had no mediæval school of our own of sufficient importance and worth to turn to for our examples, especially in mural decoration. A rude kind of fresco appears to have been employed in the sacred edifices of England, as in other Catholic countries, before the Reformation. But the iconoclastic spirit of the Puritans would not tolerate the traces of Romish superstitions in their holy places, and whitewash or the scraper soon blotted them out. Remains of such paintings are, however, still to be found in many of our ancient cathedrals and churches. Although interesting to the archæologist as examples of early Gothic decoration, they are of little merit and scarcely deserve to be noticed as works of art. It is, however, worthy of observation that the condition of some of these fragments proves that our climate is not in general unfavourable to the material of fresco.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the last century, proposed to the Royal Academy that certain of its members should fill with  
paintings



paintings the spaces which Sir Christopher Wren had intentionally left for that purpose in the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. Public opinion, however, had not yet been reconciled to an innovation, which the great architect had foreseen would sooner or later take place, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London refused their consent to the plan. It is perhaps, on the whole, fortunate that such was the case, as amongst the artists selected were Dance, Cipriani, and Angelica Kauffmann.\* The attempts of some foreign artists to adorn the halls and staircases of English mansions and public buildings after the Italian fashion, with classic subjects painted in oil, merit scarcely mention even as mural decoration of the lowest kind. The first serious effort to restore to painting its original office was made by Barry, and the unhappy result to the starving artist of this attempt to introduce a taste for 'high art' is well known. His works in the Hall of the Society of Arts in the Adelphi, highly interesting on this account, have no claim to be classed amongst frescoes, as they are simply oil pictures ill-suited to architectural decoration. But with numerous palpable defects they have many great qualities. They display a rare knowledge of the principles of art, and in many instances severe beauty of outline and expression, and a lofty and noble intention which would have placed them high in rank amongst the masterpieces of every country, had they not been disfigured by cold artificial colouring, a frequent want of simplicity, and a false taste for conventional classic allegory. Yet these remarkable works are little known even in England. We have even heard it related of a living royal academician that on hearing their merits discussed, he expressed his surprise that the accomplished architect of the Houses of Parliament had ever wielded the brush!

No further attempt was made until long after Barry's time to introduce mural decoration in its best form into England. The erection of the Houses of Parliament gave the first decided

\* The present Dean of St. Paul's has revived the idea of decorating the interior of the cathedral, and has invited public subscriptions for this purpose. He proposes to enrich it with foreign and native marbles and with gilding. We wish appropriate paintings in fresco could be added; and we are reminded by the remarkable oration of Lord Brougham on Sir Isaac Newton, that, if this fine edifice is to be adorned by memorials of the mighty dead, a monument should be erected there to him who was the greatest man that was ever produced, not only by England but by the world. The fine passage in which Lord Brougham stigmatises the omission will, we hope, induce our Government to repair the deficiency. Those who have supremely excelled in the arts of war have tombs raised to them at the public expense. Is it fitting that he who excelled all men in genius should be left without a tribute, because his talents were not applied to commanding armies, but in unravelling the sublimest mysteries of nature, to the lasting delight and profit of mankind?

impulse to a movement in favour of the use of painting as an accessory to architecture, and afforded ample opportunities for its right direction. The reports addressed by Sir Charles Eastlake to 'the Royal Commission for the Fine Arts,' equally remarkable for their learning, their high tone of feeling, and their true appreciation of the ends of art, were well calculated to guide the public taste, and to lead to the formation of a school of fresco painters worthy of the nation. Indeed a better occasion had never been offered for the attainment of these objects. An edifice of unequalled extent and magnificence was thrown open to painting. Halls, chambers and corridors afforded ample spaces of every variety of form and of every dimension, combined with every modification of a rich and diversified architecture. The artist had the fullest scope for the display of his invention and imagination in the choice and treatment of his subject. Yet with all these advantages, with every incitement that could stimulate the genius and zeal of the painter, we fear that unless some radical change and improvement takes place the experiment will end in almost total failure.

We are inclined to attribute this result mainly to two causes—to a want of a due appreciation and knowledge of the true aim of painting when combined with architecture, on the part of those to whom has been confided the pictorial decoration of the interior of the edifice, and to the selection of painters who had already been formed in a school opposed in all its views and tendencies to fresco, and who had neither the requisite acquaintance with, nor feeling for, this branch of their art. A foolish notion seems to have spread amongst our painters that it is unworthy of their position to be subservient to the architect. They forget that this subservience is so far absolutely necessary when the two arts are combined that the work of the one must harmonize with that of the other. It was by constantly keeping this principle in view that the great painters of the middle ages—themselves frequently no less distinguished as architects—carried out their grandest and most effective conceptions. We have shown how it was their purpose to blend into one complete and harmonious whole, painting and architecture, colour and carved ornament. Nor have those artists who have hitherto been employed in the Houses of Parliament, with one exception, understood and applied the peculiar properties and quality of fresco. Some indeed appear to have imagined that fresco painting consists in little else than coarse unfinished daubing, hasty, inaccurate drawing and academical 'tours de force,' scarcely superior to what may be seen on the papered walls of a French café.

Hence



Hence the greater number of their frescoes have the appearance of bad easel pictures painted in a material of the use of which the artist was ignorant. The study of the works of the Italian masters of the best period of fresco-painting would have shown that they appealed by a poetic treatment, and by the calm dignity and repose of their forms, to the imagination and the feelings; that by a skilful disposition of their figures, and of the masses of light and shade, they brought out their subject distinctly and intelligibly; that by symmetrical composition, and by rich and harmonious colour, they added grandeur and beauty to the design of the architect, and aided the just proportions of all its parts; that although to the attainment of these objects they frequently sacrificed detail and careful finish, they never wantonly revelled in bad drawing or false colour; that although their treatment of a subject might be, in certain respects, conventional, yet this conventionality was not more opposed to truth and nature than the diction of the poet is opposed to the language which we use in ordinary life. Indeed, painting in its highest development, as in fresco, should bear a very close analogy to the epic. It should be lofty and stately in its measure, without being stilted or so far exaggerated as to be repugnant to nature. The genius of the great mural painter, like that of the epic poet, will be displayed by the skill with which he can embody his thoughts and conceptions with elevation, dignity, and refinement. It should no more be his object to imitate with careful accuracy, striving at actual deception, the common objects of nature, or to portray the ignoble actions and common emotions of humanity, than it should be the chief aim of the epic poet to clothe his ideas in the language of the vulgar, or to describe the lowest and meanest passions of men. If such effects are attempted at all, they should be entirely secondary, and subservient to both the general and immediate design. In an easel picture, which may be moved from place to place, and is, more or less, an object of curiosity or pleasure, a minute representation of details, and a skilful display of foreshortening, and of original and startling effects, may be desirable; but the more a fresco approaches such a work in its realistic treatment, and in its academical character, the more will it depart from the true quality and object of mural decoration, and will injure instead of embellishing the architecture with which it may be combined.

One or two of the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament are deficient in every requisite quality of colour, drawing, and composition. We may particularly instance the Adam and Eve in the vestibule leading to the Commons' committee-rooms. Others are vulgar in taste, poor in invention, commonplace in treatment,

treatment, and have no relation whatever to the architectural features of the place: they exhibit, in short, an utter ignorance of the object of mural painting. The best are deficient in dignity of character and severity of design, having the fatal defects of an endeavour to imitate natural objects and scenery with deceptive accuracy, of exaggerated expression of violent academical action, and of sacrificing the true qualities of fresco to minute finish and elaborate detail. Report, however, speaks favourably of the cartoons of Mr. Herbert for a hall which he is about to decorate, and we earnestly hope that greater experience will keep him from falling into any of these errors.

To Mr. Maclise has been assigned for fresco decoration one of the grandest chambers of this sumptuous edifice—the royal approach to the House of Lords. The qualities possessed by this painter in an eminent degree—an extraordinary facility of design and patient rendering of details—will yet require essential modification before they can be adapted to fresco painting. An expression and action too melodramatic, a want of breadth, harmony, and atmosphere in his colouring, and a tendency to sacrifice general effect to the subordinate parts of his picture, would all be inconsistent with the calm dignity and repose of the highest order of architectural painting.

In thus condemning the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, some of which are by painters deservedly distinguished for their easel pictures, we are not unmindful that they are painted in a new material, and that they require for their right treatment a peculiar education which has hitherto been foreign to the English school. Mr. Watts is, in our opinion, the only English artist who has yet rightly understood the object and felt the importance of fresco combined with architecture. His *St. George and the Dragon* in the vestibule of the Commons' committee-rooms unites in its composition and colouring, in its poetic treatment and in its technical details, many of the genuine qualities of mural decoration. It is now some years since he gained the admiration and sympathy of those who seek for the highest qualities in our English school of painting by his fine cartoon of '*Caractacus led captive to Rome*,' a work which placed him at once in the highest rank of English painters. We are at a loss to understand why so remarkable a work, to which was awarded one of the three first prizes, has never been transferred to the walls of the edifice for which it was intended. Admirable in design, dignified in its dramatic treatment, truthful in sentiment and expression, and symmetrical in composition, it has all the qualities required in architectural painting. It is extraordinary that no important part of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament



liament should have been confided to a man of such remarkable powers and so eminently qualified for the task.

With the exception of the *St. George and the Dragon* Mr. Watts had given no public proof of his skill as a fresco painter, although he had adorned one or two private dwellings with his works, until the benchers of Lincoln's Inn were induced to intrust to him the decoration of one end of their beautiful hall. We are persuaded that they will have no cause to repent their decision, but that, ere long, they will boast of the greatest monument of mural painting as yet executed in this country. The artist has selected for his subject an ideal representation of the great lawgivers of the world, collected together in one grand and solemn company, as best befitting the place, and as an introduction to a series of frescoes illustrative of the principal events in the history of English law. In his composition he has followed, to a certain extent, the mode of treatment chosen by Raphael for his *School of Athens*, adapting its arrangement to the Gothic form of the building. Beneath three allegorical statues, of Religion, Justice, and Mercy, are assembled on spacious steps those who, from the earliest times and in all lands, have given laws to mankind—noble figures! each by individuality of expression and action and by appropriate costume typifying his race and country. The draperies are full and severe, the lines grand and simple; each figure standing forth boldly and distinctly. The artist has shown no fear of colour, but has used it in rich profusion and in broad and well-defined masses. The whole design is thus at once clear and intelligible, and there is no confusion or crowding. Whilst the painter has displayed, without stint, the resources of his genius, he has laboured to render complete the work of the architect; and his fresco, instead of diminishing the apparent size of the hall,—one of the most successful efforts of a man who has taken the first rank amongst our English architects, Mr. Philip Hardwicke,—adds, by harmony of colour and symmetry of composition, to the beauty of its proportions. It is thus that the sister arts should embellish and aid each other. We believe that Mr. Watts has undertaken his fresco upon terms not unlike those upon which Barry was forced to paint his pictures in the Adelphi. Yet let him be of good cheer. Few men of original genius have been appreciated or understood in their generation, though, if we are not much mistaken, his merits will be generally recognised before the men amongst whom he lives will have passed away. And even should it be otherwise, he will have the proud satisfaction of feeling that he has pointed the way to the highest realms of art,  
and

and has laid the foundation upon which may be raised a school of painting worthy of the nation.

Although the want of solidity in our domestic architecture, and the caprice of fashion which demands constant change of residence, render the introduction of fresco painting of a high order into the private houses of England almost impracticable, especially in London, at no other period and in no other country have there been so many public buildings which could be embellished by this mode of decoration. The attempts which have of late years been unhappily made to foist upon our Church, ceremonies and observances opposed to its spirit and repugnant to the sentiments of the people, have tended to retard if not to prevent the introduction of mural paintings into ecclesiastical edifices. Yet this mode of decoration is not only innocent in itself, and consistent with Protestant simplicity, but, if judiciously carried out, both useful and becoming. We do not desire to see in our churches such archaic absurdities and colourless imitations of Roman Catholic symbols as will disfigure the walls of All Saints in Margaret Street; but Scripture subjects reverently and spiritually treated would not only be befitting ornaments to a sacred building, but might be rendered highly instructive and edifying to the people.

But if not in churches, at least in the innumerable public edifices which are arising throughout the length and breadth of the land—the town-halls, the vast exchanges of commercial cities, the stations of railways, the chambers of music—fresco-painting might resume its ancient vocation of teaching, whilst affording infinite pleasure to the taste and the imagination. Our history yields to that of no other nation in the grandeur of its episodes, and in wealth of noble deeds. Our literature is equally rich in the inventions and fancies of genius. The innumerable races and lands conquered by our arms or our enterprise afford inexhaustible subjects to the painter. What varied types of human existence from the wild denizen of the American wilds to the swarthy native of Hindostan—what gorgeous magnificence and endless diversity of costume—what exquisite monuments of architecture—what sublime and awful features of nature, are encircled by our rule! Let us picture to ourselves that noble hall of Westminster adorned with one vast consecutive series of frescoes, such as the painters of the 16th century would have painted, illustrating our triumphs and our sway over the many peoples and countries which acknowledge our dominion. What a monument such a work might be to the greatness and power of England!

We trust that, ere it be too late to paint with truthfulness great deeds still fresh in our memories, and phases of human life still existing—



existing—for conventional representations by living men of bygone events of a past age can never command equal sympathy and interest—the importance of painting, as combined with architecture, will be fully recognised, and its legitimate office properly understood. A more general acquaintance with the works with which the painters of the 14th and 15th centuries adorned the churches and public edifices of Italy is well calculated to further this end, and to improve public taste. We therefore heartily welcome any publications which may extend the knowledge of those great monuments of art, and may preserve a lasting and faithful record of such as are perishing. We urge those who think with us to give support and encouragement to the Arundel Society.

- ART. II.—1. *The Odes and Episodes of Horace, translated literally and rhythmically.* By W. Sewell, B.D. 1850.  
 2. *The Odes of Horace, literally translated into English Verse.* By Henry George Robinson. 1844, 1855.  
 3. *The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed Metres, with Introductions and Notes.* By F. W. Newman, Professor of Latin, University College, London. 1853.  
 4. *The Odes of Horace, in Four Books; translated into English Lyric Verse.* By Lord Ravensworth. Dedicated to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 1858.

OUR English lovers of the wise and pleasant Venusian continue to attempt translating him so pertinaciously that we are fairly provoked into inquiring what success has yet been attained in the object by our national literature, and whether there are any prospects of a perfectly satisfactory achievement of the nice and difficult task? We shall not apply the prosaic test of utility in the matter, for we do not estimate roses by their value for medicinal purposes, and a Horace in English, like Horace in Latin, would be something beyond price. But even on the ground of utility there is a good deal to say. Who knows whether a vernacular Horace may not yet be required for a Reformed House of Commons? Who knows what would be the effect of the diffusion of perfectly graceful and accurate versions of the ancients upon a generation which threatens to respect nothing older than 1832? From this point of view, the inquiry becomes important as well as interesting; and the fact that our latest translator is a Peer not unknown in public life acquires a new significance. The truth is, that we cannot help looking upon Horace as a kind of honorary member (along with other

ancients) of the British constitution. He and his friends have helped to form our statesmen, polish our oratory, and point our conversation for many ages, and that Lord Ravensworth should be his translator is a fact which we are still happy to be able to characterise as *English*. Sir Robert Peel loved the little Roman; Lord Plunket learned him by heart; Burke quoted him; Lord North punned upon him; Warren Hastings rendered one of his most famous odes. We shall see presently that there are noblemen, diplomatists, statesmen, and bishops, as well as poets and scholars, among those who have endeavoured to naturalise him in our tongue; so that the task can hardly be called one of mere literature only, and before we begin to examine it specially in that light we feel tempted to say a few words on the historical importance of Horace himself.

There is nothing more curious than the transition by which classical literature has passed from a revolutionising into a conservative influence. It was once dangerous to be suspected of Greek, and the elderly gentlemen of the fifteenth century did not half like a young fellow who showed a marked turn for Latin prose. When Horace appeared from the presses of Italy—as if the Esquiline had given up its dead—he, the Epicurean and the admirer of Augustus, began his modern career in the capacity of a reformer. He taught Erasmus to laugh at monks, to ridicule old feudal funerals, to treat the grotesque figures of saints with little more reverence than he himself had shown to the images of Priapus; and a corresponding influence was exercised by the other comic writers of antiquity all over Europe. Rabelais in France, Buchanan in Scotland, Skelton in England, were all men suckled on the Wolf of Roman satire; and cardinals and friars, tyrants and hypocrites were pelted with weapons such as had once assailed Domitian—Tigellinus—bloated *libertini*, and sham Stoics. Horace—less direct and violent than other satirists—proved also to have an element capable of wider employment in the world. That philosophy of moderation which we find in his later works—the *Epistles*—was found to harmonise with certain epochs of the modern world, so much as to become traceable in our moralists and divines. His happy sayings obtained the currency of proverbs and the authority of oracles. The world has long forgotten that he and his band of ancient brothers were once thought dangerous to churches and thrones. They are now the cherished darlings of spiritual and temporal potentates, loved (strange to say) least by those political parties whose existence in Europe they helped to make possible! But if we recognise the ingratitude of liberalism when it assails the study of Latin and Greek, let us be thankful  
that



that we now know what Latin and Greek really teach. The old abbots, who hated the new studies, may sleep in peace. No man now who knows who Brutus was is likely to imitate him. We study our own demagogues in Aristotle, and laugh at them in Aristophanes. Republics which remained great or independent only as long as they remained historic and aristocratic present little for the imitation of rebellious cobblers. Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity stare when brought into contact with societies which based all politics on the eternal necessity of slavery, and made the hatred of foreigners a part of public virtue. What fluctuations of opinion and varieties of view has the popularity of Horace survived! And how hopeless seem the prospects of our modern reputations, when we contemplate the thousands of editions and versions which maintain and diffuse his fame!

But let us now (for he is not before us every day) take a bird's-eye view of the more recent varieties of Horatian opinion. Every ancient has a modern literature of his own, and has also his rises and falls in popular favour like a living writer. Horace, for instance, was not so early translated in England as Virgil and others, nor—if we may venture on so decided a generalization—was he so much valued in the Elizabethan period. He rose in favour in the seventeenth century, and acquired a decided accession of popularity when Pope published the 'Imitations.' The great intellectual movement which followed the French revolution was not favourable to him; he was assailed heavily in Germany, and Catullus came more into fashion. Niebuhr was a great admirer of Catullus, but he took care that depreciation of the later author should not go too far, and we find him writing thus on the subject in his celebrated 'Letter to a Young Philologer:—

'Horace's Odes may also benefit the young as a standard style formed upon the Greek model, and it is a pity that a contempt for them has spread which is only allowable and not arrogant in the case of a very small number of Masters in philology.'

Since that time the tide has turned again. Abroad, there have been several excellent editions of him published; at home, besides the 'Horatius Restitutus' of Dr. Tate and the edition of Milman, there have been more translations, of some literary pretension, than it would be easy to match in any other given number of previous years. A reaction has set in. Just as the Queen Anne's men and their successors of the last century have recovered from the depression which they experienced during the first ascendancy of Wordsworth and Coleridge, there is a

disposition to think more kindly and highly of a writer whose cause is very much the same. A liberal compromise has been entered into among the men of letters who discuss Horatian questions. How far was he really a poet? How far was he noble as a man? These points are debated without any absurd affectation of 'contempt,' and on them, as on other controversies regarding Horace's life and writings, definite grounds of argument begin to disclose themselves. We have remarked the gradual rise of somewhat new conclusions about him; but these are accompanied everywhere with a mixture of affection and admiration which show that he is likely to survive the tests of this generation as triumphantly as he has those of any preceding one.

If, for example, we take the old question—Was Horace a poet?—nobody would now venture to answer it in the merely contemptuous negative of a sixth-rate imitator of Keats. On the other hand, who would assert that his genius was as naturally poetic as that of Shakspeare or Sophocles? A good test in such cases is to ask whether the word 'poet' would be a sufficient description for a man, without any other; whether the poetic element has the mastery in his mind and style? Now, it can hardly be said that this was the case with Horace—whose earliest works are satires—whose latest works are epistles, and who is more original, beyond all question, in these, than in the strictly poetic compositions which he wrote for the lyre. To say, indeed, that he was more original in these, is only to say that he was a Roman. The Roman satire stands by itself, and is a native production of the Italian soil. It is not like the Archilochian satires which Horace imitated in the Epodes. It is not like the Old Comedy represented by Aristophanes. It is a peculiar creation of the native Roman mind—rich with its ancient morality, and its shrewd mother-wit. There is no doing justice to or understanding the Romans without remembering their humour; and we must say that when we think of Horace, we involuntarily picture the little man trotting on his mule and watching with the mixed sympathy and criticism of a humourist the country-folk, or curiously scanning the flow of life in the Suburra or the Sacred Way. We rather, that is, find such images of him rising before us, than those presented by the lyrics—Anacreontic visions of poetic dissipation—Horatius under a vine, with his hair anointed, listening to Tyndaris; while Puer, myrtle-crowned, is coming along with a wine-jar. Briefly, it is our theory that the historical Horace was a philosophical satirist and moralist; that his other gifts were subordinate, and that his lyrics must be studied with a constant eye to their artificial and (in some instances,



stances, at all events) utterly unreal character. But on the other hand, if he had been only satirist and moralist, how could he have written the *Carmina*—supposing him to have imitated ever so closely Alcæus and Sappho, and Anacreon? And here it is useless to puzzle ourselves over the recondite meanings that may lie in the word Poet. He is a poet who can produce the effects of poetry. The Bandusian fountain gratifies the sense by its coolness, and lulls it with its plash. What can anybody who describes a fountain do more? We are far from maintaining that Horace was no poet at all. We think that in mind and character he was essentially a philosopher; but that he had sufficient poetic genius—given a lyrical literature and foreign metres—to produce delightful odes, and odes which we should still enjoy, even if the songs of Lesbos had survived. But this is a different thing from calling a man a creative poet. The civilized world, in fact, had advanced in the time of Augustus beyond the stage where lyrics originate. They belong to the grand old singing time of peoples, when their hearts and voices are young,—to the spring season of a race when its creeds and institutions are flourishing healthily about it like the leaves, and it pours out song for song's sake. Horace was as far removed in time from that epoch, as we are from the epoch which produced the feudal ballads. And indeed, it would not be absurd to compare his poetic position under Augustus with that of Sir Walter Scott under George the Fourth. They were both poets, but not poets only. They were both inspired by the minstrelsy of a day long gone by, and yet as men of the world and of general genius acquired a fame apart from their poetic fame. It is not as singer after all, so much as thinker, that Horace has left his mark on Europe; and when we talk of Sir Walter, we talk of him rather as the great describer of character, the wise kindly judge of mankind, than as the bard who sang the battles of Flodden or Harlaw.

According to this view, Horace is beginning definitely to take his place as the great man of the world among poets, and the great poet of men of the world. He heads that large and influential body of writers which includes in our literature Addison and Pope; men who have written admirable poems, but who are yet (by a popular instinct perhaps deeper than criticism) separated as a class from the Shakespeares and Spensers. His character, too, rises definitely before us and harmonises with his works, when we describe him as one of the best and kindest men of the world, whose biography has ever become a matter of historical concern. Your Horace is not a solitary singer living in his own world, and listened to from without, like a nightingale.

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He is a cheerful creature, loving society and the light; a man among men as well as a writer for them. His soul was not a star that dwelt apart; but an exceedingly pleasant and brilliant lamp for the habitations of mankind. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, emphatically, at the Mitre, when Bozzy wondered how he could live on easier terms with the learned and pious doctor than with his own father, 'I am a man of the world, and I take the colour of the world as it moves along.' This was Horace's way. He wrote charming little songs for it, (after the Greek, many of them;) made beautiful little paintings for it, graceful delineations of that ancient Mythology which could still gratify the eye though it had ceased to satisfy the soul of the Pagan world; and, while doing so, took up his own successful position in society and studied it to the very core. Such a career is not to be compared in dignity and purity with that of Milton. It was the career of an artist and a philosopher—not pretending to a mission for reforming the world; but making the best of it as he found it, and on the whole using his fine gifts with wisdom and delicacy. We must remember how hard it was to rise to a nobler theory of life in his time and position, amidst the ruins of a constitution and the decay of a faith. He had seen Stoicism (of which he felt the dignity) vanish from politics with Brutus. Nothing was left him but the practice of Art and the philosophy of Moderation. And after all too, the cause of Augustus was *his* cause; though he did not perhaps know it, when he threw away his shield amidst the dust of Philippi. It can only have been by accident that he—the son of a *libertinus*—was tribune of a legion in what really was the cause of Oligarchy.\* But the rise of freedmen and provincials, and the encouragement of letters, were fundamental parts of the Cæsarean policy, a fact which takes from the poet's eulogies of the Emperor, all suspicion of that unwilling and unreal flattery which the world justly execrates as base.

Having touched on Horace's biography, we may add, that in that department also our modern scholars are arriving at something like a compromise. Dean Milman says that we cannot get at the truth about the order of composition of the 'Odes.' Professor Newman agrees with him. The Germans will probably give up the fruitless task soon; and Dillenburger, we observe, while adopting Franke's arrangement, in the text of his *Life*, is content to put his own criticisms on it in the notes. When our great Bentley issued what he thought the true chronology, he

\* A modern scholar has suggested that he never was *tribunus*; and that in *Sat.* i. 6 he really alludes to the rumour as a joke. But we can find no trace of levity in the passage. Compare, too, *Ep.* i. 20, 23.

pronounced,



pronounced, *more suo*, that whenever learned men went beyond the limits he had fixed, they went wrong. The world has not finally accepted the Benteian plan, but at least it has accepted no other.

Now, at first sight, it would seem as if nothing could be more useless than for a number of worthy men to spend their lives in inquiring whether Horace wrote the First Book of Satires *ætat.* 26-28, or *ætat.* 24-30; whether the *Rectius vives* was written before the *Vides ut altâ*, and so forth. Indeed, one might indulge in a good deal of sarcasm on the subject, if it were not pretty evident that a great many people employ their time much worse. But this matter of the order of composition and its difficulties really bears upon Horace's lyrics and Horace's life with more significance than many, perhaps, suppose.

For if we accept the theory that the man Horace is really to be looked for in the 'Satires' and 'Epistles,'—that in these he was original and Roman to a degree which he was rarely if at all in the 'Odes,'—it is obvious that there must be much in the 'Odes' not to be treated as a source of genuine Horatian biography. Take, for instance, his love-affairs, which have been discussed with such matter-of-fact solemnity that one critic published a special dissertation on 'Tyndaris'! Which is the wildest extreme? to describe, as Buttmann does, all such critics as 'gossiping anecdote-mongers,' or to hold out for the historical reality and personal existence of Baryne, Cinara, Chloe, Chloris, Galatea, Glycera, Inachia, Lalage, Lyce, Lyde, Lydia, Myrtale, Neæra, Pholoe, Phryne, Phyllis, Pyrrha, and Tyndaris? Of the two alternatives, we prefer the first. We think that it is ridiculous to go on discussing the dates and order of such imaginary attachments with as much gravity as if we were talking of Milton's wives:—

Res est ridicula et nimis jocosa.

It is evident that the poet used these pretty names to garnish a song without any eye to reality or consistency. In *Carm.* l. 22, he is singing of Lalage, and a wolf flies from him, but, in 2-5, a friend is advised not to make love to her, because she is too young. Phyllis, in *Carm.* 2-4, is the object of the affection of Xanthias Phocæus; in 4, 11 she is invited to come and keep Mæcenas's birthday, and to give up all thoughts of Telephus. The Chloe of *Carm.* 3-7, is not the Thracian Chloe, of the famous *Donec gratus*, 3-9. So, too, Horace is violently enamoured of Glycera (*Carm.* l. 19), and presently (l. 33) is found consoling Tibullus for her preference of a lover younger than them both. No wonder, then, that as it is a point of honour with the editors

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to identify the damsels when they can, we should find them contradicting each other sadly. 'For some little while we find Glycera is his toast,' says Professor Newman; 'Glyceræ nomen fictum et græcum, γλυκερά,' says Dillenburger; though it is never without a sigh that the learned German parts with one of these literary houris. Mr. Newman seems to suffer real pain from the contemplation of Horace's delinquencies. There is a well-known ode, the *Parcius junctas* (*Carm.* l. 25), addressed to Lydia growing old. 'Of all Horace's "Odes,"' says the Professor, 'this is, perhaps, the most disparaging to his memory. . . He abuses his high poetical powers to exult in her deplorable state when her beauty is vanishing, &c.' Now where, we ask, is the evidence that this is the Lydia who figures in three other lyrics? Is the girl who, in l. 8, is spoiling Sybaris, who in l. 13 is in love with Telephus, who in 3, 9 is reconciled to Horace in a renowned amœbæan as an old flame, one and the same person? The negative may be proved almost to demonstration. The three Books in which these poems about Lydia occur, were written and published, according to the best theories, from A.U.C. 723 to A.U.C. 731. There is not time for all this courting, bickering, making-up with, and, finally, heartless desertion in age, of Lydia; indeed, if we accept Bentley's statement, that Book Third of the 'Odes' belongs to A.U.C. 730, 731, we shall find Horace becoming reconciled to a blooming Lydia four or five years after he has taunted her with being a withered old woman. Surely it is much more reasonable, not to add more complimentary to the poet, to suppose that a wanton growing old was a *subject* which he took up (possibly after some lost Greek original) as a lyric artist, and that 'Lydia' was one of the stock names which he found at his hand for the purpose? On such a supposition all difficulties vanish. The 'Odes,' which celebrate historical events, retain *their* dates and *their* reality. The 'Odes,' which are addressed to known individuals,—Mæcenæ, Pompeius Varus, Virgil, Valgius,—speak for themselves. A batch of compositions, some very pretty, some very painful, remain to be ranked as fancy pictures.

We are aware that readers of Horace to whom such views about his Odes are new, will be apt to think that we underrate his genius, and rob him of a certain romantic halo of glory and love. They will find, presently, that our admiration of his gifts is little short of worship, and that we by no means endeavour to make his genius more intelligible for the sake of making it less admired. He was an imitator in his lyrics; true; but, besides, that he shows wondrous skill in Art, there was a certain poetry in his selecting lyric poetry to labour on, at all! Lyric poetry

was



was his fairy-land; it was the region he wandered into to refresh his mind after the life of Rome, as he went to Tibur, or the Sabine woods, or Baïæ, or Præneste, to refresh his bodily health and spirits. He had created to himself this world out of the old Southern literature; and it was to him what the Leasowes was to Shenstone, what the feudal life was to Scott, an ideal world which he tried to realise, that it might tint his ordinary existence as the Roman citizen of a not happy age, with the hues of antique loveliness and romance. We are much mistaken, if on this scheme, Horace does not appear more really poetic in character than he is commonly supposed to have been. He wrote satires which have now and then traits of coarseness in them; he dined out at the *cœnæ* of the great city somewhat too much, gorging himself with the peacocks, the cignule, and the shell-fish, of a luxurious age. He mixed personally sometimes with circles where the moral tone was low. But see how he relieves this prosaic course of existence with music imitated from an earlier lyre! What figure has he conjured out of the woods? It is Faunus the lover of the flying nymphs, and for him a kid smokes on his poetic altar. He thinks of his boyhood, when as the son of the humble *coactor*, he was sporting about in Venusia, and throws a tinge of the ancient piety and poetry over his infancy by singing how, as he lay asleep on one of his native mountains, doves came and covered him with fresh-pulled leaves,—

‘Non sine dis animosus infans.’

Did he *believe* in Faunus? Did he intend that others should accept *literally* the story of the doves? We might as well ask if Pope believed in the sylphs and gnomes, or Scott in the white lady. We know from Cicero and other authorities, how much of the ancient mythology was believed by Romans of the cultivated classes; and that if poets employed it, it was for the sake of the art, as it was employed by statesmen for its utility in politics. The ancients were steeped in artistic influences to a degree unknown in modern life, and when the dove story was charmingly told, its fabulous character, its contrast to the associations of the actual Horatius, a satirical weak-eyed slovenly little gentleman crossing one of the bridges to go to a dinner in the suburbs, would offend nobody. Suffice it that the *Alcaics* were musical, and the image itself full of beauty.

Horace so mastered with his genius, and incorporated with himself the *Æolian* song, that he rose to originality through imitation, the boast of Boileau in a position somewhat similar. Nobody, we suppose, will deny, that when the news of the victory at Actium and its results reached Rome, and Horace (then *ætat.* thirty-

thirty-four, and only known as a satirist) began that fine Ode the *Nunc est bibendum*, he began it under the inspiration of the Νῦν χρὴ μεθύσθην, with which Alcæus hailed the death of Myrsilus the tyrant of Lesbos. But, as in the latter part of that ode, so in several odes of which Roman events are the subjects, he shows that he had *naturalised* the art. He had learned it, first, and could practise it afterwards; and this gives a peculiar interest to his historical Carmina. The *Cælo tonantem*, the *Motum ex Metello*, the *Qualem ministrum*, are striking from their reality and from a certain Roman dignity, a flow like that of the folds of a *toga*, about them. Pyrrha and her cave, again, Glycera and her chapel, and our exquisite little friend the *Persicos odi*, have something always of the air of exercises about them. They are clear and sweet as the finest honey, but the honey tastes of the flowers of Hymettus. The marble is that of Italy, but the figures were first found in the stone of Paros or Pentelicus.

The elder Scaliger, speaking of Horace, in his Poetics, observes that doubtless his obligations to Greek models were great, but that even if we could determine them, Horace would prove to be more polished (*cultiores*) than his Greek predecessors. Such decisions are allowed only to men of the Scaliger rank. But it is easy to see that the laborious nicety of the process by which he learned to write lyrics—first translating, then imitating, then creating through imitation—was just the thing to produce and account for the exquisite finish which distinguishes these compositions. What is it about them that makes the task of the translators seem almost hopeless? Not the spirit, not the dignity, not even the grace. It is that finished character to which Scaliger alludes, and which, though the very triumph of literary art, can only be illustrated by comparisons taken from other walks than literature. It reminds one rather of statuary, of painting on ivory, or of cameo-carving, than of anything which writing can afford. The loss of a phrase would spoil a stanza, and a change in the order of the words ruins it; for phrases and words have each a place as definite as that of the pieces which compose a puzzle, or the stones in a tessellated pavement. The difficulty is great of finding an equivalent for the sense, and it is a still more delicate business to imitate the form.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, if our early translations prove mere objects of curiosity, and often unreadable even as such. The earliest English translator of any part of Horace was pointed out by Thomas Warton, and has not been superseded since. This was Drant, who published black-letter versions of some of the 'Satyrs' and 'Pistles,' and of the 'Art of Poetrie,' in 1566 and 1567, which he dedicated to the Ladies Bacon and Cecil,



Cecil, and to the head of that great house of Ormond, which thus early showed a love of letters. It would be mere affectation to pretend to enjoy Mr. Drant, or to have read him through. He wrote in that kind of ballad-metre, (the *Saturnian* verse of England) which our early translators much loved, and is one of the forgotten pioneers of literature. The next publication of the kind was 'Certain selected Odes of Horace, Englished,' &c., which appeared in 1621. From this, the earliest attempt known, to render any of the lyrics, we shall transcribe one specimen. This is the way in which, in James the First's time, they turned the *Donec gratus* :—

H. When I enjoy'd thee without check,  
And none more welcome did embrace  
The snowie treasure of thy neck,  
The Persian Monarke gave me place.

L. While thou lov'd not another more,  
Nor Chloe bare away the bell,  
From Lydia renowned before,  
I Roman Ilia did excell.

H. Chloe my mistris is of *Thrace*,  
Whose warbling voice by skill is led,  
For whom I would see Death's pale face,  
If she might live when I am dead.

L. Now Calais is my heart's delight,  
He answers me with love again,  
For whom I twice with Death would fight,  
If he my half-selfe did remaine.

H. What if sweet *Venus* doe revive,  
And true-love's knot between us tie,  
If from my thoughts faire *Chlo'* I drive,  
If my doore ope when *Lydia's* nigh?

L. Though he than stars be fairer farre,  
Thou angrier than the raging seas,  
When 'gainst the sturdy rocks they warre,  
With thee I'll live and end my dayes.

There is a not unpleasant quaintness about this—the work it seems of John Ashmore, and the last stanza but one is even pretty. The characteristic of all early translation is its *literal* nature. The first effort of our ancestors was to reproduce the original,—a most healthy instinct which we trust will never wear out, though it may be foolishly as well as wisely followed. We see it in Ben Jonson's *Beatus ille*, one of three odes which Ben did,

did, and we think his most successful attempt. Take the first twenty-eight lines, face to face with the original :—

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,  
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,  
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis  
 Solutus omni fenore,  
 Neque excitatur classico miles truci,  
 Neque horret iratum mare,  
 Forumque vitat et superba civium  
 Potentiorum limina.  
 Ergo aut adulta vitum propagine  
 Altas maritat populos,  
 Aut in reducta valle mugientium  
 Prospectat errantes greges,  
 Inutilesve falce rimos amputans  
 Feliciores inserit,  
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,  
 Aut tondet infirmas oves ;  
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput  
 Auctumnus agris extulit,  
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,  
 Certantem et uvam purpure,  
 Qua muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater  
 Sylvane, tutor finium.  
 Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice  
 Modo in tenaci gramine.  
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ  
 Queruntur in silvis aves, [bus  
 Fontesque lymphis obstreperant mananti-  
 Somnos quod invitet leves.

Happy is he that from all business clear,  
 As the old race of mankind were,  
 With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands  
 And is not in the usurer's hands ;  
 Nor soldier-like started with rough alarms,  
 Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms :  
 But flies the bar and courts with the proud bounds,  
 And waiting-chambers of great lords.  
 The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine,  
 With the grown issue of the vine ;  
 Or in the bending vale beholds afar  
 The living herds there grazing are ;  
 And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,  
 And sets more happy in their place ;  
 Or the pressed honey in pure pots doth keep  
 Of earth, and shears the tender sheep.  
 Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round  
 His head, with mellow apples crowned,  
 How, plucking pears his own hand grafted had,  
 And purple-matching grapes, he's glad !  
 With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,  
 And, Sylvan, thine, that kep'st his lands !  
 Then now beneath some ancient oak he may  
 Now in the rooted grass him lay,  
 Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods,  
 The soft birds quarrel in the woods,  
 The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,  
 And all invite to easy sleep.

There is a stiffness to which a modern ear does not lend itself very readily, about these lines, but their fidelity to the sense is remarkable, and something of the rural air of the subject breathes from them, too. Ben's *Donec gratus* is scarcely worthy of him, and so many eminent men have tried it that we pass his version by.

We come next to 'Odes of Horace, the best of Lyrick Poets, containing much morallity and sweetness. Selected and translated by Sir T. H. 1625.' This was Sir Thomas Hawkins, described by Wood, as 'of Nash Court in the parish of Boughton, Kent,' and who died in 1640. His selection contained forty of the Odes ; but our readers would not thank us for inflicting even one upon them. Suffice it that he begins the *Integer vitæ*,—

*Fuscus*, the man whose life's entire  
 And free from sinne, needs not desire  
 The bow nor dart from *Moore* to borrow,  
 Nor from full quiver poys'ned arrow.

and concludes it as follows :—

Place me in coldest champaines where  
 No summer warmth the trees doth cheer ;

Let



Let me in that dull climat rest,  
Which clouds and sullen Jove infest,  
Yea place me underneath the carre  
Of too-near Phœbus : seated farre  
From dwellings, *Lalage* I'll love,  
Whose smile, whose words so sweetly move.

Sir Thomas was a grave knight, and scarcely approved the amatory odes, so he prefixes to his *Donce gratus* (for he too must try it) this highly diverting sentence :—‘ *This Ode, though less morall than the rest, I have admitted for Jul. Scaliger’s sake, who much admireth it.*’ He alludes to the great critic’s celebrated dictum, that he would rather have written that *carmen* and the *Quem tu, Melpomene*, than be king of all Arragon.

After Sir Thomas Hawkins came the first writer who translated all the Lyrics, Henry Rider, M.A. of Cambridge, whose work was published in 1638. Mr. Rider is very unreadable, but in gratitude to him as a father of the Horatian church, we quote his *Persicos odi* :—

Boy, I doe hate the Persian nicetie,  
Their garlands bound with ribands please not me,  
And doe not thou molest thyself to know  
In what place the late springing rose doth blow.  
I chiefly doe take care you should provide,  
To the plain myrtle nothing else beside ;  
Myrtle will not shame thee, my boy, nor nee,  
Drinking beneath the shadowing vine-tree.

This is deplorably bad,—but shows the struggles by which our language was trying to attain the familiar and easy grace necessary above everything to Horatian interpretation. From Rider, we pass to old Barten Holyday (Archdeacon of Oxford, as Walter Mapes had been, centuries before),—whose *Juvenal* is well-known for its oddity and accuracy, to lovers of that satirist, and is accompanied by a commentary full of learning. The booksellers of that age created some confusion by putting Holyday’s name to other people’s versions of Horace, but his translation of the Odes first appeared, anonymously, in 1653. ‘All Horace, his Lyrics, Englished’—was its title, and it contained an address to the reader, beginning,—

An unknown Muse presents to thy survey  
A Roman Lyre *strung* after th’ English way.

The quaintness and oddity, the dry old humour, of Barten, employed on so refined a task as he had here undertaken, are irresistible. This was the manner in which he set about trans-fusing

fusing the concentrated essence of lyrical elegance, the Ode to *Pyrrha*, into the native language of Shakspeare :—

What spritely Younker amongst beds of roses  
 (*Pyrrha*) perfumed with fragrant scents incloses  
 Thee skulkt in sweet retire ?  
 Thy fair locks at whose desire,  
 Pleat'st thou so up, array'd in homely cloathes ?  
 O how he'll wail thy oft-changed gods, and oaths,  
 And count it wondrous strange,  
 When storms in thy countenance range !

Here, we may stop. The only excuse for the old translation is, that if Milton, as is possible, had already written, he had not yet published, that remarkable version of this Ode, the merit of which it will soon be our duty to defend against Lord Ravensworth. Milton's *Pyrrha* did not appear in the first edition of his Poems in 1645, nor for twenty years, indeed, after the date at which we have now arrived. It is not certain, from this fact, that it was not executed in his youth, for many accidents may have kept it out of his earliest poetic publication, but at least it appeared, as we have it, with the sanction of his mature judgment, a fact which should weigh when its merits are discussed. Meanwhile, we proceed with our historical review, and the next person we summon to the bar of the nineteenth century is a man of quality—Sir Richard Fanshawe. He issued his volume—'Selected Parts of Horace, Prince of Lyricks; and of all the Latin poets the fullest fraught with excellent morality'—in 1652. This was a year before Holyday, but Fanshawe introduced a new school of Horatian translation, and is more conveniently mentioned in the order we have chosen.

Sir Richard might have been expected to make a marked advance on his predecessors, for he had the advantage of being a man of the world as well as a scholar, and such a man will ever be the likeliest to do justice to the favourite of the court of Augustus, who has always been one of the pet writers of gentlemen. Like Horace, Fanshawe had travelled, and like Horace he had served, having been taken prisoner, fighting for his king, at Worcester. He was envoy to the court of Portugal under Charles II., in which capacity he negotiated his marriage with the Infanta, and died ambassador at Madrid in 1666. During this various experience, he always cultivated the *Musæ mansuetiores*, and he seems to have thought that if Horace was to be well, he must be freely translated. Sir John Denham his contemporary, who is declared by Johnson 'to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words,'



ds,' gives the same praise to Fanshawe, whom he addresses  
s,—

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,  
Of tracing word by word and line by line;  
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,  
To make translations and translators, too:  
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,  
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

This is high praise, brilliantly expressed, but it is scarcely  
ified, we fear, by any part of Fanshawe's Horace when tested  
to-day's standard. His *Æquam memento*\* may be taken as a  
specimen:—

Keep still an equal mind, not sunk  
With storms of adverse chance, not drunk  
With sweet prosperitie  
O *Dellius* that must die!

Whether thou live still melancholy,  
Or stretched in a retired valley,  
Make all thy hours merry  
With bowls of choicest sherry.

Where the white poplar and tall pine  
Their hospitable shadow joyne.  
And a soft purling brook  
With wrigling stream doth crook.

Bid hither wines and oyntments bring  
And the too short sweets of the spring.  
Whilst wealth and youth combine  
And the Fates give thee line.

Thou must forgoe thy purchas'd seats,  
Even that which golden Tiber wets,  
Thou must, and a glad heyre  
Shall revel with thy care.

If thou be rich, born of the race  
Of ancient *Inachus*, or base  
Liest in the street; all's one,  
Impartial Death spares none.

All go one way: shak'd is the Pot  
And first or last comes forth thy Lot  
The pass by which thou'rt sent  
T' Eternall Banishment.

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It is scarcely possible to mention this ode without repeating Lord North's  
ital pun. His son was complaining of impecuniosity, and hinting that it would  
pel him to 'sell his mare.' 'No, no,' said Lord N.: '*Æquam memento, rebus  
rduis,—servare!*'

Here we have a version smacking of a period of transition. Parts of it are flowing, and parts musical, but there are obstinately rough bits stopping the stream like 'snags' in an American river; and a general adhesion to the text is varied by free imitation, as in—

—— bowls of choicest sherry.

The next epoch in the literary history of the subject is marked by the ascendancy of the 'free' system altogether. Metaphrase was succeeded by paraphrase. Translation, which at first had been an exercise, became now an amusement. Our own poets—the Wallers and Sucklings—had shown that English might be employed for poetic purposes with that familiar elegance which is one of Horace's charms. Accordingly, the great aim, now, was not to make English subordinate to Latin, but to compel the Latin to accommodate itself to English. The Restoration writers introduced a new way of *adapting* Horace to modern life, which was sometimes very happily done; especially by Oldham and Wilmot, Lord Rochester. The *Pyrrha* of Milton which appeared in 1673 exercised no influence on this lively generation. It stands alone, in fact, in Horatian history, and will be most fitly examined when we come to inquire what our latest translators have done to supersede permanently the men of earlier times. On the other hand, the adaptation system made a lasting mark. It led to scores of productions in which London was substituted for Rome in imitation or in parody. Our political light literature took it up, and made comic and satirical use of it, down to the days of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the *Horace in London* of the Smiths, and the newspaper squibs of Tom Moore. These *facetiae*, though often clever, demand little notice on the present occasion, but they have helped to make the influence of the Venusian sink into the modern mind, and to justify those who place him in the very first rank for importance, among the lighter writers of the world.

This change in the fashion and style of translation which marked the latter half of the seventeenth century has been discussed and illustrated by Dryden with his usual easy vigour. 'All *their* translations,' says he,—speaking of the old school—'want to be translated into English.' He examines the whole subject very ably in the preface to his 'Ovid's Epistles,' of the year 1680. Here he divides translations into three classes:—  
1. That of metaphrase, or 'turning an author, word by word, and line by line.' 2. That of paraphrase, or 'translation with latitude.' 3. That of 'imitation,'—'where the translator (if now he has not lost that name) assumes the liberty not only to vary  
from



from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion.' Verbal translation he compares to 'dancing on ropes with fettered legs;' and concludes by recommending that both extremes—this—and imitation—should be avoided.

Such was his theory, and nobody will deny, that if his practice as a translator of Horace was not quite conformable to it, it was marked by all the fire and daring of his mind. His paraphrase of the *Tyrrhena regum progenies* is a model of splendid audacity, and reaches, in the final passages, a sublimity beyond that of the original:—

Fortune, that with malicious joy  
Does man her slave oppress,  
Proud of her office to destroy  
Is seldom pleased to bless:  
Still various and unconstant still,  
But with an inclination to be ill,  
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,  
And makes a lottery of life.  
I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
But when she dances in the wind,  
And shakes her wings and will not stay  
I puff the prostitute away:  
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resigned;  
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;  
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

Surely, this is a noble amplification of the following two stanzas:—

Fortuna sævo læta negotio et  
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax  
Transmutat incertos honores  
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.

Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit  
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et meâ  
Virtute me involvo probamque  
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

Its grandeur, and the sweep of the music, give an impression of moral superiority, and make the neatness and dignity of the Roman, look barren and cold. 'I am not so much enamoured of the name of translator,' says Cowley, 'as not to wish rather to be something better.' Dryden here is something better. But, after all, this is not *Horace*, and what such licence becomes in meaner hands, we have only too much reason to know. Dryden himself executed three other Odes on a similar principle, but they have failed to emulate the fame of this magnificent

paraphrase, which throws into the shade the casual efforts even of Cowley and Addison, and remains unsurpassed to this hour.

To Dryden, in 1684, Creech dedicated his translation of Horace, a work, which, in our day, has fallen into such oblivion, that its very name would be forgotten, if it were not met with occasionally in the mottos to the 'Spectator.' Creech neglected the admirable advice that Lord Roscommon had given to his generation, in the 'Essay on translated verse:—

Examine how your humour is inclined,  
And which the ruling passion of your mind,  
Then seek a poet, who, your way does bend,  
And choose an author as you choose a friend.

A morose, solitary kind of man, with a head full of out-of-the-way reading, and suspected of having, while translating Lucretius, become a believer in his system of physics, he took up Horace, whose philosophy was learned from every-day human life, and whose poetry reflects now the gaiety and now the softness of the pleasant South! As well might a book-worm have tried to do the work of a silk-worm! He made, in short, a mistake, which has often been made since. He thought that knowledge of Latin and power to rhyme would avail for a task, towards which these accomplishments go a very little way. However common it may be to speak of literature, as if it had no connexion with life, it is certain that a really great translator of Horace must have something in himself of the Horatian genius and temperament. The mass of literary failures are perhaps less the result of stupidity than of want of allowance for the moral relation between feeling and parts. A man who has no eye for character in his private life does not shrink from attempting a biography. A man, whose solemn incapacity to take a joke at a supper is the wonder of his friends, ventures on a satirical novel. We may see the effect of this kind of error in every branch of literature, and translators would do well to remember that Colman, who succeeded with Terence, also wrote good dramas, and that years before the late Mr. Frere executed his admirable versions from Aristophanes, he had won his spurs as a political satirist and wit.

We should only load our pages if we reprinted Creech's attempts to reproduce the Odes. He was perhaps more in his element in the Satires, yet his honest and almost rude quaintness is a sorry representative of the ease and polish of his master. We draw a passage or two from the sixth satire of the First Book in which the poet is so delightfully auto-biographical:—

If



If none on me can truly fix disgrace,  
 If I am neither covetous nor base,  
 If innocent my life, if (to commend  
 Myself) I live belov'd by every friend,  
 I thank my father for 't; for he being poor,  
 His farm but small, the usual ways forbore;  
 He did not send me to his Fabius school,  
 To teach me arts, and make me great by rule.

But first he boldly brought me up to town,  
 To see those ways and make those arts my own,  
 Which every knight and noble taught his son.

Now on my bob-tailed mule, all gall'd and sore,  
 My wallet galls behind, my spurs before;  
 I ride whene'er I will, I ride at ease;  
 As far as soft Tarentum if I please.

I walk alone where'er my fancies lead,  
 And busy ask the price of herbs and bread.  
 Thro' cheating Rome, about the close of day  
 I freely walk; I go to church and pray,  
 Then home, when I shall find a sparing treat,  
 And three small pretty boys bring up the meat;  
 Just by a white-stone table stands, to bear  
 Two pots, one cup, and equal to my fare,  
 A cruise and platter, all poor earthen ware.

Now, not to mention that *adsisto divinis* does not mean '*I go to church*,' one easily sees that the general rusticity of friend Creech is no substitute for an original the very familiarity of which is always urbane. Still, whatever its defects, the Horace of Creech went through several editions. Translation was fashionable in those days. The most eminent men amused themselves with it, and the multitude of writers who fed the Miscellanies practised it incessantly. Versions of Horace by 'Eminent Hands,' or under some such general designation, poured from the press. The majority, we fear, only made Horace twaddle; but now and then came a man of genius who made him sing. Bishop Atterbury translated the '*Donec gratus*' and the '*Quem tu Melpomene*.' The first we venture to pronounce a failure. But the second is one of the happiest efforts in our language, and we shall proceed to give it accordingly:—

'He on whose natal hour the queen  
 Of verse hath smiled, shall never grace  
 The Isthmian gauntlet, or be seen  
 First in the fam'd Olympic race.

He shall not, after toils of war,  
 And taming haughty monarch's pride,  
 With laurelled brows conspicuous far  
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

But him the streams which warbling flow  
 Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,  
 And shady groves, his haunts, shall know  
 The master of th' Æolian song.

The sons of Rome, majestic Rome,  
 Have plac'd me in the poet's quire,  
 And envy now, or dead or dumb,  
 Forbears to blame what they admire.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,  
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,  
 Who caus't the finny race, though mute,  
 To cygnet's dying accent raise,

Thy gift it is, that all with ease,  
 Me prince of Roman lyrics own,  
 That while I live, my numbers please,  
 If pleasing, is thy gift alone.'

In these graceful and flowing lines we have, first, what is very desirable, a poem pleasing in itself—a poem which, read by an Englishman ignorant of Latin, would be loved for its own sake. This praise every translation ought to merit, unless we are content to rank translations as mere curiosities for the amusement of scholars. But Atterbury has not gained this success at the expense of his author. The version is free, but it is not licentious. He has achieved it, which is no common success, in the same number of lines employed by his master. Take, as a specimen, his second stanza:—

— neque res bellica Deliis  
 Ornatum foliis ducim,  
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
 Ostendet Capitolio.

He shall not, after toils of war,  
 And taming haughty monarch's pride,  
 With laurelled brows conspicuous far  
 To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.

This is one of the most paraphrastic of the whole, but it is legitimately so. When Horace says, that war shows the hero crowned with laurels to the Capitol, he is thinking of the pageant of the triumph, and the translator has a right to present the image still more clearly. The worst of paraphrase, in general, is that we often find something foreign, something modern, something which carries a whole train of new and incongruous associations with it, added on to the naked beauty which it is the translator's first business to preserve intact. This ode of Atterbury's is less *classical*, indeed, than Milton's 'Pyrrha,' but  
 we



we are afraid that some inferiority in that respect is inseparable from the use of modern metres and modern rhyme.

Our plan now brings us to those celebrated 'Imitations' of Horace by Pope, which have a most important bearing on the history of the present subject. They are not *translations* of his Satires and Epistles, but they have had the effect of making translations impossible. They have beaten the antiques out of the English market. They have embodied classical models in a domestic manufacture, like the Wedgwood china. Accordingly, while men of mark still occupy themselves with the 'Carmina,' undeterred by the great memories with which they provoke competition, with regard to the other works this is not so conspicuously the case. The more difficult of the two tasks is also the more popular. One reason doubtless is because many of the 'Odes' have that universality of interest, as *poems*,\* which the Satires, from their local and personal nature, cannot claim; but it is a still stronger reason, that half-a-dozen of the best works of the latter class have been 'imitated' in compositions not inferior to the original.

These 'Imitations' give the same kind of pleasure to the English reader that Horace himself does to scholars—the pleasure of ridicule, and wit, and fancy, and character. Why, then, should the English reader care for more? But, at the same time, it must always be remembered that they *are* only imitations, and that Pope executed them rather with his own fame, than with that of his model, before his eyes. It is clear that they were selected by him partly as affording an opportunity of shooting at his enemies from behind a Roman wall; and where Horace only tickles, Pope stabs—the Roman being, beyond doubt, the more easy, amiable, kindly, and healthy man of the two. Pope puts a sly infusion of poison into the Horatian pleasantry. A hint at the couplet on 'furious Sappho' (Sat. lib. ii. 1) will suffice to remind us that he did not find the filthy venom in his master. But all minor instances sink into insignificance when we remember that he turned Horace's whole noble panegyric upon Augustus (Epist. ii. 1) into an exquisitely ironical attack upon George. The likeness between these satirists, then, is only partial and occasional. The 'Imitations' are admirable in themselves; they will sometimes recall Horace to a man who knows him, and something of him they will suggest to a man who does not; but they are more Popian than Horatian at all times; and they do not by any means sufficiently represent the

\* They have also the immense advantage of representing in literature the old Greek lyrics, who only exist in fragments; just as Terence and Plautus stand for the lost New Comedy.

whole character of the older writer. Nor must we forget that the satirical epoch of Horace was that of his youth, and of Pope, that of his maturity. The 'Imitations' of Swift, though very clever and humorous, are less elaborate, and much freer than those of his friend; nor have they had anything like the same influence on posterity.

We owe to Pope two imitations also of the Odes; but neither demands much notice. Nor do we feel ourselves bound to record every production of the kind afforded by the light literature of that age, nor to turn what ought to be a museum of art into a lumber-room of curiosities. We have passed in silence the Odes by Coxwell (1718), and we shall not linger over those of Hare (1737). Hare's preface tells us—

'I have try'd to make my author look somewhat like himself in an English dress, to give him some of that graceful ease and genteel air that he appears with in his own country habit.'

This declaration has interest, because it expresses the taste of the writer's age. Horace now appears in a tye-wig. The old translators had endeavoured, as we have seen, to catch his form as well as his spirit. The new ones were content to aim at the spirit only; but they substituted, of course, a form of their own, so that *we* are really as far from them as they were from him. Horace remains the same, but when we take up Francis, we have to modernise in his case what he wrote as a modernisation of an ancient. This justifies the writers who in our own times renew the task, but it should warn them, too, for a translation done only with reference to the fashion of one age becomes obsolete in the next. Francis went through many editions in the last century, and in ours how has his fame shrunk! His celebrity is lost in the light of that of his son Sir Philip, and his books are read only by the few. Yet his 'Horace'—originally published in 1742—reigned longer than any 'Horace' ever published in this country, and if we now weary of its ascendancy we do not find it easy to name its successor. Indeed, with that good old literary conservatism which none respect more than ourselves, England still continues to honour Francis while she ceases to read him, and in the eyes of *the Trade* his is still the 'standard' translation of the Venusian. Passing over, then, some versions of later date which have failed to acquire recognition, we think our best plan will be to institute a comparison between Francis and such of our contemporaries as appear (though we intend no slight to those whom we may happen to omit) worthy to dispute the honour of the succession to his crown.

"pea                      "sion of his age is too strongly apparent  
in



in the version of Francis. Omitting all reference to the Satires and Epistles (no contemporary translation of which is before us), let us look at the Odes. One stanza of the *Parcius junctas* shall give us the cue :—

Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras	The wanton herd of rakes profest
Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi	Thy windows rarely now molest
Nec tibi somnos adimunt, amatque	With midnight rape, or break thy rest
Janua limen.	With riot.

This is, surely, rather coarse and familiar. *Juvenes protervi* were not vulgar rakes in Horace's eyes. Their follies were to be touched but lightly and prettily; and it cannot be too often repeated that in rendering Horace, nicety is everything. All the Ode before us is done in the same vein. Francis may have been thinking of the London rakes of his own age,—and Chesterfield speaks of a rake as a blackguard,—but this is just the kind of license which ruins classical translation. We have no business to keep modern associations before us when employed on the task, unless a professed adaptation is what we have in hand. But we shall better illustrate what we mean by examining the *Pyrrha* of Francis. That is a test Ode, and we now place, *vis-à-vis*, the versions of Francis and of Milton.\*

While liquid odours round him breathe,  
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,  
Now courts thee to be kind?  
*Pyrrha*, for whose unwary heart  
Do you, thus drest with careless art  
Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractised youth  
Of alter'd gods, and injur'd truth,  
With tears, alas! complain?  
How soon behold with wond'ring eyes  
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise  
And scowl along the main?

While by his easy faith betrayed,  
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,  
Thus amiable and kind;  
He fondly hopes that you shall prove  
Thus ever vacant to his love,  
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom untried  
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;  
While I, now safe on shore,  
Will consecrate the pictur'd storm,  
And all my grateful vows perform  
To Neptune's saving power.

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
*Pyrrha*? For whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair,  
Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he  
On faith and changed Gods complain! and seas  
Rough with black winds, and storms  
Unwonted shall admire.

Who now enjoys thee credulous all gold,  
Who alwayes vacant, alwayes amiable,  
Hopes thee; of fluttering gales  
Unmindful. Hopeless they [vow'd  
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my  
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung.  
My dank and dropping weeds  
To the stern God of Sea.

\* We print that of Milton from the original edition of 1673, where it is prefaced with this description, by way of heading :—' Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.'

Here we have a marked contrast. In Francis all is loose and paraphrastical; in Milton all severe and exact. *Pyrrha* in Francis is a modern girl in a 'rosy bower,' and the phrases 'unwary heart' and 'beauty's pride' smack, altogether, of the stage and the Miscellanies. His, in fact, is not a *translation* at all; but a poem, more or less clever, written by a man who had read *Horatii Carmina*, lib. i. 5. before he began. Who could tell that it was supposed to be written in the South, for instance, where 'a cave' is a delicious place of retreat from the sun? Who would guess, from the jingling of the undignified metre, that calm and statuesque beauty was the character of the Latin? The truly classic *tone*, which may be defined as the union of quiet with finish, is totally absent from Francis; but we contend that, on the whole, it is present in Milton, though it is true that every line of Milton's version will not equally bear rigid criticism, 'Plain in thy neatness' is a flat substitute for *simplex munditiis*;<sup>\*</sup> and the thirteenth line mars the fine musical effect of the opening.

But Lord Ravensworth will not allow us to go even so far as this in praise of the *Pyrrha* of the immortal John. He even objects to its grammar, saying that—'he who could make use of such a phrase as the following—

'Who now enjoys thee, credulous, *all gold*,'

'seems to have been so absorbed in his Latin as to have forgotten at the moment his English' (*Preface*, p. xii.). We presume that he supposes the poet to be using 'gold' for 'golden' as an adjective. But in reality he is using 'gold' as a noun, and with perfect correctness. Just so, George Herbert says, 'man is all symmetry,' meaning that he is a symmetrical creation. And, just so, if a young fellow were to describe his sweetheart as 'all honey,' he would be talking nonsense, no doubt, but quite accurate grammar.

A more serious objection of his Lordship's is, that 'an English lyrical composition without the graces of rhyme, has little to recommend it' (*Preface*, xii.). As a general principle, this is true, for the best of our lyrics are graced by that sweet ornament so naturally dear to Northern ears. But after Tennyson's *Princess* it will be hard to doubt that blank verse may be made musical enough for any purpose; and does Lord Ravensworth seriously deny all musical charm to the version by Milton which

<sup>\*</sup> There is a double antithesis in this famous phrase between the two words themselves, and between the whole expression, and something like '*sed animo dolosa*' understood. Comp. Dillenburger *in loc.*



has provoked this discussion? We cannot think so, and we believe that it would be nearer the truth to pronounce that version the high-water-mark which Horatian translation has attained. It is faithful; it is elegant; and a success in rendering one of these odes in a rhythm even moderately like the original, will always give more of the nameless charm of classicism to a composition than the cleverest copy of verses of which the *associations* are all modern. A translation of Horace should remind us of Horace; should have something of the effect of an antique statue or gem: if we lose sight of this object, the reader is not conscious that he is supposed to be in the ancient world at all.

Lord Ravensworth may be described as of the Old School of Translators when compared with his living rivals, for unquestionably the tendency now is in favour of severer principles, and even of new rhythms. But Lord Ravensworth himself is decidedly in advance of Francis, and the freedoms which he allows his Muse are under the restraints of a higher refinement and a better taste. He is most successful in heroic and elegiac verse; and beats Francis, sometimes, in *Carmina* in which Francis has been happier than usual. Let us view them together contending for the favour of Chloe in the *Vitas hinnuleo*:—

You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,  
Tracing the footprints of its parent deer  
Through each sequestered path and mazy lawn,  
While woods and winds excite a causeless fear.

For should the aspen quiver to the breeze,  
Or the green lizards rustle in the brake,  
It bounds in vague alarm among the trees,  
Its heart-pulse flutters, and its fibres quake.

Yet not as tigers do I follow you,  
Or Libyan lion, to destroy your charms;  
Then cease to linger in a mother's view,  
And learn the rapture of a lover's arms.

—Ravensworth.

Chloe flies me like a fawn,  
Which thro' some sequester'd lawn,  
Panting seeks the mother deer,  
Not without a panic fear  
Of the gently breathing breeze,  
And the motion of the trees.  
If the curling leaves but shake,  
If a lizard stir the brake,  
Frighted it begins to freeze,  
Trembling both at heart and knees.  
But not like a tiger dire,  
Nor a lion fraught with ire,  
I pursue my lovely game,  
To destroy her tender frame.  
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms;  
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

—Francis.

Both the dignity and the music of the Latin are here better caught by the later of the writers, though he is more paraphrastic than we could wish. But that our readers may see what the New School, those who insist on being literal yet feel that they ought to be rhythmical, can do towards an entirely changed system of translation, we shall now draw up, in similar array, Professor Newman and Mr. Sewell. Mr. Newman renounces rhyme, and wishes to introduce new metres altogether. Mr. Sewell disclaims any attempt to transfuse 'the mind, spirit, and grace'

grace' of the Roman, but, of course, hopes to prepare the way for their being better transfused by and by :

Chloe, me thou shunnest, like a fawn,  
Who by mountain tracks her scared dam  
Seeks devious,—breeze or wood  
Oft misdoubting in empty fear.

Should the arriving spring o'er quivering leaves  
Bristle rude, or should the lizard green  
A bramble move aside,  
Quick she trembles in heart and knees.

Yet not I, as tiger fierce to rend,  
Or Getulian lion, follow thee.  
Oh, leave thy mother's side,  
Ripe at length for a dearer love.

—Newman.

Thou shunn'st me, Chloe, like a fawn,  
Its panic-stricken mother seeking,  
On pathless mountains, not without  
Vain fear of airs and wild wood [creaking].

For whether spring's approach hath rustled  
In flutt'ring leaves or [midst the trees]  
Green lizards have the bramble parted,  
She trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet not as tiger fierce, or lion  
Getulian do I thee pursue,  
To crush thee; Cease at length to follow  
Thy mother, thou of age for man to woo.

—Sewall.

These are interesting as experiments, and in absolute fidelity to the meaning of the Latin are preferable to the more common specimens of translation. But with every wish (chiefly out of a horror of the *conventionalism* which infects translators) to see the New School follow in the steps of Milton, we cannot allow that they have yet done much to win over the public. The way to the heart in these matters is through the ear, and, with due gratitude to Mr. Newman for his accents and his hints how to read his versions, we find them, to speak frankly, somewhat quaint and harsh. His theory seems to be that an ugly likeness to Horace is a better thing than a pretty though vague imitation; that bad Falernian is nicer than good sherry: but is not this something like the principle which produced the supper after the manner of the ancients in 'Peregrine Pickle?' We certainly would rather have a dozen Miltonic *Pyrrhas* than all the free translations which have appeared since Elizabeth's time, including the exquisite one which we quoted from Bishop Atterbury. But then, to have to break up all our English traditions for something utterly novel and yet mediocre is a severe demand to make from the great public which reads for pleasure. Probably, indeed, the New School will do far better things hereafter; but poetry, rather than prophecy, is our present object, and we must fall to at what we have before us.

Now and then Professor Newman surprises us with a grateful flow of verse:—

' Me not the enduring Sparta  
Nor fertile-soil'd Larissa's plain  
So to the heart has smitten  
As Anio headlong tumbling,  
Loud-brawling Albunea's grot,  
Tiburnus' groves and orchards  
With restless rivulets streaming.'

There



There is something of the rush of cool waters here. But what would Horace say, if he could come to life, and find himself singing the two stanzas subjoined?—

‘ Well of Bandusia, as crystal bright,  
Luscious wine to thee with flowers is due ;  
To-morrow shall a kid  
Thine become, who with horny front  
Budding new, designs amours and war.  
Vainly : since this imp o’ the frisky herd  
With life-blood’s scarlet gush  
Soon shall curdle thy icy pool.’

This is hard to read, while the Latin is as pleasant to the ear as the fountain which it brings before us to the imagination. Yet Mr. Newman must know that music and elegance are as much parts of the poet as his literal sense, and that a hideous fidelity is really as unjust to him as a pretty but licentious paraphrase. We find little to remind us agreeably of a friend in a photograph of his corpse.\*

*Apropos* of the *Fons Bandusiæ*,—here is a graceful little version of it by Mr. Henry George Robinson, known to connoisseurs as a Horatian collector as well as translator. His aim is to attain a greater accuracy than free translators preserve, yet without innovating in metre or sacrificing rhyme. This is a *via media* which promises much, and the labour—of which every page of Mr. Robinson’s book is an honest specimen—has not been thrown away :—

‘ Clearer than glass, Bandusian font,  
Oh ! worthy thou of sweetest wine,  
Nor wanting flowers ; to-morrow thine  
A kid shall be, whose budding front  
Sprouts his first horns, already bent  
On love and battles—vain intent !  
For soon this hapless progeny  
Of the lascivious herd, for thee,  
Shall with his young and ruddy gore  
Thy gelid streamlet crimson o’er.

‘ Thee the fierce Dogstar’s blazing hour  
Cannot affect ; thou on the ox,  
Plough-wearied, and the rambling flocks,  
Dost a refreshing coolness shower.  
Among the founts of noblest fame  
Thou too shalt have a foremost name,

---

\* The ‘introductions’ and ‘notes’ of Mr. Newman have a value of their own, which we are not so much concerned with at present as with his versions.

Through me, who of yon ilex sing,  
The hollow rocks o'ershadowing,  
Downward from whence, with prattling sound,  
Thy limpid waters gaily bound.'

Francis began *his* translation in the true slipshod style:—

'Fountain, whose waters far surpass  
The shining force of polished glass.'

This *dilution* of

'O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,'

is but too fair a specimen of the prevailing weakness of the translating race. The chaste simplicity, the condensed neatness, of their elaborate and artistic master is what some of them seem to value least, and all, more or less, fail to attain. But what perhaps most strikes a student of the classics in the long run is the exquisite grace with which they created beauty out of slender materials; how, with less imagery, wit, or depth of sentiment than we demand, their light writers managed to create what should live for ever.

This reflection brings us to the most famous and perfect of those gayer Horatian lyrics with which we have been chiefly occupied hitherto. We allude to the often-mentioned *Donec gratus*, in which (pace majorum!) Ben Jonson did not succeed; which tried triumphantly the skill of Cowley and Atterbury, and over which meaner wits have a score of times laboured in vain. What constitutes the difficulty? the same quality which constitutes its charm. It is perfectly simple and perfectly finished. Nobody can translate it, precisely because it looks as if everybody could. It is thoroughly *classical*. Two lines of our English Crashaw—

'Yet though she cannot tell you why,  
She can love and she can die,'

open up depths of poetic tenderness which it cannot hint at even from afar. But who remembers two more out of the long and unequal poem in which these occur? whereas the Latin poem is all smooth and round, of the same beauty in every part—like the apple which Paris gave to the victorious goddess.

Francis, we must do him the justice to say, is more successful with the *Donec gratus* than with many other odes. Yet, in his care to be simple, he is (almost unavoidably) somewhat meagre and tame. Of our contemporaries, Mr. Robinson is as agreeable as his anxious endeavours to be literal permit. Professor Newman puts himself out of the race by so execrable a rendering of the fifth stanza that we transcribe it as a warning:—

Quid,

Quid, si prisca redit Venus  
Diductosque jugo cogit æneo,  
Si flava excutitur Chloë  
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

What, if ancient Love return,  
And with brazen yoke the sunder'd join,—  
Auburn Chloë aside be toss'd,—  
*Jilted Lydia's door to me re-ope?*

Lord Ravensworth modestly makes way for his friend Lord Derby, whose very remarkable paraphrase of this lyric we extract with much pleasure. Old Dryden somewhere says—not without humour—that ‘to understand critically the delicacies of Horace is a height to which few of our noblemen have arrived.’ But who, if not a great orator, should understand poets; quibus est proxima cognatio cum oratoribus, as Cicero justly observes? Long may the eloquence of the Parliament of England breathe of the roses of Pæstum, or echo the murmurs of the Liris! Long may the good old tradition of the natural union of ‘gentleman and scholar’ help to save our institutions from vulgarity and degradation!

*Horace.* ‘While I was dear to thee,  
While with encircling arms,  
No youth preferred to me  
Dared to profane thy bosom’s snowy charms;  
I envied not, by thee adored,  
The wealth, the bliss, of Persia’s lord.

*Lydia.* ‘While all thy bosom glowed  
With love for me alone;  
While Lydia there abode,  
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful throne,  
Well pleased, our Roman Ilia’s fame  
I deemed eclipsed by Lydia’s name.

*Hor.* ‘’Tis true my captive heart  
The fair-haired Chloe sways,  
Skilled with transcendent art  
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays;  
For her my life were gladly paid,  
So heaven would spare my Cretan maid.

*Lyd.* ‘My breast with fond desire  
For youthful Calais burns,  
Touched with a mutual fire,  
The son of Ornithus my love returns;  
For him I’d doubly die with joy,  
So heaven would spare my Thurian boy.

---

\* De Oratore, iii. 7.



*Hor.* ' What if the former chain  
 That we too rashly broke,  
 We yet should weave again,  
 And bow once more beneath th' accustomed yoke ?  
 If Chloe's sway no more I own,  
 And Lydia fill the vacant throne ?

*Lyd.* ' Though bright as morning star  
 My Caläis' beaming brow ;  
 Though more inconstant far,  
 And easier chafed than Adria's billows thou ;  
 With thee my life I'd gladly spend,  
 Content with thee that life to end.'

The charm of this composition is the mastery it shows of harmonious language. It is a paraphrase of the original, of course, and wants its terse and naked simplicity. But when a writer doubts the possibility or the propriety of a close translation, it is often his next best course to take a wide sweep and to amplify freely,—to desert Milton, in fact, for Dryden. All on which critics have a right to insist is, that he shall expand what he finds in his original ; not load it with modern associations and allusions. Even the *Otium Divos* of Warren Hastings, whatever its *personal* interest, is spoiled, for all purposes of classical pleasure, by 'Mahrattas,' and 'Sikhs,' 'Committees,' and 'Clive.'

Lord Derby's good example has not been lost on another illustrious statesman and orator, and we have been favoured with the following English substitute for the same renowned amœbæan. The contrast between the version of Lord Derby and that of Mr. Gladstone is the more interesting that the latter has adopted the literal style of translation, and has succeeded in rendering some of the lines of the original with particular felicity.

*Horace.* ' While no more welcome arms could twine  
 Around thy snowy neck than mine,  
 Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess  
 Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

*Lydia.* ' Whilst thou didst feed no rival flame,  
 Nor Lydia next to Chloe came,  
 O then thy Lydia's echoing name  
 Excelled e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

*Hor.* ' Me now Thracian Chloe sways,  
 Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays ;  
 My forfeit life I'll freely give,  
 So she my better life may live.

*Lyd.*

- Lyd.* 'The son of Ornytus inspires  
My burning breast with mutual fires,  
I'll face ten several deaths with joy  
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.
- Hor.* 'What if our ancient love awoke,  
And bound us with its golden yoke;  
If auburn Chloe I resign  
And Lydia once again be mine?
- Lyd.* 'Though brighter than a star is he,  
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea  
And fickle as light cork, yet I  
With thee would live,—with thee would die.'

Lord Ravensworth seems to us happiest when employing the more stately metres of our language. We have heard his *Diffugere nives* commended by an excellent judge, and the twenty lines of it which we now give will show why.

The winter snows have fled, the grassy lea  
Grows green, and foliage decks the tree;  
Earth feels the change, within their banks the rills  
Diminished trickle from the hills;  
With zone unbound, the Nymphs and Graces dare  
To frolic in the vernal air.  
Do thou take warning from the fleeting year,  
Nor hope for joys immortal here.  
Spring comes, the zephyrs thaw the frozen glade,  
And summer follows soon to fade;  
Brown autumn sheds his ripened fruit, and then  
The sluggish winter comes again.  
Yet in this changeful system loss is soon  
Repaired by each revolving moon;  
Herein destruction hath no lasting power,  
While we frail beings of an hour  
When once we sink into the greedy grave  
Which swallows up alike the brave,  
The rich, the poor, the mighty, and the just,  
Moulder in ashes and in dust.

There is a pensive grace about these lines which reflects, in its autumnal beauty, the period of life at which Horace had arrived when he wrote the ode. His epicureanism—always varied with flashes of a higher philosophy—had now mellowed into a philosophy of his own, a mixture of indifferentism, kindness, and contentment, tinged with melancholy. He seems to have even grown tired of the lyric labour which had so long employed his leisure, and embodied his sentiment; for we know from Suetonius that he only added the Fourth Book at the  
urgent

urgent request of the Emperor, and there is evident earnestness in these lines (141 *seq.*) of the Second Epistle of the Second Book,—the Epistles being the depository of his actual feelings as a private man:—

'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,  
And yield amusements to the taste of boys,  
Not the soft sound of empty words admire,  
Or model measures to the Roman lyre,  
But learn such strains and rhapsodies as roll  
Tuneful thro' life, and harmonize the soul.\*

The shadow of the great coming darkness fell chill on the fine sense of the gifted Pagan; but we are not writing his biography.

Of the three classes into which Horace's 'Odes' may be divided—1, the playful and amatory, 2, the moral and philosophical, 3, the historic and national—we have, hitherto, dwelt chiefly on the first, which all translators much affect, not only for their artistic completeness, but because a certain universality in their interest gives them the advantage over the others. Let us vary the strain by seeing how the latest cultivators of the art of translation acquit themselves when called on to follow the poet in his higher flights. Horace constantly insists that his muse is jocose and trifling; but this was a piece of policy, to save himself from the 'commands' which anything like a poet laureate's position would have laid upon him. He was certainly as lofty when he aspired, as he was brilliant when he trifled.

Who has not 'crooned' over (as the Scotch say) the four last stanzas of the *Eheu Fugaces*, which we now borrow from Lord Ravensworth?—

In vain from bloody Mars we run,  
In vain the broken billows shun  
Of Hadria's roaring seas;  
And vainly timorous seek to shroud  
Our bodies from th' autumnal cloud  
And pestilential breeze.

Cocytus in his mazy bed  
Must soon or late be visited,  
And Lethe's languid waters;  
And Sisyphus despairing still  
To mount th' insuperable hill,  
And Danaus' guilty daughters.

---

\* Francis.—Pope's 'Imitation' of this passage perverts the moral sense of it, though the substitute is very clever, no doubt.



Thy lands, and home, and pleasing wife,  
Must all be left with parting life;  
And save the bough abhorred  
Of monumental cypress, none  
Of all the trees thy care hath grown  
Follow their short-lived lord.

A worthier heir shall grasp thy keys,  
And all thy hoarded vintage seize  
From bolts and bars released;  
And stain thy floor with nobler wine  
Than ever flowed at holy shrine,  
Or pontifical feast.

Lord Ravensworth is always more successful with a serious than a gay theme, and his version would probably have been better in a graver metre. But these are flowing lines, decidedly superior to Francis, who seems most liable to lose the *dignity* of the Latin. The weak point of his successor—here and elsewhere—is that he is too paraphrastic, as would appear, if we had space to quote the version of Mr. Robinson. Lord Ravensworth is now before his Horatian peers, and cannot plead his barony against them, though it will induce liberal men to respect all the more the way in which he has employed his leisure. He has a good ear, good sense, and good taste; but he might much improve his book if he revised it carefully, with a special eye to the preservation of likeness by elaboration in details. Nicety is everything. Horace always uses *the* word, as Fox is reported to have observed of Pitt, and each word has its own place, not regulated by chance, but law. When he calls Barine the *publica cura* of the youth of her day, his *point* ought not to be passed over. When he brings in a friend's name with delightful familiarity, as in the *Fusce* of *Carm.* l. 22, that friend ought not to be blotted out of poetic existence—an error which the subjoined contrast will illustrate:—

The virtuous man whose heart within  
Harbours no thought of secret sin,  
Needs not the Moorish archer's craft,  
Nor quiver armed with venom'd shaft.

—Lord Ravensworth.

The man, my Fuscus, who hath been  
Of blameless life, and pure from sin,  
No Moorish bow or javelin needs,  
Or quiver fill'd with poison'd reeds.

—Mr. Robinson.

Neither will any license excuse such a rendering as—

Unde vocalem *temere* insecutæ  
Orphea silvæ.

Whose trees in *stately* dance moved on  
To Thracian Orpheus' vocal strain.

—Ravensworth.

—nor is it permissible to make the flowers which Horace promises to the fountain of Bandusia in sacrifice, bloom in the  
Vol. 104.—No. 208. 2 B translation

translation as flowers growing round that fountain's margin (p. 306).

Some people will ridicule such criticism as frivolous and minute. But Lord Ravensworth himself we are satisfied will not be of the number. Indeed, he assures us (a fact which will not secure him the respect of the Utilitarians of the North) that he has been 'twenty years' trying 'every conceivable variety of form' in which to Anglicise

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo  
Dulce loquentem,

the close of the very poem from which he has unjustly banished Fuscus! We are especially glad to be able to praise the very pretty result of all this labour—

The softly speaking Lalage,  
The softly smiling still for me ;

one of the best attempts at an impossibility which we know! Strange praise, no doubt, in the eyes of practical men, but a Horatian translator can scarcely hope for more.

We shall now open our Horace at one of those historic odes where he catches for a brief while the spirit of an antique Roman, and the colour of the national blood rises to the cheek of the artist. In the song of triumph for the fall of Cleopatra, Lord Ravensworth is again assisted with a translation by Lord Derby, but he contends for the laurel along with him, and many of our readers will be glad to see the contest. We take up the strain at the point where panic has seized the Eastern queen, and her galleys in all their bird-like beauty are hurrying through the agitated sea.

Then assailed her stricken soul,  
Frenzied with the wassail bowl,  
Terrors true, and wild despair,  
When as falcon from above,  
Pounces on the timorous dove,  
Or hunters chase o'er Hamon's snow the hare.

On and sail incessant plying,  
As he marked her galleys flying,  
Cæsar urged her headlong race:  
Deeming that his wondrous prize  
Soon should gladden Roman eyes, [grace.  
And bound in chains his haughty triumph

Nobly she to death resigned,  
Not with woman's shrinking mind,  
Gazed upon the deadly knife;  
Nor within some friendly creek,  
Basely lurking did she seek  
To save from death a now dishonoured life.

On

— Actium's bay,  
Behold her anguish and dismay,  
When steering past in full retreat,  
She left in flames her scattered fleet.  
And lo! great Cæsar from his deck,  
Urges his rowers to the chase,  
Where saved alone amid the wreck,  
The Queen bewildered flies apace  
As through the clouds in middle air  
The falcon pounces on the dove;  
Or Thracian hunters drive the hare  
Trembling through Hamonia's grove;  
So thought our leader to secure his spoil,  
And bear her off in chains to far Italia's soil.  
But she whose spirit proud and high  
Refused to brook indignity,  
No womanly alarm betrayed  
At dagger's point and gleaming blade;  
Nor sought the covert of the coast  
For refuge when the day was lost;

But

On her prostrate citadel,  
Dared her dauntless eyes to dwell;  
Firm of purpose, calm she stood,  
Holding with unflinching grasp,  
To her breast applied the asp, [blood.  
Whose venom dire she drank through all her

Sternly resolute she died;  
Nor could stoop her royal pride,  
That, reserved to swell a show,  
She a woman and a queen,  
Should be led like captive mean  
Through streets of Rome to grace her con-  
quering foe.—*Lord Derby.*

But with unruffled visage dared  
Her ruined palace to regard;  
And fearless clasped that fatal worm  
Whose subtle venom did defile  
Her royal blood and glorious form,  
Sovereign o'er all the realms of Nile!  
Haughty in her deliberate death!  
And choosing rather to resign her breath  
Than live the prize of her victorious foe, [show.  
And grace in gilded bonds a Roman triumph's  
*Lord Ravensworth.*

There is a spirit and flow in both these versions. Lord Derby's is nearer the sense of the original, and it has also the great advantage of being written in a uniform metre. Laxity in this particular breeds laxity in others; where the music may at any time be changed, the sense will; and in the last nine or ten lines Lord Ravensworth's love of paraphrase flies away with him altogether. This is the more provoking, because a line like—

Haughty in her deliberate death!

has just that pregnant compactness which a student of Horace most admires in this class of his odes. Felicity of expression is one of the surest signs of genius, and no self-indulgent freedom should be allowed to spoil its development by any writer who at all possesses the gift. Our lords are fortunate in their competitors in this lyric. The orthodox translator, Francis, is both tame and odd. Mr. Robinson seems less at home than in gayer and lighter pieces. Professor Newman, notwithstanding the natural power which rarely deserts him, is crabbed and quaint, as witness his wind-up:—

She her prostrate palace dar'd,  
Calm of brow, to visit. She  
Fell asps was brave to grasp, imbruing  
Veins and flesh with gloomy poison.  
Fiercer in deliberate death.  
Yea, she grudg'd, by cruel loop  
Borne off, to walk, no vulgar woman!  
Stript of rank, in haughty triumph.

It would be easy to add to these specimens of translation, without some of which no opinion could be formed on the subject at all. But we shrink from overloading our pages with quotation, and we have already illustrated nearly all the varieties of treatment of which the art of Horatian translation admits. We have seen it rise from rude but promising beginnings; change its fashion with the fashions of the literature which, as we



ought always to remember, itself largely helped to nourish and refine; produce in the hands of illustrious writers, works of permanent beauty and value; and finally now we see it cultivated with skill and assiduity, and with a success above the average of past times. If we cannot rival certain remarkable efforts, still we could undertake to turn out a version by our 'Eminent Hands' truer to Horace and to Nature than those which issued from the shops of Lintot and Dodsley. No one translator, perhaps, is entitled to put aside Francis; but the general run of translation is better than his. Had it fallen within our scheme to draw on the periodicals of the day, we might have further strengthened this view. Father Prout still lives in the translated thought and transfused grace of the poet of Tivoli.

Spirat adhuc amor!

And the occasional efforts of Bon Gaultier, Mr. Theodore Martin, induce us to hope that he will one day give to the world the complete fruit of a Horatian labour which has been continued long. An age of civilization, culture, and refinement, is just the age when Horace ought to be successfully naturalised amongst us, and his admirers well know that traits which he sketched in the Rome of Augustus come curiously to the surface in the London of to-day.

The task is so difficult of translating Horace in any way, that no sensible man will lay down rigid rules as to what 'ways' are admissible, and what not. Milton's *Pyrrha*, as a whole, is lovely, but who knows whether Milton himself did not try similar translations, and reject the results as unsatisfactory? Dryden's *Tyrrhena regum progenies* is paraphrastical in the extreme, but a version, literal and ugly, would have been just as great a departure from the Horatian reality in another direction. And in that case there would have been this additional disadvantage, that the *literal* failure would only have been a failure, the paraphrase is a fine poem. Our complaint of Mr. Newman is not that his rhythms are new, and that he despises the ordinary ornaments of our common poetry. We respect the rhythms as experiments, and we honour the exactness as exactness; we only assert, that it is but one quality, and that he has not yet proved that his novelty of workmanship is compatible with the ease, grace, and music, which are as much essentials as the downright meaning of phrases and words. We should say the same of Mr. Sewell, whose system, though not identical, is similar. But in reality he only seems to intend his Horace for a help to students, and as such we wish it every success. In fact, though we are ready to welcome excellence,

lence, whether in the literal, paraphractical, or intermediate methods, the predominant caution that rises to our pen as we dismiss the subject is, that it is really *translation*, the reproduction of *Horace* himself, which is to be desired, and that the greater danger ultimately is his who thinks himself entitled to take liberties and to overlook details. An infusion of *Pre-Raphaelitism* would do no harm to this cognate art; and if we wanted to give a youthful aspirant some practical advice towards attaining more of the *reality* of the antique model in his copy, we should recommend to him a careful study of statues, coins, and gems. The polite arts, Cicero tells us, are all related. The ancient life is necessary to the understanding of the ancient poetry, and perhaps it really requires as much learning to translate Horace as to edit him.

ART. III.—*Recollections of the last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London. 1858.

THE last four popes, of whom Cardinal Wiseman undertakes to record his recollections, were remarkable men; they lived in critical times, and had to deal with circumstances of unusual difficulty; their talents and virtues rise high above the average standard; and among the 260 occupants of St. Peter's chair whom the Romish Church numbers in her annals, few have equalled and none have surpassed them in personal disinterestedness and rectitude of intention.

It is unfortunate that the Cardinal adds so little to our knowledge of their characters and their history. In the early part of his career he has nothing to tell. Later in life, when his employments bring him into closer contact with the subjects of his biography, discretion, as he hints, seals his lips. Of their administrative capacity as indicated by the external aspect of the capital or the social condition of the people, he scarcely gives more information, although, as his motto\* boasts, he has received his nurture and education at Rome. This piece of good fortune he owed to Pius VII., who, soon after his restoration, re-established the Collegio Inglese, and among the first cargo of youths who were sent out to fill its long-deserted halls, was the future Cardinal Wiseman. In those days the facilities for travelling were comparatively few. The time of railways was yet far distant, that of steamboats was only just beginning. The 'overland route' was rejected by the students, for, we are told, it 'required ap-

\* 'Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri.'—Hor. Ep. II. 2.

pliances,



pliances, personal and material, scarcely compatible with the purposes of their journey.' Accordingly, on the 2nd October, 1818, they took their passage on board a merchantman bound for Leghorn, and at last arrived at Rome on the 18th of December. As soon as they were released by the Custom-house they drove to the English College. The rector, its sole occupant, was out; but they made themselves quite at home, took possession of the house, and eat up his dinner. Or as the Cardinal expresses it in more dignified style,—

'On returning from his walk, the excellent superior, the Rev. Robert Gradwell, found the first instalment of this important body (his future pupils) really installed in his house, to the extent of having converted to present use the preparations for his own frugal and solitary meal.

'The arrival of the English students (he continues) was an event of sufficient magnitude to be communicated to the Secretary of State, and the answer was that as many of the party as could be provided with the old and hallowed costume of the English College should be presented to the Holy Father within a few days. Among the more fortunate ones, owing to a favourable accident, was the present writer. Thus, not in the garb of a courtier bred in the palace halls, not by the privilege of dignity or station, but in the simple habit of a collegian, and through the claim of filial rights upon a common father, was an early approach secured to the feet of the good and holy Pius VII.'—(p. 17.)

In the course of his collegiate career the student has occasional opportunities of being presented to the Holy Father, and, further, the English College used frequently to direct their afternoon walks towards the Porta Pia, in the neighbourhood of which Pius used to take his brief allowance of exercise in winter, by the side of some lofty wall which sheltered him from the 'Tramontane' wind, and reflected the glow of the bright evening sun.

Such were the future Cardinal's opportunities of observing Pius VII., and he himself seems, in all sincerity, to think them considerable, although to us they scarcely seem to exceed those enjoyed by a chorister of Westminster for studying the character of his neighbour the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what his portraits want in distinctness of outline and fulness of detail, they make up in brilliancy of colouring. His volume is one uninterrupted strain of panegyric: we wish he were in as good humour with the public he addresses as he is with his subject and himself. But while he devotes a page to explaining how innocently the Romans become quarrelsome over their cups, and get drunk from the mere love of sobriety (p. 258), he takes offence

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at the most indifferent action of the English tourist, and even sneers at his lodging as 'the region honoured with his residence' (p. 159). Against his countrymen he keeps up a running fire of controversy. He is always parrying some imaginary thrust, on all occasions he anticipates a 'sneer,' or a 'snarl,' and is ever protesting against their 'cynicism,' or '*ultra-biblical exclusiveness*,' a phrase, by the bye, not very well chosen by a champion of Rome, who desires to throw into shade the weak points of her theological system.

It is not to be expected that we should regard Cardinal Wiseman's subject from his point of view. But we are not tempted to 'sneer' or to 'snarl.' We have no desire to disparage his idols, whose actions must be judged on their own principles and not on ours, and whose characters, we believe, will gain rather than lose by being stripped of the halo of mythical eulogium and by being examined in the impartial daylight of history. The period which Cardinal Wiseman's narrative embraces has a more important bearing on ecclesiastical history than has generally been noticed by political writers, or by the Cardinal himself. It comprises the restoration of the papacy from its lowest point of depression, the depth of which must be measured rather by the contempt into which the Church of Rome had fallen than by the misfortunes of its visible head, to its present state of full-blown pride and almost mediæval pretension. At the close of the last century the spirit of sceptical philosophy had made fearful progress among the educated classes of continental Europe.\* It needed nothing less than the misfortunes of the unhappy Braschi to bring a pope within the limits of public sympathy. From the time of his death in a foreign prison (though the disasters of the Roman see were by no means ended) the beginning of the reaction may be dated. His successors were eminently qualified to carry on the work of restoration. We propose to make from other sources† such additions to Cardinal Wiseman's biographical sketch of Pius VII. and his successor Leo XII. as may serve to illustrate their characters and their services to the Church of which they were the visible heads. For the remaining two Popes we have no space at present.

\* Cardinal Pacca gives some curious instances of the strength of this irreligious spirit even among the royalist emigrants at Cologne.

† The most complete Biography of Pius VII. with which we are acquainted is by the Chevalier Artaud. He was successively attaché and secretary to the French Embassy at Rome, at various periods, under the Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration. He writes as an ultra-royalist in politics, and an ultra-montane in ecclesiastical principles—but his opportunities of observation and his means of information were considerable, and his book bears strong internal marks of good faith and veracity as to facts.

Bernabò Luigi Chiaramonti was born at Cesena in 1740 or 1742 (for accounts differ), the younger son of a noble family. His mother is said to have been a woman of exalted piety, who, in middle age, retreated from the snares of the world to a cloister, and only escaped beatification by the good sense of her son, who resisted the insidious suggestions of his flatterers to enroll her in the celestial hierarchy. 'To us it seems a proof of the strength and tenderness of Pius VII.'s affection for his mother, that his feelings instinctively recoiled from associating her memory with the legendary process of canonization; or it may be, as our author seems to think, that he was not less anxious to avoid the charge of unduly advancing his relations in heaven than in earth. A similar feeling of delicacy, we are subsequently told, made Pius VIII. hesitate to bestow the title of 'Doctor of the Church' on St. Bernard, when it was suggested to him that the Châtillons of France, to whom St. Bernard belonged, were probably a branch of the Pope's own family, of Castiglioni. We cannot understand how such scruples can be felt, or can be recorded by a man of sense, without working in his mind the conviction that the power whose exercise has called them forth is one which God can never have entrusted to mortal man.

Young Chiaramonti, it is said, gratified an early vocation for the monastic life by taking the habit of St. Benedict at the age of eighteen. Our author describes in glowing colours the sacrifice he made in quitting the 'damask curtains,' 'the paintings and tapestries of the ancestral palace,' and in 'dropping the high-sounding names of Barnabas Chiaramonti for simple Don Gregory' (p. 35). Far be it from us to underrate the effort of self-denial which a youth makes when he leaves the comforts and tenderness of home for the cold and rigid routine of the cloister. But the princely splendour of the Chiaramonti family, who were far from wealthy, is purely imaginary; the hardship of exchanging the name of Barnabas for Gregory is not intelligible; and as for 'Chiaramonti,' Cardinal Wiseman must know Rome well enough to be aware how little effect would be produced there by the name however sonorous of a provincial noble. It is true that the Archdeacon Giacinto Chiaramonti wrote a Latin poem, '*De Laudibus Majorum Suorum*,' but then it was addressed to his brother the Cardinal, whose red stockings put the whole family, their ancestors included, into a very different light. Pius VII. himself resolutely rejected all flattery on the subject of his pedigree. When the Consular Government, in recommending the Cardinal de Clermont-Tonnerre, urged that the Clermonts of France were a branch of the Chiaramonti of Italy,



Italy, the Pope disclaimed all knowledge of this illustrious relationship, wittily adding, that, as he had not permitted the members of his own family at Cesena to come to Rome, he could not incur the blame of nepotism for his more distant, though more distinguished, kindred in France.\* On the restoration of the Bourbons his flatterers went so far as to trace his descent from the Comte de Clermont, the sixth son of St. Louis, and the ancestor of Henry IV. To put a stop to this extravagance, Pius requested the Chevalier Artaud, who tells the story, to prove the negative by obtaining for him the complete pedigree of this branch of the house of Valois.

Cardinal Wiseman, desirous to dignify his hero with the legendary portents which foreshadow future greatness, assures us that young Chiaramonti's mother, in her retreat, predicted his future elevation and his tribulations; and moreover that, on first going to Rome, he was present at the coronation of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); and there his presence inspired a coachman with the spirit of prophecy. 'Eager to get a look at the spectacle and clear himself of the throng that elbowed him, he leaped up behind an empty carriage. The coachman turned round, but, instead of resenting this intrusion on his dominions, said good-naturedly to him, "My dear little monk, why are you so anxious to see a function which will one day fall to your lot?"' (p. 34.)

If these stories really came from Pius himself, we doubt not they are substantially true, but they are by no means marvellous. No nun probably ever had a son in orders without dreaming he would become pope, and no prophetic gift was needed to foresee troubles to Braschi's successor. The story of the coachman is highly illustrative of Roman manners. The Romans are as much amused at the possibility that any one who wears the ecclesiastical costume may be their future sovereign, as is the authoress of 'Manners of the Americans' at the possible Presidency of every dirty boy she sees cheating at chuck-farthing in the street. This possible reversion of the tiara is a frequent topic of good-humoured banter at Rome, and nothing was more likely to suggest itself to the facetious coachman, who doubtless was amused by the grotesque appearance of an undersized, childish-looking monk perched in the footman's place behind his carriage.

No man's life presents such a wonderful contrast between its opening and its close as a pope's. We remember to have heard an anecdote in illustration of this, which, though trifling in itself,

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\* Artaud, vol. ii. p. 281.



is nevertheless worth recording, as showing Chiaramonti's amiable and grateful disposition. Some of our travelled readers may doubtless remember at Naples Monsignor Capece Latro, ex-Archbishop of Tarento, who, for some years after the peace, was frequently met in English society. He had been Murat's Minister of Public Instruction, and was a church reformer to the extent of having written against tithes and the celibacy of the clergy. He had in consequence fallen into deep disgrace with the authorities of Church and State, and had been removed from his see. He used to relate that he applied to Pius for some indulgence, admitting that he had no claim on his favour, and not only had no personal acquaintance with His Holiness, but had never even seen him. 'Tell the archbishop,' said Pius to the Cardinal Secretary, 'he is mistaken. I remember him, though he has forgotten me, and will try to remind him. Ask him if he recollects a poor little monk whom he once saw looking for shelter on the Ponte Sisto from a sudden storm of rain, and whom he took into his coach, all drenched as he was, and carried back to the convent. I was that monk, and deeply felt his charity and kindness at the time, nor can ever forget it.' It is scarcely necessary to add that the archbishop's request met all the favourable consideration of which the case admitted.

The young Benedictine pursued his studies with assiduity and credit, and in due time was appointed Professor of Theology. He was connected by relationship with Pius VI., and was further recommended to his notice by his mild and reasonable conduct in some monastic disputes which rose to such a height as to call for the intervention of the supreme authority. His adversaries clamoured for his removal from Rome. The pope assented, mysteriously adding that the applicants probably did not guess the nature of the removal he contemplated. Not long after the recluse of S. Paolo fuori le Mura was promoted to the bishopric of Tivoli, and subsequently, on the death of Cardinal Bandi, was translated to that of Imola. Finally, in 1785, he was offered a cardinal's hat. It is said that the humble and diffident bishop hesitated to accept the expensive dignity. He had a horror of debt, and the revenues of his see would scarcely support the state which the cardinal's purple renders necessary. One whom he had known when he was an inmate of the convent, Marconi, a notary's clerk, pressed the whole of his savings (about 1000 dollars) on the cardinal elect. The sum was utterly inadequate, nor could Chiaramonti consent to take it. But the zeal of his humble friend raised his confidence and overcame his scruples, and the hat was accepted.

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The next few years of the cardinal bishop's life were the last of peace and security. The final triumph of the French Revolution menaced danger to all existing institutions, and especially the Church. At last the thundercloud, which had long been gathering on the north side of the Alps, burst in all its fury over the plains of Italy. There were wars and revolutions, fear and tribulation everywhere. During the last three years of the century disasters succeeded each other with breathless rapidity. The Roman states were invaded, and successively appropriated by the conqueror. The peace of Tolentino, a brief respite from utter annihilation, was broken by the march of the French army on Rome to revenge the death of Duphot, the victim of a riot which the republicans had purposely provoked as an excuse for the renewal of hostilities. The Papal government was overthrown, a republic was declared, and Pius VI. was carried away into captivity. Imola was in the thickest of the confusion; and was at last incorporated in the Cisalpine republic; the cardinal bishop's allegiance was claimed by new and strange masters, and his difficulties were further aggravated by the discordant violence of the feelings which divided the population. Among the inhabitants of the towns generally the most anarchical theories and the most open infidelity prevailed; in the agricultural districts an enthusiastic devotion to the ancient order of things prompted the people to risk their lives in a generous attempt to save the feeble government against its will.

In this perplexity Cardinal Chiaramonti published the famous homily (the only work ever presented to the world in his name) which has given rise to so much controversy and so much censure. M. Artaud supposes that the weak and inconsistent passages were dictated by the fears of his attendants. But this is a mere assumption; and even if it be admitted, the Cardinal is equally responsible for all that he allowed to be published in his name. His excuse must be sought in the difference of sentiment among those whom he addressed. To the one portion of his flock he meant to urge the inutility of persisting in a hopeless resistance to the oppressor; to the other he desired to prove that republican opinions did not necessarily involve the subversion of religion. He vainly hoped to save the Church, though the State was lost. 'Be good Christians,' he exhorts them in conclusion, 'and you will be excellent Jacobins.'

In the course of the struggle for the dominion of Italy, his embarrassments were multiplied by the alternate successes of the two hostile armies. His wishes were all for the Austrians and their allies, but he was willing to make the best of the triumph of France if such was decreed. To withhold from the allies such  
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aid as he had in his power was to desert the cause of his sovereign, to give it was to break faith with those to whom he had submitted. He was in a position from which it was impossible to escape without incurring the censure of one, perhaps of both parties. But, on the whole, he behaved with wisdom and courage. He remained at his post\* (as the invading general remarked to his credit), and was ready on all occasions to answer for himself when accused, and to plead in behalf of the population when they were threatened with French vengeance. When the ill-advised and unfortunate insurrection at Lugo was punished with such unrelenting severity, he interceded earnestly with the French general in favour of the revolted district: that he 'knelt at the conqueror's feet' is an exaggeration for which he would not have thanked Cardinal Wiseman, inasmuch as this act of humiliation would have lost him his subsequent election to the throne. At the ensuing conclave the objection to Cardinal Mattei which proved insuperable was that at Tolentino he had been seen in a paroxysm of distress to kneel at the feet of Citizen Cacault.†

From a comparison of the many contradictory narratives of this period which have been written, it may be inferred that Chiaramonti's conduct exhibited the characteristics which his admirers admit have marked it on all subsequent emergencies. On occasions of doubt, where there was ground for argument, and room for the alternate play of hope and fear, his diffidence of his own opinion, his eager desire to do right, and dread of blame acting upon a certain feebleness of character and sensitiveness of feeling, disposed him to yield too much to the pressure of circumstances, to vacillate and to defer too timidly to the judgment of those about him. When he saw his way clearly and had made his decision, his passive courage was admirable and his resolution inflexible.

In the last year of the century and the 25th of his reign, the longest recorded in the history of the Popes, Pius VI. closed his sufferings in captivity at Valence. At that moment Italy was freed from French occupation; Buonaparte, the master-spirit, had been recalled to take the command in Egypt, and the spell which had hitherto ensured success to French arms in the Peninsula was broken. The dispersed cardinals, to the number of thirty-five, were enabled to assemble in Venice, and there, by permission of the Emperor of Germany, to whom the ancient

\* Artaud, vol. i., p. 26.

† It must be remembered, however, that Cardinal Mattei knelt in his anxiety to save his sovereign and his country, not himself. When previously Buonaparte had threatened to shoot him, he replied with dignity that he only begged for a quarter of an hour to prepare himself. (Artaud, vol. ii. p. 81.)



republic had been bartered away by its conquerors, the conclave met in the island of St. Giorgio Maggiore, on the 1st of December, 1799. It might be supposed, under the circumstances, the tiara would have appeared a crown of thorns, which few would have had self-devotion enough to accept. Never, on the contrary, had it been more eagerly sought. Perhaps such is the lust of rule—*regnandi tam dira cupido*—that any crown is an object of ambition. When, in the decline of the Eastern empire, the enemy thundered without the gates, and faction raged within, when, in the poverty of the exchequer, the gorgeous diadem of Constantine was replaced by a paltry imitation in gilt leather, men were found to betray, and mutilate, and murder each other for its possession; or it may be, as M. Artaud thinks, the assembled Fathers showed a noble faith in the vitality of their church polity and the buoyancy of St. Peter's bark. Be this as it may, the conclave sat for 104 days. Cardinal Braschi, nephew of the late pope, had 22 votes at his disposal; Antonelli headed an opposite faction (the word in this sense is strictly technical), with the command of 13. As a majority of two-thirds is necessary to secure the election, it was manifest that neither party could carry their candidate. But both, each day at the morning and the evening scrutiny, with unbending obstinacy, recorded their votes, the former for the Cardinal Bellinsomi, the latter for Mattei. It was obvious that without some compromise any election was impossible.

This conclave brings on the stage for the first time a personage more important than the Pope it met to elect. Hercules Consalvi, born of a gentleman's family in the ancient but obscure village of Toscanella, had entered on the ecclesiastical career, because in the Roman States it is the only road which leads to office, and had hitherto followed it with success. Dexterously seizing the occasion, he persuaded old Monsignor Negroni to make way for him as Secretary of the Conclave; and here his talents found their full exercise. The secretary is usually the mediator and the channel of communication between the rival parties, he holds the thread of many an intrigue, and is often the animating spirit of the whole assembly. It would be tedious to relate the various efforts made by the two parties to effect a compromise. Consalvi, by patiently watching his time till the patience of the combatants was exhausted, by adroit insinuations eliminating, one after another, all on whom he did not wish the choice of the electors to fall, succeeded in persuading each of the contending factions that the only independent Cardinal not fettered or disqualified by his previous conduct for the arduous task of vindicating the rights  
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of the Holy See, was Chiaramonti. On the 14th of March the Cardinal Bishop of Imola was proclaimed Pope, and in compliment to his predecessor took the name of Pius VII.

At the time of his election Pius was a temporal sovereign. His dominions had been reconquered by his allies in his name, and it was to be hoped for him. The moment he was able to leave Venice he set out to claim them. His progress from Pesaro was one continued ovation. Rome, weary of its republic and sick of the Neapolitans, received him with joy. But Rome was sorely changed; the pontifical palaces were stripped to the bare walls; the museums were rifled; the churches were plundered; the accumulated treasures of centuries were dispersed; and this not by the violence of an excited soldiery, but by the legalized rapacity of French commissaries and the officers of the Roman republic. These were but the outward signs: the social fabric lay in ruins: church property was confiscated; the religious communities dispersed; the finances were annihilated; government there was none; all was discord, anarchy, poverty, and distrust. Nor was the task of reconstruction easy. The rich were pauperized, the poor were demoralized; men's faith in the old order of things was shaken, their expectations from the new had been disappointed, their hopes from the future were cold. Many had been severely tried in the fiery ordeal of revolution, and it was safest not to ask how they had stood the test. There were, however, some whose services deserved reward. Marconi was not forgotten. Besides his previous claim on the Pope's gratitude, it is said that he had advanced the funds needed to defray his journey to Venice. Consalvi was immediately made Cardinal and Secretary of State. The measures of the restored government are variously represented. A plan for redeeming the base coinage was one of its boldest and most liberal acts; but on the whole the code of regulations contained in the bull '*Post diuturnas*' is not supposed, even by the Pope's greatest admirers, to have been judiciously framed.\* Administrative reform at least, it may be inferred, had made no great progress, when no better way of rewarding Marconi suggested itself than to give him some lucrative contracts; one of these, a contract for the maintenance of the galley-slaves at so much per head, he disposed of the next day at an enormous profit. We are afraid of inquiring how much the sub-contractor in his turn made out of the wretched convicts.

Very early after his return Pius was called on to perform the most important act of his reign and of his life. French

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\* Artaud, vol. i. p. 100.

arms were rapidly regaining in Italy the ground they had lost. Buonaparte, virtually wielding the supreme power under the title of First Consul, reappeared like Achilles on the field, and defeat was turned to triumph. But he had no desire to destroy (at least for the present) the temporal power of the Pope. From the first he had seen and urged on the Directory the advantage that might be derived from retaining him as an instrument in the hands of France, instead of compelling him to be a weapon of offence in the hands of her enemies. He had never lost sight of the impending work of reconstruction; and from the first moment that the idea of grasping the supreme power dawned on his mind he saw that he should have work for the Pope to do which could be done by no one else. From the field of Marengo, when Pius probably expected nothing less than a decree for re-establishing the Roman republic, to his great joy he received an overture for a Concordat, and esteemed himself fortunate to be stripped of only the three Legations.\* The Revolution, with all its demoralizing influences, had failed to extirpate religion in France or to substitute any other for the old faith. But the clergy who had refused the constitutional oath were at war with the government, those who accepted it were not in communion with Rome. There was a schism in the Gallican Church. To the First Consul a schism was a formidable impediment to his ulterior design of securing to the State the support of the Church. To the Pope a schism like that of Henry VIII.—Popery without the Pope—is the most dangerous form of heresy. The Pope and the First Consul had equal need of each other, but on both sides there were difficulties. Many months had not passed since Buonaparte had taken credit, in his famous Egyptian proclamation, for having trampled under foot the vicar of the false prophet; and though it mattered little what the Turk thought of his consistency, his having done so with the applause of the army and his partisans in general showed how little they were disposed to sympathize with an attempt to re-establish papal authority in France.† Moreover the constitutional prelates protested against submission to the Pope, and desired to vindicate the independence of the episcopate and the national church. The Pope on his part felt that he was deserting the cause of the orthodox clergy and sacrificing those who had sacrificed all for their obedience to the Holy See. But the greatness of the emergency overbore all

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\* Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna.

† How strong were the infidel party may be inferred from Mr. Protali's Report on the projected Concordat; the two first sections of which are occupied in proving, first, that some religion is desirable in France, and that, secondly, if so, that religion must be the Roman Catholic.



minor considerations. The first step involved an unprecedented exertion of Papal authority which perhaps, as such, was not displeasing to the Court of Rome. As an indispensable preliminary to a new arrangement, it was stipulated that a new circumscription of the dioceses should be made by the Holy Father in concert with the French government, and this signified nothing less than that the whole body of prelates, constitutional and nonjurors, should be invited by the Pope to resign their sees, on the penalty of deprivation in case of noncompliance.

The affecting remonstrances and pertinacious opposition which this measure called forth made it one of the most painful acts of the Pope's life. Many of the orthodox prelates, especially those who had taken refuge in England, refused to resign, or to acknowledge their deprivations; and the constitutional functionaries, in tendering their resignations, declined to admit their previous irregularity, or even inferentially to accept absolution. The Pope asked only for the most trifling and equivocal submission; but even this in some instances was denied.\* However, the union of the supreme power of the Church and the despotic power of the State carried the measure into practical effect, and the small remnant of opposition which could not be overcome it was prudent to overlook.

The Concordat is so well known, and its history has been so ably written, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it here. Buonaparte, in his subsequent quarrels with the Pope, called it the greatest mistake of his life.† He was enraged that he could not secure the support of the clergy, and at the same time maintain an absolute independence of his supporters, and, as usual, he repined that he had not obtained inconsistent and incompatible advantages. However, the Concordat answered his immediate purpose. It gave him all that Francis I. had obtained from Leo X., including the nomination to the vacant Bishoprics. The Pope retained that vital point of Papal supremacy, the right of institution. It was absolutely necessary to ratify the alienation of church property, and moreover to subject the public exercise of the Roman Catholic religion to such restrictions as the civil power might see fit to impose. This demand was made by the Consular government in good faith. They saw the danger and dreaded the ridicule of reviving immediately all the rites of the Church of the 'ancien régime,' and the Pope, who hesitated to give his ratification, fortunately found sensible theologians to assure

\* Before Pius would perform the ceremony of the coronation he insisted on the conventional bishops signing a sort of implicit submission, but four refused to do even this, and he begged that they might not be admitted to the ceremony.

† *Histoire des Quatre Concordats*, par M. de Pradt.

him that it was lawful to grant as a concession what it would be heresy to lay down as a principle. To make the Concordat more palatable to the Legislative body and the laity in general, certain 'organic laws' were subjoined which embodied the celebrated declaration of 1682. Against this supplement the Pope thought it necessary to protest, but not so loudly as to endanger the stability of the great work he had just accomplished.

The sovereign Pontiff was still independent, but every day showed more strongly the danger of making concessions, and the difficulty of refusing them. Every courier brought some fresh demand from Paris, and the most ancient allies of the Holy See, and its most insignificant neighbours, were as importunate in their requisitions as its tyrannical protector. Spain refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Nuncio, and the President of the puny and ephemeral Republic of Lucca wrote to the Pope a letter of menacing bombast in ludicrous imitation of the dictatorial style of the Consular diplomacy. Nervously anxious to give no unnecessary offence, the government exalted into importance every trifle that might affect the susceptibility of the First Consul. His desire to engage Canova to execute some commissions at Paris was treated as a matter of state. In those days of violence artists and men of letters had sometimes shown an independence which statesmen dared not imitate. Canova deeply resented the treatment which his native country, Venice, had received at the hands of Buonaparte, and scarcely less acutely did he feel the wrongs sustained by Rome, the country of his adoption, in the plunder of her museums. When General Miollis, in insulting, or perhaps only thoughtless, triumph, said to him, 'It is a noble marriage which we have made by uniting the Venus di Medici to the Apollo Belvidere at Paris,' he replied with not less boldness than wit, 'Si, signor Generale, ma in quel vostro clima di Francia non faranno mai figli' (In your French climate they will produce no progeny). On the present occasion the government exerted itself to overcome his scruples, with a zeal which proves how great was the terror that Buonaparte's despotism inspired.

For a brief space the French ruler had his reasons for keeping measures with the Pope. As time and success matured his schemes, he coveted the style of Emperor. He would be crowned, and the Pope must do it. To the last he imagined that by the Papal consecration he had strengthened his title, but the time was past when such a solemnity could impose on the multitude, and, in the eyes of thinking men, says M. de Pradt,



'it lowered the Pope, while it failed to raise the Emperor, who, in truth, was consecrated only by his own sword.' Pius felt that by his compliance he was betraying the cause of legitimacy, and his pledges to the exiled French Court—that he was giving mortal offence to all the crowned heads of Europe, an offence which nothing but his subsequent persecutions could have expiated. But he had staked all on the good-will of the new Emperor. From him he had everything to fear; and from him alone he had anything to hope. The restitution of the Legations was the bait held out. With hesitation, misgiving, shame, and reluctance he consented.

And now the Emperor of the French and King of Italy would no longer be content with the privileges that belonged to the 'eldest son of the Church' and the 'successor of St. Louis,'—he would be the representative of Charlemagne and the inheritor of all the undefined claims of his shadowy sceptre. Entirely ignorant of Church matters in the first instance, he had taken great interest in the negotiation of the Concordat, and the rapidity with which his quick administrative instinct had seized on the bearings of its various points, persuaded him he had a genius for ecclesiastical business. He insisted on regulating the dioceses of the kingdom of Italy, and he repeatedly intimated in his letters to the Pope that he was a better friend to the Church, understood its affairs more accurately, and certainly despatched them more expeditiously, than his Holiness himself. The Pope and his suite were deeply mortified at the disappointment of the hopes with which they had been lured to Paris. The Emperor's respect for the Papal court was not increased by a nearer acquaintance. They had parted more coldly than they met, and the breach widened daily. The Pope's Legate at Paris, Cardinal Caprara, cajoled or intimidated by the despot, lost his master's confidence. On the other hand, the French government refused to transact business with Consalvi, who in consequence was obliged to retire from office. The Pope complained that from the moment he had performed the act of complaisance which ought to have secured him the friendship of France for ever, as by it he had sacrificed all other friendships, he had never had a respite from the menacing encroachments of the French government.

In the midst of all the splendours of his reception at Fontainebleau and at Paris there had been much to humiliate him and much to alarm. It is said that he had been sounded on the project of transferring the See to Avignon, and that it had been withdrawn only on his threatening an instant abdication. And now the Emperor put forth demands inconsistent with the very  
existence



existence of the Papal See ; \* among others he required the Pope should forsake his position of universal father of Christendom, and become little more than the Imperial chaplain and vicar, excluding from his ports all nations who gave umbrage to the French government, and placing all his resources for offence and defence at its disposal. If this were refused (and refused it must be), it was obvious that he intended to occupy the Pontifical States. This long meditated act of spoliation was at last executed on the 2nd of February, 1808. On that memorable day, as the Pope calls it in his bull, an army of 6000 men under General Miollis, which had advanced towards the capital on pretence of reinforcing the army at Naples, treacherously seized the Porta del Popolo, and the Castle of St. Angelo, and took military possession of Rome.

On the arrest of Cardinal Gabrielli, the Pro-secretary of State, which not long afterwards took place by order of the French commandant, the Pope in his distress sent for Cardinal Pacca,† whose merits he had hitherto somewhat neglected. At least so the Cardinal thought ; but he was too generous and too courageous to disregard his sovereign's call, in the day of his need, to take the post of danger. The Pope's civil government was nominally still in existence. Cardinal Pacca draws a lamentable picture of its position when he became its ostensible head. The Cardinals from whom he might take counsel had, on various pretexts, been banished from Rome. The troops of the line, on the insulting plea that they should no longer be commanded by women or priests, had been enrolled in the French army. The Guardia Nobile had been arrested. The *Sbirraglia* (the police) obeyed no orders but those of the French General. The Swiss Guard were the only body who acknowledged the Pope's authority. The Treasury was exhausted by the exactions of the French ; the Secretary of State had scarcely the means of writing a despatch ; his own officials were suborned ; his correspondence was intercepted ; and above all he knew that in executing the commands of his sovereign he was responsible

\* He demanded the establishment of a patriarchate in France ; toleration of all religions at Rome ; abolition of convents ; of the celibacy of the clergy ; the introduction of the Code Napoleon ; and the coronation of Joseph as King of Naples.

† To Cardinal Pacca we are indebted for the best and most faithful account of all that occurred since he came to office. He is not the less trustworthy because he does not attempt to conceal his prejudices. He professes himself unable to understand why so salutary an institution as the Holy Office (the Inquisition) is so detested and calumniated ; and the aversion with which sovereigns regard bulls and briefs from Rome, 'eschewing them as they would papers infected with the plague,' is, he declares, inconceivable ('inconcepibile'). Cooks never can, nor ever will, understand why eels object to be skinned.

to a foreign and hostile power. The Cardinal tells us he had determined to give no wilful provocation. The lamb resolved to speak the wolf fair; and the whole of his discussions with the French authorities are an illustration of that fable, which will never be out of date on this side of the Millennium. However, he was obliged to protest against the organization of a revolutionary force, under the name of 'Civic Guard,' and the practice of enrolling in it all the scoundrels who had incurred the penalties of the law, and wished to secure impunity for the past and licence for the future. And this was resented as an offence. One morning at the 'Consulta' some French officers abruptly entered his apartment and brought him an order to leave Rome. Declining to obey any commands but those of his sovereign, he sent a note to the Pope to ask his pleasure. The palace of the Consulta is immediately 'opposite that of the Quirinal, where Pius always resided. Before the answer could be expected, the door was thrown open with violence, and the Pope himself stood before the astonished officials. Pius, Cardinal Pacca says, was, like Moses, the meekest of men; but he was a hearty believer in himself and in his divine commission; and he was in a state of uncontrollable agitation. For the first time, continues the Cardinal, 'I saw a phenomenon of which all have heard, but few have witnessed. The hairs of his head stood erect, and his sight was dim with the violence of his indignation.' He could scarcely speak; he did not seem at first to know his own Secretary; at last he grasped him by the hand, and saying, 'Andiamo, Signor Cardinale,' he led him down the great staircase and across the Piazza to his own palace, in the midst of the applause of the Papal household and of the crowd which, in expectation of some strange event, usually kept watch about the Sovereign's residence. Pius ordered the great gates of the palace to be closed, all communication with the town to be restricted to a postern, and a watch to be regularly set—not for the purpose of opposing force to force, but to establish that force had been employed. For ten long months this blockade continued, and the adverse parties remained in presence, waiting for the result of the chapter of accidents. There were three contingencies which might have suited the purposes of the French Commandant. If the Pope fled, his flight might be interpreted as an abdication of his rights; but the Pope turned a deaf ear to every proposal of escape. If a rising of the people, who were strongly attached to his person, could be provoked, the cry of Basseville, Duphot, and Sicilian Vespers would give the occasion and the pretext for every act of violence: the Pope well knew this; and what little influence he possessed was exerted



exerted to keep the people quiet. Or lastly, a revolution might be effected, and the patriots might again plant the tree of liberty in the Capitol. But all the well-known machinery for manufacturing revolutions had failed.\* The loyalty of the populace amounted to enthusiasm, and the ferocity of the Trasteverini and the Montagnuoli made patriotism a dangerous trade. The French government grew weary—at 10 o'clock on the 10th of June, with a loud discharge of artillery, the Papal flag was lowered, and the French tricolor was hoisted in its place on the Castle of S. Angelo. With the sound of trumpets and with every mark of military triumph the change of government was proclaimed. In a decree, dated from Vienna, on the 17th of the preceding May, which might seem to be penned in derision, but which probably put forth what the Emperor seriously thought the most colourable pretext, for he knew just enough of history to pervert it, he states that 'his august predecessor Charlemagne' had given to the Popes their dominions merely as fiefs, and that the experiment of uniting the temporal to the ecclesiastical power having failed, he now resumes the grant and reannexes the forfeited fiefs to the Empire. The Pope had long been prepared for this crisis—the bull of excommunication was ready; one clause only remained to be added. It had not been foreseen whether the violent abduction of the Pope would precede or would follow the confiscation of his dominions. The clause was soon added; and a man was found bold enough to affix the bull to the gates of the three great Basilicas and the other usual places of publication, in broad daylight, when the churches were filling for Vespers; he escaped undiscovered, and lived to be rewarded at the restoration.

The bull '*Quum Memorandâ*,' so much talked of and so little read, is feeble and diffuse: its prolixity may be excused by the number of the grievances it had to record; but it fails to make the most of so strong a case. The Pope's unwillingness to give up his dominions cannot need to be defended by the example of Naboth,† nor are the cases parallel. Unlike Naboth, the Pope was offered no equivalent, nor indeed any indemnification whatever. The excommunication had been wisely delayed till the last outrage had been committed, and public opinion was pre-

\* When the French General had insisted on continuing the usual amusements of the Carnival in defiance of the Pope's edict to the contrary, his invitations were disregarded, and the Corso remained a desert.

† It is not impossible that these defects of the bull may be attributed to the uncertainty as to the facts in which it was written: possibly the comparison of Naboth may have been suggested by an apprehension that some sort of exchange might be offered to the Pope in France or elsewhere.



pared to sympathise with this extreme and almost obsolete exertion of the spiritual power. Though ridiculed by the anti-papal and philosophical party, the bull had acquired by the Concordat a value they could not deny. It was received with delight by the enemies of the new dynasty, and restored the Pope to that place in the estimation of Europe which his previous compliances had forfeited. In fact, it has generally passed for an act of greater daring than it actually was, for excommunication is naturally associated in our minds with the spiritual thunderbolts of the Innocents and Gregories of olden time. But this document is couched in much milder phrase; its censures are general; no names are mentioned; no outlawry from social rights, no dissolution of political ties is pronounced; no interdict is imposed. It was indeed a bull better suited to a reasoning (not to say sceptical) age, and to the captive Pope's mild temper and dependent position; but had the spiritual arms with which his predecessors made their temporal acquisitions in the middle ages been always thus blunted, Pius in the nineteenth century would have had no temporal dominions to defend. The Pope himself, M. Artaud tells us, in a subsequent letter to the Emperor, concluded with the apostolical benediction, by which he stultified, or if he chose so to interpret it, implicitly revoked his previous act. The cardinals at Paris made no scruple of attending the mass of the excommunicated sovereign, and though the bull continued to be talked of by the clergy in the course of these disputes, the Pope never ventured to treat it as a reality, by enforcing or withdrawing it.

Such as it was, however, it was quite unexpected by the French General, and brought matters to an immediate crisis. The Pope could no longer remain in Rome. The only difficulty was, how to get possession of his person without tumult or bloodshed, and for this purpose secrecy and surprise were necessary. By daylight the papal residence was watched by a curious crowd. At night the guard kept within the walls was on the alert. Accordingly the dawn of day, on the 6th of July, was chosen for the escalade; and troops, among which was a considerable auxiliary force from Naples, were placed so as to prevent interruption on the part of the populace. M. Artaud tells us he has seen General Miollis's order to General Radet for this operation. (Vol. III. p. 92.) It is obscure and confused, and full of erasures. It seems in express words to command the arrest of only Cardinal Pacca. But Radet knew well what he had to do, and he executed it with dexterity. The Cardinal, and others of the attendants on duty, had just retired to rest, believing that all danger for that night was past,  
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when they were aroused by the noise of the attack, and had barely time to call the Holy Father and to hurry on their clothes before a forcible entrance into the palace was effected. When the French General had penetrated into the Pope's apartment he found him standing between two cardinals, and his attendants ranged on either side. For a few moments there was a dead silence; the General was pale and agitated; he said afterwards that as long as he was climbing walls and breaking down doors it was all very well, but when he suddenly saw the Pope standing before him, somehow his 'first communion' came into his mind—at last, when he spoke he hesitated as one who has difficulty to find words to convey his meaning. But the purpose for which he came needed no explanation. Pius spoke with dignity, but yielded at once; resistance could only have provoked further outrage.

The Pope gave a list of the attendants whom he wished to follow him, and he was hurried into a travelling carriage, accompanied only by the Cardinal Secretary. To prevent the demand (which it would have been difficult to refuse, and impossible to grant) for time to make due preparation, he was given to understand that he was to be conveyed only to Palazzo Doria, the head-quarters of General Miollis. The carriage issued from Rome by the Porta Salara, and skirted the walls till it reached the Porta del Popolo, where post-horses were in waiting. The Pope and the Cardinal were in their habits of ceremony; they had not with them even a change of linen; and, on comparing the state of their purses, the aggregate of their wealth did not amount to eighteen pence. At the post-houses where they stopped to change horses the Pope was at once recognised by his dress, and attracted so much attention that Radet was obliged to request his Holiness to pull down the blinds, and thus to exclude every breath of air under the burning heat of a July sun. Radicofani was their first halting-place. The inn was then just what those who first travelled after the peace remember it. Nothing had been prepared; the Cardinal, in his robes, helped the servant-maid to make the Pope's bed and to lay out his supper, such as it was. The General had positive orders to resume the journey with the dawn; but Pius absolutely refused to move till his attendants arrived. General Radet, in sore perplexity, and much disquieted by the crowds of peasantry which the strange news of the Pope's advent attracted to the spot, rather than employ force ventured to disobey his orders, and delay his departure till the arrival of the suite towards evening. At Poggibonsi the carriage at starting was driven, perhaps by the unskilfulness of the postilions, as Cardinal Pacca surmises, but more probably by their nervousness.



nervousness, over a heap of stones, and was overturned. It was impossible to prevent the crowd from rushing forward to assist the Holy Father (who fortunately was not hurt), and to kiss his hands, his feet, his robes. It was lucky for General Radet that the mob contented itself with vociferating at the highest pitch of their voices, 'Cani, cani!' and lucky that the escort abstained from provoking further uproar by resenting this insult. Whatever mishap had occurred would have been imputed to his disobedience of orders at Radicofani. At Florence Pius was received at the Certosa, in the same apartment which had sheltered his unhappy predecessor; and here at least he hoped for rest; but in the middle of the night he was hurried off to Turin, and from thence to Grenoble. The French government seems to have been much embarrassed what to do with its captive; perhaps it was alarmed at the warm reception he met with in France. The weary prisoner was suddenly dragged back to Turin, and from thence to Savona, while Pacca, who was believed to have written the bull of excommunication, was sent alone to the Alpine state prison of Fenestrelles.

Cardinal Wiseman, in alluding to all this violence, at the close of several pages of unintelligible bombast, comes to the conclusion that 'no doubt his (the Pope's) violent removal from Rome was not commanded by the Emperor, and still less could he have intended the rudeness, irreverence, and sacrilegiousness of the mode in which it was done (p. 76).' For this hypothesis he seems to assign no better reason than that the restorer of Papal power in France can do no wrong. But it is true that M. de Pradt,\* on the authority of Marshal Bessières, endeavours to throw the blame of this outrage on Murat, to whom was intrusted much of the direction of Italian affairs, and M. Artaud, in his '*Life of Pius VIII.*' (p. 352), has since produced evidence to confirm his statements. But even if this version of the story is accepted, it is worth nothing as a defence to Napoleon. When he ordered the annexation of the Papal States he must have foreseen the necessity of removing the Pope from his capital, and he must have left to his subordinates a discretionary power expressed or implied. He well knew what they would be compelled to do; and if he omitted to furnish them with precise instructions, it is no diminution of his responsibility that he thus reserved to himself the right of disavowing them, or of complaining, as he did in his conversation with Bessières, of their want of dexterity, because they did not accomplish the impracticable feat of taking the Pope prisoner without shocking the

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\* Histoire des Quatre Concordats.



feelings of Catholic Europe. He could not have supposed that the Pope's removal would be voluntary, nor was he ignorant that a forcible and secret abduction could not be effected without 'rudeness and irreverence.' He neither disavowed his agents expressly in words nor inferentially by his actions. The treatment of the captive Pope at Savona, varying in rigour according to the degree of resistance he displayed, was of a piece with the violence with which he had been transported thither; and when he was conveyed to Fontainebleau some years later the removal was characterized not only by irreverence, but by cruelty. General Radet, as we have seen, incurred no slight risk by softening the severity of his orders; and he always conceived himself to have executed his commission with as much delicacy as its painful nature allowed. Cardinal Pacca confirms his statement, and adds that he ventured gently to take the Holy Father to task for treating his reluctant gaoler with less than his usual gentleness.\*

At Savona the Episcopal palace was assigned for the Papal residence, and there the Pope spent nearly the next three years of his captivity.

We cannot see why Cardinal Wiseman thinks it necessary to exalt the patience of his hero by sneering at the deportment of Charles I. and Louis XVI. In comparing their fate with that of Pius, he tauntingly tells us, 'Such a prisoner—such a captive [as the Pope]—creates no scenes, gives no impassioned pictures for the pencil or the pen. You cannot invest him with the pathos of St. James's or the Temple, nor get soft or tender speeches or dialogues out of him.' 'There is nothing dramatic' in his sufferings. Does our author mean to say that the words or actions of these illustrious secular victims were calculated for stage effect? Pius's imprisonment was not dramatic, because there was no subject for a drama—there was no tragedy! Does not he see that he weakens our sympathy for his hero by comparing his trials with those of a sovereign daily expecting a violent and ignominious death at the hands of his own subjects, and leaving all that is most dear to him on earth to the mercy of those who had shown they never knew mercy? Truly the

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\* Radet has left his own narrative, which in no important point differs from Pacca's. M. Artaud says that the General was so well satisfied with his own conduct in this business, that he had a picture painted, in which he is represented as standing in a respectful attitude before his Holiness. Pius, however, always resented General Radet's conduct. After the restoration Radet solicited permission to come to Rome, and to retain his estate of S. Pastor, which had once belonged to a Dominican convent. Cardinal Consalvi told the French ambassador that he dared not recall to his Holiness's recollection so painful a remembrance, and the estate of S. Pastor was instantly restored to S. Dominic.

situation of Pius resembled theirs much as an uneasy couch resembles the rack.

The Pope's life at Savona has been represented as frivolous or heroic, according to the prejudices of the narrator. The French prelates who were placed about him as spies used to complain of the meanness of his employments, and the tediousness of his 'historiettes' of Tivoli and of Imola. But how few were the safe topics of conversation, and how natural was it for the persecuted old man to turn to the only tranquil periods of his existence! After all, how many men of superior intellect have found occasional relief in 'twaddle'! We should be sorry to measure Lord Eldon's understanding by the jests which he has deliberately recorded in his note-book, and which have been published by his biographer. Some have related as a proof of saint-like patience—Cardinal Pacca denies it as a calumny—that the Pope used occasionally to mend and wash parts of his own linen. M. Artaud, one of his warmest admirers, tells us (vol. iii. p. 69) that he did so to avoid being scolded for the stains of snuff by his personal attendants. This is far from improbable. Insulated as a Pope is by his exalted rank, he is often impelled by the natural craving for human sympathy to permit an undue familiarity with his servants. But whatever may have been the motives which induced Pius to resume the humble occupations of his conventual life, we see nothing in the act that is either sublime or ridiculous. He was old; a close prisoner (for he refused the little liberty that was allowed him); in feeble health; and probably indisposed by corroding care for intellectual exertion; what wonder if he experienced the immense relief that is afforded under such circumstances by slight manual occupation?—a relief so great that, under the many hardships imposed on woman by her subordinate position, it goes far to equalise her lot with that of her tyrant, man. All this, we grant Cardinal Wiseman, is not dramatic, but nevertheless, in spite of the sneers of detractors, and the exaggerations of eulogists, Pius bore his sufferings with the patience which is the true dignity of those who are unable to resist.

No doubt Napoleon had from the first looked forward to the time when the march of events would force Pius or his successor to accept a nominal sovereignty at Avignon, and a palace at Paris, but, in the mean time, there were matters of extreme urgency that required adjustment. The Pope had not imitated the Venetian Signory, who released their subjects from their allegiance when they saw their provinces overrun by the resistless hosts of the League of Cambray. Such humane temporizing he deemed inadmissible



inadmissible when the interests of the Church were at stake. He desired to leave every impediment in the way of the usurping government. He anathematized the oaths they imposed, and denounced the compliances they exacted. He was a martyr himself, and expected his subjects to follow in the path of martyrdom.—The Emperor was not less obstinate; the prisons were full of recusants, and the distress and perplexity were extreme. But there was a farther difficulty which caused a more widespread confusion. The Concordat had reserved to the Pope the institution of bishops. Since the beginning of the 16th century this right has generally been conceded to the Holy See, and forms its chief instrument of coercion in dealing with the civil power. In early times the Gallican Church struggled long for independence. By the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, the right of episcopal election was secured to the Chapters, that of institution to the Metropolitan: this was agreeable neither to Pope nor King. By the Concordat of 1516, between Leo X. and Francis I., the power of naming the bishops was assigned to the crown, that of instituting to the Roman See. This much coveted power of conferring institution involves the right of withholding it at pleasure, and thus enables the pontiff, when he chooses to think himself aggrieved, to strike the national church with paralysis, till the distress thus occasioned compels the government to come to terms. During the quarrels of Clement XI. with Louis XIV. for eleven years the bulls of institution were withheld, and thirty-two dioceses were deprived of their legitimate pastors. Pius, since his captivity, had abstained from all exercise of the pontifical office: many sees were vacant, and he formally condemned the expedient of governing the dioceses by capitular vicars. It was loudly demanded that the Pope should correct what was now called the error of the Concordat, and give up the right of withholding institution. M. de Pradt's arguments against the fitness of entrusting such a power to the Pope are unanswerable, but they are equally cogent against all the other usurpations of Rome. Napoleon underrated the character of Pius, both moral and intellectual. He believed that, when deprived of his counsellors, his firmness would fail, and that he would consent to whatever was urged on him with sufficient importunity. But the captive Pope made his insulation a reason for refusing any answer. It was necessary to give him counsellors who could be trusted. Five cardinals, who were known to be subservient to the Emperor's views, were despatched to Savona. Monsignor Bertazzoli, whose fidelity to the Pope was unsuspected, but who was notoriously the most timid of churchmen, was sent to work on his master's fears by exhibiting his  
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own. In Paris a national council was called to extort the Pope's compliance, or to provide some substitute for it, if refused. A deputation from this body waited on him at Savona. From every quarter calamitous pictures were presented of the state of the church deprived of its lawful pastors. The bugbear of schism was again and again presented to his eyes; the sufferings which his faithful counsellors endured on account of his obstinacy were urged with importunity. The Pope yielded, and put his signature to a Bull, which was thought by the Emperor's commissioners to grant all that was needed; but their master was not satisfied. Suddenly, and with the most extraordinary precautions to ensure secrecy, Pius was again hurried across the Alps. At the hospice on the Mont Cenis he was so ill that he received the viaticum; but his conductors were not permitted to delay his journey, nor was he allowed once to leave the carriage\* till it brought him, more dead than alive, to Fontainebleau. The Emperor now demanded in substance a new Concordat, by which the power of institution was transferred to the metropolitan in the event of the Pope's delaying to exercise it beyond six months; and moreover the papal sanction for the oaths he imposed, for the various acts of papal authority he had performed,† and for his usurpation of the dominions of the see. He again tried his own personal influence, and the effect of mingled threats and flattery. The Pope always denied the personal violence which has been imputed to his persecutor in one of these interviews, but he admitted that the Emperor spoke very harshly, and accused him of being ignorant of ecclesiastical affairs. (Pacca, iii. p. 96.) Exhausted, bewildered, terrified, cajoled, Pius yielded at length. He put his hand to the fatal document, and he believed, or tried to believe, he had signed only the basis of a future agreement: all now was congratulation and jubilee. The imprisoned cardinals were instantly released. The Sacred College, who had been obliged to reside at Paris, including both the red cardinals, who were allowed to wear the usual dress of their rank, and the black, who were deprived of it because they had refused to attend the Emperor's marriage, were permitted to form a sort of court around the captive pontiff at Fontainebleau.

When Cardinal Pacca arrived from Fenestrelles he found the

\* The Pope was shut up with the carriage in the coach-house during the few halts that were permitted, and there his food was brought him.—Vide Pacca and Artaud.

† The French commandant at Rome got possession of the Bull, and publicly gave out he would seal with it all papers he considered of importance.—Artaud, vol. ii. p. 387.

Pope sunk in the deepest dejection. His health, and even his mind, seemed affected. He received his faithful minister with indifference, almost with coldness; 'Ci siamo sporcificati,' he exclaimed, by the coarseness of the expression marking the recklessness of his despair. He could neither eat nor sleep; nor did he show the slightest symptom of amendment till it was suggested to him that a remedy for his error was yet possible. With the utmost secrecy he wrote with his own hand a formal letter to the Emperor, in which he solemnly revoked his concessions; and to give this revocation all the publicity possible, he read it to each of the cardinals separately, and made it the subject of an allocution addressed to them collectively in Consistory. It has been said that the Pope urged the most frivolous pretexts for repudiating his own act. He urged no pretext at all save that he had erred as dust and ashes will err, that he repented, and that Pasqual II. had done exactly the same thing. M. de Pradt retorts that the times of the papal contests with the house of Swabia do not furnish the best precedents, and that if repentance were a valid reason for revoking a promise, all contracts between man and man must cease. His reasoning would be unanswerable if the Pope had been a free agent, but the force that had been put on him was notorious to all Europe, and he carried public sympathy with him even in an apparent breach of faith.

For some days the captive court waited, in extreme anxiety, the result of the violent measure they conceived they had taken. The course adopted by government was so adroit that we could fancy it had been suggested by M. de Talleyrand. In M. Scribe's clever play of 'Bertrand and Raton,' Bertrand (M. de Talleyrand) is made to say, 'I have given them my advice in this emergency, and I think they will take it.' 'What have you advised them to do?'—'Nothing.' It was precisely this 'nothing' which defeated the calculations of the Pope and his advisers, and stifled the publicity they wished to give to their protest. The only answer the Imperial government made was to publish the new Concordat as the law of the empire. However, as the Pope and his court had shown a disposition to be mischievous, their liberty was restricted; the cardinals were admonished not to meddle with business; and Cardinal Di Pietro, the head of the 'Zelanti' or high church party, was sent *in terrorem* to a distant prison.

In other respects there was a respite from persecution. We are now arrived at the year 1813, and the Emperor was preparing for his great German campaign, which involved his final struggle with Europe. As time wore on, the Pope, in spite of the 'Moniteur,' obtained intelligence of the  
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the French reverses. He might have guessed them from the Emperor's anxiety to effect a reconciliation with him, and the improved terms that each time were offered. But statesmen and prelates tried to open negotiations in vain: even 'ladies interposed,' and they too were repulsed.\* The Pope felt his advantage, and refused to treat anywhere but at Rome. As the allies approached Fontainebleau his removal to his own dominions was ordered, and before he reached the frontier the power of his persecutor was no more. Once more he journeyed through his own states in triumph. His solemn entry into Rome was made on the 24th of May, with unusual splendour, and with much real rejoicing. The Neapolitan troops had not yet evacuated the town, and it was remarkable, even in this age of revolutions, that General Pignatelli, who had been sent from Naples to assist General Radet in his attack on the Quirinal, now escorted the triumphal procession of the restored Sovereign Pontiff.

Cardinal Consalvi was instantly sent to England to meet the allied sovereigns, and to anticipate all other negotiators in urging on all who had any influence the entire restoration of the dominions of the Holy See. On this occasion Cardinal Wiseman taunts 'the haughty and selfish George of England with breaking through all the bonds of præmunire and penal statutes, and the vile etiquettes of three hundred years,' by his reception of a papal envoy. That he could break through them with safety, and even applause, is an answer in full to the sneers at his Protestant countrymen with which the Cardinal's book is filled. The English are the last people to be enslaved by etiquettes; and as the Cardinal seems to have read no History of England but Dr. Lingard's, he must permit us to offer a few words in explanation of the statutes which he so stigmatises. They were enacted, in the first place, to protect the life of Queen Elizabeth, who was more constantly the object of plots than the late sovereign of France. They were maintained by her successor, who had no wish to be blown up together with his parliament. They were enforced by the people, when they suspected they were betrayed by Charles II., and when they found themselves betrayed by his brother. They were re-enacted by William, who wished to give a pledge that no sovereign in future should prove false to the Protestant constitution. The cordial welcome of Consalvi by the English people proves that they regarded the spirit of the law, and not the letter. Never was there a time when the Roman Catholic religion was looked on so favourably in this country. It was be-

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\* Mme. Brignole, one of the Empress's ladies, whom Cardinal Pacca calls an ambassadress truly extraordinary, was sent to propose a reconciliation.



lieved to have lost its bigoted and exclusive character. The sufferings of the French emigrant clergy had attracted universal sympathy; the persecution of the Pope by England's greatest enemy had raised him to the rank of an ally and a martyr. That this state of things exists no longer is a subject of deep regret; but the Cardinal and his co-religionists alone must bear the blame. Ever since the admission of the Roman Catholics to power, a party in the House of Commons who are nominated by the Irish priesthood have pursued the objects of that body, to the exclusion, and even to the subversion, of all national interests. This section, though numerically weak, yet in the nice balance of parties exercises an undue influence over the legislature. It was improperly courted by the Whigs, by whose ignorance, perhaps, rather than ill intention, successive encroachments were encouraged till they culminated in the Papal aggression. It may be and no doubt will be courted again by future administrations; and it is to guard against the failing virtue of our statesmen that the people refuse to surrender any more of those 'etiquettes' which Cardinal Wiseman thinks so contemptible.

Cardinal Consalvi subsequently repaired to Vienna to advocate his master's cause at the Congress. The return of Napoleon from Elba caused no further inconvenience to Pius than a hasty flight to Genoa in the middle of the Holy Week, to avoid the approach of his troublesome neighbour Murat, who to his infinite relief subsequently lost the crown of Naples for his pains; and on the whole it was favourable to his interests in the Congress. This event, it is said, impressed the allies with the necessity of returning as nearly as possible to the original state of things. The Cardinal availed himself with dexterity of the arguments it afforded in support of his master's claims. He was aided powerfully by schismatic Russia and heretical England; there was no longer any question of Murat's retaining the March of Ancona; and Austria, though with reluctance and with the reserve of two fortresses, consented to surrender the Legations.

Thus Consalvi accomplished more than the most sanguine friends of the See of Rome could have hoped, and the Pope for the first time entered into the full possession of his States. With his persecutions terminates the chief interest of Pius's life. But the busy part of his reign only commences. One important act which he had long meditated in his captivity took precedence of all others. Cardinal Pacca tells us that, in the extremity of his penitential despair, he exclaimed, at Fontainebleau, 'I shall die mad, like Clement XIV.' There are three versions of Clement's death. At the time it was generally believed that he was poisoned by the Jesuits in revenge for their suppression. The rational-  
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istic theory was, that the perpetual alarm in which he lived, and the unwholesome diet which he resorted to in the dread of poison, hastened his end. That which was industriously circulated by the reverend fathers themselves was that he was driven mad by remorse for having betrayed the Church by the destruction of its strongest bulwark. When we hear that this last was the opinion held by Pius VII., it is easy to foresee his intentions with respect to the Society of Jesus. He had already permitted the dispersed brethren to reassemble in Russia, in 1800, at the request of the Emperor Paul, and also in Sicily, in the year 1804, at the request of Ferdinand. Among zealous churchmen a notion had for some time been gaining ground that the abolition of the order had hastened the French revolution and the fall of the Church. This was a mistake—the dislike and fear which the Jesuits inspired had greatly contributed to foster the anti-religious spirit which subsequently overwhelmed both Church and State; and an attempt to save them would only have accelerated the general ruin. But the Sacred College, though many of them had been vehemently opposed to the Jesuits (and of these Pacca tells us he was one), were now unanimous in their favour, with the sole exception of Consalvi. He alone was opposed to a measure which he saw would excite a general clamour against the restored Papacy; but in matters purely ecclesiastical he was not all powerful, and he was overborne. Before any of the allied powers could remonstrate—while public attention was riveted on events so important that even the restoration of the Jesuits attracted little notice—while Consalvi was engaged in negotiating at Vienna, on the 7th August, 1814, the bull ‘*Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*’ undid the work of Clement’s famous bull, ‘*Dominus ac Redemptor noster*.’ Pius went in state to the Church of the Gesù, and the Jesuits were restored to all their privileges.

On the Pope’s restoration the relations of the Holy See with foreign Courts all required to be renewed or remodelled, and the subjects of dispute were endless. No power could persuade the restored king of Naples to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Pope, and to pay the tribute of the Chinaea.\* Murat, while his crown was yet trembling on his head, was as ready as Charles of Anjou, some centuries before him, to acknowledge anything or promise anything, if the Pope by his sanction would consent to strengthen his title. But Ferdinand owed the recovery of his dominions to the allied sovereigns; and he would yield nothing to the Pope from whom he had nothing to expect. To relate

\* The white palfrey which was annually presented at the feast of the Ascension, the



the ecclesiastical negotiations of the Roman See during the reigns of Pius and his successor would be to give the Church history of Europe during the period. Suffice it to say that the general result was an important advance towards the recovery of its former power. The times were singularly favourable for the revival of Papal pretensions. The misfortunes of the Pope had disarmed jealousy and had excited sympathy. Addresses and congratulations flowed in from all parts, and the Papal court, with its usual dexterity, affected to accept the expressions of voluntary attachment and respect as the tribute of bounden duty and service.

In France, the return of the emigrant clergy brought discontent and confusion. There had always been in that country a party '*ipso Papa Papalior*' who would not acknowledge the usurper's Concordat, and thus reinforced, to the Pope's infinite joy, they clamoured for its abolition, and desired the re-establishment of the ancient sees. The result was the Concordat of 1817—a changeling which no party dared own or present to the Chambers, and the clergy petitioned for its execution in vain. Thus no longer in harmony with the body of the people, the Church threw itself into the arms of the ultra-royalists, and both sought the alliance of Rome. And accordingly the spread of ultramontane opinions in France, the country of all others once the most opposed to them, has of late years been prodigious.

Throughout Europe the Protestant states were for the first time brought into close relations with the See of Rome: many of them had received accessions of territory, the inhabitants of which were Roman Catholics, and they desired Concordats. For England alone chooses to be ignorant that, when Romanism is only the creed of a tolerated minority, not less than when it is the religion of the State, it is necessary to establish certain limits within which the authority of the Pope shall be exercised. If this is neglected, the plenitude of papal power is virtually directed by the national Roman Catholic hierarchy, and gives them a preponderance which makes them formidable to the Protestant government, and despotic over the laity of their own persuasion.

Important as were these negotiations abroad, at home the Pope's cares were more anxious still. What had been done in 1800 was a rehearsal of the part he had now to play, but the difficulties were greater than any amount of experience could suffice to overcome. The throne of a restored sovereign is no bed of roses. His feelings are ever at war with his interests. The faithless are too many to be punished, the faithful too many to be rewarded. It is said, on the Pope's passage



through Cesena, Joachim, still king of Naples, solicited an interview, and showed him a memorial, numerous signed, professing to come from the nobility and people of Rome, and expressing their strong desire to live under a secular prince. The Pope threw the paper unread into the fire. (*Artaud*, iii., p. 82.) But, some had sinned past forgiveness. It is disappointing to hear that his old friend Marconi, despairing of his patron's fortunes, had become a courtier at the Tuileries, where nothing was given without value received; and had been induced to take a part against his benefactor, which could not be forgotten. It was not without difficulty that he was permitted to return to Rome.\*

In the Roman States it was necessary to reorganise the constitution and the law. The Code Napoleon and the French laws of succession had been introduced. The old law, and the feudal regulations respecting real property, could not be re-established without considerable modifications. Everything was expected from the new government, which was perplexed by the inconsistent outcries for renovation and restoration. Cardinal Consalvi had given to the Congress at Vienna a pledge to reform the administration. Unfortunately nothing better occurred to him than the bureaucratic centralization of which he had found the model in France. No form of administration is more adverse to the gradual education of the people for self-government, none is less favourable to the stability of the constitution. When the nation is represented by the capital, the fate of an empire depends on the success of a casual riot, a mutiny of Prætorian guards, or an intrigue in the Seraglio. But we can hardly blame the Pope's Minister for adopting a system which is recommended by the example of the vast and disjointed empires of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Spain, and which is beginning to find favour even in democratic England.

In former days the Roman provinces were administered by a Supreme Board, which assumed the title of *Buon Governo*, and was presided over by a Cardinal, but which interfered little with the local authorities, and rarely reversed their decisions. At that time there existed between the central power and the provinces a mutual confidence which, in the interval of French annexation, was destroyed. Rome lost its prestige. It ceased to be the seat of an opulent government, and it never could be the

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\* Marconi married a very handsome woman, whose beauty and whose diamonds were seen in all crowded parties at Rome for some years after the peace. Marconi was extravagant and speculated, but his speculations were no longer fortunate; he died poor. His widow still lives in the deep seclusion of a convent. His villa at Frascati is an inn, and a very good one.

centre of manufactures and trade. The provinces, as constituent parts of a great empire, had learned to feel their importance. Their wealth and intelligence were increased, their ambition was roused, their interests were distinct, and they repined at being compelled to support the dominant priesthood with the fruits of their industry. The system which Buonaparte had found so effectual when the main spring was directed by a genius like his own, was entirely inoperative when administered by the dilatory habits and suspicious temper of a priestly oligarchy. Stories were circulated of the ludicrous inconveniences which had arisen from the necessity of referring questions requiring instantaneous decision to distant and procrastinating boards; and it was loudly complained that the industry of the provinces was paralyzed by the arrogance of the capital and the incapacity of the government.

Consalvi was a careless financier, indifferent to the public burdens, and anxious only to tide over the evils he was unable to remove, trusting to-morrow would make up the shortcomings of to-day. The Church was clamorous for the restitution of her endowments, but in deference to public opinion, backed by the example of France, it was necessary to show some respect to the claims of actual possessors. Where no great changes had been made, and the property could be easily identified, it was restored to its original owners on making a compensation to the occupiers. So vague a regulation could not be carried out without the accusation, and, in fact, the reality, of much partiality and injustice; and to make this compensation, a debt of twelve millions of dollars was contracted,\* which has ever since been on the increase, but its amount can only be surmised, as no account of it is ever rendered to the public. A further sum of two millions, given by France under the title of indemnification for the loss occasioned by the French occupation, was, to the infinite disappointment of those who thought they had claims on the government, diverted from its original purpose, and spent by Consalvi on entertainments to the sovereigns who visited Rome, the restoration of public buildings, and the erection of that beautiful portion of the Vatican Museum known by the name of the Braccio Nuovo. The minister evidently aspired to raise the popedom to the level of the traditions, still unforgotten, of the splendid but unfortunate Braschi. The times however were changed. The wealth of a credulous

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\* This was done by Monsignori Rivarola and Giustiniani (both afterwards cardinals) when Consalvi was absent; but whether the Cardinal Secretary sanctioned so important a measure, or allowed it to be carried without his sanction, he is equally responsible for it.

world was no longer poured into the Roman treasury. The habit of paying money, when once discontinued, is with difficulty resumed. Spain and Spanish America were devoted in their expressions of obedience, but they kept their dollars to themselves, and, while revenue diminished, expenditure increased. Throughout Italy the discontents which are inseparable from a restoration, and the aspirations which are necessarily caused by previous revolutions, had given rise to secret societies and conspiracies. The revolution of Naples caused the Pope expense as well as anxiety. The disturbances in Romagna, which clouded the last years of his reign, were a further drain on the treasury. Zeal must be rewarded, information must be purchased, enemies must be propitiated. The revolutions in Spain and Portugal were watched with anxiety, and the exhausted coffers of the Vatican were further taxed to support the cause of orthodoxy and legitimacy in those countries.

The Pope, enfeebled by age and suffering, distrustful at all times of his own judgment, and taught by his weakness at Fontainebleau a lesson of diffidence which he never forgot, can hardly be blamed if he trusted all to the friend who had been his staff and support from the first. Consalvi was virtually the sovereign of Rome; nor must it be attributed exclusively to ambition if he called on none of his colleagues of the Sacred College to share his power. Those who rated their claims the highest were unfitted to co-operate with him by the rigidity of their principles. He was as much bent as any of them on restoring the Roman See to its former pre-eminence; but while he was satisfied with obtaining what was possible, and would yield trifles to gain essentials, they would have lost the end while disputing about the means, and, like all High Church parties, would have sacrificed the substance in an attempt to secure the shadow.

So much power brought the Cardinal a world of jealousy, and the hatred of the whole state, lay and ecclesiastical. Nor can it be denied that, in spite of many pleasing and some noble qualities, his unpopularity was not wholly undeserved. He undertook more than it was in the power of any one man to perform, and he trusted those who had perhaps a claim on his affections, but did not merit his confidence. Not less graceful and winning in his address than he was commanding in his personal appearance, not less supple in finding expedients and suggesting compromises than he was persevering and even obstinate in pursuing the object in view, he possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the art of leading others, and yet he himself was notoriously ruled by his valet. Personally above all suspicion of corruption, he did not hesitate to employ the means which he disdained, and the government



government of an incorruptible minister was corrupt. He was a good Italian in the best sense of the word, and deserved well of Rome, with whose glory he completely identified himself. Though born in the provinces, and of no very distinguished family, he felt no mean jealousy of the dominant city and its exclusive aristocracy. Hence the many noble works which attest his patronage of art and his administrative talents, though, of course, all are labelled for posterity with the name of his master Pius VII.

In a Cardinal it must be accounted a merit that he was a thorough churchman. His liberality of sentiment, so vaunted by the travelling English, and so reprehended by his colleagues, was little more than a varnish which assisted him to conceal his purposes. At the Duchess of Devonshire's house he met foreigners of all nations, and in the course of familiar conversation he could hint what, in a formal interview, would have had no propriety, and would have obtained no credence. Few English tourists of any distinction but had some lively and graceful saying of the Cardinal's to quote as a proof of his liberal statesmanship. His grand object was to promote the cause of the 'Catholic emancipation,' and he had the art to persuade the English that they were treated at Rome with distinction, and that a change had taken place in the spirit of the Papacy, when they were allowed to hire a large room, wherein to meet, and to hear read by some travelling clergyman of their own persuasion the prayers of their national liturgy. Our author attributes the re-establishment of the college at which he received his education to the gratitude which his Holiness felt for the assistance he had received from the English government. That his intentions were benevolent there is no doubt, and that he believed the spread of Romanism in this country would ultimately conduce to its true interests may be fairly presumed. But Pius, or, at least, his accomplished minister, was too shrewd a statesman to overlook the political inconveniences of dissent, and he must have known that to infuse fresh activity into the small minority of Roman Catholic Dissenters in England was not the best means of showing his gratitude to its Protestant government.

Not even the popes and cardinals who have been immortalized by the pencils of the great masters of the Cinquecento looked their parts better than Pius and his minister. Of this future generations may judge, for Sir T. Lawrence has surpassed himself in the portraits of them which he painted for Windsor Castle. We cannot entirely agree in the admiration which Cardinal Wiseman more than once (pp. 56 and 212) in his pages claims for the extraordinary beauty, the 'regal aspect,'  
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the sanctified demeanour of the Sacred College; but there are always some striking heads among them, and of these we never remember to have seen any, in life or on canvas, since Benvoglio was painted by Vandyke, that so completely as Consalvi realizes the ideal of the ecclesiastical statesman.

In the portrait of the aged Pope we see that neither time nor sorrow has changed the blackness of his hair nor dimmed the lustre of his eyes; his front is still smooth, his mouth serene and smiling; but yet an air of lassitude and anxiety pervades the countenance, and the feebleness of the sunken frame tells of long previous suffering and advancing age. No further unpopularity accrued to the Pope personally from the imputed despotism of his minister\* than justly falls to the share of him who delegates to another the authority he ought to exercise himself. Pasquin did not spare him. One morning the following dialogue was found affixed to the statue:—Pius was supposed after death to knock at the gates of paradise—‘Well,’ says St. Peter, ‘you have the keys, why do you not let yourself in?’ ‘I have given them to Cardinal Consalvi,’ replies the abashed pontiff. ‘In that case,’ retorts St. Peter, ‘you must wait till the cardinal comes from purgatory and brings the keys with him.’ Pius with all the virtues had some of the faults of his order—devout and conscientious according to the notions of his Church, gentle and humane in his temper, simple and self-denying and even ascetic in his habits, he was a true monk at heart. Humble he was, but, like all who have ever worn the tiara, he had an exalted notion of the dignity of his office. The humblest of mankind thus elevated could not retain his humility. Approached with genuflexions, carried on men’s shoulders, seated on an altar and adored as a divinity, who can distinguish between the individual and the office? Some virtuous pontiffs there have been, and many clever ones; but not one will be found who did not think it his first duty to exalt the power of the See and to extend his own authority to the utmost. Pius believed it his especial mission to restore the papacy to what it had once been, and in this great work he will be considered by the future historian to have made a greater progress than was perceived by his contemporaries.

The Pope, in the spring of 1823, had completed his 80th year: he had long been too infirm to officiate at the great pontifical ceremonies, but at Easter he gave the benediction from the

\* A pasquinade on the election of the new Pope says—

‘Dio ci salvi  
Da un uomo despotico  
Qual’ è Consalvi.’



balcony of the Quirinal palace. This was his last appearance in public. Consalvi, who was some years younger, was suffering from repeated attacks of fever; but he had no leisure nor inclination to heed them; he felt he should have strength enough to fulfil his task, and it was no courtier's speech when he assured his friend and master he should not long survive him.

On the 6th of July, a day marked with black in his calendar, as the anniversary of the attack on his palace, the Pope fell in attempting to rise from his chair. Twice he had fallen before, and Cardinal Consalvi had implored his 'Camerieri' never on any pretext to lose sight of him; but popes and sovereigns may die of neglect as well as the meanest pauper. By the fall the thigh-bone was broken at the socket, and at his time of life such a hurt is incurable. His physicians desired to conceal from him the nature of the injury; but in the following night he himself demanded the viaticum. A few days after the Pope's accident Rome was alarmed by a calamity, which to the superstitious seemed a portent. The great Ostian Basilica (St. Paolo fuori le Mura), to which is attached the convent in which the Pope had resided as a monk, was set on fire by the carelessness of the workmen employed on the roof, and was nearly consumed. Those who first penetrated to the spot, as soon as it was safe to approach the tottering and smoking walls, will not readily forget the scene presented—the cedar roof lying on the ground in charred and smoking fragments; the 120 columns, for which some of the finest monuments of antiquity had been rifled, partly calcined, or lying in broken masses on the pavement; while the arco trionfale (as it is called) and the tribune with their rich mosaics, the high altar and its granite canopy, still towered in the midst of the desolation. The Pope was spared the pain of knowing the calamity which had befallen the home of his youth. He languished for six weeks after his accident. Cardinal Consalvi was constant in his attendance at the bedside of his patron and friend, and in the solitude and neglect in which, it is said, the apartments of the dying Pope were left, he alone performed every needful office. On the 20th of August the great bell of the Capitol, answered by those of every parish church in Rome, announced to the world that Pius VII. was no more.

It was nearly half a century since Rome had witnessed the obsequies of a pope or the assembling of a conclave. At the first meeting of the Sacred College after the demise of the Pope, its disposition towards the late government was made manifest. A violent attack was made on Consalvi for transacting after the Pope's death, and when his office had ceased, some indispensable



dispensable business of routine which his attendance on his master's deathbed had compelled him to neglect. Fesch and Pacca alone, though personally his enemies, had the courage and generosity to stand up in his defence; and it was plain that hostility to the late minister was the best title to the electors' favour. Consalvi's real offence was the exclusion of his colleagues from power; and it was resolved to raise no one to the vacant throne who would not previously bind himself to establish a privy council of the Sacred College—a condition which was of course accepted, and afterwards evaded. No experience will convince even those on whom the proof is oftenest enforced that it is vain to take a bond of him who in his own hands holds the powers to bind and to loose.

The courts of Europe desired the elevation of a man of moderate opinions, and both France and Austria concurred in promoting the election of Cardinal Castiglione; but the 'Zelanti,' whose party was allpowerful, were determined to advance one whose first object was to vindicate the supremacy of the Church. They ostentatiously brought forward Cardinal Severoli, who was particularly obnoxious to Austria; and on him Cardinal Albani, who held the secret, as it is called, of that court, was induced (prematurely and unskilfully, it is said) to waste the veto with which he had been intrusted.\* The way was now clear for the advancement of any other enemy of this dreaded power. The Cardinal della Genga was not generally popular; he was known to be a reformer, and the Sacred College have no love for reform. He had held the high and responsible but invidious office of Cardinal-Vicar, and in its discharge the severity of his character had made him an object of dread. On the other hand, he was known to be a man of integrity, and his aversion, personal and political, to Consalvi, was indisputable. The late minister had inflicted on him a mortification never to be forgiven. When Consalvi had left Rome in 1814, on his mission to England, the party opposed to the Secretary persuaded the Pope to send Monsignor della Genga to congratulate Louis XVIII. on his restoration. Consalvi was still at Paris. He considered the mission as an act of hostility and defiance. In virtue of his legatine authority he superseded the crest-fallen nuncio, and at a stormy interview is said to have treated him so harshly that he absolutely fell sick and retired to Montrouge.

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\* Each of the three great powers who have the right of 'veto' can exercise it but once in each conclave; and moreover the veto must be pronounced before the candidate has actually obtained the number of votes required to give the necessary majority. Hence the veto is the cause of no small part of the intrigues which take place within the conclave.

No candidate could give so strong a guarantee of hostility to the late minister. He was formally recommended to the dominant party by Severoli, when his own elevation was no longer practicable, and he was elected.

It was subsequently remarked, at the coronation of the new Pope, that when Consalvi, as senior deacon, presented to him the chalice, not a glance of triumph on one part, or a scowl of mortification on the other, could be detected by keenest scrutiny. Neither Pope nor Cardinal we believe, at that solemn moment, was actuated by the feelings ascribed to him; but, be that as it may, they were not men to give every coxcomb of an attaché the opportunity of writing a lively despatch at their expense by betraying the working of their minds to the gaping crowd. That Consalvi was seriously mortified by his enemy's election there can be no doubt, but he could hardly have been sanguine in his hopes of preserving his power in another reign, and his failing health must have warned him that his race was run. He had, however, a duty of friendship to discharge. He claimed, as a privilege, and no one disputed it with him, the task of raising a monument to the late Pope.\* He sent for Thorwaldsen, whose reputation then stood highest in that department of art, and gave him the commission. In these days of affected bigotry the selection of a Protestant for such a work would be impossible, and even then it was censured as a fresh proof of the cardinal's offensive liberality.

Before his death he seems to have been reconciled with the newly-elected Pope, who had need of his advice, and he accepted the honourable post of Prefect of the College 'De Propaganda Fide.' In Italy, where no man of eminence is believed to die by decay of nature, if any other cause can be assigned, the great minister is said to have died of a broken heart. It is more probable and more creditable to his character, that his constitution was worn out by his constant application to business. He survived his friend and master only five months. He died poor, and left his fortune, which consisted principally of the diamond snuff-boxes which had been given to him in the course of his diplomatic services, to pious and charitable uses.

The new Pope took the name of Leo, it is believed as an earnest of his intentions to restore the power of the church. His choice of a title provoked Pasquin to put forth a doggerel distich, which may be thus rendered, although Leo hardly sug-

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\* Where a Pope does not leave a wealthy family, whose duty it is to raise his monument, his 'creatures' (cardinales ab eo creati) usually subscribe for the purpose.

gests Lion obviously enough to preserve the point in an English version:—

Neither Pius nor Clement, not he, forsooth,  
But a Leo (Lion) will be, though without a tooth.

He was born, in the year 1760, of a gentleman's family in Umbria, near Spoleto, and had several near relations living at the time of his election. One of his nephews, on hearing the joyful tidings, set out immediately for Rome, and was met at the gates by an order to quit the city without delay. Chiaramonti had set the example of eschewing nepotism, and Leo was determined not to sacrifice his fame and his duty to his family affections. In his youth he was said to have been good looking, but his features must always have been mean and insignificant. His height, however, was commanding, his pallor ghost-like, and his movements eminently graceful. No one since the days of Braschi, whom few now alive can remember, has performed so majestically the part of Pontiff in the great ceremonies of the Church. His manners had not the gentle bonhomie and innate courtesy of his predecessor, and very nice observers among his countrymen have said they could detect beneath the varnish of later life the traces of early rusticity. But these distinctions, if not altogether fanciful, were lost on the ordinary critic; and in general, those whose business brought them into contact with Leo were struck by the polished urbanity of his address not less than by his knowledge of affairs and his patience in listening to a statement. In the career of the 'nunciature' he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the languages and manners of foreign countries, and also the ease which familiarity with the great world alone can impart. The energy of his character and the excellence of his intentions no one could doubt, but his judgment was less good than his intentions; and such as it was, he often thought it his duty to distrust it as the mere prompting of worldly wisdom. His disposition was severe, and his temper despotic. Ill health had rendered him peevish, and, in spite of his rectitude of purpose, he not unfrequently appeared harsh and vindictive. Pasquin only expressed the popular feeling, when he says, alluding to his sallow complexion—

'Pope Leo's a lemon, as no man can doubt,  
He's all sour within, and all yellow without.'\*

At the time of his election his health was so bad that he is said

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\* 'Papa Leone  
È un limone  
Agro di dentro giello di fuor.'



to have remonstrated with the Conclave that they had chosen a corpse—a protest which probably did not diminish the zeal of many of his supporters; and for some time after his coronation he was obliged to keep his bed. On this occasion our author tells the following wonderful story:—

‘All Rome attributed the Pope’s unexpected recovery to the prayers of a saintly bishop, who was sent for, at the Pope’s request, from his distant see of Macerata. This was Monsignor Strambi, of the Congregation of the Passion. He came immediately, saw the Pope, assured him of his recovery, as he had offered up to heaven his own valueless life in exchange for one so precious. It did indeed seem as if he had transfused his own vitality into the Pope’s languid frame: he himself died the next day, the 31st December, and the Pontiff rose like one from the grave.’—p. 236.

Whatever all Rome may have thought, we cannot suppose that Cardinal Wiseman himself believes the miracle which he introduces with no more parade of faith than Horace thinks necessary to attest his poetical tale of witchcraft:—

‘Et otiosa credidit Neapolis  
Et omne vicinum oppidum.’

Had there been the slightest foundation for this story, can it be supposed that Leo would have missed the opportunity of ushering in his reign with a prodigy, or that he was so ungrateful as to make no return of spiritual favours to his benefactor? If the self-devoted man who was the instrument or the subject of such a miracle died in the odour of sanctity, why was he not beatified? If not, why did not Rome resound with Pontifical masses to obtain the liberation of his soul from purgatory? But in truth we can find no evidence that at the time or subsequently ‘all Rome’ ever heard of any such story. If the Cardinal tells us that it was whispered in the English College, we must believe him; but we doubt whether any one would have the courage to circulate in sceptical Italy a fable which is calculated only for the controversial credulity of Tractarian England.

Had Leo reigned in the 13th or 14th century, his exalted pretensions would have provoked rebellion at home and schism abroad. In the 19th he assumed in his intercourse with the most powerful princes a tone which called to mind the Gregories and Alexanders, and was endurable only from a Pope who held his temporal dominions upon sufferance.\* The first great act of his reign was to proclaim the Jubilee for 1825 in defiance of the

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\* A letter of admonition to the king of France gave very great offence to Louis XVIII., whose ‘Bourbonian pride’ was quite a match for Leo’s Papal pretension.

wishes and advice of all the sovereigns of Europe. But in this a great principle was involved. He designed to show that nothing in the Papacy was grown obsolete. While the statesmen of Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant, desired to believe that the maxims and pretensions of Mediæval Popery had passed away for ever, he conceived his especial mission was to restore all that appeared most objectionable to the enlightened or incredulous spirit of the age. The disasters of the times had prevented the celebration of the Jubilee in 1800: once suspended, it was hoped that this invention of the middle ages would never be revived. It was felt more or less distinctly by all enlightened Roman Catholics that its indulgences and formalistic observances brought into prominent relief the most questionable parts of the Romish discipline and doctrine. The call on Christendom to visit Rome took the peasantry from their labour and turned them into pious vagrants, and in the disturbed state of the Peninsula political danger of various kinds was apprehended from the perpetual migration of large masses of people. Leo's own ministers remonstrated that the Treasury could not bear the expense, and that provisions were wanting to feed the expected crowds. The princes of Italy were hostile to the proposal; Austria was cold; France politely indifferent; and the greater part of them forbade their subjects to obey the invitations of the Holy Father.\* But to all considerations of prudence or policy Leo turned a deaf ear. Great preparations were made in Rome. Two vast hospitia were opened for the male and the female pilgrims, where they were respectively fed, washed, and put to bed by persons of their own sex. To supply the necessary number of attendants all citizens were expected to offer their services, including those whose subaltern position did not at other times entitle them to make any display of their humility. They were regularly organized in bands with appointed periods of service: the attendance was very fatiguing, and its duties far from agreeable. But nothing could exceed the alacrity and unanimity with which the whole city answered the Holy Father's call. It is to be regretted that so much zeal was expended in exertions which did nothing to diminish the sum total of human misery. The Pope himself would often enter without previous notice and take his share in washing the pil-

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\* It was fortunate for the tourists who visited Rome in that year, that the king of Naples, in spite of his opposition to the jubilee, permitted his subjects to avail themselves of it. From the remotest provinces of the kingdom crowds of the most picturesque costumes flocked to Rome, such as at no other time could have been seen without penetrating the wildest and most inhospitable mountain fastnesses.

grims' feet. Cardinal Wiseman says it was touching to observe the simple humility with which those pious peasants submitted to the ministrations of their betters. To the generality of observers they exhibited only the thoughtlessness and the petulance of children; they seemed to take all they saw as a matter of course, and were no more astonished at a prince's washing their feet than at a Cardinal's saying mass for them. In the female ward the ladies had their own troubles to restrain the tongues and make up the quarrels of the devotees under their charge. To perform their laborious duties they established among themselves the discipline of a well-ordered household, and dressed themselves in a plain servant-maid's costume. The lovers of art must not be misled by a clever sketch of Wilkie's, entitled 'Princess Doria washing feet.' This is no portrait of Princess Doria, nor of the scene in which she is engaged. The painter never could have witnessed what he represents, for no man except one or two 'Monsignori' on duty is admitted to the female ward; and when asked why he supposed Princess Doria washed feet in an oriental red turban, he had no better reason to give than that 'he wanted a bit of warm colour.'

The pilgrims have guides to conduct them in procession to the various objects of pilgrimage, and even of interest and curiosity. The Museum of the Vatican was daily opened to their wondering gaze, and was visited by the generality of them in their ignorant simplicity as a part of their religious duties. The holy year is opened by knocking down the wall which closes a certain door in the great front of the three Basilicas of St. Peter, Sta. Maria Maggiore, and St. John Lateran. This door is called 'holy;' and during the course of the year is entered only by pilgrims on their knees. These ceremonies are performed by the Pope in person, and two Cardinals deputed by him, and the year is closed by laying down the first stone for walling them up again with not less solemnity. The interval is one prodigious round of religious fêtes, processions, and ceremonies. The Pope was busy and delighted: he had triumphed over all the sovereigns of Europe; none of the predicted evils had occurred. He had advanced the cause of the Church—and as he doubtless thought of religion—and in commemoration of the event he struck off medals in abundance.

In the year 1807 Pius VII. had thought fit to make some canonizations: for fifty years no Pope had ventured to provoke the incredulity of the age by reviving such a pretension; but Pius from the first considered himself as the restorer of the papacy and all its traditions. Leo followed this example, and in the course of his reign made several additions to the Celestial hierarchy. As the  
beatified



beatified were for the most part without families on earth to pay the expenses incident to their elevation, the cost of the ceremony, which is enormous, was defrayed by the State. The saints themselves were persons whose obscure lives were unknown to the world, and whose ecclesiastical rather than social virtues gave them little hold on secular sympathy.

Leo's projects of reform embraced every department of the state, every order of men, every class of society. His zeal was hot; his time, he knew, was short; and his reforms, though commendable in themselves, were pursued with a vehemence that gave them the appearance of persecution; indeed so eager was he in the prosecution of guilt that it seemed as if he desired rather to punish the offender than prevent the offence. As Cardinal Vicar he had made many attempts (which had gained him much ill-will) to reform the manners of the clergy. These he now resumed with superior power and increased energy. In his honest zeal he would not respect even the immunities and the decorums which often secured impunity for clerical crime, but in case of flagrant irregularities, he would, regardless of scandal, cause priests to be arrested in the open day. He delighted in making unexpected visits at undue hours, and (in order to preserve his incognito) in his ministers' carriage. Cardinal Wiseman speaks of the joy these surprises occasioned. Much more frequently they were productive of consternation. On one occasion our author admits the Pope made a nocturnal visit to a convent, and entered the solitary church at the time when it ought to have been filled for the midnight service. On being asked by the frightened superior to leave some memento of his visit, he said he had done so in the church; and on examination the brethren found he had written with his finger on the dust of the neglected prie-dieu 'Leo XII.' We have no desire to rake up old scandals, but if contemporary report said true, this was by no means the most painful of his exposures, nor the most severe of his rebukes. Uniting in his own person the civil and the spiritual power, his ideal of papal government was a sort of theocracy. Other governments might content themselves with repressing crime, his business was to reprove sin. Public decorum, at least, he would maintain; accordingly an inquisitorial surveillance of private life was established. Lord Macaulay says, in his brilliant biographical sketch of Frederick the Great, 'that to be governed by a busy-body is more than flesh and blood can bear'—and of all busy-bodies, if a military one is the most tyrannical, a clerical one is the most tormenting. Some of his own wealthiest subjects withdrew from this paternal interference; and strangers of rank who had been driven to Rome  
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by stress of politics, on declining to comply with his suggestions, were requested to quit the States, or retired in disgust. The Pope saw their departure without regret. He was ready, he said, to offer an asylum to misfortune, but not a harbour for guilt. This was no new display of zeal. As Cardinal Vicar he had endeavoured to reform the manners of the great. It is said that, on one occasion when officiating at the altar, a lady of illustrious rank, whose life he knew was not irreproachable, presented herself, and he was, or affected to be, so much overcome by her presence, that his hand visibly trembled as he held the wafer, and he cast on her such a glance of ineffable scorn, that she fainted away. On the lower classes he enforced by compulsion, as a sovereign, those virtues which he was bound as a priest to recommend by persuasion. He closed the wine-shops as places of resort, and prevented all customers from entering them, by ordering the construction of certain 'cancelletti,' or gratings, through which the wine was to be handed to them. At the inns it was ordained that no one should drink without eating, but (alas for the impotence of law!) all that was effected by this was, that when the thirsty 'Buttaro,' or chance wayfarer, called for wine, the cautious host first placed before him a plate of half-gnawed crusts and broken egg-shells. The laws for enforcing the fasts of the Church were revived in all their severity. The markets were regulated by edict, domiciliary visits were made in lodging-houses and 'osterie.' Delations were encouraged, and all the evils that follow in their train were rife. Those who absented themselves from the confessional were denounced and imprisoned; and if they were in the employment of the State they lost their offices. Nothing was beneath the attention of the Holy Father. Statues were removed as indelicate which had hitherto been exhibited without scruple. The law interfered with the costume of the Opera dancers, who complained that their profession was ruined by the prudish exigencies of the government. The love of dress is a passion which the Roman 'Contadine' share with their betters; they are especially addicted to the display of jewellery. This taste he endeavoured to repress, and more especially he made war against the combs worn in certain districts which somewhat resemble the coronal fixed on the brows of the Virgin. The guards at the gates had orders to insist on the removal of these obnoxious ornaments; and scenes of indecorous merriment, and not unfrequently of angry and even bloody brawl, ensued in consequence. The Pope sighed over these incidents, and though he did not recall his ordinance, he suffered it to become a dead letter.

It cannot, however, be said that Leo desired to impose  
on



on others the burdens which he was unwilling to take upon himself. In his own religious observances he was devout, and even ascetic, beyond what it might be supposed his feeble frame would bear. He constantly officiated himself; his fasts were rigid. On one occasion we remember to have seen him, in a chilly spring day, walk barefoot from St. John Lateran to Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme, and similar exhibitions were frequent. Unable to check the excesses of carnival, he established for himself a routine of expiatory services to atone for them; and it was soon observed that those who wished in any way to invoke his paternal interference in their domestic affairs had no better way of conciliating his good will than by making themselves conspicuous as attendants on what he called his '*Carnovale Santo*.'\*

In preparation for the holy year, the Pope made several regulations to improve the decorations and the services of the churches. Among others, he took away in the Papal chapel the raised seats for ladies, which put a stop, says Cardinal Wiseman, to the 'English practice of eating and drinking in the churches.' We cannot be angry with the Cardinal for propagating a libel to which so many Protestant writers have given currency, and which has been repeated till it seems to be believed. But keen as is the zest which many of our tourists find in disparaging their countrymen, we cannot understand how they can think it possible that English ladies want to eat luncheon in church, and at such strange, undue hours.† But if we admit that these insatiable fair ones were bent on committing this impropriety, how was their voracity defeated by lowering the seats? After this change they might perhaps eat unobserved. Before it, they were exposed to public view; or is it meant that this forbidden food had no relish unless it was eaten in public? Leo also put a stop to the exhibition of the illuminated cross which, on the night of Thursday in Passion-week, was suspended from the centre of the dome of St. Peter's, while all the rest of the church was left in darkness. And for this Cardinal Wiseman makes the English answerable. 'The inhabitants of the north,' it seems, were chatting and laughing, while those of the south were prostrated in rapt adoration. If this were the case, it ill became so pious a man to suppress the devotion of so many thousands for the levity of a few score. But, in truth,

\* A lady, whose name is well known in Europe, was obliged, much against her will, to pass the carnival thus, in order to carry the point which had brought her to Rome. She was called in derision '*La Madalena di Papa Leone*.'

† No church ceremony takes place at luncheon time, for that is the priests' dinner hour.



the guilty English had little facility for chatting and laughing. The confusion was great; the darkness was but little relieved by the blazing cross; and great care on the part of the strangers was needed not to lose their party: on the other hand, the crowd of the lower classes was dense, and grave disorders often ensued; the spectacle was indeed striking, but experience proved it not edifying, and the Pope suppressed it without hesitation.

It was clear that Leo did not mean to be governed by his minister, like his predecessor, when he chose for his secretary the Cardinal della Somaglia, the dean, and one of the oldest members, of the Sacred College. But though well stricken in years, the Cardinal retained to the day of his death all the mental powers for which he had been distinguished in his youth. He had great quickness of apprehension, a thorough knowledge of business, manners that happily blended the dignity of the purple with the ease of the man of the world. He united the exquisite tact which is supposed to belong to Churchmen with that skill in concealing his own thoughts and divining those of others, which has been attributed to his countrymen as their peculiar talent. Leo's next choice, towards the close of his reign, fell on Bernetti, formerly governor of Rome, and then legate of Ravenna, whose talents and knowledge of business merited a greater share of influence than they obtained during the reign of the active and self-governing Pontiff.

One of the first subjects which engaged the Pope's attention was finance. A Board, with a cardinal for its president, was instituted for examining the resources of the country, the expenditure, the revenue, and the method of collection. If any expectation was entertained of inculcating the late secretary, that expectation was disappointed; nearly the whole of his financial arrangements, with slight modifications, were adopted. The Pope introduced rigid economy into every department which he could control. His own personal expenditure was reduced to the lowest scale. The burdens of the people were diminished, and even the debt incurred for indemnifying the religious bodies was reduced. But at his death the treasury was found as empty as is invariably the case at the demise of each of St. Peter's successors. It is possible that Leo himself may have supplied funds for the cause of legitimacy in the Spanish peninsula; and it has been said that Don Miguel was largely indebted to his policy or compassion. Though Leo was proof against the weakness of nepotism, and resisted the domination of a powerful minister, he was not armed against the influence of favourites whose talents and position were too inconsiderable to excite his apprehensions. Galli Fumaroli and Pfiffer, the latter an officer in the Swiss

guard, were permitted a degree of familiarity which was unseemly, and exercised an influence which contributed greatly to the Pope's unpopularity, though in all probability fame greatly exaggerated its amount, and the benefits which the favourites derived from it.

Leo spent little on public works, excepting such as were commenced by his predecessors or forced upon him by necessity. He undertook to restore the great Ostian Basilica to its former splendour; but this was beyond the resources of the Apostolic chamber, and he appealed to the generosity of Christendom for subscriptions. In the autumn of 1826, the Anio, swollen by floods, swept away a whole street of the town of Tivoli that stood on its left bank, and dashed away the dam which forms the great cascade. Considerable efforts were necessary to protect from future ravages the town, and the rock on which stands the beautiful little temple of the Sibyl. It was a peculiarity of Leo that he would not allow any record to be inscribed on the public works of his reign. We entirely agree with Cardinal Wiseman in approving the inscriptions with which the Popes are wont to commemorate their respective labours; they afford a most amusing historical lesson, which those who walk may read, and which as effectually adds interest to their walks as the tallies bearing the names of the plants contribute to our enjoyment of the botanical garden. No traveller is justified in 'smiling' or 'snarling' at them as historical mementos, though it must be admitted that their pompous phraseology and inflated style sometimes provoke criticism.\*

Anxious though he was to maintain the orthodox faith in its purity, Leo did not personally take much part in the discussion of questions relating to dogma. He was no theologian, and all questions of this nature he trusted to the 'Sacred Congregations,' † and by their decisions he was content to abide.

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\* In modern days a much more modest tone prevails. *Munificentia Pii VI.* is succeeded by *Cura Pii VII.*; *P. O. M.* is succeeded by *P. M.*, though in truth we believe it was rather the taste for classical Latinity than priestly arrogance that introduced the style of Pontifex *optimus maximus*.

† In these congregations practically lies the infallibility of the church. They are committees presided over by a cardinal, and composed of prelates with whom are associated a certain number of learned theologians. These are generally monks uninterested in the political contests of the day, and uninfluenced by those motives which act so powerfully on the secular clergy. They are deeply read in ecclesiastical history and canon law, subtle casuists, and resolute champions of orthodoxy. These are the pioneers of dogmatic theology, who work in silence, and whose decisions, expressed with technical precision, and set off with the high sounding phraseology, the '*paroloni preteschi*' which Rome loves, are announced to the world as the sentence of the Holy Father ex cathedra. This machinery, which has been contrived so admirably to support the Holy See, occasions it sometimes

It was part of his ecclesiastical system to restore the Jesuits as far as possible to their former dignity and power, and he took the first opportunity to put the Collegio Romano again under their direction. He did not, however, trust to them exclusively the whole education of the Papal States. He knew the disadvantages of a monopoly. He was not one of those bigots who hold that the ignorance of the people is the strength of the Government. His own early education had been neglected, and he was anxious to spare others a disadvantage which it had cost himself much labour to rectify. He had not been originally destined for the Church, and the habits and the society of his early life were anything but clerical. It is said that to his intimates he used frequently to bewail the waste of precious time in the days of his youth, and the severity with which he looked back on his own failings is supposed to have added much to the sternness with which he endeavoured to repress the transgressions of others. He was passionately attached to field-sports, and up to the last he would occasionally repair to a lonely farm-house in the Campagna, which he had fitted up for himself as a shooting-box. He published a code of game-laws to protect the birds during the breeding-season, and was undoubtedly the best shot that for a series of years has worn the triple crown.

In his foreign relations Leo's chief object was to uphold and advance the power of the Church. His political views were supposed to be opposed to those of Austria, but this bias had little effect on his conduct. Cardinal de Bernis in his letters gives it as the result of his long experience that nothing can be more futile than the anxiety displayed by each of the great powers of the Continent to procure the election of a Pope devoted to its own interests. When elected, the Pope acknowledges no interests but those of the Holy See. Former hostility will not prevent his conceding what policy tells him must be conceded. Former friendship will not induce to grant one iota more. The only hold retained by Spain over its Transatlantic provinces was by means of the Church. The bishops nominated by the revolutionary Governments were not acknowledged by the Pope. This state of things might terminate in a schism, and Leo, on application of the provincial churches, did not hesitate to desert

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sometimes not a little inconvenience by its inflexibility. When the decree of one of these congregations has raised a storm of discontent which the Pope can neither soothe nor neglect, it is in vain that he applies to the same body to withdraw or qualify their decision. In the frequent discussions with the Gallican church in the 17th century, the Pope himself would have conceded something for the sake of peace; but the sacred congregations, securely entrenched within the line of orthodoxy, steadily refused to relieve the embarrassments of their infallible chief.



his old ally the Catholic king in spite of his angry remonstrances. Leo's ideal of the papacy was as lofty as that of Pope Hildebrand, but he retained an indignant consciousness that he was fallen on evil times, and, in spite of his reprobation of his predecessor's example, condescended sometimes to flatter the spirit of the age. In England he had the great point of the Catholic emancipation to carry, and lost no opportunity, in his interviews with English governors in the Mediterranean and with casual English tourists at Rome, of mollifying anti-Catholic prepossessions. On one occasion, when a noble lord who had taken a most violent part against the Roman Catholics chose, rather to the surprise of his friends, to be presented at the Vatican, it was thought that Leo would decline seeing one whose hostility was so notorious; he received him however with more than usual civility and even kindness, telling him with a marked emphasis that he was particularly glad to see him in Rome. 'I hope, my lord,' he added, 'you are now disabused of your errors, and if you cannot conscientiously give us your vote, at least we shall no longer suffer from your misconceptions.' In all such interviews with our countrymen the Pope and the Secretary of State piqued themselves on disarming prejudice and conciliating goodwill by their reasonable sentiments and their winning address. They had nothing to fear from the contradiction which was practically given to their professions by the whole course of their policy. Our countrymen, and, above all, our statesmen, are resolutely bent on remaining in ignorance of the real meaning of all that relates to the social state of the Peninsula and the ecclesiastical policy of Rome. Leo did not live to know the success of the cause he advocated.\*

Though Leo considerably raised the pretensions of the see of Rome, he had not the satisfaction of finding he had proportionally augmented its real power, or added to its stability. Another storm seemed gathering in France; the Crown had allied itself with the Church, and those who were plotting against the Crown made a violent onslaught on the Church. The Jesuits, though not established in France, had introduced themselves under the shelter of constitutional freedom, which (it was urged) does not deprive citizens of their rights, though they are living under the rule of St. Ignatius. In this modest guise they filled the confessionals, engrossed the places of education, and by their unpopularity endangered the government. Charles X. was obliged

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\* On the 5th of February, the very day when the Speech from the Throne announced the surrender of the principle of exclusion, Leo was seized with his last illness, and before the news could reach Rome he was no more.

most reluctantly to issue an ordinance against their encroachments; and Leo XII. was unable to advise him to rescind it. Things must have gone far.

In the Pope's own states political discontent had increased to a fearful extent; and the Carbonari, against whom he fulminated a bull in vain, gave serious alarm to the government. Cardinal Rivarola, the legate at Ravenna, who had made himself very unpopular, one night as he was getting into his carriage was fired at—by some reckless desperado as the public affirmed, by the agent of some secret society as the government believed. A commission was sent down to investigate the facts. For a year the judges proceeded with impenetrable secrecy, and remained in apparent inaction. How far they acted with wisdom and justice can never be known: where there is concealment there will always be accusation, and there can be no defence. At last they took active measures; many arrests were made, and the assassins were said to be under trial. After long protracted proceedings certain persons were condemned; the public persisted in affirming their innocence. The scaffold was erected before the palace of the legate. Hanging was the mode of execution selected, as being the most ignominious. The condemned were kept under the gallows (it was said to enhance their punishment, but probably in the hope of reconciling them to the Church) for the greater part of a burning summer day. The inhabitants of Ravenna closed their windows; all who could left the town, the rest kept their houses. The city was a solitude. Nothing was omitted that could safely be done to show horror, disgust, and disaffection. This occurred only a few months before Leo's death. His sun set in gloom. Vast designs thwarted—benevolent aspirations disappointed—filled his soul with bitterness. Some mischiefs no doubt had been remedied, and some abuses had been exposed; but it seemed to him as if after all little more had been done than to discover the magnitude and the strength of the existing evils. Violent enmities had been excited, sullen opposition had been roused. Like all benevolent despots, he was to learn how powerless he was for good—his own instruments failed him, when applied in any but their wonted direction, and he was obliged to acknowledge in despair, that it required a stronger arm than his to cleanse the Augean stable of Roman abuse.

His health, which had been wonderfully maintained during the last few years, seemed rapidly to decline. His majestic form became daily more gaunt, his paleness more cadaverous, his strength and appetite more perceptibly diminished. He was as well aware of the nature of his symptoms as the anxious prelates who watched him:



him: distress of mind aggravated his symptoms. His day was closing while little of the mighty work he had projected for himself was accomplished, and he had as yet reaped no reward from the gratitude of mankind whom he had endeavoured to serve. Conscious of benevolence for which few gave him credit, and disinterestedness which none could surpass, he felt he had been misunderstood—he sighed to find himself not loved. When obliged to appear in public, he had latterly perceived symptoms of the popular aversion, and hardest of all he knew himself to be hated by the clergy of whose power and privileges he was the professed champion. He foresaw his approaching end. He consigned the fisherman's ring to the Maggiordomo, lest it should be lost in the confusion of an elective sovereign's death. He wrote his own epitaph and gave it to his Latin secretary to put into the best form of lapidary Latin. He took leave of his ministers and awaited in firmness and resignation his release from the acute bodily sufferings which afflicted his last days.

The moment he expired the populace celebrated the event by breaking down the cancelletti in the wine-shops, which had provoked so much of their displeasure. He died at the Vatican, where he had established himself from the first, and thus his ungrateful people were deprived of the opportunity of manifesting their hatred, if indeed such was their wish, by insulting his mortal remains in their passage to St. Peter's.

ART. IV.—1. *The Life of James Watt.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1858.

2. *The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt, illustrated by his Correspondence with his Friends, and the Specifications of his Patents.* By James Patrick Muirhead, Esq., M.A. London, 1854. 3 vols.

3. *Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education, and Development of the Genius of James Watt.* By George Williamson, Esq. Edinburgh, 1856.

NO country in the world presents such a combination of facilities for manufacture and commerce as England—coal and iron, ships and steam-engines, hardy seamen and ingenious mechanics. With these combined advantages the progress during the present century has been beyond example. In 1784 an American vessel arrived in Liverpool having on board as part of her cargo *eight bales of cotton*, which were seized by the custom-house officers under the conviction that they could not be the growth



growth of America! Last year there were imported at Liverpool not less than a million and a half bales of cotton from the United States alone! The first steam-engine used in Manchester was not erected till 1790; it is now computed that in that city and the district within a radius of ten miles, there are more than fifty thousand boilers, giving a total power of upwards of a million of horses! The engine of Watt has proved the very Hercules of modern mythology, the united steam power of Great Britain being equal, it is estimated, to the manual labour of upwards of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe.

Mechanicians and engineers, unlike literary men, are never their own biographers. As an eminent living engineer lately observed, 'We are so much occupied with doing the thing itself, that we have not the disposition, even if we had the leisure, to write about *how* it is done.' The majority of the persons of this class have moreover risen from obscurity, and the companions among whom they passed their early days were, for the most part, like themselves, self-educated; neither caring to put on record what was worthy to be preserved, nor competent to record it. Hence these heroes of mechanical science passed away, leaving only their work behind them. Hence little is known of Savery, the inventor of the first working atmospheric engine; and it is matter of doubt whether he was the captain of a ship or of a Cornish tin-mine. Nothing of the history of his rival and subsequent partner, Newcomen, is preserved, beyond the fact that he was a blacksmith and a Baptist. Even the distinguished inventors who have lived nearer to our own time have been scarcely more fortunate; for we do not yet possess a single respectable memoir of Arkwright, Crompton, Brindley, or Rennie. Happily, however, the greatest name in the roll of English inventors left behind him a large store of valuable materials, which have been published by his zealous relative Mr. Muirhead, and who has now crowned his long labours by an elaborate 'Life of Watt,' the expansion of a former Memoir, which comprises all that we are likely to learn of a man to whom we mainly owe the greatest commercial and social revolution in the entire history of the world.

James Watt was born at Greenock on the Clyde, on the 19th of January, 1736. His parents were of the middle class—honest, 'God-fearing' people, with a character for probity which had descended to them from their 'forbears,' and was the proudest inheritance of the family. James Watt was thus emphatically well-born. His grandfather was a teacher of navigation and mathematics in the village of Carttsdyke, now part of Greenock, and

and dignified himself with the name of 'Professor.' But as Cartsdyke was as yet only a humble collection of thatched hovels, and the shipping of the Clyde was confined principally to fishing-boats, the probability is, that his lessons in navigation were of a very humble order. He was, however, a dignitary of the place, being Bailie of the Barony as well as one of the parish elders. His son, James Watt, the father of the engineer, settled at Greenock as a carpenter and builder. Greenock was then little better than a fishing village, consisting of a single row of thatched cottages lying parallel with the sandy beach of the Frith of Clyde. The beautiful shore, broken by the long narrow sea lochs running far away among the Argyleshire hills, and now fringed with villages, villas, and mansions, was then as lonely as Glencoe; and the waters of the Frith, now daily plashed by the paddles of almost innumerable Clyde steamers, were as yet undisturbed save by the passing of an occasional Highland coble. The prosperity of Greenock was greatly promoted by Sir John Shaw, the feudal superior, who succeeded in obtaining from the British Parliament, what the Scottish Parliament previous to the Union had refused, the privilege of constructing a harbour. Ships began after 1740 to frequent the pier, and then Mr. Watt added ship carpentering and dealing in ships' stores to his other pursuits. He himself held shares in ships, and engaged in several foreign mercantile ventures, some of which turned out ill, and involved him in embarrassments. A great deal of miscellaneous work was executed on his premises—household furniture and ship's carpentry—chairs and tables, figureheads and capstans, blocks, pumps, gun-carriages, and dead-eyes. The first crane erected on the Greenock pier, for the convenience of the Virginia tobacco ships, was supplied from his stores. He even undertook to repair ships' compasses, as well as the commoner sort of nautical instruments then in use. These multifarious occupations were the result of the smallness of the place, while the business of a single calling was yet too limited to yield a competence. That Mr. Watt was a man of repute in his locality is shown by his having been elected one of the trustees to manage the funds of the borough in 1741, when Sir John Shaw divested himself of his feudal rights, and made them over to the inhabitants. Mr. Watt subsequently held office as town-treasurer, and as bailie or magistrate.

Agnes Muirhead, the bailie's wife, and the mother of James Watt, was long remembered in the place as an intelligent woman, bountifully gifted with graces of person as well as of mind and heart. She was of a somewhat dignified appearance; and it was said that she affected a superior style of living to her neighbours.



bours. One of these, long after, spoke of her as 'a braw, braw woman, none like her now-a-days,' and commented on the extraordinary fact of her having on one occasion no fewer than 'two lighted candles on the table at the same time!' The bailie's braw wife was, perhaps, the only lady in Greenock who then dressed à-la-mode—the petticoat worn over a hoop, and curiously tucked up behind, with a towering head-dress over her powdered hair. This pretentious dame, as she appeared, probably did no more than adapt her mode of living to Mr. Watt's circumstances, which seem to have enabled him to adopt a more generous style than was usual in small Scottish towns, where the people were for the most part very poor, and accustomed to slender fare.

From childhood James Watt was of an extremely fragile constitution, requiring the tenderest nurture. Unable to join in the rude play of healthy children, and confined almost entirely to the house, he acquired a shrinking sensitiveness which little fitted him for the rough battle of life; and when he was sent to the town school it caused him many painful trials. His mother had already taught him reading, and his father a little writing and arithmetic. His very sports proved lessons to him. His mother to amuse him encouraged him to draw with a pencil upon paper, or with chalk upon the floor, and he was supplied with a few tools from the carpenter's shop, which he soon learnt to handle with considerable expertness. The mechanical dexterity he acquired was the foundation upon which he built the speculations to which he owes his glory, nor without this manual training is there the least likelihood that he would have become the improver and almost the creator of the steam-engine. Mrs. Watt exercised an influence no less beneficial on the formation of his moral character; her gentle nature, strong good sense, and earnest unobtrusive piety, strongly impressing themselves upon his young mind and heart. Nor were his parents without their reward; for as he grew up to manhood, he repaid their anxious care with warm affection. Mrs. Watt was accustomed to say that the loss of her only daughter, which she had felt so severely, had been fully made up to her by the dutiful attentions of her son.

From an early period he was subject to violent headaches, which confined him to his room for weeks together. It is in such cases as his that indications of precocity are generally observed, and parents would be less pleased at their appearance did they know that they are generally the symptoms of disease. Several remarkable instances of this precocity are related of Watt. On one occasion, when he was bending over a marble hearth with a piece of chalk in his hand, a friend of his father said,



said, 'You ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home.' 'Look how my child is occupied,' replied the father, 'before you condemn him.' Though only six years of age he was trying to solve a problem in geometry. On another occasion he was reproved by Mrs. Muirhead, his aunt, for his indolence at the tea-table: 'James Watt,' said the worthy lady, 'I never saw such an idle boy as you are: take a book or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into; are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?' In the view of M. Arago 'the little James before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.' In our opinion the judgment of the aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of little James was occupied with philosophical considerations on the condensation of steam. This is an after-thought borrowed from his subsequent discoveries. Nothing is commoner than for children to be amused with such phenomena, in the same way that they will form air-bubbles in a cup of tea, and watch them sailing over the surface till they burst; and the probability is that little James was quite as idle as he seemed.

At school, where a parrot power of learning what is set down in the lesson-book is the chief element of success, Watt's independent observation and reflection did not enable him to distinguish himself, and he was even considered dull and backward for his age. He shone as little in the playground as in the class. The timid and sensitive boy found himself completely out of place in the midst of the boisterous juvenile republic. Against the tyranny of the elders he was helpless; their wild play was completely distasteful to him; he could not join in their sports, nor roam with them along the beach, nor take part in their hazardous exploits in the harbour. Accordingly they showered upon him contemptuous epithets; and the school being composed of both sexes, the girls joined in the laugh. Continual ailments, however, prevented his attendance for weeks together.

When not yet fourteen he was taken by his mother for change of air to some relatives at Glasgow—then a quiet place without a single long chimney, somewhat resembling a rural market-town of the present day. He proved so wakeful during his visit, and so disposed to indulge in that storytelling which even Sir Walter Scott could admire at a late period of his life, that Mrs. Watt was entreated to take him home. 'I can no longer bear the excitement

ment in which he keeps me,' said Mrs. Campbell, 'I am worn out with want of sleep. Every evening, before our usual hour of retiring to rest, he adroitly contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether it be humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that all the family listen to him with breathless attention; hour after hour strikes unheeded, but the next morning I feel quite exhausted. You must really take home your son.' His taste for fiction never left him; and to the close of his days he took delight in reading a novel.

James Watt, having finished his education at the grammar-school of his native town, received no further instruction. As with all distinguished men, his extensive after-acquirements in science and literature were entirely the result of his own self-culture. Towards the end of his school career his strength seems to have grown; his progress was more rapid and decided; and before he left he had taken the lead of his class. But his best education was gathered from the conversation of his parents. Almost every cottage, indeed, in Scotland is a training-ground for their future men. How much of the unwritten and traditionary history which kindles the Scotchman's nationality and tells upon his future life is gleaned at his humble fire-side! Moreover the library shelf of Watt's home contained well-thumbed volumes of Boston, Bunyan, and 'The Cloud of Witnesses,' with Harry the Rhymer's 'Life of Wallace,' and old ballads tattered by frequent use. These he devoured greedily, and re-read them until he had most of them by heart.

During holiday-times he indulged in rambles along the Clyde, sometimes crossing to the north shore and strolling up the Gare Loch and Holy Loch, and even as far as Ben Lomond itself. He was of a solitary disposition, and loved to wander by himself at night amidst the wooded pleasure-grounds which surrounded the old mansion-house overlooking the town, watching through the trees the mysterious movements of the stars. He became fascinated by the wonders of astronomy, and was stimulated to inquire into the science by the nautical instruments which he found amongst his father's ship-stores. It was a peculiarity which characterized him through life, that he could not look upon any instrument or machine without being seized with a determination to unravel its mystery, and master the *rationale* of its uses. Before he was fifteen he had twice gone through with great attention S'Gravesande's *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, which belonged to his father. He performed many chemical experiments, and even contrived to make an electrical machine, much to the marvel of those who felt its shocks.



shocks. Like most invalids, he read eagerly such books on medicine as came in his way. He went so far as to practise dissection; and on one occasion he was found carrying off the head of a child who had died of some uncommon disease. 'He told his son,' says Mr. Muirhead, 'that, had he been able to bear the sight of the sufferings of patients, he would have been a surgeon.' In his rambles his love of wild flowers and plants lured him on to the study of botany. Ever observant of the aspects of nature, the violent upheavings of the mountain ranges on the northern shores of Loch Lomond next directed his attention to mineralogy. He devoured all the works which fell in his way; and on a friend advising him to be less indiscriminate, he replied, 'I have never yet read a book, or conversed with a companion, without gaining information, instruction, or amusement.' This was no answer to the admonition of his friend, who merely recommended him to bestow upon the best books the time he devoted to the worse. But the appetite for knowledge in inquisitive minds is, during youth, when curiosity is fresh and unslaked, too insatiable to be fastidious, and the volume which gets the preference is usually the first which comes in the way.

Watt was not a mere bookworm. In his solitary walks through the country he would enter the cottages of the peasantry, gather their local traditions, and impart to them information of a similar kind from his own ample stores. Fishing, which suited the tranquil character of his nature, was his single sport. When unable to ramble for the purpose, he could still indulge the pursuit while standing in his father's yard, which was open to the sea, and the water of sufficient depth at high tide to enable vessels of fifty or sixty tons to lie alongside.

Watt, as we have seen, had learnt the use of his hands, a highly serviceable branch of education, though not taught at schools or colleges. He could ply his tools with considerable dexterity, and he was often employed in the carpenter's shop, in making miniature cranes, pulleys, pumps, and capstans. He could work in metal, and a punch-ladle of his manufacture, formed out of a large silver coin, is still preserved. His father had originally intended him to follow his own business of a merchant, but having sustained several heavy losses about this time—one of his ships having foundered at sea—and observing the strong bias of his son towards mechanical pursuits, he determined to send him to Glasgow to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker.

In 1754, when he was in his eighteenth year, he accordingly set out for Glasgow, which was as different from the Glasgow  
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of 1858 as it is possible to imagine. Little did he dream, when he entered it a poor prentice lad, what it was afterwards to become through the result of his individual labours. Not a steam engine or a steamboat then disturbed the quiet of the town. There was a little quay on the Broomielaw, partly covered with broom; and this quay was fitted with a solitary crane, for which there was but small use, as boats of more than six tons could not ascend the Clyde. Often not a single masted vessel was to be seen in the river. The chief magnates of the place were the tobacco merchants and the professors of the college. Next to tobacco, the principal trade of the town with foreign countries was in grindstones, coals, and fish—Glasgow herrings being in great repute.

Inconsiderable though Glasgow was at the middle of last century, it was the only place in Scotland which exhibited signs of industrial prosperity. It is usual to speak of the progress of the United States as unparalleled, but we hold the development of Scottish industry to have been more extraordinary. The progress of America has been an importation rather than a growth; the progress of Scotland has been entirely its own work. About the middle of last century it was a poor and haggard country. Nothing could be more dreary than those Lowland districts which now perhaps exhibit the finest agriculture in the world. Wheat was so rare a plant that a field of eight acres within a mile of Edinburgh attracted the attention of the whole neighbourhood.\* Even in the Lothians, Roxburgh, and Lanarkshire, little was to be seen but arid, bleak moors, and quaking bogs, with occasional patches of unenclosed and ill-cultivated land. Where manure was used, it was carried to the field on the back of the crofter's wife; the crops were carried to market on the back of the plough-horse, and occasionally on the backs of the crofter and his family. The country was without roads, and between the towns there were only rough tracks across moors. Goods were conveyed from place to place on packhorses. The trade between Glasgow and Edinburgh was conducted in the same rude way; and when carriers were established, the time occupied, going and coming, between Edinburgh and Selkirk—a distance of only thirty-eight miles—was an entire fortnight. The road lay along Gala Water, and in summer the driver took his rude cart along the channel of the stream as being the most level and easy path. In winter the road was altogether impassable. Communication by coach was scarcely anywhere known. A caravan which was started between Glasgow and Edinburgh

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\* Robertson's 'Rural Recollections.'

in 1749 took two days to perform the journey. For practical purposes, these towns were as distant from London as they now are from New York. As late as 1763 there was only one stage coach which ran to London. It set out from Edinburgh once a month, and the journey occupied from fifteen to eighteen days. Letters were mostly sent by hand, and after mails were established the postbags were often empty. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who remembered the London postbag, which contained the letters from all England to all Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh with only one letter. In 1707 the entire post-office revenue of Scotland was only 1194*l.*; in 1857 the penny postage of Glasgow alone produced 68,877*l.* The custom dues of Greenock now produce more than five times the revenue derived from the whole of Scotland in the times of the Stuarts. The Clyde, which, less than a century ago, could scarcely admit the passage of a herring-boat, floats down with almost every tide vessels of thousands of tons burden, capable of wrestling with the hurricanes of the Atlantic. The custom duties levied at the port of Glasgow have been increased from 125*l.* in 1796, to 718,835*l.* in 1856. The advance has been nearly the same in all the other departments of Scotch industry.

At Glasgow Watt in vain sought to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. The only person in the place dignified with the name of 'optician' was an old mechanic, who sold and mended spectacles, constructed and repaired fiddles, tuned the few spinnets of the town and neighbourhood, and eked out a slender living by making and selling fishing-rods and fishing-tackle. Watt was as handy at dressing trout and salmon-flies as at most other things, and his master, no doubt, found him useful enough; but there was nothing to be learnt in return. Professor Dick, having been consulted as to the best course to be pursued, recommended the lad to proceed to London. Watt accordingly set out for the metropolis in June, 1755, in the company of a relative, Mr. Marr, the captain of an East-Indiaman. The pair travelled on horseback, and performed the journey in thirteen days. Arrived in town, they went about from shop to shop without success. Instrument-makers were few in number, and the rules of the trade, which were then very strict, only permitted them to take into their employment apprentices who should be bound for seven years, or journeymen who had already served their time. 'I have not,' said Watt, writing to his father about a fortnight after his arrival, 'yet got a master; we have tried several, but they all make some objection or other. I find that, if any of them agree with me at all, it will not be for less than a year, and even for that time they will



will be expecting some money.' At length, one Mr. Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, consented to take him for a twelvemonth for a fee of twenty guineas. He soon proved himself a ready learner and skilful workman. The division of labour, the result of an extensive trade, which causes the best London-built carriages to be superior to any of provincial construction, was even then applied to mathematical instruments. 'Very few here,' wrote Watt, 'know any more than how to make a rule, others a pair of dividers, and such like.' His discursive mind would under no circumstances have allowed him to rest content with such limited proficiency, and he probably contemplated setting up in Scotland, where every branch of the business would have to be executed by himself. He resolved to acquire the entire art, and from brass scales and rules proceeded to Hadley's quadrants, azimuth compasses, brass sectors, theodolites, and the more delicate sort of instruments. By the end of the year he wrote to his father that he had 'just made a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing work as is in the trade.' To relieve his father of the expense of his maintenance, he wrought after-hours on his own account. His living cost him only eight shillings a-week; and lower than that, he wrote, he could not reduce it, 'without pinching his belly.' When night came 'his body was wearied and his hand shaking from ten hours' hard work.' His health suffered. His seat in Mr. Morgan's shop during the winter being close to the door, which was frequently opened and shut, he caught a severe cold. But in spite of sickness and a racking cough he stuck to his work, and still earned money in his morning and evening hours.

Another circumstance prevented his stirring abroad during the greater portion of his stay in London. A hot press for sailors was then going on, and as many as forty pressgangs were out. In the course of one night they took a thousand men. Nor were the kidnappers idle. These were the agents of the East India Company, and had crimping-houses or depôts in different parts of the metropolis to receive the men whom they secured for the Indian army. When the demand for soldiers slackened, they continued their trade, and sold the poor wretches to the planters in Pennsylvania and other North American colonies. Sometimes severe fights took place between the pressgangs and the kidnappers for the possession of the unhappy victims who had been seized. 'They now press anybody they can get,' wrote Watt in the spring of 1756, 'landsmen as well as seamen, except it be in the liberties of the city, where they are obliged to carry them before the lord mayor first; and unless  
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one be either a 'prentice or a creditable tradesman there is scarce any getting off again. And if I was carried before my lord mayor I *durst not* avow that I worked in the city, it being against their laws for any non-freeman to work even as a journeyman within the liberties.' What a curious glimpse does this give us into the practice of man-hunting in London in the eighteenth century!

When Watt's year with Mr. Morgan was up, his cold had assumed a rheumatic form. Distressed by a gnawing pain in his back, and depressed by weariness, he determined to leave London, although confident that he could have found remunerative employment, and seek for health in his native air among his kinsfolk at Greenock. After spending about twenty guineas in purchasing tools, together with the materials for making many more, and buying a copy of Bion's work on the construction and use of mathematical instruments, he set off for Scotland, and reached Greenock in the autumn of 1756. Shortly after, when his health had been somewhat restored by rest, he proceeded to Glasgow and commenced business on his own account at twenty years of age.

In endeavouring to establish himself in his trade Watt encountered the same obstacle which, in London, had almost prevented his learning it. Although there were no mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow, and it must have been a public advantage to have him settle in the place, he was opposed by the corporation of hammermen, on the ground that he was neither the son of a burgess, nor had served an apprenticeship within the borough. He had been employed, however, to repair some mathematical instruments bequeathed to the University by a gentleman in the West Indies; and the professors, having an absolute authority within the area occupied by the college buildings, determined to give him an asylum and free him from the incubus of Guilds. By the midsummer of 1757 he was securely established within the College precincts, where his room, which was only about twenty feet square, is still to be seen, and is the more interesting that its walls remain in as rude a state as when he left it. It is entered from the quadrangle by a spiral stone staircase, and over the door in the court below Watt exhibited his name, with the addition of 'Mathematical Instrument-maker to the University.'

Though his wants were few, and he subsisted on the humblest fare, Watt had a hard struggle to live by his trade. After a year's trial of it he wrote to his father in September, 1758, 'that unless it be the Hadley's instruments there is little to be got by it, as at most other jobs I am obliged to do the most of them myself;

myself; and as it is impossible for one person to be expert at everything, they very often cost me more time than they should do.' Of the quadrants he could make three in a week with the assistance of a lad, and the profit upon the three was 40s. But the demand was small, and, unless he could extend his market, 'he must fall,' he said, 'into some other way of business, as this will not do in its present situation.' Failing sufficient customers for his instruments in Glasgow, he sent them to Greenock and Port Glasgow, where his father helped him to dispose of them. Orders gradually flowed in upon him, but his business continued to be very small, eked out though it was by map and chart selling.

The most untoward circumstances have often the happiest results. It is not Fortune that is blind, but man. The fame and success of Watt were probably due to his scanty trade, which made him glad to take any employment requiring mechanical ingenuity. A Masons' lodge in Glasgow desired to have an organ, and he was asked to build it. He was totally destitute of a musical ear, and could not distinguish one note from another. But he accepted the offer. He studied the philosophical theory of music, and found that science would be a substitute for his want of ear. He commenced by building a small organ for Dr. Black, and then proceeded to the large one. He was always, he said, dissatisfied both with other people's work and his own, and this habit of his mind made him study to improve upon whatever came before him. Thus in the process of building his organ he devised a number of novel expedients, such as indicators and regulators of the strength of the blast, with various contrivances for improving the efficiency of the stops. The qualities of the organ when finished are said to have elicited the surprise and admiration of musicians. He seems at one period to have been almost as much a maker of musical as of mathematical instruments. He constructed and repaired guitars, flutes, and violins, and had the same success as with his organ.

Small as was Watt's business, there was one circumstance connected with his situation which must have been peculiarly grateful to a man of his accomplishments and thirst for knowledge. His shop, being conveniently situated within the College, was a favourite resort for professors as well as students. Amongst his visitors were the famous Dr. Black, Professor Simson, the restorer of the science of geometry, Dr. Dick, and Dr. Moor; and even Dr. Adam Smith looked in occasionally. But of all his associates none is more closely connected with the name and history of Watt than John Robison, then a student at Glasgow, and after-



wards Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was nearer Watt's own age than the rest, and stood in the intimate relation of bosom friend as well as fellow inquirer in science. Robison was a prepossessing person, frank and lively, full of fancy and good humour, and a general favourite in the College. He was a capital talker, an extensive linguist, and a good musician; yet, with all his versatility, he was a profound thinker, and a diligent student, especially of mathematical and mechanical philosophy, as he afterwards abundantly proved in his able contributions to the '*Encyclopedia Britannica*,' of which he was the designer and first editor.

Robison's introduction to Watt has been described by himself. After feasting his eyes on the beautifully finished instruments, Robison entered into conversation with him. Expecting to find a workman, he was surprised to discover a philosopher. 'I had the vanity,' said Robison, 'to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish for these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself; and his innate complaisance made him indulge my curiosity, and even encourage my endeavours to form a more intimate acquaintance with him. I lounged much about him, and, I doubt not, was frequently teasing him. Thus our acquaintance began.' Shortly after, Robison, who had been originally destined for the Church, left College. Being of a roving disposition, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and was present at some of the most remarkable actions of the war; and, amongst others, at the storming of Quebec. Robison was on duty in the boat which carried Wolfe to the point where the army scaled the heights the night before the battle, and, as the sun was setting in the west, the General, doubtless from an association of ideas which was suggested by the dangers of the coming struggle, recited Gray's *Elegy*, and declared that 'he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French on the morrow.'

When Robison returned from his voyagings in 1763, a travelled man,—having had the advantage during his absence of acting as confidential assistant of Admiral Knowles in the course of his marine surveys and observations,—he reckoned himself more than on a par with Watt; but he soon found that his friend had been still busier than himself, and was continually striking into new paths where Robison was obliged to be his follower. The extent of the mathematical instrument maker's investigations was no less remarkable than the depth to which

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he pursued them. Not only did he master the principles of engineering, civil and military, but he diverged into studies in antiquity, natural history, languages, criticism, and art. Every pursuit became science in his hands, and he made use of this subsidiary knowledge as stepping-stones towards his favourite objects. Before long he was regarded as one of the ablest men about the college, and 'when,' said Robison, 'to the superiority of knowledge, which every man confessed, in his own line, is joined the naïve simplicity and candour of his character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was so strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say that I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr. Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were very often nothing but his own surmises followed out and embodied by another. I am well entitled to say this, and have often experienced it in my own case.' There are few traits in biography more charming than these generous recognitions of merit, mutually attributed by the one friend to the other. Arago, in quoting the words of Robison, has well observed that it is difficult to determine whether the honour of having uttered them be not as great as that of having inspired them.

By this high-minded friend the attention of Watt was first directed to the subject of the steam-engine. Robison in 1759 suggested to him that it might be applied to the moving of wheel-carriages. The scheme was not matured, and indeed science was not yet ripe for the locomotive. But after a short interval Watt again reverted to the study of steam, and in 1761 he was busily engaged in performing experiments with the humble aid of apothecaries' phials and a small Papin's digester. There were then no museums of art and science to resort to for information, and he perhaps cultivated his own powers the more thoroughly that he had no such easy methods of acquiring knowledge. He mounted his digester with a syringe a third of an inch in diameter, containing a solid piston. When he turned a cock the steam rushed from the digester against the lower side of the piston in the syringe, and by its expansive power raised a weight of fifteen pounds with which the piston was loaded. Then again turning the cock, which was arranged so as to cut off the communication with the digester, and open a passage to the air, the steam escaped, and the weight upon the piston, being no longer counteracted, forced

it to descend. He saw it would be easy to contrive that the cocks should be turned by the machinery instead of by the hand, and the whole be made to work of itself with perfect regularity. But there was an objection to the method. Water is converted into vapour as soon as its elasticity is sufficient to overcome the weight of the air which keeps it down. Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere the water acquires this necessary elasticity at  $212^{\circ}$ ; but as the steam in Papin's digester was prevented from escaping, it acquired increased heat, and by consequence increased elasticity. Hence it was that the steam which issued from the digester was not only able to support the piston and the air which pressed upon its upper surface, but the additional load with which the piston was weighted. With the imperfect mechanical construction, however, of those days there was a risk that the boiler in which this high-pressure steam was generated would be burst by its expansive power, which also enabled it to force its way through the ill-made joints of the engine. This, conjoined with the great expenditure of steam, led Watt to abandon the plan. The exigencies of business did not then allow him to pursue his experiments, and the subject again slept till the winter of 1763-64.

The College at Glasgow possessed a model of one of Newcomen's engines, which had been sent to London for repair. It would appear that the eminent artificer to whom it had been intrusted paid little attention to it, for at a University meeting in June, 1760, a resolution was passed to allow Mr. Anderson 'to lay out a sum not exceeding two pounds sterling to recover the steam-engine from Mr. Sisson, instrument-maker, at London.' In 1763 this clumsy little engine, destined to become so famous, was put into the hands of Watt. The boiler was somewhat smaller than an ordinary tea-kettle, the cylinder two inches in diameter, and the mathematical instrument maker merely regarded it as 'a fine plaything.' When, however, he had repaired the machine and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though apparently sufficiently large, could not supply steam fast enough, and only a few strokes of the piston could be secured. The fire under it was stimulated by blowing, and more steam was produced, but still the machine would not work properly. Exactly at the point where another man would have abandoned the task in despair, the mind of Watt became thoroughly roused. 'Everything,' says Professor Robison, 'was to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it.' Thus it happened with the phenomenon presented by the model of the steam-engine. He endeavoured



to ascertain from books by what means he was to remedy the defects; and when books failed to aid him, he commenced a course of experiments, and resolved to work out the problem for himself. In the course of his inquiries he came upon a fact which more than any other led his mind into the train of thought which at last conducted him to the invention of which the results were destined to prove so stupendous. This fact was the existence of latent heat. But before we go on to state his proceedings, it is necessary to describe the condition at which the steam-engine had arrived when his investigations commenced.

Steam had not then become a common mechanical power. The sole use to which it was applied was to pump water from mines. A beam, moving upon a centre, had affixed to one end of it a chain which was attached to the piston of the pump; to the other end of it a chain which was attached to a piston that fitted a cylinder. It was by driving this latter piston up and down the cylinder that the pump was worked. To communicate the necessary movement to the piston the steam generated in a boiler was admitted to the bottom of the cylinder, forcing out the air through a valve, and by its pressure upon the under side of the piston counterbalancing the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper side. The piston, thus placed between two equal and opposite forces, was then drawn up to the top of the cylinder by the greater weight of the pump-gear at the opposite extremity of the beam. The steam so far only discharged the office which was performed by the air it displaced; but if the air had been allowed to remain, the piston once at the top of the cylinder could not have returned, being pressed as much by the atmosphere underneath as by the atmosphere above it. The steam, on the contrary, could be condensed by injecting cold water through the bottom of the cylinder. This caused a vacuum below the piston, which was now unsupported, and descended by the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper surface. When the piston reached the bottom, the steam was again let in, and the process was repeated.

This was the machine in use when Watt was pursuing the investigations into which he was led by the little model of the Newcomen engine. Among other experiments, 'he constructed a boiler which showed by inspection the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, and thereby ascertained the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine.' He was astonished to discover that a *small* quantity of water, in the form of steam, heated a *large* quantity of water injected into the cylinder for the purpose of cooling it, and upon further examination he ascertained that steam heated six times its weight of well water  
to



to  $212^{\circ}$ , which was the temperature of the steam itself. Unable to understand so remarkable a circumstance, he mentioned it to Dr. Black, who then expounded to him the theory of latent heat, which this great chemist had already taught his pupils unknown to Watt. This vast amount of heat, stored up in the steam and not indicated by the thermometer, involved a proportionate consumption of coals. When Watt learnt that water in its conversion into vapour became such a reservoir of heat, he was more than ever bent upon economising it, striving, with the same quantity of fuel, at once to augment its production and diminish its waste. 'He greatly improved the boiler,' says Professor Robison, 'by increasing the surface to which the fire was applied; he made flues through the middle of the water, and made his boiler of wood, as a worse conductor of heat than the brickwork which surrounds common furnaces. He cased the cylinder and all the conducting-pipes in materials which conducted heat very slowly; he even made them of wood.' But none of these contrivances were effectual; for it turned out that the chief expenditure of steam, and consequently of fuel, was in the reheating the cylinder after it had been cooled by the injection of the cold water. Nearly four-fifths of the whole steam employed was condensed on its first admission before the surplus could act upon the piston. Watt therefore came to the conclusion that to make a perfect steam-engine it was necessary that the cylinder should be always as hot as the steam that entered it: but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended,—nay, that it should be cooled down below  $100^{\circ}$ , or a considerable amount of vapour would be given off which would resist the descent of the piston and diminish the power of the engine.\* The two conditions seemed quite incompatible. The cylinder was never to be at a less temperature than  $212^{\circ}$ , and yet at each descent of the piston it was to be less than  $100^{\circ}$ .

'He continued,' he says, 'to grope in the dark, misled by many an *ignis fatuus*.' At length, as he was taking a walk one Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1765, the solution of the problem suddenly flashed upon his mind. As steam was an elastic vapour, it would expand and rush into a previously exhausted space. He had only to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a communication between this vessel and the cylinder of the steam-engine at the moment when the piston was

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\* Since the more the pressure upon water is diminished, the lower the temperature at which it boils, water at any temperature less than  $100^{\circ}$  gives off vapour in the vacuum of the cylinder.

required to descend, and the steam would disseminate itself and become divided between the cylinder and the adjoining vessel. But as this vessel would be kept cold by an injection of water, the steam would be annihilated as fast as it entered, which would cause a fresh outflow of the remaining steam in the cylinder till nearly the whole of it was condensed, without the cylinder itself being chilled in the operation. An air-pump worked by the steam-engine would pump from the subsidiary vessel the heated water, air, and vapour accumulated by the condensing process. Great and prolific ideas are almost always simple. What seems impossible at the outset appears so obvious when it is effected that we are prone to marvel that it did not force itself at once upon the mind. Late in life, Watt, with his accustomed modesty, declared his belief that, if he had excelled, it had been by chance and the neglect of others. But mankind has been more just to him than he was to himself. There was no accident in the discovery. It had been the result of close and continuous study, and the idea of the separate condenser which flashed upon him in a moment and filled him with rapture was merely the last step of a long journey—a step which could not have been taken unless the previous road had been traversed.

The steam in Newcomen's engine was only employed to produce a vacuum. The working power of the engine was in the down stroke, which was effected by the pressure of the air upon the piston; hence it is now usual to call it the atmospheric engine. Watt perceived that the air which followed the piston down the cylinder would cool the latter, and that steam would be wasted in reheating it. To effect a further saving, he resolved 'to put an air-tight cover upon the cylinder, with a hole and stuffing-box for the piston-rod to slide through, and to admit steam above the piston, to act upon it instead of the atmosphere.' When the steam had done its duty in driving down the piston, a communication was opened between the upper and lower part of the cylinder, and the same steam, distributing itself equally in both compartments, sufficed to restore equilibrium. The piston was now drawn up by the weight of the pump-gear, the steam beneath it was then condensed to leave a vacuum, and a fresh jet of steam from the boiler was let in above the piston and forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. From an atmospheric it had thus become a true steam-engine, and with a much greater economy of steam than when the air did half the duty. But it was not only important to keep the air from flowing down the inside of the cylinder. The air which circulated without cooled the metal, and condensed a portion of the steam within. This Watt proposed



posed to remedy by a second cylinder, surrounding the first, with an interval between the two which was to be kept full of steam. 'When once,' he says, 'the idea of separate condensation was started, all these improvements followed as corollaries in quick succession, so that in the course of one or two days the invention was thus far complete in my mind.'

But although the engine was complete in his mind, it cost Watt many long and laborious years before he could perfect it in execution. One source of delay was the numerous expedients which sprung up in his fertile mind, 'which,' he said, 'his want of experience in the practice of mechanics in great, flattered him would prove more commodious than his matured experience had shown them to be. Experimental knowledge is of slow growth, and he tried too many fruitless experiments on such variations.' One of his chief difficulties was to find mechanics to make his large models for him. The beautiful metal workmanship which has been called into being by his own invention did not then exist. The only available hands in Glasgow were the blacksmiths and tanners—little capable of constructing articles out of their ordinary walk. He accordingly hired a small workshop in a back street of the town, where he might himself erect a working model, with the aid of his assistant, John Gardiner. His mind, as may be supposed, was absorbed in the desire to realise his beautiful conception. 'I am at present,' he wrote to his friend Dr. Lind, 'quite barren on every other article, my whole thoughts being bent on this machine.' The first model, on account of the bad construction of the larger parts, was only partially successful, and then a second and bigger model was commenced in August, 1765. In October it was at work; but the machine leaked in all directions, and the piston proved not steam-tight. To secure a nice-fitting piston with the indifferent workmanship of that day taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. At so low an ebb was the art of making cylinders that the one he employed was not bored but hammered, the collective mechanical skill of Glasgow being then unequal to the casting and boring of a cylinder of the simplest kind. In the Newcomen engine a little water was poured upon the upper surface of the piston, and filled up the interstices between the piston and the cylinder. But when Watt employed steam to drive down the piston, he was deprived of this resource; for the water and the steam could not coexist. Even if he had retained the agency of the air above, the drip of water from the crevices into the lower part of the cylinder would have been incompatible with keeping the surface hot and dry, and, by turning into vapour as it fell upon the heated metal, it would have impaired



impaired the vacuum during the descent of the piston. To add to Watt's troubles, while he was busied with his model, the tinner, who was his leading mechanic, died. '*My old white-iron man is dead,*' he wrote to Dr. Roebuck in December—an almost irreparable loss! By the addition of collars of varnished cloth the piston was made steam-tight, and the machine went cleverly and successfully on repeated trials, at a pressure of 10 to 14 lbs. on the square inch. Thus inch by inch Watt battled down difficulty, held good the ground he had gained, verified the expectations he had formed, and placed the advantages of the invention, to his own mind, beyond the reach of doubt.

Watt's means were small, and there were no capitalists in Glasgow likely to take up the steam-engine. Commercial enterprise had scarcely begun, or was still confined to the trade in tobacco. To give a fair trial to the new apparatus would involve an expenditure of several thousand pounds; and who on the spot could be expected to invest so large a sum in trying a machine so entirely new, and depending for its success on physical principles very imperfectly understood? But he had not far to go for an associate. 'Most fortunately,' says Professor Robison, 'there was in the neighbourhood such a person as he wished, Dr. Roebuck, a gentleman of very uncommon knowledge in all the branches of civil engineering, familiarly acquainted with the steam-engine, of which he employed several in his collieries, and deeply interested in this improvement. He was also well accustomed to great enterprises, of an undaunted spirit, not scared by difficulties, nor a niggard of expense.' He was born at Sheffield in 1718, and practised as a physician at Birmingham with distinguished success, had made many improvements in various manufacturing arts, and was now engaged in the double task of carrying on iron-works at Carron and sinking coal-mines at Borrowstoness.

As early as August, 1765, Watt was in full correspondence with Roebuck on the subject of the engine. No partnership was entered into till 1767, but it is evident from the nature of Watt's letters that Roebuck took the greatest interest in the project, and had probably pledged himself to engage in it if the experiments promised success. In November Watt sent detailed drawings of a covered cylinder and piston to be cast at the Carron works. Though the cylinder was the best that could be made there, it was so ill-bored as to be useless. The piston-rod was constructed at Glasgow under his own supervision, and when it was completed he was afraid to send it in a cart, lest the work-people should see it, which would 'occasion speculation.'

tion.' 'I believe,' he added, 'it will be best to send it in a box.' These precautions would seem to have been dictated by a fear of piracy. The necessity of acting by stealth increased the difficulties arising from the clumsiness and inexperience of the mechanics. There is a gap in the correspondence of Watt with Roebuck from May, 1766, to January, 1768, and we hear no more of this piston-rod or of its worthless cylinder. Something, however, must have occurred in the interval to inspire Roebuck with confidence, for in 1767 he undertook to pay a debt of 1000*l.* which Watt had contracted in prosecuting his project, to provide the money for the further experiments, and to pay for the patent. In return for this outlay, he was to have two-thirds of the property in the invention.

In April, 1768, Watt made trial of a new model. The result was not altogether satisfactory. Roebuck, in reply to the announcement, asked Watt to meet him at Kilsythe, a place about halfway between Carron and Glasgow, and talk the matter over. 'I would,' says Watt, in his answer, 'with all my heart, wait upon you on Friday, but am far from being well, and the fatigue of the ride would disable me from doing anything for three or four days; besides, I hope by that time to have a more successful trial, without which I cannot have peace in my mind to enjoy anything.' After various contrivances, a trial which he made on the 24th of May answered to his heart's content. 'I intend,' he wrote to Dr. Roebuck, 'to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil on Saturday or Friday. I sincerely wish you joy of this successful result, and hope it will make you some return for the obligations I ever will remain under to you.' Kinneil House, where Watt hastened to pay his visit of congratulation to Dr. Roebuck, was a singular old edifice, a former country seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, finely situated on the shores of the Forth, with large apartments and stately staircases, and an external style of architecture which resembles the old French château. The mansion has become rich in classical associations, having been inhabited since Roebuck's time by Dugald Stewart, who wrote in it his '*Philosophy of the Human Mind*.' There he was visited by Wilkie, the painter, when in search of subjects for his pictures, and Dugald Stewart found for him, in an old farmhouse in the neighbourhood, the cradle-chimney which is introduced in the '*Penny Wedding*.' But none of these names can stand by the side of that of Watt, and the first thought at Kinneil, of every one who is familiar with his history, would be of the memorable day when he rode over in exultation to Dr. Roebuck to wish him joy of the success of the steam-engine. His note of triumph was, however, premature.  
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He had yet to suffer many sickening delays and many bitter disappointments; for though he had contrived to get his model executed with fair precision, the skill was still wanting for manufacturing the parts in their full size with the requisite nicety, and his present conquest was succeeded by discomfiture.

The model went so well that it was now determined to take out a patent, and in August, 1768, Watt went to London for the purpose. After transacting his business he proceeded home by way of Birmingham, then the best school of mechanics in England. He here saw his future partner, Mr. Boulton, for the first time, and they at once conceived for each other a hearty regard. Mr. Boulton, in particular, was strongly impressed both by the character and genius of Watt. They had much conversation respecting the engine, and it cheered its inventor that the sagacious and practical Birmingham manufacturer augured well of its success. Watt seems, however, to have been seized with low spirits on his return to Glasgow; his heart probably aching with anxiety for his family, whom it was hard to maintain upon hope, so often deferred. The more sanguine Doctor was elated with the good working of the model, and he was impatient to put the invention in practice. 'You are letting,' he wrote to Watt October 30th, 1768, 'the most active part of your life insensibly glide away. A day, a moment, ought not to be lost. And you should not suffer your thoughts to be diverted by any other object, or even improvement of this, but only the speediest and most effectual manner of executing one of a proper size, according to your present ideas.' This was an allusion to the fresh expedients which were always starting up in Watt's brain, and which appeared endlessly to protract the consummation of the work; but it was by never resting satisfied with imperfect devices that he attained to perfection. Long after, when a noble lord was expressing his admiration at his great achievement, Watt replied, 'The public only look at my success, and not on the intermediate failures and uncouth constructions which have served as steps to climb to the top of the ladder.' As to the lethargy of which Roebuck spoke, it was merely the temporary re-action of a mind strained and wearied with long-continued application to a single subject.

The patent was dated January 5th, 1769, a year also memorable as that in which Arkwright took out the patent for his spinning machine, and Watt by the law had four months in which to prepare his specification. To render it as perfect as possible, he commenced a series of fresh experiments, and all his spare hours were devoted to making various trials of pipe-condensers and drum-condensers,—trying to contrive new methods  
of



of securing tightness of the piston, and devising steam-jackets to prevent the waste of heat,—inventing oil-pumps, gauge-pumps, and exhausting-cylinders,—loading valves, beams, and cranks.

He commenced at Kinneil the construction of a steam-engine on a larger scale than he had yet attempted. It had been originally intended to erect it in the small town of Borrowstoness; but as he wished to avoid display, being determined, as he said, 'not to puff,' he put it up in an outhouse at Kinneil, close by the burnside in the glen, where there was abundance of water and secure privacy. The materials were brought partly from Glasgow and partly from Carron, where the cylinder had been cast. The process of erection was tedious, for the mechanics were unused to the work. Watt was occasionally compelled to be absent on other business, and he generally on his return found the men at a standstill, not knowing what to do next. As the engine neared completion 'his anxiety for his approaching doom kept him from sleep,' for his fears, he says, were at least equal to his hopes. The whole was finished in September, 1769, and proved a 'clumsy job.' One of his new contrivances did not work well; and the cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost useless. Watt again was grievously depressed. 'It is a sad thing,' he wrote to his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, in March, 1770, 'for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had wherewithal to pay the loss, I don't think I should so much fear a failure, but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my scheme, and I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst.' His poverty was already compelling him to relinquish his experiments for employment of more pecuniary profit.

Watt had married his cousin, Miss Miller, in July 1764. His expenses were thus enlarged almost at the very moment when his invention began to fill his mind, and distracted his attention from his ordinary calling. His increasing family led him before long to seek employment as a land-surveyor, or as it is called in Scotland a 'land-louper.' Much of his business was of the class which now belongs to the civil engineer, and in 1767 he laid out a small canal to unite the rivers Forth and Clyde. There was a rival scheme, cheaper and more direct, which was espoused by the celebrated Smeaton, and Watt had to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons to defend his plan. 'I think,' he wrote to Mrs. Watt, April 5, 1767, 'I shall not long to have anything to do with the House of Commons again: I never saw so many wrongheaded people on all sides gathered together.' The fact that they decided against him had  
probably

probably its share in producing this opinion of their wrong-headedness.

In April, 1769, when he was busily engaged in erecting the Kinneil engines, he heard that a linen-draper in London, of the name of Moore, had plagiarised his invention, and the reflections which this drew forth from him is an evidence of the settled despondency which clouded his mind, and even cramped his faculties.

‘I have resolved, unless these things that I have now brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it, to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was; I find that I am not the same person that I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time spurred on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great\* was wanting; in acquiring which I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burthen of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me I will lay aside the burthen I cannot carry. *Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing.*’

It is nevertheless a remarkable proof of his indefatigable perseverance in his favourite pursuit that at this very time, when apparently sunk in the depths of gloom, he learnt German for the sole purpose of getting at the contents of a curious book, the *Theatrum Machinarum* of Leupold, which just then fell into his hands, and which contained an account of the machines, furnaces, methods of working, profits, &c., of the mines in the Upper Hartz. His instructor on the occasion was a Swiss dyer settled in Glasgow. With the similar object of gaining access to untranslated books in French and Italian—then the great depositories of mechanical and engineering knowledge—Watt had already mastered both these languages.

Mrs. Watt had on one occasion written to him, ‘If the engine will not do, something else will: never despair.’ The engine did not do for the present, and he was compelled to continue his surveying. Instead of laying aside one burthen he was constrained to add a second. In September, 1769, just when he tried the Kinneil engine, he was employed in examining the Clyde with a view to improve the navigation—for the river was still so shallow as to prevent boats of more than ten tons burden

\* The expression ‘in great’ means machines upon a large scale instead of the small models with which his experiments had been made.



ascending to the Broomielaw. Watt made his report, but no steps were taken to execute his suggestions until several years later, when the commencement was made of a series of improvements, which have resulted in the conversion of the Clyde from a pleasant trouting stream into one of the busiest navigable highways in Europe.

‘I would not have meddled with it,’ he wrote to Dr. Small, ‘had I been certain of bringing the engine to bear; but I cannot, on an uncertainty, refuse any piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire-engines,\* because they must have taken up my attention so as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which God knows may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavour to make myself square with the world if I can, though I much fear I never shall.’

‘To-day (he again wrote to Dr. Small on the 31st of January, 1770) I enter into the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it.’

The people of Glasgow decided upon making a canal for coal traffic to the collieries at Monkland, in Lanarkshire; ‘and having,’ says Watt, ‘conceived a much higher idea of my abilities than they merit, they resolved to encourage a man that lived among them rather than a stranger.’ He made the survey in 1769, and the air and exercise acted like a cordial upon him. ‘The time,’ he wrote to Dr. Small, January 3, 1770, ‘has not been thrown away, for the vaguing [wandering] about the country, and bodily fatigue, have given me health and spirits beyond what I commonly enjoy at this dreary season, though they would still *thole amends* [bear improvement]. Hire yourself to somebody for a ploughman—it will cure *ennui*.’ He made another survey of a canal from Perth to Cupar in the spring of 1770, with a less favourable result. The weather was inclement, and the wind, and snow, and cold brought back his low spirits and ill health. When the Act for the Monkland Canal was obtained he was invited to superintend the execution of it, and ‘had to select whether to go on with the experiments on the engine, the event of which was uncertain, or to embrace an honourable and perhaps profitable employment.’ His necessities decided him. ‘I had a wife and children, and saw myself growing grey without having any settled way of providing for them.’ He determined, however,

\* The fire-engine was the name given in those days to the atmospheric engines of Newcomen. Watt says elsewhere that ‘he was concerned in making some,’ but whether previous or subsequent to this letter of September 20, 1769, does not appear.



not to drop the engine, but to proceed with it the first spare moments he could find. In December, 1770, he made a report to Dr. Small of his experience in canal-making, and it was not very favourable. His constant headaches continued, but in other respects he had gained in vigour of mind and body. 'I find myself more strong, more resolute, less lazy, less confused than I was when I began it.' His pecuniary affairs were also more prosperous. 'Supposing the engine to stand good for itself, I am able to pay all my debts, and some little thing more, so that I hope in time to be on a par with the world.' But there was a dark side to the picture. His life was one of vexation, fatigue, hunger, wet, and cold. The quiet and secluded habits of his early life did not fit him for the out-door work of the engineer. He was timid and reserved, and wanted that rough strength—that navy sort of character—which enables a man to deal with rude labourers. He was nervously fearful lest his want of experience should betray him into scrapes, and lead to impositions on the part of the workmen. He hated higgling, and declared that he would rather 'face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain.' He acted as surveyor, engineer, superintendent, and treasurer, with only the assistance of one clerk; and had been 'cheated,' he said, 'by undertakers, and was unlucky enough to know it.' His men were so inexperienced, that he had to watch the execution of every piece of work that was out of the common track. Yet, with all this, 'the work done was slovenly, the workmen bad, and he himself not sufficiently strict.' The defect which he charged on himself was merely the want of training and experience in the labourers. When Telford afterwards went into the Highlands to construct the Caledonian Canal, he encountered the same difficulty. The men were unable to make use of the most ordinary tools; they had no steadiness in their labour; and they had to be taught, and drilled, and watched like children at school. In fact, every great undertaking in engineering may be regarded in the light of a working academy in which men are trained to the skilful use of tools and the habit of persistent industry; and the Scotch labourers were only then passing through the elementary discipline. Watt determined he would not continue a slave to this hateful employment. He was willing to act as engineer, but not as manager, and said he would have nothing to do 'with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts.'

His superintendence of the Monkland Canal, for which he received a salary of 200*l.* a-year, lasted from June 1770 to December 1772. Before that period had expired, a commercial crisis had arrived; and Dr. Roebuck, whose unremunerative speculations had already brought him to the verge of ruin, was  
unable

unable to weather the storm. All the anxieties of Watt were revived, and more for Roebuck than for himself. But an extract from his letter to Dr. Small on the 30th August, 1772, will best speak his sentiments:—

‘I pursued my experiments till I found that the expense and loss of time lying wholly upon me, through the distress of Dr. Roebuck’s situation, turned out to be a burthen greater than I could support, and not having conquered all the difficulties that lay in the way of the execution, I was obliged for a time to abandon the project. Since that time I have been able to extricate myself from some part of my private debts, but am by no means yet in a situation to be the principal in so considerable an undertaking. The Doctor’s affairs being yet far from being reinstated, give me little hope of help from that quarter: in the mean time the time of the patent is running on. It is a matter of great vexation to me that the Doctor should be out so great a sum upon this affair, while he has otherwise such pressing occasion for the money. I find myself unable to give him such help as his situation requires; and what little I can do for him is purchased by denying myself the conveniences of life my situation requires, or by remaining in debt where it galls me to the bone to owe.’

He repeated in November that nothing gave him so much pain as having entangled Dr. Roebuck in the scheme, and that he would willingly have resigned all prospect of profit to himself provided his associate could have been indemnified. He regarded the considerable sum which he had sunk on his own part ‘as money spent upon his education,’ and looked for scarce any other recompense ‘for the anxiety and ruin in which the engine had involved him.’ These are the sentiments of a mind of sensitive honour as well as scrupulous integrity. In the issue the embarrassments of Roebuck proved the making of the steam-engine and of Watt.

The association of Watt with Dr. Roebuck was in many respects fortunate, for the latter possessed the qualities in which the former was deficient. ‘I find myself,’ Watt wrote, ‘out of my sphere when I have anything to do with mankind; it is enough for an engineer to force Nature, and to bear the vexation of her getting the better of him. Give me a survey to make, and I think you will have credit of me; set me to contrive a machine, and I will exert myself.’ To invent was Watt’s faculty; to push an invention was entirely contrary to his temperament. Not only was he averse to business, but he was easily depressed by little obstructions, and alarmed at unforeseen expense. Roebuck, on the contrary, was sanguine, adventurous, and energetic. The disposition of Watt to despond under difficulties, and his painful diffidence in himself, were frequent subjects of friendly merriment at Kinneil House; and Mrs. Roebuck said one evening—‘Jamie is a queer lad, and without the  
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the Doctor his invention would have been lost; but Dr. Roebuck won't let it perish.' Watt always acknowledged the debt he owed him, and declared he had been to him 'a most sincere and generous friend.' The alliance, however, was not without its drawbacks. The extensive undertakings of Dr. Roebuck absorbed both his capital and his time. He was unable to pay, according to the terms of his engagement, the expenses of the patent, and Watt had to borrow the money from Dr. Black. His coal and iron-works required incessant superintendence, and the management of the business connected with the steam-engine chiefly devolved upon Watt, who said he 'was incapable of it from his natural inactivity, and want of health and resolution.' When he passed through Birmingham, on his way from London, in October, 1768, Mr. Boulton, who then knew nothing of Watt's agreement with Roebuck, offered to be concerned in the speculation. This gave 'great joy' to Watt, and he wished Dr. Roebuck to consent. But the latter 'grew more tenacious of the project the nearer it approached to certainty,' and he only proposed to Boulton to allow him a share in the engine for the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Derby. The letter which Boulton wrote to Watt upon the occasion (Feb. 7, 1769) shows how clearly he saw what was required to render the invention available:—

'I was excited by two motives to offer you my assistance—which were, love of you, and love of a money-getting, ingenious project. I presumed that your engine would require money, very accurate workmanship, and extensive correspondence, to make it turn out to the best advantage; and that the best means of keeping up the reputation, and doing the invention justice, would be to keep the executive part out of the hands of the multitude of empirical engineers, who, from ignorance, want of experience, and want of necessary convenience, would be very liable to produce bad and inaccurate workmanship—all which deficiencies would affect the reputation of the invention. To remedy which, and to produce the most profit, my idea was to settle a manufactory near to my own, by the side of our canal, where I would erect all the conveniences necessary for the completion of engines, and from which manufactory we would serve all the world with engines of all sizes. By these means, and your assistance, we would engage and instruct some excellent workmen, who (with more excellent tools than would be worth any man's while to procure for one single engine) could execute the invention twenty per cent. cheaper than it would be otherwise executed, and with as great a difference of accuracy as there is between the blacksmith and the mathematical-instrument maker. It would not be worth my while to make for three counties only; but I find it very well worth my while to make for all the world.'

This was precisely the plan which was ultimately adopted.  
Vol. 104.—No. 208. 2 G Watt,



Watt, when he read it, must have been more than ever urgent to have Boulton for a coadjutor, and he again, in September, 1769, pressed upon Roebuck the wisdom of admitting him into the partnership. In November Roebuck proposed to make over a third of the patent to Mr. Boulton or Dr. Small for any sum not less than 1000*l.* which they should think reasonable, after the experiments on the engine were finished. They were to take their final resolution at the end of a year; but though they assented to the terms no agreement seems to have been made at the conclusion of the twelvemonth; and it was not till ruin drove Roebuck to sell his share that the bargain was struck. Then he transferred his entire property in the patent to Mr. Boulton in the latter half of 1773, in consideration of being released from a debt of 630*l.*, and receiving the first 1000*l.* of profit from the engine. 'My heart bleeds for his situation,' Watt wrote to Boulton, 'and I can do nothing to help him. I am stuck by him till I have much hurt myself. I can do so no longer; my family calls for my care to provide for them. Yet, if I have, I cannot see the Doctor in want, which I am afraid will soon be the case.' The situation of this able, upright, and enterprising man, who deserved a better fate, was not, in the opinion of his assignees, rendered worse by the sale of his share in the steam-engine, for they did not value it at a single farthing. Even Watt said that Boulton had got one bad debt in exchange for another.

This was the turning-point in Watt's fortunes. It was the imperfect workmanship, and ineffective superintendence, which had caused the failure of so many experiments, and the wise and vigorous management of Mr. Boulton was soon to show the engine in its true powers. But before Watt enjoyed this triumph, he had another bitter cup to drink. He was suddenly summoned to Glasgow in the autumn of 1773, when on a survey of the Caledonian Canal, by intelligence of the illness of his wife. The journey was dreary, through a country without roads. 'An incessant rain,' said he, 'kept me for three days as wet as water could make me: I could hardly preserve my journal book.' On reaching home he found his wife had died in childbed. She had struggled with him through poverty, had often cheered his fainting spirit when borne down by doubt, perplexity, and disappointment; and often afterwards he paused on the threshold of his house, unable to summon courage to enter the room where he was never more to meet 'the comfort of his life.' 'Yet this misfortune,' he wrote to Small, 'might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that

that grief has its period; but I have much to suffer first,' 'None of the many trying calamities,' he said, fifteen years afterwards, 'to which human nature is subjected, bears harder or longer on a thinking mind than that grief which arises from the loss of friends. But like other evils it must be endured with patience. The most powerful remedy is to apply to business or amusements which call the mind from its sorrows and prevent it from preying on itself. In the fulness of our grief we are apt to think that allowing ourselves to pursue objects which may turn our minds from the object it is but too much occupied with, is like a kind of insult or want of affection for the deceased, but we do not then argue fairly: our duty to the departed has come to a period, but our duty to our living family, to ourselves, and to the world, still subsists, and the sooner we can bring ourselves to attend to it the more meritorious.' Upon these wise sentiments he endeavoured, though not very successfully, to act. To work was in some degree within the power of his will, but to regain the elasticity of the mind was beyond the reach of self-control. 'Man's life, you say,' he wrote to Dr. Small in December, 1773, 'must be spent either in labour or ennui; mine is spent in both. I am heart-sick of this country: I am indolent to excess, and what alarms me most I grow stupider. My memory fails me so as often totally to forget occurrences of no very ancient dates. I see myself condemned to a life of business; nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble when I hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with. The engineering business is not a vigorous plant; we are in general very poorly paid. This last year my whole gains do not exceed 200*l*.' But the darkest hour, it is said, is nearest the dawn. Watt had passed through a long night, and a gleam of sunshine was at hand. He was urged to proceed to Birmingham to superintend the manufacture of his engines, one of which was nearly completed. He arrived at Birmingham in the summer of 1774, and in December he wrote to his father, now an old man, still resident at Greenock—'The business I am here about has turned out rather successful; that is to say, that the fire-engine I have invented is now going, and answers much better than any other that has yet been made, and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me.' Such was Watt's modest announcement of the practical success of the greatest invention of the eighteenth century!

His partner, who proved himself such an able second, had the rare quality of a first-rate man of business. Mr. Boulton was not a mere buyer and seller, but a great designer, contriver, and organizer. His own original trade was that of a manufacturer of



plated goods, ormolu, and works in steel. He subsequently turned his attention to improving the machinery for coining, and attained, says M. Arago, to such rapidity and perfection of execution, that he was employed by the British Government to recoin the whole copper specie of the kingdom. His methods were established under his superintendence in several mints abroad as well as in the national mint of England. With a keen eye for details, he combined a large and comprehensive grasp of intellect. Whilst his senses were so acute that, sitting in his office at Soho, he could at once detect the slightest derangement in the machinery of his vast establishment, his power of imagination enabled him to look along extensive lines of possible action throughout Europe, America, and the Indies. He was equally skilful in the fabrication of a button and in the establishment of the motive power that was to revolutionize the industrial operations of the world. In short, he was a man of various gifts nicely balanced and proportioned—the best of tradesmen, a patron of art and science, the friend of philosophers and statesmen. With all his independent titles to distinction, he esteemed the steam-engine of his friend the pride of his establishment. Once when he was in the company of Sir Walter Scott, he said in reply to some remark—‘That’s like the old saying—in every corner of the world you will find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone.’ This touched the national spirit of the novelist, and he retorted, ‘You should have added—and a *Brummagem* button.’ ‘We make something better in Birmingham than buttons,’ replied Boulton—‘we make steam-engines;’ and when he next met Scott he showed that he had not forgiven the disparaging remark. Boswell, who visited Soho in 1776, shortly after the manufacture of steam-engines had been commenced there, was struck by the vastness and contrivance of the machinery. ‘I shall never forget,’ he says, ‘Mr. Boulton’s expression to me, when surveying the works: “I sell here, Sir, what all the world desires to have—POWER.”’ ‘He had,’ continues Boswell, ‘about 700 people at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seemed to be a father of his tribe. One of the men came to him complaining grievously of his landlord for having distrained his goods. “Your landlord is in the right, Smith,” said Boulton; “but I’ll tell you what—find you a friend who will lay down one-half of your rent, and I’ll lay down the other, and you shall have your goods again.”’ Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, a native of Birmingham, gives in her autobiography a lively description of his person. ‘He was tall and of a noble appearance; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of the phlegmatic which imparts calmness and dignity; his manners were

were eminently open and cordial ; he took the lead in conversations, and with a social heart had a grandiose manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess.'

Not long after Watt settled at Birmingham he married his second wife, Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a citizen of Glasgow. The precise date of the marriage is not stated by Mr. Muirhead, but it seems to have been in 1776, and at any rate took place much too early to render possible an incident told by Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, that when Watt was mourning the loss of his first wife, Miss Macgregor—then a girl, according to the story, three or four years old—'came up to his knee, and, looking in his face, begged him not to grieve, for she would be his little wife, and make him happy.' This lady was a thrifty Scotch housewife, and such was her passion for cleanliness, that she taught her pet dogs to wipe their feet upon the door-mat. Her propensity was carried to a pitch which often fretted her son by the restraints it imposed ; and once when a lady apologised to him for the confusion in which he found her house, he exclaimed, 'I love dirt.' But Mrs. Watt was a partner worthy of her husband, and with the revival of his domestic felicity, and surrounded by all the appliances for perfecting his steam-engine, he was for a brief space in a happier position than he had enjoyed for many years past.

The mechanics of Birmingham were the chief workers in metal in England. The best tools and arms of the kingdom had been manufactured there almost from time immemorial, and the artisans possessed an aptitude for skilled manipulation which had descended to them from their fathers like an inheritance. Watt, as we have seen, had found, to his sorrow, that there was no such class of workmen in Scotland. The consequence was, that the very first engine erected at Soho was a greater triumph than all that Watt had previously been able to accomplish. Some of the most valuable copper-mines in Cornwall had been drowned out ; Boulton immediately wrote to the miners, and informed them of the success of the new invention. A deputation of Cornish miners went down to Birmingham to look at the engine. There could be no doubt as to its efficiency, but it was dear, and it was some time before any orders were given. Boulton saw that to produce any large result he must himself supply the capital, and he entered into an arrangement with the miners, by which he agreed to be at the whole cost, provided he was allowed as royalty *one-third* of the value of the ascertained saving of coal, as compared with Newcomen's best engines. The bargain having been struck, Watt went into Cornwall



Cornwall to superintend the work. The impression produced by one of the earliest engines he erected is thus described in one of his letters to Mr. Boulton:—‘The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give unusual satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its strokes gently and make less noise; but Mr. ——— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engineman. And, by-the-bye, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man.’ Whilst in Cornwall Watt, whose mechanical ingenuity was inexhaustible, invented a counter to ascertain the saving effected. It was attached to the main beam, and marked the number of the strokes, which was the measure of the payment. The register, which was contrived to keep the record for an entire year, was inclosed in a locked box, and thus fraud was prevented. It was shortly found that the saving of coal by the new engine was nearly three-fourths of the whole quantity formerly consumed, or equal to an annual saving on the Chace-water engine of 7200*l*. Such a result did not fail to tell, and orders for engines soon came in at Soho; but the capital invested by Mr. Boulton amounted to some 47,000*l*. before any profits began to be derived from their sale.

As some years had been expended in unremunerative experiments, one of the first necessities, when it was apparent that the engine could be made to answer, was to obtain an extension of the patent, and in 1775 an Act of Parliament was passed to preserve the rights of the patentees till the year 1800, in consideration of the great utility of the invention, and the trouble and expense incurred in completing it. It was long before it yielded any return. In 1780 Watt and Boulton were still out of pocket, and in 1783 they had not realised a profit. But the extension of the patent gave a stimulus to the busy brain of the inventor, and he continued to devise improvement upon improvement. The application of the powers of steam to give a rotatory motion to mills had from the first formed the subject of his particular attention, and in his patent of 1769 he described a method of producing continued movement in one direction, which Mr. Boulton proposed to employ for working boats along the canals. A continuous movement of machinery had indeed to some extent been secured by the use of the steam-engine, which was employed to pump up water, the fall of which turned waterwheels in the usual way. But Watt’s object was to effect this by the direct action of the engine itself, and thus to supersede, in a great measure, the use of water as well as of animal power. This he

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at length accomplished by contrivances which are embodied in the patents he took out between the years 1781 and 1784. Among other devices these patents include the rotative motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle of steam, the double engine, the parallel motion, the parallel furnace, and the governor—the whole forming a series of beautiful inventions, combining the results of philosophical and mechanical ingenuity to an extent, we believe, never parallel in modern times.

The idea of the double-acting engine occurred to Watt in 1767, but he kept it back in consequence of the difficulties he had encountered in teaching others the construction of the single engine, and in overcoming prejudices in favour of the engine the force which drew up the piston was the weight of the pump gear, which merely sustained it in a position for the effective down-stroke. The up-stroke of the engine were therefore idle during that time when the piston was ascending. By making the lower cylinder as well as the lower communication with the boiler he alternately formed a vacuum above and below the piston in its ascending stroke, beyond the resistance of the atmosphere he experienced no more resistance than in the down-stroke. While the steam was condensed in the cylinder fresh steam was let in to drive the piston up. The process was then repeated in the lower cylinder. At the bottom of the cylinder was condensed steam, which was not in at the top to drive the piston down. The up-stroke was not was one of working power, and the down-stroke was the only the engine was employed, as it was in the down-stroke. There is for the stroke. The expansive principle of steam, also known as a mense saving of steam, also known as a mense saving of steam. It simply consists in cutting off the steam from the cylinder as soon as the boiler when the cylinder is full of steam. The steam is not of the stroke to be accomplished by the steam already supplied. As the steam diminishes as it expands, this plan is not as powerful as the saving of steam is in a mense saving of the power.

The circumstances of the invention of the sun and planet motion are illustrated in the best method of the invention to him was the true inventor of the true inventor who unfortunately had



common foot lathe. The applying it to the engine was merely taking a knife to cut cheese which had been made to cut bread.' Models of a plan for adapting it to the steam-engine were constructing at Soho, when one Saturday evening a number of the workmen, according to custom, proceeded to drink their ale at the Waggon and Horses, a little low-browed, old-fashioned public-house, still standing in the village of Handsworth, close to Soho. As the beer began to tell, one Cartwright, a pattern-maker, who was afterwards hanged, talked of Watt's contrivance for producing rotatory motion, and to illustrate his meaning proceeded to make a sketch of the crank upon the kitchen table with a bit of chalk. A person in the assumed garb of a workman, who sat in the kitchen corner and greedily drank in the account, posted off to London, and forthwith secured a patent for the crank, which Watt, 'being much engaged with other business,' had neglected to do at the moment. He was exceedingly wroth at the piracy, averring that Wasbrough had 'stolen the invention from him by the most infamous means;' but he was never at fault, and, reviving an old idea he had conceived, he perfected in a few weeks his Sun and Planet motion. Eventually, however, when Wasbrough's patent had expired, Watt reverted to the employment of the simpler crank, because of its less liability to get out of order. Its mere adaptation to the steam-engine ought not to have been protected by a patent at all, any more than the knife which was made to cut bread should be capable of being patented for every new substance to which its edge is applied.

The mode by which Watt secured the accurate rectilinear motion of the ascending and descending piston-rod, by means of the Parallel Motion, has been greatly and justly admired. 'My soul,' he said, 'abhors calculations, geometry, and all other abstract sciences;' but when an end was to be gained, he could apply the principles of geometry with exquisite skill. The object was to contrive that, whilst the end of the beam was moving alternately up and down in part of a circle, the end of the piston-rod connected with it should preserve a perfectly perpendicular direction. This was accomplished by means which can hardly be made intelligible in mere verbal description; but so beautiful is the movement, that Watt said that when he saw his device in action he received from it the same pleasure that usually accompanies the first view of the invention of another person. 'Though I am not over anxious after fame,' he wrote in 1808, 'yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical contrivance I have ever made.'

In spite of the outward success which attended Watt, his disposition

position did not permit him to be happy in the midst of bustle and rivalries. 'The struggles,' he wrote to Dr. Black in December 1778, 'which we have had with natural difficulties, and with the ignorance, prejudices, and villanies of mankind, have been very great; but I hope are now nearly come to an end.' In this hope he was disappointed, for they continued unabated. The perpetual thought which the engine required to bring it to perfection, and the large correspondence in which the business of the establishment involved him, had to be performed under the oppression of those sick-headaches which were the bane of his existence. He was sometimes so overcome by them that he would sit by the fire-side for hours together with his head leaning on his elbow and scarcely able to utter a word. In 1782 his father died, and his inevitable absence from his bed-side weighed upon his spirits. His despondency gathered strength with years, till in 1786 it appeared to have reached its climax. 'In the anguish of my mind, amid the vexations occasioned by new and unsuccessful schemes, like Lovelace, I "curse my inventions," and almost wish, if we could gather our money together, that somebody else should succeed in getting our trade from us.' So he wrote to Mr. Boulton in April, and in June his account of himself was sadder still: 'I have been quite effete and listless, neither daring to face business nor capable of it; my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carrion. I have had serious thoughts of throwing down the burthen I find myself unable to carry, and perhaps, if other sentiments had not been stronger, should have thought of throwing off the mortal coil. Solomon said that in the increase of knowledge there is increase of sorrow: if he had substituted *business* for knowledge it would have been perfectly true.' These wailing notes of a mind radically wretched were renewed by the attempts to pirate his inventions. Watt was so fruitful in contrivances, that the fortunes of many ordinary mechanics were made by their pickings and stealings from him. When he was an unknown Glasgow artisan, his drawing-machine had been boldly appropriated by a London mathematical instrument maker; his micrometer had been purloined by another pilferer of the same class; his crank had been stolen from him through the instrumentality of his own workmen; and now the pirates were endeavouring to make a prize of the condensing-engine itself, which had cost him full twenty years of anxiety and labour. The Cornish miners especially, who had derived immense pecuniary advantages from its adoption, sought on the most frivolous pretences to evade the payment of that portion of the saving which they had



had stipulated to pay to Boulton and Watt. A baser instance of unprincipled greediness is hardly to be found in the annals of trade. 'We have been so beset with plagiarists,' Watt wrote to Dr. Black, 'that, if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we have most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth!' Though the patentees were invariably successful, the vindication of their rights proved a heavy fine; their legal expenses during only the last four years of their patent having amounted to between five and six thousand pounds. The peace of mind which the lawsuits cost Watt was far more serious than the cost in money. His feelings during the pending trial of 1796 are described by himself as less acute than what he had been accustomed to undergo on more insignificant occasions. 'Yet I remained,' he says, 'after the trial, nearly as much depressed as if we had lost it.' The stimulus to action was gone, and but for the attentions of my friends I ran some risk of falling into stupidity.' In 1803, 'after he had retired with a very moderate fortune that he might enjoy the quiet for which alone he was fitted,' he ascribed his incapacity for further exertion 'to the vexation he had endured for many years from this harassing lawsuit.' Whoever is tempted to envy a great inventor would surely be cured of his passion by the contemplation of the life of him who was the chief of the race. Whilst he was struggling with difficulties at Glasgow, his friend Dr. Hutton had strongly dissuaded him from proceeding further with his unprofitable and distressing work. 'Invention,' said he, 'is only for those who live by the public; or who, from pride, would choose to leave a legacy to the public. It is not a thing that will pay, under a system where the rule is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest done.' But to invent was the habitual operation of Watt's intellect, and neither the admonitions of friends, nor his experience of the miseries it entailed upon him, could turn his mind aside from its natural bent.

Among his minor works, the contrivance of which formed the pastime of his leisure hours, were his machine for copying letters, his instrument for measuring the specific gravity of fluids, his regulator lamp, his plan of heating buildings by steam, and his machine for drying linen, invented for his father-in-law, Mr. Macgregor, a dyer at Glasgow. He was also occupied with speculations respecting an arithmetical machine, and early threw out the suggestion of a spiral oar for the propulsion of ships. His specification of the steam-engine included a steam-carriage  
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for use on common roads, and he had many discussions with his assistant William Murdock and his friend Lovell Edgeworth on the subject.

His residence at Birmingham was greatly cheered by the society of men of eminence in science, literature, and art. Boulton and himself formed a centre of attraction to many kindred minds, and the meetings of the Lunar Society at Soho House were long remembered as among the most delightful things of their kind. Lovell Edgeworth, himself a member, has thus described the group: 'Mr. Keir, with his knowledge of the world and good sense; Dr. Small, with his benevolence and profound sagacity; Wedgwood, with his unceasing industry, experimental variety, and calm investigation; Boulton, with his mobility, quick perception, and bold adventure; Watt, with his strong inventive faculty, undeviating steadiness, and large resources; Darwin, with his imagination, science, and poetical excellence; and Day, with his unwearied research after truth, his integrity, and eloquence; formed altogether such a society as few men have had the good fortune to live with—such an assemblage of friends as fewer still have had the happiness to possess and keep through life.' To these distinguished members others were afterwards added, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and other gases, Mr. Galton, the ornithologist, and Dr. Withering, the botanist. In the meetings of this society originated Watt's experiments on water; and it is now placed beyond a doubt that he was the first to promulgate the true theory of its composition, though Cavendish had arrived by independent research at the same result.

The designation of 'Lunar Society' was converted into 'Lunatic Society' by the people, and when the riots of 1791 broke out, one of the watchwords of the mob was 'No philosophers!' Sir Samuel Romilly says that some persons even painted the denunciation on their houses. The Birmingham folks, during the last century, were certainly good haters. When the firebrand Dr. Sacheverell went down to Birmingham and called upon the people to 'build up Zion,' they responded to the exhortation by gutting a Dissenters' meeting-house in the neighbourhood. So again at the public dinner which was held in the town to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution, the mob, who took the loyal side of the question, rose, pulled down two dissenting meeting-houses, and burnt or sacked the houses of some of the principal inhabitants—among others, those of Mr. Taylor, one of the chief employers of skilled labour in the town; Mr. Hutton, the bookseller and historian; and several more. But their principal fury was directed against the 'philosophers'—  
especially



especially Dr. Priestley, whose house and library they destroyed—and were busily engaged in plundering the house of Dr. Withering when the military arrived. Watt was included in the proscription, and, apprehending an attack upon his house, he had the Soho workmen armed for Mr. Boulton's defence and his own. 'Though our principles,' said he, writing to his friend De Luc, 'are well known, as friends to the established government and enemies to republican principles, and should have been our protection from a mob whose watchword was "Church and King," yet our safety was principally owing to most of the Dissenters living on the south of the town; for after the first moments they did not seem over nice in their discrimination of religion or principles. I, among others, was pointed out as a Presbyterian, though I never was in a meeting-house in Birmingham, and Mr. Boulton is well known as a Churchman. We had everything most portable packed up, fearing the worst; however, all is well with us.' The circumstance is worth recording, not only as an incident in the life of Watt, but as a specimen of the insane and ignorant ideas which animate mobs.

Notwithstanding that Watt was all his life a consistent Tory, persons, who should have been better informed than the rabble of Birmingham, have sometimes affirmed that he was 'a sad radical;' and in a work published in the present year, it is even related that he was hanged for treason. For the last assertion we are altogether unable to account, but the report of the radicalism of the great inventor was, no doubt, as Mr. Muirhead conjectures, derived from the circumstance that his son was in Paris at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and with the unsuspicious ardour of youth made himself, in conjunction with the poet Wordsworth, conspicuous in animating the populace. But the younger Watt was soon cured of his republican frenzy, and ended in adopting the steady Toryism of his father. 'We both began life as ardent and thoughtless radicals,' said Wordsworth to Mr. Muirhead, speaking of his companionship with Watt in Paris, 'but we have both become in the course of our lives, as all sensible men, I think, have done, good, sober-minded Conservatives.'

Watt's later years were years of comparative peace, but of bereavement. One by one his early friends dropped away; the pride and hope of his heart, his son Gregory, died also; and the old man was left almost alone. Fragile though his frame had been through life, he survived the most robust among his associates. Roebuck, Boulton, Darwin, and Withering went before him, as well as his dear friends Robison and Black. Black had watched to the last with tender interest the advancing reputation and prosperity of his protégé. When Robison returned from  
London

London and told him of the issue of Watt's suit with Hornblower for the protection of his patent right, the kind old Doctor was delighted even to tears. 'It's very foolish,' he exclaimed, 'but I can't help it when I hear of anything good to Jamie Watt.' Watt in his turn said of Black, 'To him I owe in great measure my being what I am; he taught me to reason and experiment in Natural Philosophy.' Dr. Black expired so peacefully that his servant, in describing his death, said that he had 'given over living,' having departed with a basin of milk upon his knee, which remained unspilled. 'We may all pray,' was the comment of Watt, 'that our latter end may be like his; he has truly gone to sleep in the arms of his Creator.'

Towards the close of his life Watt was distressed by the apprehension that his mental faculties were deserting him, and remarked to Dr. Darwin, 'Of all the evils of age, the loss of the few mental faculties one possessed in youth is the most grievous.' To test his memory, he again commenced the study of German, which he had allowed himself to forget; and speedily acquired such proficiency as enabled him to read the language with comparative ease. But he gave stronger evidence of the integrity of his powers. When, in his seventy-fifth year, he was consulted by a company at Glasgow as to the mode of conveying water from a peninsula across the Clyde to the Company's engines at Dalmarnock—a difficulty which appeared to them almost insurmountable—the plan suggested by Watt proved that his remarkable ingenuity remained unimpaired by age. It was necessary to fit the pipes through which the water passed to the uneven and shifting bed of the river, and Watt, taking the tail of the lobster for his model, forwarded a plan of a tube of iron similarly articulated, which was executed and laid down with complete success.

A few years later, when close upon his eightieth year, the aged mechanic formed one of a party assembled in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott was present. He delighted the northern literati with his kindly cheerfulness, not less than he astonished them by the extent and profundity of his information. 'The alert, kind, benevolent old man,' says Scott, 'had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist—he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus; another, a celebrated critic—you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life; of science it is unnecessary to speak—it was his own distinguished walk.' The vast extent of his knowledge was  
remarked



remarked by all who came in contact with him. 'It seemed,' says Jeffrey, 'as if every subject that was casually started had been that which he had been occupied in studying.' Yet though no man was more ready to communicate knowledge, none could be less ambitious of displaying it. 'He was,' says Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, in the vivid portrait she has drawn of him in her Autobiography, 'one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in, his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to, he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. When he entered a room men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rats' whiskers make the most pliant painting-brushes; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colours. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jew's harp.' What Jeffrey said of the steam-engine may be applied to the conversation of its parent—that like the trunk of an elephant it could pick up a pin or rend an oak.

Watt returned to his little workshop at Heathfield, to proceed with the completion of his diminishing machine for copying busts and statues. His habit was, immediately on rising, to answer all letters requiring attention; then, after breakfast, to proceed into the workshop adjoining his bedroom, attired in his woollen surtout, his leather apron, and the rustic hat which he had worn some forty years, and there go on with his machine. He succeeded with it so far as to produce specimens of its performances, which he distributed amongst his friends, jocularly describing them as 'the productions of a young artist just entering into his eighty-third year.' But the hand of the workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished, and what is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had invented so much, it is almost his only unfinished work.

He was fully conscious of his approaching end, and expressed from time to time his sincere gratitude to Divine Providence for the blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy, for his length of days, and his exemption from the infirmities of age. 'I am  
very

very sensible,' said he to the mourning friends who assembled round his death-bed, 'of the attachment you show me, and I hasten to thank you for it, as I am now come to my last illness.' He passed quietly away from the world, on the 19th of August, 1819, in his eighty-third year. A statue by Chantrey—perhaps the greatest work of that master—has been placed in Handsworth Church, where Watt lies buried, and justifies the compliment paid to the sculptor, that he 'cut breath;' for when uncovered before the old servants assembled round it at Soho, it so powerfully reminded them of their master, that they 'lifted up their voices and wept.' Watt has been fortunate in his monumental honours. The colossal statue in Westminster Abbey, also from the chisel of Chantrey, bears upon it an epitaph from the pen of Brougham, which is beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language, and among its other signal merits has one which appertains rather to its subject than its author, that, lofty as is the eulogy, every word of it is strictly true.

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ART. V.—*Lectures on Roman Husbandry, delivered before the University of Oxford.* By Charles Daubeny, M.D., Professor of Botany. Oxford. 1857.

WE need not say that Oxford has our cordial good wishes in the zealous efforts which she has recently made with the view of attracting within the circle of her training the greatest possible proportion of the youth of England. We bid good speed to the new studies of the place. Fashion is imperious—there is a demand for a little of everything; and the demand must be met—within due reason. If by offering to teach Pinnock as well as Plato, the benefits of an University education can be made more widely available, then by all means teach Pinnock. Only this much, we think, should be borne in mind, that as an University ought not only to teach us what we want to learn, but to teach us what we ought to learn, we must be careful not to put Pinnock on a level with Plato.

While, however, experience is proceeding to indicate how far the new cycle of *ologies* is able to compete with the old classical training in the production of men duly qualified to serve God in Church and State, it is interesting to see how naturally, under the influence of the *genius loci*, modern science strives to identify herself with the spirit of the ancient Muses that have kept watch so many centuries by the banks of the Isis. Rhedycina cannot part with her traditions of Greek and Latin lore.

Like



Like Anacreon's harp, which touched for heroic measures could render no notes but those of love—or like the Ratcatcher's Daughter, whose lips, designed to cry 'Sprats!' could only utter 'Sand!'—the modern Professor of Botany and Rural Economy, instead of discussing the analyses of Liebig and the farming of the Lothians—conscious perhaps that these things are better learned in a farmhouse than in Alma Mater's cloisters—glides away to the husbandry associated with Virgil's page and Cato's life, until those who sought his lectures on the hardest maxims of utilitarianism, remain to dwell on the 'deep majestic melody' of 'the great Shepherd of the Mantuan plains.'

Not, however, that Professor Daubeney is in any degree false to his mistress Botany. He would vindicate her right to every stamen and pistil within her reign. He does not indeed say that a primrose by a river's brim is nothing more than a yellow primrose; but he does maintain stoutly that it is a yellow primrose in the first place, belonging to that *-andria* and this *-gynia*, and if it is anything more he leaves it to the reader to make it out. In a word, drawn as he is by Oxonian instincts to imaginative ground, he insists on dealing with the facts of his case, and suffering the imaginative aspect to develop itself spontaneously. Hence he has more to say about Columella than Virgil, more about Dioscorides than Theocritus.

This suggestive character in the Professor's volume constitutes to our thinking the great charm of it. He gives us as much of the material features of the scene as his botanical and agricultural researches have enabled him to realize, and we can thus shut our eyes and people it with those grand old Republicans of times long passed away. He describes to us the plough, and we will picture for ourselves Cincinnatus behind it. We will go to him to learn about the *arbutus*, and we shall know where to look for Horace watching from Lucretilis' hill the browsing goats as they search out those favourite berries in the underwood. So in some future university of New Zealand, some future botanical professor may dilate on the classification of *bellis perennis*, and some future student of Scottish descent may dream of Burns bending over the 'wee modest crimson-tipped flower.'

While therefore we heartily testify to the varied learning which Professor Daubeney has brought to his subject, and to the agreeable and popular manner in which he has detailed the result of his investigations, we have no intention of following him through the specific topics which he has taken in hand. Otherwise we might be disposed to join issue with him on some of his notions. The Roman flora is a rather intricate subject, and any translation connected with it must be coupled with a considerable

able amount of guess-work. Professor Daubeny has left our doubts unsolved in many particulars, and some he has but imperfectly elucidated. Although he has devoted much space to the dry catalogue of flowers that may be extracted from such writers as Dioscorides, he has said nothing to explain that beautiful and most Ovidian passage of Ovid, which recounts the flowers let fall by Proserpine on the plains of Enna, when she—

‘ herself a fairer flower,  
By gloomy Dis was gathered.’

Nor does he clear up that odd comparison of Catullus when he speaks of a bride as

‘ Ore floridulo nitens  
Alba parthenice velut  
Luteumve papaver.’

Cannot Professor Daubeny tell us what the *parthenice* was? The origin of the word would justify us in thinking of the snow-drop—a flower known to old-fashioned gardeners as the Fair Maid of February. At all events that comparison will hold well enough, but how could Catullus, or any one else, think of likening a bride to a *poppy*? Certainly the poppy of our corn-fields is more suggestive of a matronly than a maiden complexion—has more of Mrs. Quickly about it than of Juliet. But in the name of botany and beauty alike, what can be meant by a *yellow poppy* in this connexion? It is a kind of celandine say some; but we cannot conceive by what right any yellow flower known to us can typify a bride—unless indeed it be the primrose—a flower to which it seems strange to apply the name of ‘poppy;’ but we must remember that these names of flowers are most capriciously transferred in popular usage. Thus we have a guelder-rose and a Christmas-rose, which are anything but roses to a botanist; a lily of the valley, a tulip-tree, and so forth.

The same flower, whatever it may be, is also mentioned in another line of Catullus—

‘ Luteæ violæ sunt mihi luteumque papaver.’

Here is another difficulty. What is meant by yellow violets? Virgil talks of ‘*pallentes violæ*,’ which Professor Daubeny, following Tenore, interprets as referring to wallflowers. But we agree with Perdita that there is a lack of poetical sentiment about this flaunting flower; and we should not like to think that when a Greek poet sung of *ῥα*, and a Roman of *violæ*, the idea suggested to the hearer’s mind was one which would comprehend the violet and the wallflower, or might indifferently apply to



both. For the same difficulty arises with respect to the Greek *ῥον*, as we may note from Pindar, *Olymp. vi. 91* :—

‘*Ἐγκέκρυπτο γὰρ σχοῖνῳ βαρία τ’ ἐν ἀπειράτῳ  
ῥων ξανθαῖσι καὶ παμπορφύροις  
ἀκτίσι βεβρεγμένους ἄβρὸν σῶμα.*’

Surely the fine old legend which tells the origin of the great Sicilian house suffers if we are taught to fancy the infant Iamus lapped in wallflowers instead of violets, as Tafel, Dissen, and other commentators would have us. But the combination of purple and gold (which Columella also assigns to the violet, ‘*quæ frondens purpurat auro*’) seems almost necessarily to direct us to the pansy, a flower which might easily and naturally be combined under a common designation with the violet.

But in propounding these queries to Professor Daubeny we must not be supposed to design any insinuation that his elucidations of this part of his subject are on the whole imperfect or unsatisfactory. On the contrary, he has brought together with great skill and industry, both botanical and classical, a valuable mass of authority, which will largely facilitate the labours of the student in searching out any difficult question that may present itself to him. Especially we ought to be grateful for the illustrations to this volume, derived from the drawings found in the Vienna MS. of Dioscorides, the oldest picture-book, we presume, in existence. These drawings were made for Juliana Anicia, heiress of one of the last of the Roman Emperors of the West, who, when her father’s honours had passed to the Gothic kings, seems to have solaced herself in her retreat at Constantinople by the study of flowers. The Empress Maria Theresa caused copperplate engravings to be made from these curious drawings, but only two impressions have been allowed to be struck off, one of which is in the possession of Oxford University. Several of the drawings are reproduced in Professor Daubeny’s work, and are interesting as the handiwork of ancient draughtsmen, much more if they help us to identify the flowers which Virgil loved. For what would not our New Zealand scholar of after times give for a series of pictures which should give certainty to his associations with

‘the rath primrose,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine’—

with Ophelia’s pansies and Perdita’s flower-de-luce?

We do not mean, however, to follow our Professor through these minutiae. We had rather dwell on the broader features of a work dedicated to the country-life of the old Romans, and  
indulge

indulge the fancies which such a book is calculated to call up, as to the habits and pursuits of the men who walked over these Italian fields. Anything which brings before us the actual life of the Roman will always have an especial interest for the Englishman. It is remarkable, that, though we have so much less of Roman blood in our race than our continental neighbours—so much less of Roman law in our institutions, and so much less of Roman words in our language—we should yet approach so much nearer than any of them, in national habits and disposition, to that great people. More particularly is this true of our rural classes. For the Roman republican, as we know, hated commerce, and though he trained his children to business-like habits, it was not with a view to making fortunes but to keeping them together; a feature in Roman education at which Horace is rather angry—

‘Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat  
Filius Albini si de quincunce remota est  
Uncia, quid superest? Poteras dixisse, Triens. Eu  
Rem poteris servare tuam.’

So that a commercial education, as we should call it, was given at Rome on the same principle as that which dictates our law of primogeniture—the preservation of families. Thus the Roman boy was taught to aim at such praise as that which perpetuated the cognomen *Frugi* as an honourable addition to the house of *Piso*; that which old Roman patriarchs so sedulously inculcated when they taught—

Quæ virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo.

All this easily reminds us of our old-fashioned squires and yeomanry: not a money-making class, but, for the most part, a frugal one.

We might follow out this resemblance at great length and through various points; but it is sufficient for our purpose at this time to particularise that love of the country and of country pursuits which is so strong a feature in both races. Among the elder generations of Romans this affection seems to have been even more universal than among ourselves. Cicero, bent on politics, is yet full of longings for his Tusculan country-house. Horace, the favourite of Augustus's court, and with a keen relish too for court pleasures, loves the sights and sounds by Arno's side as well as the plainest squire or parson among us loves his Yorkshire village. Professor Daubeny, we maintain, has not sufficiently rebutted the notion of Schiller that the ancients had not the same feeling of love for natural scenery that we moderns



possess. So at least we gather when he quotes Virgil as 'an exception to the truth' of Schiller's general proposition. Not only are Virgil's writings full of such passages as Professor Daubeny cites, but the same delight in the natural beauties of the country is characteristic of most of the Roman poets. When Horace exclaims—

Libet jacere modo sub antiquâ ilice  
 Modo in tenaci gramine :  
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ,  
 Queruntur in silvis aves,  
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus  
 Somnos quod invitet leves—

are we to believe that—

When by the forest's edge  
 He lay beneath the branches high,  
 The soft blue sky did never melt  
 Into his heart—

any more than into that of Peter Bell? Even the courtly Martial and the book-learned Juvenal give proof of their participation in this feeling. On the other hand, it is true that the poetry of rural life finds no place in Attic literature. The Athenian was a thorough cockney. We cannot indeed say that he felt like the Frenchman—*pour moi j'abhorre les beautés de la nature*—but he loved the hills and woods as places to make holiday in, not to live in and live with. Sophocles' ode describing the beauties of Colonus, Plato's description of Socrates' walk by the Ilissus, are like those exquisite landscapes which Milton draws, the highly *conscious* description of Nature's general features, which a man gives whose daily habits are of the town. There must, one would imagine, have been a more genuine poetry of Greek rural life. The Dorian races, as we may argue from the pictures given by Theocritus of their Sicilian descendants, had a love of country pursuits which never reached the sea-faring Ionian blood. But, except the poetry of Pindar, they have left us no literature, and our notion of the Greek is of necessity chiefly derived from the Athenian. Surely, however, there must have been poets in Arcadia who sang of the pastoral life of their countrymen, so infinitely despised by the witty Athenians. Surely, too, we should have had noble pictures of country life if we possessed those songs which Simonides sang in the halls of those great pastoral barons of Thessaly, sheepmasters on as large a scale as Mesha king of Moab himself—the men of whose life Theocritus gives us a glimpse :—

πολλοὶ ἐν Ἀντιόχοιο δόμοις καὶ ἄνακτος Ἀλεῖα  
 ἀρμαλῖαν ἔμμηγον ἐμετρήσαντο πενέσται·  
 πολλοὶ δὲ Σκοπάδαισιν ἐλαννόμενοι ποτὶ σακὸν  
 μόσχοι σὺν κεραῇσιν ἐμνκήσαντο βόεσσι·  
 μύρια δ' ἄμπέδιον Κρανώνιον ἐνδιάσκειν  
 ποιμένες ἔκκριτα μῆλα φιλοζένοισι Κρεώνδαις.

But Time has grudged us these works. Of Greek country life we have no knowledge, and to the Roman also all the arts and refinements of the Greek savoured of those urban habits to which the old-fashioned Roman felt such a repugnance. Hence the force of that indignant exclamation of Juvenal which sets in such lively contrast the description of the Roman as *Rusticus*, and the nomenclature of Greece—

Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,  
 Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo!

We have a striking illustration too of the difference between the Athenian and the Roman in this respect in the treatise of Cicero De Senectute. This book was evidently suggested by the opening chapters of Plato's 'Republic,' in which he introduces Cephalus descending on the delights of a serene old age. Old Cephalus is manifestly a man of town life, and he has fixed his home at the Piræus, where he is as far as possible removed from the country excursions of his fellow-citizens, from the olive-trees and nightingales of Colonus, from the plane-trees by Ilissus' side, and from the thymy slopes of Hymettus, overmurmured by myriads of bees. But Cicero's picture of old Cato draws him, as in fact he was, a thorough Roman farmer, expatiating with enjoyment on the very technicalities, if we may call them so, of farming operations, on the mere processes of tillage as well as the pleasure of surveying the green meadows and well-ordered garden, and watching his grapes gather their glow under the summer sun.

Let us try, then, if we cannot gather from this book of Professor Daubeny some insight into the habits of the rural Roman. Let us imagine one of the old squires of that grave, stately people setting out from Rome, with no small satisfaction, to resume his ordinary pursuits at his *villa*—a term which with us has a purely suburban application, but with him meant a real country-house. We would have him a patrician, a member of one of those old houses whose names had been conspicuous in the Consular Fasti since the expulsion of the kings, and were associated with the triumphs of Coriolanus and Camillus,—a Cornelius or a Valerius or a Claudius, and a strong Tory to boot—wedded to his rural life the more closely by a disinclination to  
 elbow



elbow his way through the upstart candidates who now sought to push themselves forward to high place and fortune through the suffrages of the people. He will not sue to the artificers of the tribes; he will not go through the imposture of pretending acquaintance with every greasy citizen of whom his *nomenclator* has whispered—

Hic multum in Fabiâ valet: ille Velinâ.

He will not squander in electioneering the estate which enables him to maintain the dignity of his family; he leaves it to the *novi homines* to spend their money in *cicere atque fabis*, in largesses to the poorer citizens, by way of purchasing popularity. He himself goes to his paternal acres, not without an angry belief that the great commonwealth is verging to ruin, in which belief, perhaps, he is right enough: for it is the time, let us fancy, when Cicero is a young man; when the angry strife of factions is tending towards the civil wars of Marius and Sylla; when the strides of democratic innovation are rapid and irresistible; when the time is approaching for a people no longer capable of governing itself to resign the fasces of authority to the hands of an imperial dynasty.

Such thoughts, perhaps, present themselves to the mind of our Roman as he turns round on some eminence to take his last look on 'the smoke and wealth and roar of Rome.' A scornful curse on the Gracchi or Clodius, however—a proud recollection that, even if the Roman republic shall to-morrow sink among the things that have been, she will leave behind her such a chronicle as the future world will not easily match—these things are sufficient to relieve his wrath, and he is able to feel the full satisfaction which a Roman would feel at escaping from the jars of the forum to the fields and woods. When Horace would describe the triumphant serenity with which Regulus passed from Rome to the prison and torture which awaited him at Carthage, he can find no more expressive comparison than this:—

Quam si clientum longa negotia ad  
Dijudicatâ lite relinqueret  
Tendens Venafranos in agros  
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

And our Roman, we may be sure, was a stickler for the old usage by which the patrician was bound on all occasions to appear as the advocate of his client or vassal in the law-courts. In his time this usage was becoming obsolete. The Roman bar indeed was not yet a profession; it was only when the imperial rule was fully established that the courts began to be occupied by advocates who practised for fees. But at this time, partly be-  
cause

cause the law was becoming more complex, partly from the gradual decline of the old habits of society, the younger race of patricians found their duties in this respect become exceedingly onerous. In the *Menæchmæi* of Plautus we have a moody soliloquy by a man of pleasure which pathetically expatiates on the bore of being called away just as he is preparing to enjoy himself, for the purpose of wrangling in court for a litigious client. Such men, of course, were very glad to give up the duties in question, and possibly their clients were easily persuaded to find an advocate for themselves, especially as there was no lack of more active and ambitious spirits, who for the sake of pushing themselves in public life, and for the influence acquired in this way, were willing to undertake the cause of any one who sought their aid, although wholly unconnected by the social tie of *patronus* and *cliens*. Such was the state of the Roman bar at the time when Cicero was in practice. Our Roman, as we have said, is indignant at this dereliction of duty by the younger members of his order. He sacrifices his comforts and enjoyments for the purpose of faithfully defending in court the interests of his clients—possibly, some sneering wags hint, to the considerable detriment of the latter; but, at all events, he does his work honourably and conscientiously.

And now, the last cause decided and the last business despatched, whither shall we fancy him bound? In what part of Italy lies that pleasant domain to which he is hastening? He might pass beneath the Capitol and by the Field of Mars, and take the Flaminian Way northwards, making for Virgil's Mantua or Catullus's Verona, or for Brixia, that favourite town of the last-named poet:—

Brixia Chinæ supposita speculæ :  
Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,  
Brixia Veronæ mater amata meæ.

A peaceful picture: how incongruous with the last story of importance that we heard from Brescia—the story of slaughtering Austrians and slaughtered Lombards, in the days of 1848! Or, diverging to the left from the same road, he might seek the pleasant town of Luna, on the Gulf of Spezia, praised of old by Ennius in one of those strangely prosaic lines which the elder Roman poets (ultra-Wordsworthian in their contempt for poetic diction) have left to us in casual fragments:—

Lunai portum est operæ cognoscere, cives.

Luna, where Persius shall afterwards enjoy his retirement *securus vulgi*, sheltered under the long lee of cliffs, turning over the budge doctors of the Stoic fur, and gleaning immortal wisdom



dom from their pages—the old Etruscan town of Luna, respecting which a far-distant singer of Porsena's invasion shall tell how—

—In the vats of Luna  
This year the must shall foam  
Round the white feet of laughing girls  
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

But our friend, we may be sure, is too good a judge of wine to patronize the vintage of Luna, even if his home is in that quarter. He will have nothing to do with the thin wines which are sent to Rome down the Tiber. It is *Albanis aliquid de montibus aut Setinis* that is sealed in his jars, and crowns his bowl. Perhaps we should rather accompany him in thought to a more sunny portion of Italy, one more favoured by the wine-god. In that case he might take the Latin Way, towards Cicero's well-beloved Tusculum, and, further on, under the shadow of Mount Algidus, with its sombre woods of ilex. Or else the Appian Way will lead him through Bovillæ and Aricia, swarming with beggars in the days of the Emperors, but as yet unnoted for such a symptom of advanced social civilization. There, on the road where a hundred years afterwards shall pass the feet of a mightier conqueror than the Scipios and the Cæsars, though in the humble guise of Paul the prisoner,—he may travel forward to—

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,  
Beside a summer isle in Baïæ's bay,—

or to Cumæ, close by, rich in legends of its old Greek colonists, and where they still tell how, as the wind shrieks through the hundred mouths of the cavern, the weird voice of the Sibyl is borne on the blast. But of all the roads which could lead him from Rome we would rather accompany him towards the Sabine country and the neighbourhood of Tibur. It was the district that Horace loved and in which he longed to find a retreat (and he did find it) for his old age. Dearer to him than all the spots celebrated in Grecian song were

'domus Albunæ resonantis  
Et præceps Anio et Tiburni lucus et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.'

In that region were mingled the beauties of mountain, wood, and water: the healthiness of its soil always made it a favourite retreat with the Romans: and it would be especially dear to our patrician, having been in part the mother-country of the Roman race; for the Sabine tribe of the Tities constituted one-third of those

those old *Gentes*, which he still regards as being exclusively the true-born Romans—*quibus Roma mater non noverca*. There too were a simple and hardy race—men whom, in Virgil's eyes, it was the proudest boast of Italy to have produced—

‘Hæc genus acre virûm Marsos pubemque Sabellam  
Extulit.’

Nor were the women less noted for their virtue (as Horace testifies) than the men for their martial qualities. Among such a people we could well believe that our traveller would most willingly find his home.

Imagine us then fairly started on the Via Tiburtina for our Sabine farm. It is but a journey of some 25 miles or so, but our mule-drawn *rheda* proceeds at no very rapid rate, and our armed retainers must keep up with us, for the *débris* of the Social War has left the country full of marauding bands who would make no scruple of relieving us of any odd *sestertii* that we may have about us. The latter part of the road is hilly, and it is dark before we alight at our own door. There are no small demonstrations of welcome on the occasion. It was especially consonant with Roman habits to celebrate joyously the return of one of the household from a distance. One or two of Catullus's poems, written to commemorate such occasions, will readily recur to the mind of the reader. The Romans had a high notion of the *sacredness* of home, as testified by the old Etruscan rites which they preserved in honour of the *Lares* and *Penates*. Herein they bore a strong resemblance to us English, who are wont to boast that the continental nations do not possess a word which is exactly equivalent to our *home*. So the Greeks had no *lares*: and it would be easy to show how this difference ran through all the several institutions of the two races, the political organization of Rome being throughout based on the family principle, while that of the Greeks betokens a people drawn together to public resorts, the *agora* and elsewhere.

So our Roman in due form is hailed at his arrival by a great excitement on the part of his sturdy *vernæ*, who hail his reappearance with unrestrained delight and much of that *chaff* which earned them their standing epithet of *procaces*. All in trim array we may be sure; for ours is a well-ordered household: and there are no such excuses, nor need for such excuses, as were made to Petruccio on a similar occasion:—

‘Nathaniel's coat, Sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There



There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory ;  
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly ;  
 Yet as they are, here are they come to meet you.'

Perhaps this noisy gathering at our Sabine farm, however, like the scenes which Shakespeare had in his eye, may remind the reader not so much of an English gentleman's return to the Hall after the prorogation of Parliament, as of such a welcome as Mrs. Stowe has drawn in 'Dred,' where the niggers on a Virginian estate assemble to greet their master on his return. And indeed we may say that in this feature of a Roman household it was more nearly represented by that of a Southern planter than by anything existing in England. Still there are wide differences to be traced between Roman and American slavery. At the time of which we speak, at all events, the Roman slaves were generally of Italian race, and were thus brought nearer to their masters than the prejudice against black blood makes possible in America. Again, the Roman slave had a regular wage or allowance in money, and was sometimes rich enough to keep a slave of his own. But most of all, the facilities which existed for a slave in obtaining his liberty, and the respectable position which was open to the *libertini* or enfranchised slaves in Roman society, tended to keep down the barrier between the master and slave, and to produce a community of feeling and consequent observance of humanity which could scarcely obtain between white and black in America, even in the case of such masters as Mrs. Stowe's Clayton.

The slaves who attended our Roman at his town residence were probably, like their master, somewhat rustic in their habits and heartily glad to get out of the city again. No doubt they were the subjects of many a gibe from the smart roguish Davus or Geta of more artificial households; and they were too simple in their habits to delight in the scandal retailed by Crispinus's porter, or in the shops where *liba* were sold, as great an attraction to this class at Rome as the *galette* is to the Parisian populace, or in any other of the urban pleasures of Roman *flunkies*. Horace, indeed, threatens his Davus, when the latter tells him of his faults, that he should be sent off to work at the Sabine farm: but Horace's Davus enjoyed these city amusements; and the commentators on Horace, and on Terence in a similar passage in the Phormio, have too rashly concluded that as a general rule the slaves in the city were better off than those in the country. At all events Juvenal's little cupbearer did not think so when he (*Sat.* xi., 152)—

'Sighs to behold his mother's face once more,  
 And the known killings at the cottage-door.'

It

It is dark, probably, when our Roman reaches the door of his country-house. We must not omit to speculate on the affectionate greeting which he receives from his *placens uxor*. The old-fashioned Romans had a high notion of the matrimonial tie; and in the honour which they paid to the virtues of matronhood almost emulated that which the laws of chivalry have since taught towards womankind. The lady of the house, we may take for granted, is worthy of that proud phrase, *Hersilia civis et Egeria*. She is the staid thrifty matron of old Roman days. She remembers the oft-quoted epitaph in praise of a lady of her nation, *Domi mansit, lanam fecit*: and she aspires to no higher eulogium. Even now at tidings of her husband's approach she has hurried from the room where she and her maidens have been busily engaged at the labours of the loom. There they sit, those pretty Sabine wenches, still occupied with their work by lamp-light: carding and spinning and weaving the wool yielded by the sheep on the farm. They have plenty to talk about, we may well imagine; but all the information we get on the subjects of their conversation is from that passage in the *Georgics*, I., 390,—

‘Nec nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellæ  
Nescivere hiemem; testâ quum ardente viderent  
Scintillare oleum et putres concreescere fungos.’

We may assume, however, that these damsels did not, any more than their modern sisters, confine their talk to the weather. But the circumstance of their noting the signs of coming rain looks as if they took an interest in the out-door operations of the farm, in some of which, too, they were actively employed, as far as milking the cows and ewes and other work suited for female hands.

So the *house-mother*—a good Scotch phrase, which exactly renders *materfamilias*—like the Eastern lady of Solomon's picture, ‘need not be afraid of the cold in winter, for all her household are clothed in scarlet;’ or we should rather say *purple* in this case, for the woollen fabrics wrought under her direction are sent to Tarentum and there tinged with the purple dye for which that city was famous. She delights in these feminine operations not only from her own taste, but because she knows that it pleases her husband to see her thus keeping up the habits of the former generation of Roman ladies. It gratifies his old-world associations to recollect that so Lucretia was employed when her husband and Sextus Tarquin surprised her by their visit. But to-night she has other cares. She spreads the supper-table for him with her own hands, and brings him the potent Falernian or soft Surrentine wines in the diota or two-handled



handled stoup peculiar to the Sabine country. Perhaps a neighbour comes in eager to hear the last news of Rome. We can imagine that Horace's friend Cervius, notwithstanding his dissertations about town-mice and country-mice, loved to get hold of the gossip of the city, and would take the first opportunity of looking in upon his more courtly neighbour whenever he heard of his return to his rural haunts about Varia.

It was a maxim of Cato that the country gentleman should, on the first day of his arrival, go over the whole of his farm and ascertain how matters had been progressing in his absence. Mindful of this good rule, our Roman has made an appointment with his *villicus* or bailiff to attend him at a reasonably early hour in the morning. Possibly, fond as he is of the austere manners of the old Romans, he does not rise very early on the first morning. *Ad quartam jaceo*, says Horace, describing his leisure life in the country: but we do not know enough about the division of the Roman day to be very clearly apprised of the period intended by the 'fourth hour.' Only, as Martial says that the courts of law were opened at the third—

'Exercet raucos tertia causicidos—

we may assume that the Augustan poet's habit in this respect was tolerably self-indulgent. And the Roman did not regard a farmer's life as one of toil. It was the '*latis otia fundis*' which they praised and delighted in. Consequently the Roman farmer was not quite so bustling and active a character as our English type of the same class, not so keen at driving a bargain, not so observant of the rise and fall of markets. When then our Roman sets out on his inspection he proceeds more leisurely, perhaps, than we should think consistent with the occupations of the industrious classes. But he is drinking in with enjoyment the sights and sounds of the country, and comparing the scene now before him with that which he has left in the populous city. He has laid aside the toga, the badge of public life and political privilege, remarking to his wife, with a rather sad smile, that he does not much care if he never assumes it again till the last occasion shall come for so doing.\* He wanders forth, staff in hand, congratulating himself that he has a pleasanter employment than sitting with open house at Rome, to listen to the clients who came in to offer their salutation or to seek his aid and advice. If he had been in the position of a client he would have had still more reason to be pleased with the change.

\* Juvenal, iii., 171.

Pars magna Italiæ est, si verum admittimus, in quâ  
Nemo togam sumit nisi mortuus.

Juvenal paints in strong terms the irksome nature of the services which the client owed to his patronus in times when the feudal character of the relation had passed away: how he hurried out in the rain or sleet of a stormy morning to pay his respects at the gate of a great man who, perhaps, in his laziness or pride kept him waiting some hour or two before he condescended to receive his greeting.

The first object to which the Roman farmer would direct his attention would be the *cors*, or farmyard, where his stock of poultry and other animals was collected. He delighted in this part of a farmer's employment. It brought most vividly before him that idea of abundance which constituted, in Roman eyes, the great charm of an agricultural life, and which fully corresponds to the homely profusion which marks the habits of an English farm-house. Cicero represents his Cato as dwelling enthusiastically on this point: 'Semper boni assidue domini referta cella vinaria, olearia, etiam penaria est, villaque tota locuples est: abundat porco, hædo, agno, gallinâ, lacte, caseo, melle. Jam hortum ipsi agricolæ succidiam alteram appellant. Conditionora facit hæc, supervacanci etiam operis, aucupium atque venatio. Quid de pratorum viriditate aut arborum ordinibus, aut vinearum, olivetorumve specie dicam? Brevi præcidam. Agro bene culto nil potest esse nec usu uberius nec specie ornatus: ad quem fruendum non modo non retardat verum etiam invitat atque allectat senectus. Ubi enim potest illa ætas aut calescere vel apricatione melius vel igni; aut vicissim umbris aquisve refrigerari salubrius?' The same delight in bucolic plenty constitutes the main feature in that pretty poem of Martial (iii. 58), which affords so complete a picture of a Roman country home, that we must try our hand at an English version, *qualecunque* :—

Our friend Faustinus's retreat,  
Where the blue waves on Baiæ beat,  
Doth no adornment, Bassus, owe  
To topiary box a-row;  
Nor overspreads the unfruitful glade  
With curious platan's useless shade,  
Nor myrtles ranged in cirque and square—  
The real barbarous country's there.  
There Ceres' foison crams the floor,  
There wine-jars breathe their perfumed store,  
Gathered from ancient autumns hoar.  
There, when November's past and gone,  
And now the shortest day comes on,  
Homeward you see the peasant bear  
The latest clusters of the year.

The

The miry farmyard entertains  
 With ample space its denizens:  
 The goose's shrilly cry is heard,—  
 The painted partridge, and the bird  
 Whose name denotes his scarlet dye:  
 The peacock flaunts his jewelry;  
 And there the guinea-fowl hath room,  
 Argent-bedropt on sable plume.  
 The pheasant, too, is there, the boast  
 Of fell Medea's godless coast.  
 The proud cock claims his Rhodian mate,  
 And the poor fair, like Jane or Kate,  
 Is 'so afraid,' yet meets her fate.  
 At Goody's lap the piglings throng,  
 Lambs for their milky mothers long;  
 With plausible wings the dove-cotes sound,  
 And waxen turtles murmur round.  
 At eve about the fire are met  
 The household train in order neat;  
 The logs blaze cheerily, and show  
 The jolly Lares in the glow.  
 There none grows fat for want of toil;  
 No waste of the athletic oil:  
 The stout purveyor has to fill  
 His larder by his strength and skill;  
 He hooks the fish, he nets the thrush,  
 Or snares the roe in forest bush.  
 The town-bred slaves delight to ply  
 The garden's easy drudgery;  
 And every curly-headed boy  
 Can from the steward find employ.  
 The rustic clients, day by day,  
 Tribute of milk and honey pay,  
 Or dormice from the Sassine oak,  
 Or kids, the chosen of the flock;  
 Tall girls, the farmer's pride, attend  
 With baskets which their mothers send.  
 Then, when the long day's work is o'er,  
 The neighbour's welcomed at the door:  
 Supper is spread; and there's no care  
 Of saving for to-morrow's share:  
 The servants, too, partake the feast,  
 Nor need to envy the full guest.  
 But your suburban hall's replete  
 With all to see, and nought to eat:  
 From your high tower the prospect fair  
 Shows barren laurels;—I could swear  
 Priapus fears no pilferers there.

You



You carry to your *rural* home  
 Bread—at the market-price of Rome,—  
 Eggs, poultry, cheese, and all your cheer :  
 And call you this the country, sir ?  
 To me it rather seems, I own,  
 An inconvenient part of town.

We may fancy our *Dominus* therefore looking round his homestead in all the enjoyment of the abundance which Mar-  
 tial above enumerates. Probably, indeed, the scarlet-dyed fla-  
 mingo, or phœnicopterus,—an exotic dainty even in the days of  
 the late emperors, as we find from Juvenal,—is not at this time  
 a denizen of his poultry-yard ; however, the domestication of  
 the birds which we treat as game must have given to this part of  
 farming a greater variety and interest than even our Cochín-  
 Chinas and Brahmápostras afford at the present day. The  
 Roman, we need hardly say, had no game-laws ; he had, indeed,  
 some taste for field sports : thus Horace describes his winter  
 amusements :—

At quum Tonantis annus hibernus Jovis  
 Imbres nivesque comparat,  
 Aut trudit acres hinc et hinc multâ cane  
 Apros in obstantes plagas ;  
 Aut amite levi rara tendit retia  
 Tutdis edacibus dolos ;  
 Pavidumque leporem et advenam laqueo gruem  
 Jucunda captat præmia.

But it was after rather a poaching fashion, as the above lines  
 show, that the Roman campaigning against fur and feather was  
 carried on. Indeed, the peculiar spirit of *le sport* essentially  
 belongs to the northern nations, and we cannot believe that a  
 Frenchman or an Italian, however he may learn the ideas asso-  
 ciated with sportsmanship, ever came to them as to the manner  
 born.

But the master and his *villicus* all this time are wandering  
 over hill and dale, the former examining the farming operations  
 which have taken place in his absence, and praising or grumbling  
 as the case may be. We may suppose it is the spring-tide, the  
 season at which a Roman agriculturist would most yearn for his  
 country home. There is much to be done and much to be over-  
 looked at this time. The barley and wheat duly sown at the  
 autumnal equinox are now presenting a strong plant, and testify-  
 ing to the care and skill with which the sowing itself, and the  
 subsequent operations of *sarritio*, or hand-hoeing, and *runcatio*,  
 or hand-weeding, had been performed. Now beans, millet, and  
 clover were to be sown : but the lord of the soil is probably  
 most

most interested about the young vine-plants, which ought to be set at this time. He inquires anxiously whether any storks have yet been seen in the neighbourhood, for that, according to the lore of old country folks, was the seasonable sign for this important work:—

Optima vinetis satio quum vere rubenti  
Candida venit avis longis invisâ colubris.

Virg. *Georg.* ii. 319.

And if his bailiff assures him that the propitious bird has made its appearance, he gives directions for the planting to be immediately commenced, for the trenches to be prepared in which the plants were placed, for the required manures to be got ready—stable-dung, pumice-stone, and sea-shells. In the practice of applying dung to the soil as a fertilizer, the Roman farmer appears to have been very far behind the lessons of that sterco-raceous genius, Mr. Mechi of Tiptree. The practice is as old as Homer; but Hesiod says nothing about it, and Professor Daubeny, like a true agricultural economist, is quite indignant at the waste of fertilizing elements caused by the reckless cleansing of the Augean stable by Hercules. The New Zealand professor, whom we have before imagined, may perhaps be equally severe upon us for neglecting the source of wealth which the sewage of the Thames could supply. However, though the use of manure was not in general so well understood at that time as it is now, yet Virgil gives very urgent directions for its application to the young vines. Also there are the old vines to be looked to. Our Roman gives his orders here also about tying them to the elm-trees up which they are trained, about providing props and poles to support and guide them, and about stirring up the ground round their roots with prongs.

Then he must also visit the wilder portions of his domain—the rude hill slopes, where the flocks of sheep and goats are straying at will, and the low valleys, where he surveys with a master's keen eye the herds of horned cattle. But in this department of his farm he would not take quite so much interest as his English representative would. Professor Daubeny discusses learnedly the distaste for beef and mutton as articles of diet among the Romans; consequently the owner of these sheep and oxen looks at them not with a view to their fattening qualities—their capacity of 'laying on flesh,' as a member of the Smithfield Club would say—but he requires in the oxen the qualities of a beast of plough, and in the sheep those which indicate productiveness in wool and milk. But there is also another important use for these animals—that of furnishing sacrifices for Divine worship; and our Roman is particularly proud of his white breed of cattle  
from



from the river Clitumnus, which he especially devotes to this purpose.

In respect of all these matters, he will have to inquire of his bailiff how the workmen under him have conducted themselves while their master was away from home. Old Cato is very particular on this point. He seems to have worked his estate entirely by means of slaves, and to have been a tolerably hard taskmaster. This method of agriculture in the later times of Rome quite superseded free labour—though this circumstance, as Professor Daubeny shows, must not be taken as a proof that the latter is the less profitable system; but it may easily be supposed how the better class of freemen would shrink from any occupations in which it had become more or less customary to employ slaves. But at the time of which we are speaking the free labourer was not extinct on Roman farms. Cicero and others mention *mercenarii*, and unless there was some such class engaged in the culture of land, it is difficult to imagine whence the *rusticorum mascula militum proles*, which was drawn from the Italian provinces for the Roman army, could be supplied. Livy (book vi. 12) says that it was a puzzle in his time how it was possible that the great armies of Volscians and Æquians, which the old chroniclers described as encountering the legions of Coriolanus and Camillus, could ever have been brought together, and he adds that one explanation by which it was proposed to reconcile these accounts with the then condition of those territories was founded on the supposition that they had once been occupied by a teeming population of freemen which had since passed away:—‘*innumerablem multitudinem liberorum capitum in his fuisse locis, quæ nunc, vix seminario exiguo militum relicto, servitia Romana ab solitudine vindicant.*’

Amidst all these inquiries and directions our Roman arrives at the boundary of his domain. It is not a very extensive tract of country: he retains too much of the spirit of the old sumptuary laws to approve of the practice which now began to prevail among the wealthier Romans of laying field to field, and in regard to which Pliny, in after times, exclaimed, ‘*Latifundia perdidere Italiam.*’ He reverences, we may be sure, the God Term: and holds in especial regard the old gnarled and twisted tree which, for many generations back, has been the landmark to denote the limit of his estate. Had not the laws of Numa prescribed, *Qui terminum exarasset et ipsum et boves sacros esse?*—terms almost identical with those of Moses, ‘Thou shalt not remove the ancient landmark.’ The old tree was a favourite mark for this purpose with the Romans. How gracefully Horace introduces it in the midst of a moral disquisition:—



—Vocat usque suum quâ populus adsita certis  
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia.

And Virgil, in that pleasant picture which he draws of his Mantuan freehold, recalls the same feature:—

Certè equidem audieram quâ se subducere colles  
Incipiunt mollique jugum demittere clivo,  
Usque ad aquam et veteris jam fracta cacumina fagi,  
Omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menalcam.

These landmarks evidently point us to an unenclosed state of the country. Among the *Scriptores rei rusticæ* we hear very little of hedges. They were not indeed unknown in the Roman rural landscape. Witness that pleasant home picture drawn by Virgil in his first Eclogue where the willow-hedge is filled with the hum of bees:—

Hinc tibi quæ semper vicino ab limite sepes,  
Hyblæis apibus frondem depasta salicti  
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

But there the hedge is an enclosure appertaining to the cottage itself. Land, for the most part, lay in open field for the purpose of cultivation: *ager meus* is 'my land,' not 'my field,' in the sense of an enclosure. So in the midland counties of England, even in parishes which have been long enclosed, 'the field' is used to signify the land within any given township or parish, exactly in the sense of the Latin word. The Roman farmer put up wattled fences of dead wood for the protection of his corn and vines. So Virgil prescribes—

Texendæ sepes etiam et pecus omne tenendum.

Probably, therefore, a Roman farm, as far as the arable portion of it was concerned, did not present so pleasant a view as our own English enclosures with their hedgerows hawthorn-powdered. There was another reason too for this, the Roman let his land lie fallow in a much larger proportion than we do. Mr. Smith, of Lois Weedon, whose little work ought to be in the hands of every agriculturist, contends, that the true way to turn the capabilities of the soil to best account is to let it lie idle every alternate year. Virgil is quite with him, insisting also on the importance of giving the land four ploughings while it lies fallow:—

Illa seges demum votis respondet avari  
Agricolæ, bis quæ soles, bis frigora sensit:  
Illius immensæ ruperunt horrea messes.

But Virgil also speaks of taking a leguminous crop off the land during fallow, which was probably done on the stronger soils.  
Still

Still an English farmer accustomed to the four-course system would not be at all pleased with the bare appearance of the Roman's acres. In particular, the latter seems to have had no root crops; and we should all miss the turnip-fields; remembering that thoroughly English sensation of the damp smell which hangs over such a field on a September afternoon, and which is so intimately associated with the whirr of the partridge's wings.

But by the time that our friend has duly surveyed all his lands, has examined the growing crops, and given directions as to all the operations that are now to be commenced, the draining, the irrigation, and so forth—the hour approaches for the *prandium* or noonday meal. After which he has his garden to visit, whither he is accompanied by his wife and children. The good lady is delighted to show her spouse all that has been effected in respect of herb and flower during his absence; for the garden was the especial charge of the Roman matron, and old-fashioned people, says Pliny, always held an ill-kept garden to be an infallible sign of a *nequam materfamilias*. The love of gardens forms a strong feature in the habits which distinguished the Romans from the Greeks. It was part and parcel of that love of home and its belongings which characterized the former people in distinction from the latter. The Athenian enjoyed himself in public places, in the walks of the Lycæum and the shades of Academus. But the Roman, like the Englishman, loved to enclose himself within his own boundary; hence he sought to take his pleasure in his own trim garden; and thus we constantly hear of ornamental gardening among the Romans, while, with the Greek—although taught by Homer how the gardens of Alcinous bloomed—a garden in his own day was nothing but a mere utilitarian place for the growth of pot-herbs. Even that famous garden of Epicurus was no more than this.

It is all in vain now to wish (as who has not wished?) that Virgil had lived to follow out his cherished design of giving us a fifth book of the 'Georgics,' devoted to the gardens of his countrymen. What a series of companion pictures we should have possessed to that well-remembered one of the old Corycian who always had the first roses in the year on his little plot of reclaimed waste. In default of such a master hand, Pliny the younger has given us in ordinary prose a tolerably clear description of his own garden and pleasance. This description is not calculated to give us a very high idea of Roman taste in this particular. There is evidently a want of unity of design in Pliny's garden. There are walks divided by box hedges; there is a little meadow here—a clump of plane-trees there; here an imitation of wilder nature—there a marble alcove; there are



seats, fountains, carven evergreens scattered about apparently without any plan, the whole description reading like one of Vauxhall or Cremorne rather than a gentleman's garden laid out for the delight of himself and his family alone. We are quite sure that there must have been more of English home-comfort about the gardens of those home-keeping Romans of old time.

The garden which we contemplate, then, was without the luxurious appliances described by Pliny. Perhaps, indeed, it may have boasted a cut box-tree or two close to the house by way of indulging the lady in the newest Roman fashion, but the *Dominus* looks rather superciliously on such kickshaws. He has not yet, at this distance from Rome, made any attempt to introduce the ornaments of wealthy households nearer the city. Such were the fish-ponds, in which a variety of curious fish were stored; the little parks for the preservation of dormice, each shutting in a clump of oaks according to Varro's description; and the *cochlearia*, our modern aquaria on a large scale, for the sustenance of all sorts of shell-fish. Here, however, are the old-fashioned flowers which belonged to the home-traditions of earlier Italy—the rose, the lily, the violet, the althea or marigold, the hyacinth, the narcissus, the amaranthus, interpreted by some to mean the cock's-comb, by others, love-lies-bleeding. But these occupy only a small space, and they are selected more particularly for the sake of the bees; for the Roman countrymen were great bee-masters, else Virgil would not have appropriated an entire book of his 'Georgics' to this branch of rural production. There stand their hives in a sunny and sheltered spot, with a wild olive-tree close by; and near it a stream of running water, into which the careful householder throws large stones, for the express purpose of enabling his bees to settle upon them, and have safe access to the water. This provision of a watering-place for the bees is a great point with Virgil, though not much considered in our more humid climate. By the same brooklet also stands a shady tree, or two or three in a clump, beneath which the host and his friends would sit and drink their wine—*interiore notâ Falernum*—while they listened to the song of the birds, or the wind whispering through the pine-cones or poplar-leaves, and talked at times, not like their descendants, of the wicked Lydes of Subura, but, like stately old Romans as they were, of the heroic deeds of their forefathers, done in battle against Pyrrhus and Hannibal, and at other times chanted snatches of those fine *lays* which, as Niebuhr will have it, were the foundation of the earlier books of Livy—lays married to old-world melodies—

Versibus, quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant.

In



In such a plain simple garden then let us, for the rest of the sunny day, leave the family group, for by this time the children have joined their father and mother, and all are seated on the grass in the shade, as Romans loved to sit. *Dulces pendent circum oscula nati* is one of the special characteristics of country life in Virgil's eyes; for the city Roman in his time, living much in public, had probably little leisure to spare for those home charities. Before, however, we finally part with our Roman friend, let us ascertain whether there are any portions of his life that may remind us of that pleasantest of all rural scenes, a Sunday in an English village. Who has not felt the spell of that quiet delight which belongs to the green fields on a fine Sunday morning—the horses standing under the shade of a tree, lazily whisking away the flies with their tails, the motley villagers appearing in the distance on the churchward path, the farmer leaning over one of his gates, while yet the bells knoll from the grey church-tower, thinking of course of the probable yield, but something too about 'praising Heaven for the merry year'? Is there any scene like this for the Roman farmer? Not indeed so regularly recurring, nor so peaceful and sacred; but our Roman has his holy days too, and he provides for their due observance in a devout spirit. It is curious to observe how readily the Romans, without any intention of departing from their heathen rites, took up the observance of the Jewish Sabbath. So common was it in Horace's time that it is the first excuse that suggests itself to Aristius (not a very serious character we suspect) for refusing to help his friend out of a scrape. Our Roman will have nothing to do with outlandish rites; but he respects the usages of his forefathers; he honours the gods of his country, and justifies the words of the poet, with whom *Sacra Deūm, sanctique patres*, belong to the scenes and habits of rural life.

But as there were many agricultural tasks which might be performed on holy days,—so Virgil—

'Quippe etiam festis quædam exercere diebus  
Fas et jura sinunt. Rivos deducere nulla  
Religio vetuit, segeti prætere sepe,  
Insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,  
Balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri :—

we are forbidden to imagine the Roman husbandman as enjoying all the stillness and rest of an English Sunday. His religious services too on the more high and solemn festivals were of an exuberant and roystering character, which takes them out of all comparison with the Christian's ritual. In the early spring,  
when

when the corn was strong in the blade, Ceres was duly invoked to speed the growing crop. All the family, all the retainers of the farm, gathered together in white raiment, the chosen sacrifice was led round the fields, and all followed with those wild cries which seem to have been derived from the old Pelasgian worship of the divinities presiding over the fruits of the earth, and which were handed down in Greek as well as Etruscan usages. Then came the Palilia, which were to secure the favour of Pales for the flocks and herds. Does the name of this goddess point to another of those traces of the wide-spread Pelasgian races which we find at so many various points of the ancient world? To propitiate this rustic power heaps of crackling fuel were kindled, especially consisting of bean-haulm, with boughs of olive, laurel, and savin. The origin of which custom was a mystery in Ovid's days, and is, no doubt, far beyond us now; but it is curious to note the identity, as regards the time of its celebration, of this usage with the Beal-fires of the northern nations. Again, when the vines budded there were the rejoicings in honour of Liber, whom the Romans were now learning from Greece to call Bacchus; but the old-fashioned squire of our Sabine farm holds it rank heresy and profanity to know the gods of his fathers by any other than the old Etruscan names. He honours the Wine-god in the ancient manner; regularly as the year comes round he gives instructions for the *oscilla* to be duly prepared—the little images of Bacchus which, hung upon a tree, and twirling in the wind, were to impart fertility to all the fruits of the earth towards which they turned. Nor does our grave patrician think himself called on to restrain the wild licence which immemorial custom had associated with the occasion; the grotesque masks of cork, the Fescennine banter, the romping dances.

But as the mirth is just now getting fast and furious, it is a very proper opportunity to draw the curtain on that far-off home of the old time—thankful to Professor Daubeny for the glimpse which he has suggested to us of the simple and hardy habits of those men whose names are associated with our earliest dreams of heroism.



- ART. VI.—1. *The Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.* By Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B., &c. &c. 4 vols., with Portraits. London. 1857.
2. *The Conquest of Scinde, with some Introductory Passages in the Life of Major-General Sir Charles James Napier. Dedicated to the British People.* By Major-General W. F. P. Napier, Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Military Science, Author of 'History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France.' 1 vol. London. 1845.
3. *History of General Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde, and Campaign in the Cutchce Hills.* By Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B. With Maps and Illustrations. New edition. 1 vol. London. 1856.
4. *Defects Civil and Military of the Indian Government.* By Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B. Edited, with an Introductory Preface written expressly for this edition, by Lieut.-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, K.C.B. 4th edition. 1 vol. London. 1857.
5. *Wellington and Napier: a Supplement to the above.* By Lieut.-General Sir W. F. P. Napier, K.C.B. 3rd edition. London. 1857.
6. *General Sir Charles Napier and the Directors of the East India Company.* London. 1857.

THE second portion of the Life of Sir Charles Napier, which contains the history of his Indian triumphs, had hardly been published when the rebellion broke out, and concentrated the minds of all men upon the contest which was raging. In the midst of the anxiety and excitement of pending events, it would have been vain to ask attention to old exploits, and we have therefore waited till the waves had spent their force, and the waters were returning to their usual level before attempting to pass in review the concluding and more brilliant part of the career of one of the greatest generals that ever conducted an army to victory.

In August 1840, while Sir Charles Napier was commanding in the Northern District, he made this entry in his Journal: 'Eventful as my life has been, my present high position and the threatening state of the country render it probable that the short portion which is left for me of life may be the most eventful of the whole.' The prognostication was verified, but not in the manner that he anticipated. Nine months afterwards he was offered a place on the Indian staff. He consulted his brother William, whose advice was 'to go if he felt a call for such a service.' He accepted the post, and his spirits, which were before



before very low, immediately rose. Yet there was little enough to elate a man of less ardent temperament. He was in his 59th year, with a body worn by wounds and toil. He had two daughters and nothing to bequeath them if he fell a sacrifice to war or disease. He endeavoured to ensure his life for two years, and no office would accept him. 'My conviction,' he wrote, 'that the objection is sound is just why I wish to ensure.' When he paid at Bombay the last instalment of the passage-money for himself and his family, he received back a couple of pounds, the whole of the worldly wealth which remained to him. His going to India was, he said, one of those bold steps which amount to rashness, but his resolution was to risk everything for the chance of providing for his girls, and the venture succeeded.

Two opposite states of feeling were combined in Sir Charles Napier in great intensity—the love of action, and the love of domestic life. 'The sad picture of a soldier's existence,' he wrote in 1840, 'which Count Alfred de Vigny has painted is an imaginary portrait. For my part,

"I love that drum's harmonious sound,  
Parading round, and round, and round."

That the "self-denial of the warrior is a heavier cross than that of the martyr," as the Count asserts, may be true, but it is one of which I never felt the weight, and after forty-four years of such martyrdom I like it as well as ever.' In the same 1840 he thus moralised in his *Journal* on the anniversary of the battle of the Coa: 'If we could see before us a few years how brave men would be: how fearless of death. My greatest objects in life then were my mother, Susan Frost (his nurse), and my young sister Caroline: it was indeed a hopeless feel about the last, for the blow had been struck; but I hoped to live with the others, and to have them was enough of happiness. They are all gone, and I never lived long with any of them! Always we were separated, and for what? Pursuit of a profession, fame! gold! How civilization has destroyed happiness! Now all have passed away except my brother and two sisters, and we live asunder, not sundered in affection but apart: the home of our childhood is in the hands of a stranger; the body of our father is where we are not; the body of our mother where we are not; even *their* bones are separately laid to rest.' These contradictory sentiments are frequent in his journals, for one or other of the pervading passions of his mind obtained the ascendancy according to his circumstances. If he was engaged in vexatious and inglorious pursuits, he dwelt with tormenting regret upon his baffled affections, and the sweet retirement he had exchanged for labour and turmoil. If on the other hand his genius found scope for worthy  
action,

action, the delight he took in power exercised and in good accomplished satisfied for the time the cravings of his nature, and his softer sentiments only served to soothe the heart which they gnawed before. He arrived in India on the 13th of December, 1841, in the midst of the disasters of the Affghan war, and he warmed with the opening it presented for the fitting exertion of his powers. 'To try my hand,' he said, 'with an army is a longing not to be described; yet it is mixed with shame for the vanity which gives me such confidence.' But he had seen too much of war, and reflected too long upon it to permit him to be ignorant of the great capacity he possessed for command, and the instincts of his modesty could not annihilate the conclusions of his understanding.

The skill of Philopœmen in choosing ground and leading armies is ascribed by Livy to his having formed his mind by perpetual meditation in times of peace as well as war, till nothing could happen which he had not considered. This in varying degrees must be the case with all great generals, and in none was it more conspicuous than with Sir Charles Napier. He no sooner reached India than he studied to obtain an insight into its history, wars, and territory, 'for knowledge and thought,' he wrote, 'can alone enable us to act wisely in such positions. This the world will not believe, and idle talk is thought more important than reason and reflection.' He was first sent to command at the Poonah station, near Bombay, where he seized the brief interval of leisure to drill and manœuvre his troops—'more,' he said, 'to get my own hand in than anything else, for it requires habit to move large bodies. There are two awkward things to think of in a field, viz., *what to do*, and *how to do*.' The consequence of his elaborate precautions, both speculative and mechanical, was soon remarked. With him, as with Philopœmen, nothing happened which he did not seem to have already considered, and whatever alternative opposing armies selected they found a pitfall had been dug for them.

After the terrible massacre of British troops in Affghanistan, and while the fragments which remained of our invading army were shut up in the country of the enemy, Sir Charles Napier sent to Lord Ellenborough a plan of campaign for relieving our beleaguered men and retrieving the honour of our arms. This paper must have sufficed to show how sagacious, sure, and comprehensive were his views; and in August, 1842, he was directed to assume the command of the provinces of Upper and Lower Scinde, there to deal with what he called the tail of the Affghan storm. He embarked from Bombay on the 3rd of September, and took up his quarters at Sukkur on the 5th of October. The  
Ameers



Ameers or Princes of Scinde had treaties with the English, which they were anxious to evade. The disaster of Affghanistan encouraged them to believe that England after all had a vulnerable heel; and Lord Ellenborough instructed Sir Charles Napier that if any of them had taken advantage of our weakness to evince hostile designs, their treachery must be signally chastised. Sir Charles Napier satisfied himself that they had not kept faith, and Lord Ellenborough offered terms which should at once be a punishment for past offences, and a security against new. The Ameers professed submission, but designed war. As Sir William Napier expresses it in his vigorous style, urged by hatred and kept back by fear, they were constantly creeping forward, like the crouching savage, knife in hand.

‘What a government, what a system!’ wrote Sir Charles Napier the day before he embarked at Bombay. ‘I go to command in Scinde with no orders, no instructions, no precise line of policy given! How many men are in Scinde? How many soldiers to command? No one knows! Feeling myself but an apprentice in Indian matters, I yet look in vain for a master!’ He had not long to wait for instructions as to his line of policy, and as to his mode of executing it the Governor-General left him an unfettered discretion. ‘I felt,’ he said, ‘that under Lord Ellenborough I might go headlong if I saw my own way clearly.’ The master that Sir Charles looked for in vain Lord Ellenborough knew he had found in Sir Charles himself. Amid the labyrinth of Indian wiles he did see his way clearly, and he determined to walk along it with a firm, unhesitating step. The Ameers vacillated and procrastinated, seemed some to be amicable, some to be hostile. ‘Their system,’ he said, ‘leaves no one responsible; their professions are so mixed, that if I were to throw a shell into Hyderabad, it would be as likely to fall on the head of a friend as an enemy.’ To unravel their tortuous policy would be tedious and useless. ‘Do you see those fellows?’ said a Scotch colonel to his regiment at the battle of Lutzen: ‘Well, if you don’t fell them, they’ll fell you.’ This was the maxim upon which Sir Charles acted, and every blow he struck was to anticipate a blow which he believed was being aimed at himself. Barbarian craft, which says one thing and does another, will always furnish arguments for distant advocates. But it is only upon the spot that the real significance of events can be judged, and the uprightness of the commander must often be the guarantee for the integrity of his conduct.

Sir Charles Napier commenced by occupying some masterly positions in Upper Scinde, which rendered it hopeless to attack him. The mere manœuvres did the work, and when he made a forward



a forward movement to seize the capital, Kyrpoor, and disperse some marauding bands, the enemy retreated to Lower Scinde and the desert. In the midst of that desert was the fortress of Emaum Ghur, which was believed to be inaccessible by European troops. The road to it was unknown; the arid sands for several marches together afforded neither water nor forage. The Ameers had implicit faith in the wilderness. If the English general advanced into Lower Scinde they could issue out from their drought-protected lurking-place, intercept his communications with his base of operations, and harass him by a wild and petty warfare. If beaten they could still fall back within their desolate region and defy the victors, compelled to halt upon the line where vegetation skirted the waste. Sir Charles Napier resolved that Emaum Ghur should not shelter them nor menace him. As long as the Ameers had this resource he foresaw that Scinde would never be quiet, while if their stronghold was overthrown they would be convinced that no other place could stand. 'It is their fighting-cock,' he wrote on the 27th of December, 'and before three weeks pass my hope is to take off his spurs.' 'Have a care, Sir Charles,' he said earlier in the year, when anticipating employment in the field; 'forget not that caution, and zeal, and daring must all be employed to ensure success, and if any one of them has too much vigour you will spoil the salad!' It is an observation of his brother that it is rare to see consummate prudence tempering the confidence of a youthful general, but rarer still to find the adventurous fire of youth invigorating the discretion of the veteran. This remarkable combination was now exhibited by Sir Charles Napier in a surprising degree. Fools may rush in where wiser generals would fear to go, and rashness may sometimes be crowned with victory. But courage without caution is like the random shot without the aim, with the addition, that if the marksman misses he is killed by the recoil. Prudence in war is the indispensable condition of successful daring. Thus, when Sir Charles Napier first apprehended that it might be necessary to attack Emaum Ghur, he repeated, 'Let me be careful,' and determined that he would not trust the safety of his troops to chance, nor venture at all if he could help it. Reflection raised his confidence. Where one man, he said, could go, another could follow; and though perfectly aware of the disasters which had arisen from braving the dangers of a desert, he thought that they proceeded more from the neglect of precautions than from obstacles which were inevitable.

The method by which he executed his design was singularly original. He marched to the edge of the desert, where he encamped

camped the main body of his troops. He selected 200 of the Scinde horse, and 350 European foot from the 22nd regiment, and resolved to devote his whole transport to convey this small force in complete efficiency to Emaum Ghur. To this end he mounted all the infantry upon camels, two men upon each animal. Ten more beasts were loaded with provisions, eighty with water, and thirty-two were reserved to drag a couple of 24-lb. howitzers. The forage proved so scarce, that 150 of the cavalry were sent back, and the remainder of this little gallant corps made, as fast as horses and camels could carry them, to the foot of the fortress. The waste was composed of a series of ridges, looking like enormous waves of sand. Some of the ascents were so steep, and the sand so loose, that the camels were unable to drag up the howitzers. Then the infantry dismounted, and, with sixty men to a gun, ran it, in five minutes with hearty cheers, up a steep of 400 yards. The eighth day found them at Emaum Ghur; but, though the stronghold was surrounded by a double wall, one of which was forty feet high, not a man was there. Sir Charles Napier had crossed the far more formidable barrier opposed by the barren desert, and the enemy had no longer faith in their castle, towers, and walls. They had not even ventured to harass him in his march, which he expected they would have done. 'But having,' he said, 'foreseen and prepared for all mishaps, they could only have delayed, not baffled me.' This was precisely the reason of their flying without striking a blow. When they saw his troops advancing in freshness and vigour, protected from the fatigues and privations of the wilderness, they must have felt their genius rebuked by his, and been conscious that to fight was to be defeated. On the 15th of January, 1843, Emaum Ghur was blown up, and everybody was delighted at the work of destruction, with the exception of the general. 'To me it was pain. I was cast down, thinking of all the labour and pleasure constructing it had given.' But his consolation was that it was better to destroy temples built by man than temples built by the Almighty; and the overthrow of this desert-citadel would, he was assured, contribute to hasten the termination of the war.

Emaum Ghur was to the left of the direct road to Lower Scinde. Sir Charles Napier regained this road, and with his united force advanced towards Hyderabad, having the Indus on one flank and the desert on the other. The enemy were assembling from all parts at Meanee, which lay between him and the capital, with the intention of intercepting his passage. After some delays, which were caused by fruitless negotiations, he pushed on to meet them. He reached a place called Hala on  
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the 14th of February, and here he had the choice of two roads. The first ran by the river, and brought him to the front of his foes. The advantage of this line was that the Indus covered his right flank, that he drew his supplies from the steamers on the water, and that the ground near the bank of the main stream was intersected with ditches, which would embarrass the numerous cavalry of the Ameers. The disadvantage was, that by attacking them in full face he left their rear open, and, if they were beaten, could not cut off their retreat. The second road was on his left, and would enable him to turn the enemy's right, put them with their backs to the Indus, and, in the event of a victory, utterly extirpate their army. But a reverse to himself would, on the other hand, be replete with danger, for he would be separated from the river and his supplies. He determined to take the safer course—to keep the line of the Indus, and trust to his manœuvring in the battle for getting the enemy hemmed in with his bayonets before and the water behind them.

On the night of the 16th of February he was in the neighbourhood of the enemy, and in the morning he meant to launch his little army against the opposing host. 'My troops,' he wrote just before lying down to sleep, 'are in high spirits; so am I. Not to be anxious about attacking such immensely superior numbers is impossible, but it is a delightful anxiety.' The Duke of Wellington was accustomed to say that the stumbling of a horse in a charge of cavalry might lose a battle, and, mindful of these chances, Sir Charles Napier wrote,—'I am as sure of victory as a man who knows that victory is an accident can be.' When Scinde was subdued, he records, with retrospective modesty, in his journal, that with long experience and some study he had made himself a third-rate general; but when he was grappling with present danger, instead of reviewing the deeds he had done, his sagacity told him that he was master of the situation, and his confidence was an unconscious tribute to his genius. Upon one thing he was thoroughly resolved—it should be 'do or die.' 'Beaten, I could not show my face, unless the fault was with the troops.'

The native Scindians had been conquered about sixty years before by the Beloochees, a fierce and hardy race of Persian origin with some admixture of Arab blood. These were the warriors who, to the number of 35,000, were now drawn up at Meance in battle array. Their centre was posted in the deep and dry bed of the Fullaillee River, its high bank sloping away to the plain in face of them, and affording them a protecting rampart. In advance of this front, and at right angles to it, were placed the wings, which rested upon dense woods.

Thus  
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the ranks of the enemy formed three sides of a parallelogram, the long side being their front, and their wings the ends. The nature of the ground rendered it impossible to turn either flank, and into this box Sir Charles Napier had to carry a force which, including officers, did not exceed 2000 men, of whom only 400 were Europeans. Before he entered into it he made a masterly disposition to protect his baggage and his rear. The baggage of an Indian army he described as 'an awful affair.' He was thought to have done wonders in reducing his, by the exertion of his personal influence, to smaller dimensions than was ever known before; yet in addition to troops of horses and bullocks, his camels, amounting to 1500, extended, if marched in a single line, four miles and a quarter. The enemy with their immensely superior numbers could readily detach a force to make a prize of this confused, defenceless mass. Wherefore Sir Charles Napier gathered his stores into a circle, caused the camels to kneel around it with their heads towards the centre, and stationed four hundred fighting men between their necks to keep the living redoubt. Placed at the back of his line, the baggage became at once its own security and a rear-guard to the troops.

He advanced to the battle, and with that quickness of perception which is the prerogative of great commanders he put one of the hostile wings out of action on his way. A wall nine or ten feet high ran in front of it, with only a single opening, and from this the enemy intended to pour out upon his flank and rear as he pushed forward to engage the centre. Riding under a heavy fire to reconnoitre, he remarked that the wall had no loopholes through which the enemy could shoot, nor a scaffolding behind it to enable them to fire over the top. In an instant he converted the rampart which was meant for their defence into their prison. He stationed eighty grenadiers in the narrow entrance. The brave fellows kept the doorway, and the whole left wing of the Beloochs, consisting of 6000 men, were placed *hors-de-combat*. Their right wing was held in check by another detachment of grenadiers, and the general proceeded with the remainder of his infantry to fight the battle in front.

As his line drew near to the bank, his voice was heard high above the fire commanding them to charge. On went the 22nd with the rapid run of eager courage; but when they arrived at the edge of the river-bed they looked, paused, and staggered back. The rising ground which led up to the stream had hid the Beloochs from their sight, and now for the first time they caught a view of the countless masses, extending as far as the eye could reach. Amazed at the spectacle,  
they

they instinctively recoiled, but the General cheering them on they recovered their courage, and closed in deadly conflict with their foe. 'Guarding their heads with their large dark shields,' says Sir William Napier, in that brilliant style which seems to have been inspired by battles, and is instinct with their fire, 'the Beloochs shook their sharp swords, beaming in the sun; their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder, as with frantic gestures they rushed forwards, and full against the front of the 22nd dashed with demoniac strength and ferocity. But with shouts as loud and shrieks as wild and fierce as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the soldiers met them with that queen of weapons—the musket, and sent their foremost masses rolling back in blood.'\*

The part which Sir Charles Napier took in the action would be thought incredible in the pages of a romance. His daring was of the highest class of courage, for it was under the government of his mind. He never wantonly exposed himself with foolhardy pride, and he was never daunted by any danger when there was an object to be gained. At Poonah a native averred that he could with a downward blow of his sword slice an orange in two upon a man's hand. Sir Charles held out his. The sword-player pronounced it unfit for the purpose. The General dropping his right hand held out the left. Then it appeared that the objection was to his rank, which intimidated the performer and jeopardised his skill. But Sir Charles compelled him to execute the feat; the orange was cut in halves, and the nicely-calculated stroke of the descending weapon just razed the skin of the palm without drawing blood. The purpose of the General was to create a conviction of his own nerve, and the incident more than answered his end, for the story quickly circulated through India, and no one who heard it, friend or foe, but felt that he would never quail before danger or swerve from his designs. He was now called upon to expose himself to risks unparalleled even in his life of hairbreadth escapes, that he might sustain the faltering intrepidity of his troops. Brave as they were, they were unaccustomed to war, and the Beloochs were twenty to one. If their thin line was broken the battle was lost, and they would have been swept away by the opposing host, rank following rank like the waves of the sea. Had the 22nd, says Sir Charles, been veterans, they would have dashed over the edge upon the mass below; but when amazed they staggered back, and the shields of the Beloochs were seen rising up the bank, he gave up his life for lost, for he perceived that he must stand conspicuous in front to rally his

\* \* The Conquest of Scinde,' part ii., p. 312.



hesitating men. There he remained throughout the whole of the protracted conflict, walking his horse slowly up and down between combatants who were not more than fifteen feet apart, along a road of balls and fire, running nearly as much risk from the muskets of his soldiers as from the matchlocks of the enemy. Again and again the Beloochs discharged their pieces at his face; his clothes were scorched, his whiskers were singed, and he remained unhurt. 'Truly,' he wrote, 'there is a fate which determines these things.' Twice the 22nd and three times the Sepoys yielded to the onslaught, and as often the shout of their General, as he rode in front, brought them back to kill and die.

'If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
Of battle when it rag'd—in all assaults  
Their surest signal--they will soon resume  
New courage and revive.' \*

Men who fought under him have been heard to say that when their nerve and strength were failing his inspiriting cry of 'Keep it up my boys, keep it up!' armed them, as if by magic, with fresh determination and power. 'I was ready,' he wrote, 'to drop from the fatigue of one constant cheer, and encouraging the soldiers for three mortal hours of butchery. Had I left the front one moment the day would have been lost.' By these means he infused his own dauntless soul into his troops, and his 1700 men became by his influence 1700 Napiers. This and this alone it was which made them more than a match at Meanee for 35,000 valorous Beloochs.

Sir Charles Napier had broken his hand before the fight, and it was agony to hold the reins of his horse. As he stood in advance of his line of battle a Belooch came up the bank, and approached with long strides to cut him down. The enemy were singularly dexterous in the use of the sword. With a single whirl they sent a head flying from the shoulders, or by a down-stroke cleft off an arm like a bough chopped by a bill-hook from a tree.† An officer interposed at the critical moment between  
Sir

\* 'Paradise Lost,' book i.

† At Burtphoor a giant in complete armour cut off General Hunter's arm, leaving it hanging by a bit of skin. A surgeon placed the ends together, and as the wound healed they united. 'A person,' continues Sir Charles Napier, 'brought his right thumb severed clean off to Crampton of Dublin, who put it on with bandages, and the man has the use of it though stiff. Crampton said he saw no reason why a limb might not do the same, and here it is with Hunter. However, he cannot use it, and sometimes it flies about involuntarily with a circular motion, until he catches it, which is not always easy. His soldiers took a long time



Sir Charles and the blow, and a common soldier rushing forward drove his bayonet deep into the side of the swordsman. On another occasion the General was surrounded by Beloochs who with raised shields stood and stared at him, but never offered to touch him. They had seen him calmly riding up and down past the muzzles of their matchlocks as they fired at him incessantly, the nearest and most conspicuous object in the field; they had seen that the balls, which whizzed by him like hail, left him unharmed, as though there were some repelling influence in himself which turned them aside, and as they were exceedingly superstitious it is no wonder if they imagined that he was something more than mortal, and proof against bullet or sword. This we believe was the spell which paralysed their arms, and made them afraid to strike when he was within their power. As his own men beheld him issuing out from his circle of foes a spontaneous cheer of admiration and delight burst forth from their lips, and they too felt, in another way, that their leader was invincible.

The battle wore on. The left wing of the Beloochs was held in check; their centre had suffered terribly. The decisive moment had arrived when the General perceived that an additional blow struck in another quarter would make them falter and turn. The grenadier sepoys had done little more than skirmish with the right of the enemy, in the wood and village of Kattree. Sir Charles now ordered his cavalry to make an attack at this point.\* The village was carried, the horsemen leaped the scarped ditches which intersected their path, and, crossing the bed of the Fullaillee where it wound round the flank and rear of the battle line of the Belooch centre, they fell upon it with all their might. Then the front began to quail, and the British observing a wavering in the hostile ranks rushed forward with a shout, and with musketry and bayonet completed their discomfiture. The slaughter was fearful. The volleys from our line, and the discharges from our artillery, told terribly upon such dense masses, and no quarter was given or received. The Beloochs fought while they lay upon the ground, and as Sir Charles Napier said, 'it was they or we

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time to kill the giant, his armour was so strong, and he laid about him like a madman.' A Belooch giant was slain at Meanee, and 'I am glad,' says the General, 'he did not take me in hand as Hunter's friend did him.'

\* Colonel Pattie, who commanded the cavalry, a gallant old man, with a pleasant vein of humorous rhodomontade, thus described his feats on this memorable day: 'Madam, at the battle of Meanee I perpetrated such destruction that Sir C. Napier rode up and said, "Colonel Pattie, deliver your sword! I cannot allow of such slaughter even of an enemy." I did deliver my sword, but continued to do as much execution with the scabbard.'

that must die. We were too weak for mercy.' Once he tried to rescue an exhausted chief from a soldier, but the man, regardless of the interference, bayoneted his foe and exclaimed, 'This day, General, the shambles have it all to themselves.' Such butchery, indeed, the General, with all his Peninsula experience, had never seen before. The greatest destruction which he previously remembered to have witnessed was in the lane at Waterloo going up to Hougomont, but it fell short of the horrible scene of carnage in the bed of the Fullaillee, where the dead men in places were lying four deep. Our own loss in killed and wounded was 270, that of the Beloochs was computed to be 6000.

In the dead of night Sir Charles Napier rode over the field of battle. It made him miserable as he looked at the ground covered thick with the slain, and he asked himself, 'Am I guilty of this slaughter?' His conscience answered 'No,' and his opponents both at home and in India answered 'Yes.' Men may form different opinions upon the evidence which was adduced to prove the guilt and designs of the Ameers; they may differ as to the provocation which constitutes a justifiable cause of war; but nobody who can distinguish the characteristics of a noble and heroic mind will suppose for an instant that Sir Charles Napier doubted that right and duty were on his side. His nature was far removed from that of the conqueror who commits wholesale murder with no other purpose than

'To view himself proclaim'd in the Gazette

Chief monster that has plagued the nations yet.'

It is true, as he records in his journal, before a blow had been struck, that he had 'a strong desire to guide in war;' but he added, 'I have avoided it studiously.' 'Charles Napier,' he wrote a month or two earlier, 'take heed of your ambition for military glory: you had scotched that snake, but this high command will, unless you are careful, give it all its vigour again. Get thee behind me, Satan.' He despised himself, he said, for his worldliness in being gratified at his position. 'Am I not past sixty? Must I not soon be on the bed of death? And yet so weak as to care for these things! No I do not. I pray to do what is right and just;' and again he repeated, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' The cause of this inward conflict has been told by his brother in a single sentence—'his head was made for war, but his heart yearned for peace.' The man who was thus habitually on the watch against the bias created by conscious genius, was not the person lightly to draw the sword, nor to stand for three mortal hours a mark for thousands of Beloochs, expecting every instant to be sent into eternity to answer for his guilt. 'The  
General,'

General,' his officers were accustomed to say, 'is the only man who does not wish for a battle.' In sickness and feebleness, long after the excitement had passed away, he again searched his soul and reviewed his motives. 'I am very weak; my hour of going to those I loved comes on, if the terrible events of the last four years, which have covered me with the blood of men, is not a bar! but that I do not fear. God, who has permitted war, will not condemn those who make war under circumstances beyond their control. He knows I make no war from my own will, and that my heart bled almost as much for every Belooch slain as for my own people. To this my great and admirable father reared me; to this he, whose like I have never seen for grandeur or for gentleness of nature, whose body and mind were both cast in the richest forms of strength and beauty, reared me, not as a ruffian to delight in blood, but as a soldier to save blood where it could be saved; and to wage war for England with a heart bent to soften its miseries to man: this I have done. I have fought against my will, my exertions, and my prayers.' But war, when properly applied, he held to be a great and noble science, and one of his methods of saving blood was to be a master of his profession. 'How else,' he said, 'could I command with honour? how answer for the lives of those entrusted to my charge? An ignorant general is a murderer: all brave men confide in the knowledge he pretends to possess, and when the death trial comes their generous blood flows in vain! Merciful God! how can an ignorant man charge himself with so much blood? I have studied it long, earnestly, and deeply, yet tremble at my own deficiencies.' Weighty words, which should be stamped deep in the mind of every officer—words which show his solemn sense of responsibility, and what an awful thing he felt it to have the guardianship of the lives of men.

This economy of human blood made Sir Charles Napier as prudent as he was bold, and he gave a proof of it on the field of Meanee after the battle was won. The serried mass of Beloochs retired slowly, driven back but not panic-stricken, and ready to renew the fight if the little band of conquerors advanced too far into the open plain where they could be readily surrounded by their multitudinous opponents. Flushed with victory, the General yet saw that he must not tempt it too far. He equally saw that a night engagement might prove fatal to him if he trusted to his triumph in the morning to preserve him against an attack in the dark. He therefore halted, drew up his troops in a square, placed his baggage in the centre, and his army slept as secure as if they had been lodged in a citadel. With the Ameers he took the tone of a conqueror who could dictate conditions. He sent



to them at daybreak to say that unless they surrendered he would storm Hyderabad. They asked what terms he would grant them: he answered, 'Life, and nothing more.' 'I must have your decision,' he added, 'by twelve o'clock, as by that time I shall have buried my dead, and given my soldiers their breakfast.' The city was strong, the Beloochs were brave, but the determined language of the General completed the moral prostration of the princes, and they surrendered themselves and their fortress. On the 20th of February the British colours waved upon the great tower, a royal salute was fired, and the soldiers rent the air with cheers renewed again and again. Thus ended the battle of Meanee, which Sir Charles Napier considered the best-fought of his actions, because it was gained, against overwhelming numbers, by a handful of troops who had either never seen service or who had been previously defeated, because he committed no important error, and because in the most tremendous danger he conceived and executed those strokes of generalship without which the victory could not have been won. The happy disposition of his baggage before the battle, the seizing the opening in the wall on his right, which was, indeed, the capital manœuvre that decided the day, the charge of cavalry at the critical moment, and the provision he made in the exultation of victory to secure the advantage he had obtained, were the acts for which he thought some credit was due. But not less remarkable than the genius was that wonderful parade of three hours' duration in which he cheered on his troops to a courage and spirit beyond their own, and made them feel, like himself, that it should be 'do or die.'

Sir Charles Napier had conquered, but his position was perilous. Shere Mohammed, the bravest of the Ameers, was only six miles distant with 10,000 men when the battle of Meanee was fought. He had a fortified capital at Meerpoor, on the borders of the desert; he had Omercote in its heart for an asylum in case of defeat. His army became the rallying-point for the other Beloochs, who more than doubled his numbers. The English General was too much weakened by his victory to fall upon this fresh host, and it was necessary to wait for reinforcements. These must come from Kurrachee on the south-west and from Sukkur on the north, and his communications with both could be intercepted by the enemy. Cut off from his base, he had to secure himself against the attacks of a superior force until his succours, however long delayed, should arrive. His task was the more difficult that, though he had to garrison Hyderabad with five hundred men, he could not take up his stand there, because it was four miles distant from the Indus, the line from which he drew his supplies, and he had not transport

port sufficient for the carriage by land of the provisions and stores. Under these circumstances he repaired the fortress, he victualled it for three months, and rendered it impregnable except by science and heavy guns, neither of which the Beloochs possessed. For the main body of his troops he formed an entrenched camp upon the very bank of the Indus, about four miles from the capital, and having provisioned it for two months, and having his steamers at his back, could bid defiance to all the Beloochs in Scinde. He even turned his weakness to account, for he foresaw that it would embolden Mohammed to leave his stronghold and advance toward the capital, where he could be fought with advantage. The Ameer grew so confident, that early in March he sent messengers to the English General to say, 'Quit this land, and your life shall be spared, provided you restore all that you have taken.' At this moment the evening gun was fired. 'That,' replied Sir Charles, 'is my answer to your chief. Begone!'

By the middle of March the reinforcements began to arrive. On the 22nd Sir Charles manœuvred skilfully and successfully to effect a junction with a brigade which was advancing to him from Sukkur, and which had to pass the army of Shere Mohammed. Time was precious; the heat was increasing, and in a few days would be insufferable. The General would have attacked on the 23rd, but the fatigue of the new brigade, which had come by a forced march, rendered a few hours' rest indispensable. On the morning of that day of compulsory inaction Sir Charles said at breakfast, 'Now, my luck would be very great if I could get my other reinforcements, either *down* from Sukkur or *up* from the mouth of the river; but that cannot be for a week, perhaps longer, and I will not let this chap bully me within five miles of my camp all that time.' The words had hardly crossed his lips when there was a cry of 'Boats!' They were the reinforcements from Kurrachee. A grove of masts appeared at the same instant coming down the stream in the opposite direction: they were the final reinforcements from Sukkur. At 7 in the evening he drew out his whole force thus happily brought together at the critical hour, to give it a single lesson in manœuvring. At 2 he lay down to sleep, and at 4 o'clock in the morning the army broke up from their entrenched camp to go in search of the enemy. Just before starting arrived the only post they had received for two months, for all the rest had been intercepted. The sole letters which escaped now were the despatches of Lord Ellenborough, thanking the troops in glowing terms for the victory of Meanee. His commendations were at once communicated to the men; a shout of exultation



rose from the ranks, and with bounding hearts they went forth to battle with the feelings of conquerors.

The army, consisting of 5000 men and 17 guns, first moved in the direction of a place called Khooserie, where the enemy were supposed to be posted. A peasant reported that they had shifted their position, and they were soon found drawn up, to the number of 25,000, at Dubba, which is situated upon the Fullaillee, between Meanee and Hyderabad. The exterior trace of their battle array may be said to have been formed upon only two faces, for their right and their centre made one continuous front a mile in length; and at the point where the front stopped the left wing ran off in an oblique and backward line, which inclined away from the main body. The country was intersected like a grating by nullahs or watercourses, which were dry at that season. There were two of these nullahs, one behind the other, throughout the whole of the long Belooch front. The first was 8 feet deep and 22 feet wide; and the second, which was divided from the former by a bank 43 feet across, was in width 42 feet, and in depth 17. The enemy did not, as at Meanee, fill these fosses, but stood behind them, protected from the rush of their assailants by the perpendicular banks. Their left wing was extended upon only one nullah, but besides that there were other nullahs to be crossed to reach it; a wood, which stretched still farther left, and was much in advance of the wing, seemed to be filled with men, and threatened the flank of any force which approached to attack on that side. Their right rested upon the bed of the Fullaillee, which was muddy at that part, and was made more defensive by a thick wood on the opposite bank, which was impenetrable for troops. Admirable as was the position, it possessed the further advantage that the Belooch order of battle was concealed. The bank of the first nullah hid the second, and for a considerable space on the right neither line could be descried. Even a village was invisible which stood in the rear at this point, and the houses of which, being loopholed and garrisoned, gave additional strength. Thus when Sir Charles Napier reconnoitred the position he conceived that the ground on the Belooch right was unoccupied, and that if he pushed rapidly into the opening he should turn his enemy's flank. Had he, he said with the candour of true greatness, ridden round and scrutinised their formation from the Fullaillee wood, he would have discovered the truth; but when he had drawn up his line he found his men were within cannon-range, and since it would not do in the presence of barbarians to recede, he was unwilling, without an imperative necessity, to defer the attack. 'It was a fault,' he wrote to his brother, 'that cost many lives,  
and



and would have given me deep regret had it arisen from carelessness; but it was only want of experience in command. Henceforth my care shall be closely to examine an enemy's flanks.' It was a fault, it may be added, which no one would have detected, unless he himself had proclaimed it; and the skill with which he made it conduce to victory leaves it doubtful whether a different course could have proved more happy in the execution. So difficult is it, however, in warfare to ascertain all the circumstances to be dealt with, and so difficult is it to deal with them when they are known, that the greatest general only prevails because his mistakes are fewer than those of ordinary men.

Sir Charles Napier had placed a body of horse to watch the wood on the enemy's left, and prevent the force, which from the occasional appearance of armed men he supposed must be stationed there, from turning his right. At the very instant when he was heading the attack at the opposite extremity, word was brought him that his cavalry was charging. Imagining that the warriors had begun the fight from their wood, he galloped to the spot to make the arrangements he had settled in his mind for the protection of his flank. But, lo! the cavalry were no longer between his flank and the wood. Leaving the last upon their right, they had passed beyond it, and were advancing in full career against the Belooch left wing. If the wood had been occupied in force, the English army would have paid dearly for the mistake. In the result it proved a happy error. Sir Charles Napier now discovered that the men who hovered upon the skirts of the jungle were put there for a feint, and the enemy's line of battle being unmasked he returned with speed to direct the operations on his front. What were his sensations in the midst of these critical events may be gathered from an entry in his journal six years later, which, it is evident from the comparison with other passages, refers chiefly to Dubba. 'The feeling that when battle comes on like a storm thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it, confident in your skill to direct them, is indescribable; it is greater than the feeling of gladness after victory,—far greater, indeed, for the danger being then over, and brave men lying scattered about dead or dying, the spirit is sad. But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it rushes majestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon rolls loud and long amidst pealing shouts and musketry, then a man feels able for his work and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy.' He said at the time that he was not the same person he had been at Meanee, that he was now entirely at his ease,  
and

and could have changed his whole dispositions in the thickest of the fight. Not disconcerted by unexpected events, he saw at once the use to be made of them, and played his game with the exulting consciousness of victory.

His examination of the state of affairs upon his right had been made with such rapidity that he was back to his left before the first nullah was stormed. He was so ill that he could with difficulty sit upon his horse, but men of his stamp pay little homage to sickness. Dashing in amongst the foremost ranks, he gave the word to the 22nd to charge. His soldiers no longer, as at Meanee, stood amazed upon the brink, but answered his animated cry by leaping into the ditch and forcing their way up the opposite bank. There commenced a terrible struggle, but the English came off masters, and the Beloochs were driven back upon the village of Dubba, from the houses of which they sustained the conflict with unabated spirit. But now the generalship of Napier was brought into play. The enemy had hastened from their centre and left wing to support their right at the point of attack. Their attention was absorbed in the contest, and they fell a comparatively easy prey in the other parts of the field. He ordered the cavalry to cross the Fullaillee, to wind round the wood, and then, recrossing the river, to fall upon the enemy's flank and rear. Another portion of the horse, together with Leslie's artillery, took the more direct road along the bed of the Fullaillee itself, or dashed over the nullahs in front, where the banks were sloped to admit their passage. Already the cavalry at the opposite end of our line had turned the Belooch left wing. Their centre was ploughed by the artillery, which was placed at intervals between our regiments, and which was pushed forward at the commencement of the contest to clear the way. Thus their right wing was engaged in a death struggle on flank, and front, and rear; their left wing was folded back or was retreating over the plain; their centre was harassed by our guns, and had been weakened to strengthen the menaced village. This was the moment selected for a charge of the sepoys in front, and, sweeping round as they drove the Beloochs before them, they circled the houses at the only part where they were left unassailed, and completed the investment of Dubba. The enemy were vanquished at every point, and to follow till the General thought it prudent to stop the pursuit and call in his troops was all that remained to be done. Five thousand of these intrepid warriors fell that day, and their bodies were strewed so thick upon their line of retreat that the English were obliged to draw back and encamp on the ground they had occupied before the attack. 'Oh,' wrote Sir Charles a week afterwards, 'if I can do

do one good thing to serve them where so much blood has been shed in accursed war I shall be happy. May I never see another shot fired! Horrid, horrid war!' His own loss was 270 men,—the same as at Meanee,—and except for the beautiful generalship must have been vastly greater. So, too, as at Meanee, the Beloochs, who came close to him, did not assail him. One he was about to shoot with his pistol, but checked himself, from his repugnance to kill unless he was personally attacked. An enemy's magazine blew up when he was close to it. All around were singed, some were burnt, and he himself was untouched. Fortune seemed bent upon making him reparation for his old Peninsula days. When the fight was done his troops greeted him with rounds of cheers wherever he moved. His genius, his bravery, his ceaseless attention to their comfort, had carried their admiration of him to a pitch of idolatry, and he reaped the fruit of it in their fiery ardour in the field. Twelve men of the 22nd, who had been wounded, concealed their hurts because they expected there would be another fight; and their injuries were only known when they fell exhausted in a march.

His army arrived on the ground at Dubba at 8 in the morning. The battle commenced at 9, and ended between 12 and 1. The wounded were obliged to be sent to Hyderabad; and when the carriages returned on the 26th the General made for Meerpoor, the capital of the defeated Ameer. The place was strong, but Shere Mohammed had not courage to remain in it, and he continued his retreat to Omercote in the desert. There he was followed by detachments from the English army. He abandoned the town at their approach, and a garrison which he left in the fort surrendered April the 4th. These movements required to be made with great rapidity and caution, for the rise of the Indus was almost daily expected, when the waters, filling the nullahs with which the country was intersected, would have interrupted the communications, and cut off the expeditionary force from its base. The guns and men were back at Hyderabad by the 14th of April; and 'now,' said the General, 'I am *coosh*—a Persian word for comfortable.' Shere Mohammed, nevertheless, was still at large. He had taken refuge in the desert, where Sir Charles predicted he could not remain unless he was a salamander or a sandfly. He was soon reduced to come out for water, but it was with 8000 men. Then his conqueror commenced a series of movements, 200 miles asunder, for the purpose of hemming him in. It took some weeks to draw the net round him, but at last the circle was complete, and on the 14th of June Shere Mohammed made a rush at its weakest point, and, attacking the detachment under Major Jacob, endeavoured to



to get back to the desert. Not a soldier of the English force was killed, and the Ameer fled, deserted by his panic-stricken men. 'We have taught the Belooch,' said Sir Charles Napier, 'that neither his sun, nor his desert, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us, and he will never face us more.'

This last exploit was performed when the thermometer was at 137°, under a sun which scorched like a flame, and which seemed as if it would dry up the blood. On the 15th of June, when Sir Charles had just compared himself in his journal to a lobster boiling alive, he fell down in a fit of apoplexy from the effects of the heat. Forty-three others, all Europeans, were struck at the same time, and all were dead in three hours except himself. He imputed his preservation to his temperance. 'The sun had no ally in the liquor in my brain.\*' He was bled, and, as the doctor was tying up his arm, word was brought that Jacob had defeated Shere Mohammed. The message roused him from his lethargy more than the bleeding. 'I felt life,' he says, 'come back: I think it saved me.' His subtle and wide-laid plans had succeeded, and the finishing-stroke had been given to his glorious campaign. In a few days he was again immersed in ceaseless toil, but he was never perhaps as vigorous in body as he had been before. At Kurrachee in 1842 a splinter from a rocket tore open the calf of his leg. 'They tell me,' he wrote on the occasion, 'I shall recover. Pooh! young men do not know what an old one feels. I did not until I was old. Youth, like the sea, rises and sinks again; age, like a river, goes down, down, and there is no up.' The sun-stroke proved more serious than the wound. He had never known before what it was to be fatigued on horseback: he could now hardly mount, and was distressed by a ride of four miles. He was recommended to take rest, but was prevented by the bane of all busy men whose duties cannot be discharged by deputy. 'If I take rest one day, the work doubles the next.' Though his body was bowed, his mind kept erect, and the indomitable spirit got the better of the failing flesh.

After the battle of Meanee Scinde was annexed to the British empire, and after the battle of Dubba Sir Charles Napier was appointed governor, with despotic power. 'Thank God,' he said, 'I have done with war. Never again am I likely to see a

\* Sir Charles Napier was of opinion that more Europeans died from drink than from the climate. The habit of body produced by the first gave irresistible effect to the last. When he was told that abstemious people often died, he answered, that 'sobriety did not make men immortal.' He calculated that a soldier in India consumed half a bottle of raw spirits daily. The officers set them a bad example. If a regiment moved with 760 camels, the chances were that 450 were loaded with beer and wine.

shot fired in anger. Now I shall work in Scinde as in Cephalonia, to do good, to create, to end destruction, and raise up order.' These were the tasks most congenial to his mind. 'God knows,' he wrote in 1848, 'I hold glory cheap enough. I would rather have finished the roads of Cephalonia than have fought Austerlitz or Waterloo. The mole at Kurrachee is more to me than all the wars I made in Scinde.' There was work, he said, for an antediluvian. 'I have to collect revenue, administer justice, arrange the troops, survey the country, project improvements, form civil officers, and appoint proper functionaries. I have to get a thorough hold of a conquered country, and establish a government, and have hardly any one to assist me.' On the 30th of April, 1843, he moved his quarters to Hyderabad, and commenced his civil reign. He will now be found as wise and conciliatory in peace as he was daring and terrible in war. 'The grand receipt,' he said, 'for quieting a country, is a good thrashing first and great kindness afterwards.'

His first aim was to secure the confidence of the people. The Beloochs, the only fighting men, were subdued; the native Scindians and Hindoos, who were the bulk of the population, would, he was assured, prefer a merciful to a tyrannical master. He was determined to attach all three to his government. He offered to forgive every chief who submitted, and to confirm him in his possessions. 'Exceptions,' he said, 'only turn cut-throats into heroes, and I would rather pardon a cut-throat than fight with a hero.' His object, indeed, was to make as few changes as possible. He impressed upon his subordinates 'that the conquest of a country was sufficient convulsion for any people to endure, without abrupt innovations on their social habits.' For the present he was content to put down slavery, cruelty, and oppression.

The Beloochs were a race of robbers. They lived by plunder, and thought it an honourable trade. Sir Charles prohibited them from carrying weapons, and only allowed the chiefs to go armed. The Hindoos and Scindians were gratified that the spoiler was no longer permitted a privilege he had always denied to themselves, and the Belooch chief was delighted that he enjoyed a distinction which made him more conspicuous than before. There was thus a general acquiescence in the measure, and the larger portion of the country became so secure, that, when a native was asked if it was quiet, he answered, 'Yes: if you catch a wasp in your hand he does not sting you.' But the Governor was mindful of a maxim of the Duke of Wellington, that one of the greatest dangers, on the acquisition of territory in India, was the throwing out of employment tax-collectors, soldiers, and robbers.

robbers. Therefore Sir Charles Napier set the thief to catch the thief, turned the marauder into a policeman, or from a cruel extortioner converted him into a peaceful tax-gatherer. Ample provision had already been made for detecting the petty indigenous pilferer. He would steal a camel and ride him a hundred miles to steal a sheep. He brought home his prize, and turned the camel into the jungle from whence he was taken. If the property was missed before rain or wind had obliterated the foot-prints, the owner hired a detective, called a *puggee*, who would follow the track for eight or ten days with unerring skill. 'No ingenuity,' said Sir Charles, 'seems to elude a good *puggee*.'

Murder was rife. There were bloody feuds between tribe and tribe; parents destroyed their infants; husbands assumed a right over the lives of their wives. 'A woman,' wrote Sir Charles, 'is murdered as readily as a cook kills a chicken: it is a matter of diversion.' Once when a man was condemned for the crime his chief remonstrated with the Governor. 'What! you will hang a man for only killing his wife?' 'Yes; she had done no wrong.' 'Wrong! No; but he was angry! Why should he not kill her?' 'Well, I am angry; why should I not kill him?' The Beloochis, with their Mahometan fatalism, submitted to capital punishment with singular composure. The rope broke at the execution of one of these malefactors, and, getting up from the ground, he calmly observed, 'Accidents will happen in despite of care.' But the consistent administration of the law convinced them that fate had ceased to favour assassins, and the 'gallows began to overbalance predestination.' The people, accustomed to only interested injustice, admired the integrity of his motives. 'The Padishaw,' they said, 'kills no one for himself.' A tender-hearted man, it distressed him to put so many criminals to death. 'I assume,' he wrote, 'what is not in my nature, or we should be one sheet of blood.'

Suttee, though not common in a province where Mahometanism was the prevailing creed, was patronised by the Hindoo priests, who derived a profit from it. 'All nations,' they said to the Governor, 'had customs which should be respected, and this was a usage especially sacred.' 'Be it so,' the Governor replied; 'but my nation has also a custom. When men burn women alive we hang them, and confiscate all their property. My carpenters shall therefore erect gibbets on which to hang all concerned when the widow is consumed. Let us all act according to national customs.' Though they had no compassion for burning women, they felt that it would be unpleasant to be hanged themselves; and there was an end of suttee. Sir Charles Napier was accustomed in  
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this fashion to reason questions with the natives, and his arguments and his banter made converts to his policy, or at least silenced opposition. He found, for instance, that the Ameers had numerous debtors, and when the princes were dispossessed and sent to Bombay he proclaimed an abolition of outstanding liabilities, that those who owed the money might permanently abandon the cause of their creditors. 'Between a ruler with a sponge and one with an iron sceptre there would be no hesitation.' The rich Hindoos, conceiving perhaps from such unwonted generosity that the Governor was an easy, simple man who could be readily imposed on, asserted that the Ameers were indebted to them an enormous sum, which he who had succeeded to their inheritance must in justice refund. The Governor answered that if the money was advanced it must have been for the purpose of maintaining the war against himself, and that he would examine the loans with a view to inflict a fine upon the lenders for assisting his enemies. 'Then we are ruined,' said the pretended creditors; 'we must starve; we must die.' 'That,' replied Sir Charles, 'will be very convenient; for I am about to construct a large cemetery, and shall want bodies to put into it. Be therefore at your ease; when you die I will take you under my protection, and bury you honourably.' The usurers saw that their fraud was detected. With Eastern shamelessness they laughed at the jest, and went their way in good humour.

The exactions of the Ameers had been great both with rich and poor. If a Hindoo was suspected to be rich, they made him bid, as at an auction, for his own nose and ears. He redeemed them for what he thought them worth; or, if the price was beyond his means, he must have resigned the member as a luxury he could not afford to keep. The labourer was compelled to work at a tariff,—for a little grain if the Ameers were the employers; for a penny a day if he served a subject. It is a remarkable instance of the strange perversion of ideas which are engendered by custom, that some of the Europeans in India blamed Sir Charles Napier for putting a stop to this robbery of the servant by the master. The taxes levied by the Ameers were oppressive. They never took less than half the produce, and often three-fourths: Sir Charles Napier reduced the demand to one-third. To guard against the usual Eastern abuses in the collection of the revenue, he divided the country into districts, and in each he organised a staff in a way to exercise efficient supervision. Complaints of injustice were always sure of a hearing, and equally sure of redress. The powerful headman of a village, who was found guilty of cruelty and fraud, was deprived

prived of his post, fined five hundred pounds, and sent to work in chains on the roads. A lieutenant of police extorted money, and on his victims remonstrating he flogged the spokesman. Sir Charles Napier sent him a prisoner to the scene of his villany, where he received the same number of lashes he had inflicted. 'When before this,' said the people, 'was it ever known that the officers of the government were punished for ill-treating a poor villager? The padishaw is great; he is just.' To make the poor rejoice in his government was the predominant desire with which Sir Charles Napier commenced his rule; and as all the collectors, sub-collectors, and commanders of outposts were magistrates, with power to decide upon ordinary offences, the law was at every man's door, and there was a ready appeal from Eastern wrong to English equity.

The country was in a rude and primitive state. 'Everything,' said the Governor, 'is to be created. We are more like a colony in a wilderness than a civilised community, but it is a rich wilderness.' Cultivation had languished, because the moment the harvest grew rich it was reaped by the spoiler. Roads, bridges, canals—nearly all the accessories upon which commerce and agriculture depend—had to be called into being. There was not even shelter for the troops, nor a garden with vegetables to the houses. The Governor, who had as fine an eye for the works which render nations rich as for the conduct of a campaign, and who loved the constructive arts of peace with far deeper fervour than the destroying art of war, framed grand conceptions, and entered upon the task with his accustomed zeal. But materials for rapid progress were wanting. There was a dearth of engineers to plan, and a dearth of workmen to execute. The Ameers took from the artificers half their earnings, and a moiety of the remaining half was the perquisite of the tax-gatherer, whom they were compelled to pay for fleecing them. The consequence was that artisans had ceased to bring their labour to the beggarly market of Scinde, and the Governor had to invite them from Cutch and Bombay. For a while they were of necessity few in number, and, since everything had to be done, were insufficient for the demand. This enabled them to make their own terms. Their wages were large, their industry small, and the climate enervating. Once Sir Charles Napier watched some men drawing up bricks in little baskets to a scaffolding twenty feet high, and found that it took four men five minutes to raise eight bricks. But time in some degree, as the Governor foresaw, abated the evil. The labourers, who at first went off if they were blamed, at last submitted to punishment rather than  
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be dismissed, for they had tasted the comforts which money commands, and the more they got the stronger the motive to keep it. In many cases his grand designs were stopped by the shortsighted views of Government, who would not sanction or even notice his schemes. No one perceived more clearly than himself the distinction between a wise and a foolish expenditure. A mole which he constructed was necessary to render Kurrachee a useful port. He was told it would be ruinous. 'Yet it will change,' he said, 'Kurrachee from a mud-built hamlet to a large flourishing city. Three years ago they would not build a storehouse for the commissariat, from economy. I have had an exact calculation made, and fifteen thousand pounds' worth of stores have been destroyed by exposure to weather, which would have been saved by laying out five hundred pounds on the storehouse.' Far from being an advocate for extravagance, he thought that the encouragement of it was one among other reasons why 'our Legislature was enough to destroy the greatest empire in the world.' The Duke of Wellington many years before had said in a letter, 'After you have sat one or two sessions in parliament, and have obtained a knowledge of the mode in which questions are discussed, time is spent, and business done there, you will probably be astonished, as I have been, how England came by her greatness.'

While the Governor was striving, by all the influence he could exercise and all the aids he could command, to force on civilization, a sudden calamity suspended his efforts. A fever, which utterly prostrated its victims, broke out in October, 1843, and laid in succession the entire army, 17,000 strong, upon their backs. 'There was nobody,' says Sir William Napier, 'to make out a report; and in some regiments no medical man was able to attend the hospitals.' The gates of Hyderabad were obliged to be fastened, because the guards could not be relieved. Lord Ellenborough inquired what public works had been done, and the Governor replied, 'The only thing done for the last five months has been drinking quinine.' The natives suffered as much as the English. The cultivation of the land was mostly suspended, and few were the crops which were sown that year. The entire nation was prostrate, and in bed. The artisans fled in terror to the places from whence they came, and when the pestilence and the panic were past they had to be gathered together again from afar. The cause of the visitation could only be guessed at. Sir Charles Napier imputed it to the Indus having risen above its ordinary level, and produced a wider surface of luxuriant vegetation, which, decaying under the influence of the burning sun when the waters receded, occasioned malaria.



malaria.\* Before the fever broke out the physicians had obliged him to go to Kurrachee for his health. While he was enfeebled by the old sickness he was overtaken by the new; but though some officers had gone childish or insane for a time from the effects of the fever, and others had committed suicide from the extreme depression it produced, he never ceased to keep his wits about him, and was still emphatically the Governor of Scinde.† His friends, who were persuaded that he was killing himself, begged him to resign. He answered, 'No—not to save a thousand lives. The horses here are wild, but they know my hand; with another they would start off while he was gathering up the reins.' The people respected him for the beneficence of his rule, but this in a country recently conquered, and less than half-civilised, would have been small security, if they had not also dreaded the weight of his arm. He was known by the title of the *Sheitan-ka-Bhaee*, or the *Devil's Brother*, and in every hut in the land was a word of terror to evil-doers.

'Chili's dark matrons long shall tame  
The froward child with Bertram's name.'

A year later he had to undertake a service in which all the terror of his name, all his skill, and all his daring were required. Scinde was bounded on the west by the Hala Mountains; to the north were the Cutchee Hills. In the west were many chiefs who had not submitted till a timely seizure of one of their number struck terror into the rest, and then a hundred and fifteen went to Kurrachee to make their salaams. It was a principle of Sir Charles Napier to display his force to avert the necessity of using it, and he obliged these warriors, much against their will, to witness a review. 'That,' said a chief, when the line advanced, 'is the way you came on at Dubba.' The remainder, who beheld the spectacle for the first time, exclaimed, 'By Allah! it is a

\* The attacks came on at the changes of the moon. 'The wise men in England,' said Sir Charles, 'may laugh, but no doctor here laughs: they pitch in quinine at full and new moon.' If the General had read the celebrated Dr. Mead's 'Essay on the Influence of Sun and Moon upon Human Bodies,' he would have known that there was high authority for the doctrine. 'To conclude,' says Mead, after detailing many instances of the access or exasperation of disease at these periods, 'the powerful action of the moon is observed not only by philosophers and natural historians, but even by the common people, who have been fully persuaded of it time out of mind. Pliny relates that Aristotle laid it down as an aphorism "that no animal dies but in the ebb of the tide;" and that births and deaths chiefly happen about the new and full moon is an axiom even among women.' Every one will remember the allusion to the popular belief in Aristotle's aphorism, which is contained in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff,—'a parted just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning of the tide.'

† One of his lieutenants wrote to him every week from the interior, that the country was 'perfectly quite.'

wall—a moving wall. Oh, Padishaw, you are master of the world.' The mountains on the west gave him no more uneasiness, but it was very different with the fastnesses on the north which were inhabited by a race of determined robbers. A wide desert interposed between the foot of the mountains and the frontier of Scinde, and the marauders were thus possessed of a double protection. Their small mares were so fleet that English cavalry could not come up with them, and so enduring that the desert could not destroy them. Their food was fastened under their bellies, and the rider carried his own victuals at his back. Armed with matchlock, sword, shield, and dagger, these soldier-freebooters flew like birds across the wilderness, pounced suddenly upon a village, plundered it of all it contained, and again swept over the sands to their mountain homes. They had of late, contrary to their usual custom, added cruelty to robbery, and at a place called Mean-ka-kote, had killed forty inhabitants, and cut off the hands of the children for the sake of their bracelets. The heat of the desert rendered it impossible to pursue them from April to October, nor at other seasons could an effective stop be put to the depredations of horsemen who stooped as suddenly as an eagle upon their prey, and who bore it away with equal rapidity. There was only a single remedy—to invade these wild marauders in their own strongholds, and carry them off as they themselves had been wont to carry off the cattle in their forays. But they were 16,000 desperate warriors, 'and it was their boast that for six hundred years no king had ever got beyond the first defiles in their land, though some had tried with a hundred thousand men.\*' Many Indian officers believed with them that the attempt to penetrate into their dens would be vain. 'Sir C. Napier,' they said, 'was too confident from his previous successes, and did not know how terrible were these mountaineers in their fastnesses.' None knew so well the difficulties to be encountered, and he even doubted whether anything decisive could be done. 'Yet the robbers,' said he, 'must be chastised or this land cannot thrive.' He reflected long upon the means of accomplishing his end, and met with many hindrances and delays. In the winter, however, of 1845, all was ready, and on the 16th of January he expected to pass the frontier on his way to the hills. He had a vein of superstition in him. On the 12th of November his favourite horse fell and rolled over him. He went to see the *Sir C. Napier* steamer, and he fell down the hold.

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\* 'History of Sir Charles Napier's Administration of Scinde,' by Sir William Napier. To understand fully the details of the government of Scinde, as well as of the campaign against the Hill robbers, it is essential to read this able and instructive work, upon which we have drawn very largely.

'These things,' he said, 'affect me. Am I to fail or fall in the raid against the robbers?' He now gathered encouragement from a concourse of opposite omens. Two years before he marched against the Ameers, and a comet appeared. He was about to march against the hillmen, and another comet was flaming in the skies. It was on the 16th of January, too, that he was wounded and taken prisoner at Corunna, and though this might not seem a harbinger of victory, yet when the part that he performed in that fight is remembered, and how marvellous was his escape, it is not surprising that he should have numbered it among his lucky days. 'How these strange coincidences,' he continued, 'strike the mind!—at least they do mine: they have not much influence upon me, but they have some. God's will be done whether evinced by signs or not: my business is to do my duty.'

In the plan of his campaign he displayed his usual far-seeing subtlety. He reversed the ordinary rule of war which enjoins a commander to concentrate his own forces and divide those of the enemy. His object was to drive the hillmen into a compact mass, partly because they were composed of different tribes, and all history showed that soldiers of different clans or nations could not long agree when jostled together, and partly because their women, children, and cattle would embarrass their march, and the want of water compel them to fight or perish. At their back were the Murrees, who were hostile to them; upon their east was the Mazzaree district, which belonged to Mooltan. Their only free borders were on their south and west, and here Sir Charles Napier meant to seize the defiles, and moving from every point towards a centre to coop them up. He made his preparations with the utmost secrecy, and when he was ready to strike employed artifice to deceive the robbers as to his real design. In this he succeeded. He marched rapidly over the desert on four lines of road to surprise the watering-places in the neighbourhood of the mountains. On his extreme left went Wullee Chandia, a native ally, to attack the post of Poolajee; on his extreme right went Ali Moorad; in the intermediate space marched Major Jacob to assail Shahpoor, and the General himself on a fourth line to take possession of Ooch. That fortune which favours the brave attended all their attempts. His own advanced force, under Captain Salter, attacked the robbers on the night of the 15th, and captured more than 3000. When the artillery opened on them the enemy exclaimed, 'The *Sheitan-ka-Bhaee* himself is there,' and immediately fled. He had been twenty-two hours on horseback when news was brought that Shahpoor was in Jacob's hands. Sir Charles remounted, rode there straight, an additional distance of sixteen miles, took his measures,



measures, and wrote his despatches before lying down to rest. Then he slept as 'if he should never wake again,' and it is a wonder he did. He was in his 63rd year, and was a suffering and apparently fragile man.

By his swift and secret march through the desert the General had surprised the exterior line of positions. Long ravines threaded the mountains from west to east, and cross defiles ran into these ravines from the south. He stationed troops to command the openings on the west and prevent the enemy from giving him the slip, while General Simpson entered a gorge on that side above the position supposed to be occupied by the robbers, and marched or rather climbed along the rugged bed of the pass to drive them into the cross defiles which ran to the south. Up one of these latter awful clefts went Sir Charles Napier to meet the retiring hillmen, and place them between his fire in their front and that of Simpson in their rear. The combination failed because Ali Moorad, who ought to have arrived by a particular day at the throat of another defile further on to the General's right, had loitered by the way, and the robbers issuing forth from the unguarded outlet skirted the desert, and hastening towards an entrance more to the east, buried themselves in a fresh compartment of their mountain fastnesses. The humanity of Sir Charles had a little before prevented his striking a decisive blow, and closing the campaign almost the hour it commenced. On the 18th of January he ascertained that the robbers were moving on a line across his front, but their families were with them, and never giving or expecting quarter they had the habit, when defeat was perceived to be inevitable, of killing their women and children to prevent their falling into the hands of the foe. 'It is very dreadful,' he said in his Journal some years before when speaking of sieges, 'to fire on any but troops.' He carried his maxims of humanity further here, and allowed victory to escape him when it offered, rather than provoke barbarians to deal out death among themselves. Their sanguinary customs were rendered terribly apparent by some children, who were picked up by our troops, asking regularly every day 'When are we to be killed?'

The delay placed Sir Charles Napier in a perilous position, and produced one of those mischances of war which no sagacity can forestall. There was a general opinion that the expedition must fail. The camel-contractors took the alarm, and went off with five hundred animals in the night. The austere and arid mountains yielded little herbage or water; the captured cattle were insufficient to feed his army. He had formed large magazines at Shahpoor, but the beasts of burthen were essential to

bring the supplies from this post to the camp. He acted with the decision which never failed him in any extremity. Until he could procure a fresh drove of camels he dismounted half a fighting camel corps, like that with which he advanced to Emaum Ghur, and in one journey brought up 44,000 lbs. of flour. If the half-rations raised misgivings of the possibility of remaining, he answered that he would eat up his horse before he retreated an inch; and if there was a talk of want of water he bid his men dig for it. On one occasion when the soldiers were gasping from thirst, a river some sixty yards broad and two feet deep came gushing through the camp. 'I expected,' he says, 'this *Fiumara*, knowing them of old in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Greece.' To the soldiers it appeared little less than miraculous. Nothing, however, contributed more to sustain their spirits than that the General was the first in endurance as in command. 'All my life,' he said, 'the idea of making soldiers do what I did not do myself has been odious to me. Every moment that the traces feel slack the whip of conscience cuts to the bone and convulsive exertions follow.' It was his maxim that no officer could succeed in leading others if comfort was preferred to military spirit. He was disgusted to observe young fellows indulging in the ease which only belonged to worn-out veterans. 'There are boys,' he said, 'in this camp who have more luxuries than myself, who am 63 and Governor of Scinde. The want of beer and wine is absolute misfortune to them. The private soldier cannot have luxuries, and if he sees his superiors despise them he does the same; but if these sacrifice everything to enjoyment, every reprimand he receives from the gentlemanly Sybarite disgusts him, not only with the fop but with the service.' He commended Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Moore for not permitting regimental officers to ride on a march or in the field. The practice was offensive to the men, and ought, he thought, to revolt the pride of those who professed to lead them. He was of opinion that unless the evil was checked it would continue to increase, and Sir William Napier adds, that the sagacity of the remark was illustrated by the evidence of a Crimean General before the Sebastopol Committee, who was reported to have asserted, that it would be wise economy to allow every officer a waggon.\* Fortunately for the villagers of Northern Scinde the Governor was trained in a different school, for whatever may be the economy of waggons and horses they could not have traversed the Cutchee hills. His views and practice upon this point form an essential part of Sir Charles Napier's history. His men followed at

\* 'Being in the Crimea,' says Sir William, 'he had caught the spirit of the ancient Scythians, who always went to war with their families in waggons.'

Meanee because he led; they bore fatigues and privations in the mountains because he set them the example. 'When I see,' said an officer, 'that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I who am young and strong be idle?' If he had gone in a waggon the probability is that neither he nor his troops would ever have returned.

Though the marauders had escaped by the negligence of Ali Moorad, the General had narrowed their range. Keeping the defiles which both opened the way into the fastnesses and maintained his communications with his magazines in the desert, he continued to draw, as it were, the cover in which the fox was hid. This required incessant marching and stratagem, and was rendered more embarrassing from the impossibility of procuring a single trustworthy spy, while all his own movements were reported to the enemy. Passing over the details of his dexterous manœuvres, which were constantly changed with changing circumstances, we proceed at once to the final capture. There was a renowned stronghold in these mountains called Trukkee, which the General divined would become the refuge of the robbers when driven to bay. He in vain endeavoured to learn its locality, but, as he kept closing in upon his prey, he at last ascertained that it was not far off. On the 28th of February, when he was alone at dinner, a trooper came full gallop to report that the hillmen had attacked a convoy which was within three miles of the camp. The General hastened to the spot, and on his way caught sight of some robber cavalry, who disappeared through a chasm, and his guide, who had previously endeavoured to mislead him, exclaimed 'Trukkee!' This famous fastness was an enormous well, twelve miles long and six wide. It was formed by a belt of almost perpendicular rocks many hundred feet in height, and the bottom of the interior was rough with precipices, any of which would have afforded a fine position for defence. The only entrances were through narrow clefts, which resolute men might maintain against a host. The robbers, consisting of thousands, had gone into their cage, and the first care of Sir Charles Napier was to shut the door. The country round was so terrible—one endless scene of huge rocks and sharp stones, that it was with great difficulty, and after a march of sixty miles, in which the men and horses both wore out their shoes, that a second fissure was gained, and the robbers securely shut up in their den. There was abundance of water in their retreat, but a blockade must soon exhaust their food. Water, however, was scarce in the English camp, provisions were brought up with difficulty, and the General could not afford to try which would be straitened soonest, they or he. He planned an escalade,  
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which was to be executed while he drew off the attention of the beleaguered banditti by throwing shells at their parties upon the heights, and keeping up a tremendous cannonade through the chasm which led into the basin, filling the place with a deafening roar from the reverberation against the rocks, and probably striking terror into the stoutest heart. But the hillmen did not wait for his ulterior plans. They saw it was vain to struggle in their toils, and surrendered to the huntsman. 'They had been subdued,' they said, 'by a man whom no one could resist.' Some who fled were pursued and captured. When they were secured, the General sent his soldiers up the steep they were to have stormed, to ascertain how long the operation would have taken, and as they reached the summit every bayonet had a bright flame gleaming on its point. In his ride on the 16th of January from Ooch to Shahpoor the same phenomenon had occurred, and so charged was the air with electricity then, that the hair of the men stood up from their heads. The sand rose in a storm, though there was little wind. The feelings were affected by it, and every person in the company was greatly distressed. Dust-storms are of daily occurrence in those parts; but this, which they supposed to be electric, was unique.

'Great,' wrote Sir Charles on the 9th of March, 1845, the day which concluded the campaign, 'has been my anxiety and labour in this difficult warfare. I know not if I shall get credit, but I think it has been well done.' A week later, at Shahpoor, he said, 'Errors, neglect, sound calculation, all have turned out right in the end. Can I, then, feel proud of my ability? No! it is a power unseen, though to me evident, that has guided me. A forecast of events comes over me, a thousand thoughts collect, and bring conviction in an unaccountable manner.' Far from unaccountable, this is the usual process of reflection in capacious understandings, which are wholly bent upon the accomplishment of an arduous task. Their grandest ideas dart across the mind like lightning in the night, but without toil and study and the concentration of the faculties no sudden illumination would disturb the darkness. If Sir Charles Napier had been a man of common calibre, and had sunk into inactivity, mental or bodily, the spirit which he maintained had prompted him would soon have ceased to point the way. The truth was that the difficulty of the enterprise he had accomplished made him marvel that no mistakes were committed. The region was so desolate, that a soldier exclaimed, 'When God created the world he cast the rubbish here.' The defiles were a labyrinth in which it was next to impossible not to go astray, while the robbers were familiar with every foot of ground, and were like goats moving among their  
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native crags. His supplies had to be brought, protected from surprise, across a perilous desert and over mountain fastnesses, in quantities to feed 5000 soldiers, besides a crowd of camp-followers. That neither his skill nor his daring in such an intricate situation should ever have been at fault, renders this perhaps the greatest of his feats. He paid, without designing it, the highest compliment to the dexterity of his movements when he said, 'We won rather by our legs than our arms.' The wild rovers were transferred to Scinde and settled on the edge of the desert, that they might become peaceful cultivators of the soil they had ravaged, and form an advanced guard to repel the raids of any remaining robbers who might be lurking in the mountains. 'Little pic-nics,' said Sir Charles, 'we must expect, but no bands of thousands with sword and shield will fret the border again.' An occasional incursion, on a diminutive scale, took place as he anticipated, and the reclaimed freebooters, pursuing their ancient comrades, showed that they could protect the property they had obtained.

In December, 1845, occurred the Sikh war. Sir Henry Hardinge was confident of preserving peace, and Sir Charles Napier, with that peculiar sagacity of which his life affords so many examples, pronounced peace to be impossible. 'A bloody day,' he said, as early as February, 1844, 'is about to dawn upon the Punjaub. An enormous band of robbers cannot long be endured on our frontier.' 'Mark!' he repeated in June, 'there *must* be a war in the Punjaub. It is not *we* but they who will make it.' He did not consider the accession of territory desirable in itself, for he thought that we ought to consolidate the provinces we possessed before acquiring more; but if we had neighbours who would not suffer us to live in quiet, self-defence demanded that we should put our yoke upon their necks. In the summer of 1845 he perceived that the storm was about to burst, and he wrote to Sir H. Hardinge, who had not deemed the danger sufficiently imminent to broach the subject, begging to be allowed to organise an auxiliary force, and pointing out the way in which it could best co-operate. He was not allowed to be fore-armed, but was told that he should have six weeks' notice to prepare. Even on the 1st of December he received an assurance from the Governor-General that, in his belief, there would not be a conflict at all, and on the 18th of that month the battle of Moodkee was fought! Sir Charles Napier judged barbarians by deeds and not by professions, and well he knew that, although their words might be softer than butter, yet as long as they stood with uplifted swords, they had war in their hearts. Suddenly surprised by the bold advance of the Sikhs, Sir Henry Hardinge called upon Sir Charles

Charles to extemporise an army and come to his aid. 'My work, he said when he received the summons, 'is to remedy mishaps; it is half the glory of war to ride over the wave like a ship.' He had been reduced by three regiments at the time he was asking permission to add to his force; the three regiments had just arrived from Scinde at Bombay when six were ordered off from Bombay to Scinde. In forty-five days 50,000 soldiers and followers were assembled 500 miles from head-quarters, with 10,000 camels, a fleet of boats, and all the necessary stores. No one can have cast a cursory glance over Sir Charles Napier's campaigns without perceiving how far-seeing and complete were his combinations in war, how all contingencies had been anticipated, and all advantages secured. 'My plan,' he wrote to Sir Henry Hardinge, when endeavouring to stir him up to vigilance, 'is to consider every possible difficulty: it is only when not foreseen and prepared for that difficulties become really fearful and insurmountable.' His design was to march with his 15,000 soldiers and 80 pieces of cannon along both sides of the river, with his fleet of boats to connect his columns. Thus he would keep the banks clear of enemies, and have the stream for a secure highway to send back his sick and bring down his supplies. Mittenkote, the first place capable of resistance, was to be assailed by the concentric fire of all his guns. This, he said, appeared like killing a gnat with a sledgehammer, but the pressing call for an immediate diversion would not permit him to loiter on the road, and a moral effect would be produced by an example of instantaneous crushing power. He had an ally in Mooltan, which he was confident would open its gates to him, and, if it did not, he was prepared to force them. Marching rapidly, and leaving the men at each halt for whom the pace was too great, to follow in a day or two, he would have fought any enemy four times his number, and if contrary to all expectation they chanced to be too strong for him he would have fallen back to pick up the tired battalions in his rear, and again advanced. Whether he enticed the Sikhs after him, or drove them before him, a diversion was effected, and they would equally be prevented from pressing upon the main army under Gough. The approach, indeed, of Napier by threatening Lahore would have compelled the enemy to leave their entrenched camp on the Sutlege and hasten back to protect their capital. 'Hardinge could have passed the river without a single loss, and he might then have attacked the Sikhs at his pleasure in the open field with our united force of 56,000 men.' 'I am confident,' he wrote, 'of success as far as a man can know of war; but if Fortune take offence she can make a straw ruin an army.' He had confidence in his troops, for they were wild with enthusiasm



siasm at the prospect of the glorious deeds which would be done under a leader so renowned ; he had confidence in himself, 'for I knew,' he said, 'that I was a General, and that no Sikh chief could have stood before me.' As if apologising for his self-assurance he protested he could not help it. 'It comes over me as I study my game.' A few days before he had made this entry in his Journal: 'I am not of great ability. I am a painstaking person, without any of that astounding power of mind like Napoleon or the Duke.' So the Duke himself disclaimed genius, and imputed his triumphs to his industry ; so Charles Fox accounted for his excellence as a debater by the very same expression that he was 'a painstaking person,' and so most of those who have been pre-eminent in arts or arms have been far more conscious of the exertions than their endowments.

When the fine plan of Sir Charles Napier had been settled down to its minutest details, and his troops were already in movement, his own remark was suddenly verified. His campaign 'was ruined by a straw.' 'Our military madness in India,' he said, 'is contempt for enemies, and for those rules which alone give us the superiority.' Sir Henry Hardinge thought little of the Sikhs, and 'expected to march over the country at once.' Instead of this, they became the invaders, and were found to be daring and disciplined soldiers. In the battle fought at Fero-shashur on the 21st of December our army was repulsed. There were many who advised the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief to retreat. 'No,' replied Gough, 'I have served all my life with honour, and if we are beaten I will leave my old bones to whiten this field.' 'No,' repeated Hardinge, 'we will abide the break of day, and then either sweep all before us, or die honourably.' British valour and barbarian treachery—for the Sikhs had traitors in their camp—caused the tide to turn on the morrow in our favour ; but so equal had been the fight, that the enemy were still in force, and resolute as ever 'to stand the hazard of the die.' The position of Sir Henry Hardinge, who on the invasion of our territory had hastened into the field, and was now 250 miles from his supplies and supports, was perilous in the extreme. In this alarming crisis he looked to the genius of Napier to save him, and sent him orders to leave his army, and come with speed to the scene of action. In the opinion of Sir Charles it was a grievous error. His 15,000 men were paralysed, and the decisive diversion which must have been effected was stopped. When, however, he reached the camp, he had a striking evidence that his name would have proved a host. The soldiers, who had never set eyes on him before, hailed him with acclamations wherever he went ; and if fortune had continued adverse  
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to the English, and he could have been put in supreme command, it is not likely that the victor of Meanee would have been baffled by odds. But while he was on his journey the battle of Sobraon had been fought, and a treaty was in progress. He condemned it altogether. 'The result,' he wrote, 'will be another war. The Punjaub will be left in slavery to ruffians, and the tragedy must be reacted a year or two hence.' So exactly it proved. When the Beloochs heard that he had been ordered singly to head-quarters, they exclaimed, 'Now all will be settled.' 'News of the peace and my arrival reached Scinde together, and the whole country believed that my going did it at once.' His *kismet*, or fortune, they were accustomed to say, was a cubit longer than that of any other man.

Up to this time Sir Charles Napier had always maintained that he had been amply rewarded for his military successes, though no other man in the army shared his opinion. But when officers received for the campaign on the Sutlege higher honours than had been bestowed upon himself for services which were alike far greater in amount and far more brilliant in execution, and he who had been called up in anticipation of disaster, because he was believed to be the only man in India who could turn defeat into victory, was now passed over altogether, then he felt that justice had not been done him, and that sinister influences were at work. It was not that he desired a title, but that he was pained by the slight. 'How I laugh when men say that I want a peerage! No; I want to know if a coronet in the central sun is mine: my coronet is to see those that are dead, to be away from anger and strife, to live with those now gone, to expect those who survive me, to hear birds sing and rivers flow.' The highest aristocracy is that of nature—the aristocracy which does not derive its consideration from rank, but confers lustre upon it. His were the honours which are read in a nation's eyes, and come sounded forth from a nation's tongue—honours which governments are unable to give, and cannot take away.

Sir Charles Napier departed from Kurrachee on the 20th of January, 1846, and returned on April the 11th. He had been ill nearly the whole of his useless march of 1800 miles, and believed he was 'going fast.' A blast, which shook thousands of green leaves from the tree, left the sere leaf still hanging. The cholera, which had prevailed for some months among the natives, struck the Europeans on the 14th of June, and raged till the 18th with frightful virulence. Eight hundred vigorous fighting men were swept away, and one and all cried out as they died, 'Oh that it were in battle!' Sir Charles Napier visited the seven hospitals, which were far from him  
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and each other, twice a-day, a duty less trying from the excessive heat and fatigue than from the dreadful cries and convulsions of the sick. But he found that his presence was medicine to some and consolation to all, and he rallied his soldiers stretched in agony upon their beds as he rallied them in the fight. To increase the evil, the butchers and bakers fled to the country. In their terror they forgot that they would have neither shelter nor water, and that sun and thirst would prove as deadly as the pestilence. The ground outside the town was strewn with carcasses, and in Kurrachee itself there perished 7000 persons, which was a third of the population. Among those who died was a daughter of Sir Charles Napier's nephew, and next that nephew himself. This was a terrible blow at the time, and gave him a feeling of the insecurity of his family, which never subsided. In his apprehensions for their lives he began to think of retiring, though in spite of age, and sickness, and climate, and toil, he would willingly have spent his own remnant of strength in working for the country he had won. He lingered on to further some of his vast undertakings for the prosperity of Scinde, till the illness of his wife, in July, 1847, decided him instantly to resign, and in October of that year he embarked for England. He had entered Scinde as an enemy, and when he departed the natives felt that they were losing a friend. On learning in 1850 that his connexion with India was about to close for ever, the Belooch chiefs presented him with a sword—an emblem not of conquest but of justice, a token that he had secured to them their dignities and possessions, and been a blessing instead of a curse to the land. A glorious tribute to see the sturdy warriors, who had bent in battle before the prowess of the General, bowing in grateful homage to the beneficence of the Governor.

He was not destined long to enjoy repose. The treaty, as he predicted, proved a truce, and not a peace, and in 1848 war had again broken out in the Punjaub. The Duke of Wellington wished him to go to India as commander-in-chief, and summoned him to London with the intention of offering him the post. The colloquy was laconic: 'How do you do? Very glad to see you. Sorry I sent for you up from Cheltenham; thought I could employ you, but can't; that quarrel with Hogg has upset everything. Sorry I gave you the trouble to come. Well, I am very glad to see you, and shall keep you in my eye all the same; another time, perhaps.' 'I don't think I could have gone to India, my Lord Duke.' 'Eh! why? Ain't you well?' 'Yes, quite well; but I have too many enemies there.' Duke, laughing very much—'Pooh! pooh! pooh! Enemies! don't



don't care for enemies! Pooh! pooh! Well, good-bye. Very glad to see you.' Scarcely had the East India Directors, much to their discredit, resisted his nomination than news of the drawn battle of Chillianwallah arrived. A panic seized the public, and from one end of the country to the other arose a cry for the appointment of the conqueror of Scinde. Sir Charles Napier still hesitated to accept the offer; and the Duke replied, 'If you don't go, I must.' He ended by yielding his private inclination to the general wish.\* He reached India in May, 1849, and found the struggle was over. Twice he had predicted war in the Punjaub; twice, when victory hung quivering in the balance, he was summoned to the rescue; and twice the doubtful day had been decided before he could arrive.

He had now to discharge the ordinary duties of commander-in-chief, and he felt from the outset that he should soon weary of a task in which the good he could accomplish would not be proportioned to the vexation he should endure. He set to work, nevertheless, with his usual zeal. He enforced discipline, punished misconduct in the officers, made tours of inspection, drew up plans of defence, and in the sultry climate of India, and at the age of 67, laboured for 15 hours a day. His public career was suddenly brought to a close by a circumstance in which he exhibited, as events have signally shown, his wonted sagacity. The sepoy in the Punjaub had received extra allowances, which were withdrawn when it was annexed to the British dominions. This excited a mutinous spirit, and the keen eye of Napier at once detected that the conspiracy was general. At last a regiment broke out into open violence. He disbanded it, and adopted a regiment of Goorkas in its place, to teach the Brahmins that we were not, according to their threatening boast, dependent upon themselves. But though he was resolute to punish disaffection, 'for the least concession,' he said, 'would cost us India,' no man was more attentive to the just demands of the soldier. A trivial change had been made which somewhat reduced the sum granted to the sepoy for the purchase of food, and as they were not yet acquainted with the new regulation, Sir Charles Napier, in order not to aggravate a discontent already so alarming, suspended the rule till a reference could be made to the Supreme Council at Calcutta. For this he was reprimanded by Lord Dalhousie, and immediately resigned. If in

\* Having received before starting a sudden command from the Queen to dine at Osborne he borrowed his valet's waistcoat, his own not being smart enough for the occasion. A lady begged him to place her son on his staff, but required that the youth should be guaranteed from all casualties! The Belooch faith in the *kismet* of Sir Charles was nothing compared to the notions entertained by this English matron.

a perilous crisis, which involved the very existence of our empire, he was to be rebuked for continuing for a single month a payment of which the total for the whole of the regiment was only 10*l.*, neither his personal dignity nor his official responsibility would permit him to remain. The truth is, that the authorities did not believe in a danger which revealed itself at once to his penetrating glance and matured experience. Years before he had pronounced that the want of intercourse between the officers and sepoys, and the habit of entrusting regiments to inexperienced lieutenants, would lead to a general revolt. The empire over the minds of the troops was gone, and when dissatisfaction arose it was a necessary consequence that they should oppose weapons to words.

In the course of his progress through India he arrived at the station of his Meanee heroes. 'Their greeting,' he said, 'was not cheering, but shrieks of delight.' With furious gesticulations they yelled, and leaped, and flung about their arms in frantic ecstasy. The regiments at Kurrachee made a throne for him in the midst of the theatre, and hung a crown above his head. 'My pride and happiness through life,' he wrote on his return to England, 'has been that the soldiers loved me. I treated them all as my friends and comrades, whatever their rank. My feeling is that of love towards every man with a red coat that I meet. It is as if I had known him all my life, and had only forgotten his name. I paint him as he would be in action, his mouth black with gunpowder, his hands black and bloody, his eager, animated eyes bent fiercely on the enemy, and prompt to do my bidding. Then it is I feel that I can never do too much for them.' It would be hard to say whether the soldiers were proudest of their general, or the general of his soldiers. All who served with him adored him, and we never heard them dwell upon his name but with a fond emotion, compounded of triumphal pride in the conqueror and of affection for the man.

Sir Charles Napier embarked at Bombay in February, 1851, and reached England in March. Thenceforward he lived in retirement near Portsmouth, and can hardly be said to have appeared in public till the burial, at the close of 1852, of that great Captain under whom he had served his apprenticeship in war. Then he assisted as one of the pall-bearers at the funeral, which had more the aspect of a holiday pageant than a solemn procession. 'Too gorgeous,' says Sir William Napier, 'it was for death. Pride and luxury, rather than veneration and sorrow, seemed to predominate, until, lowered with unseen machinery, the coffin, as if under a fiat from above, gradually descended into the dark vault—a hundred-gun ship slowly sinking in calm



waters. When that the only deep-felt part of the pageant was over, many eyes were turned on Charles Napier, and low voices were heard to say, "The next in genius stood by the bier." The funeral ceremonial of that day was the prelude to his own, and in some degree its cause. He was affected by the cold, and never fairly rallied again. In June, 1853, he took to his couch; and for him who throughout his life had refused to render allegiance to pain, this act was a confession that, to use his own phrase, 'he had come to the battle where all fall.' He had always a passionate love for his horses, and when he felt himself sinking he desired that the Arab charger which had borne him through his campaigns might be brought to his bedside, that he might bestow on it his farewell caresses. The animal started back at the novel sight, 'and with a sad look and a sigh of disappointment Charles Napier turned away, and commended it to the care of his wife and children.' The end was at hand. 'On the morning of August the 29th, at 5 o'clock, he expired like a soldier, on a naked camp-bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his manly face. Surrounded by his family and some of his brothers, he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment, gazing with terrible emotion at a countenance then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle. As the last breath escaped, Montagu McMurdo snatched the old colours of the 22nd regiment, the colours that had been borne at Meanee and Hyderabad, and waved them over the dying hero. Thus Charles Napier passed from this world. An intrepid soldier in his life, he died amidst trophies of battle, and his camp-bed was his bier: the colours of the 22nd gently waved over him, and between them the grand picture of Meanee leaned forward above his pale heroic countenance, as if to claim his corpse for that bloody field.' \*

He was buried in the churchyard of the military chapel at Portsmouth, and sixty thousand persons, including the whole of the garrison, attended his funeral, drawn together by spontaneous admiration of the hero, who having performed the most glorious public services was now being laid in his grave as a private man. Great in strategy, chivalrous in courage, careful of the soldier's life and prodigal of his own, inflexible in physical endurance, untiring in industry, sagacious in government, beneficent in his aim, stern in his integrity, and strong in his affections, he presents a combination of which there are few such examples in the history of the world. The observation of Lord Halifax that a

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\* Life of Sir Charles Napier, vol. iv. p. 398.



man has rarely a good quality but he possesses too much of it, may now and then have been true of him, and, as he says of himself, he may have been at times 'too arbitrary and violent.' With a soul of fire, his warmth may occasionally have carried him too far; with an iron will, he may not always have been as supple as policy required; but without that fiery soul and iron will he would not have been the conqueror and civiliser of Scinde; he would not have defeated the wild Belooch in war or tamed him in peace. His very failings were of the heroic kind: the failings of a mind impatient of injustice, fancied or real—of opposition to designs for the benefit of mankind—of individual selfishness preferring personal interest to the public weal. To the dead fame is not even that empty sound which it is proverbially called. But though it can never more affect the departed, it is of the utmost importance to the living that deeds like those of Sir Charles Napier should be kept blazoned before the world, that future soldiers who have not been gifted with his genius may yet learn from his example to what proportions a hero can attain, and that no difficulty is too arduous, no danger too appalling, no toil too excessive, no sacrifices too costly, where humanity is to be benefited and the nation to be served.

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- ART. VII.—1. *The Ministry and the Parliament. A Review of the Session of 1858.* By W. E. Lendrick. London. 1858.  
2. *Speech on Legislation and Policy for India, June 24, 1858.* By John Bright, Esq., M.P. London. 1858.

WHETHER the year, which is now fast gliding away from us, is finally to be marked in the great calendar of history with chalk or with charcoal, it is as yet too soon to decide. But the keenest of politicians, the greediest of news-hunters, must in fairness admit that at least it has not been an insipid year. Over and above great occurrences in remote quarters with which it will ever stand associated, it has exhibited two features altogether peculiar in our domestic annals. One has been the precipitation of a public favourite from the highest pinnacle of popularity and power, into that Tartarus of politics which is as far below the surface of earth, and the common walk of men, as his former elevation was above them. The other has been the regular, the undisputed, let us add the generally successful administration of public affairs by a Government which is, or is supposed to be, politically opposed to the large majority of the House of Commons.

These two phenomena, though distinct, are not unconnected.  
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The cause of the second, after we have allowed all due credit to the immediate agents, is to be sought principally in the first. Yet it is no mere corollary; both are full of interest and importance. The tragic vicissitude which has overtaken Lord Palmerston seems more in keeping with the records of despotic, nay of oriental favouritism and its sharp reverses, than with the more tranquil and even movement of the fortunes of statesmen under a well-balanced system of constitutional government. The position of the Ministry, on the other hand, is a position entirely without precedent. Even in the Upper House, Lord Derby, when leader of the Opposition, could scarcely be said to command a majority; which sometimes indeed came, but sometimes, as in the great cause of China, refused to come, at his bidding. When Parliament met last February, his party was weaker in the House of Commons than any Opposition that had sat there for a quarter of a century. Its accession to office brought it no sensible accession of direct Parliamentary strength. At this moment the actual party of the Government can hardly be said to exceed two-fifths of the House of Commons. Nor are we entitled by any positive proofs to assert that the balance of parties in the country has materially altered in favour of Lord Derby. There has up to this time been no case, since the change of Ministry in February, of a popular election in which the verdict of an important constituency, given against the Conservative party at the dissolution of 1857, has been reversed in their favour.

Again, we cannot compare the position of the present administration with that of Mr. Pitt when he was opposed by the Fox and North Coalition. At that memorable period, issue was distinctly joined between him and his adversaries. He began the conflict in the face of a great Parliamentary majority. But opinion out of doors was so unequivocally with him, that he was enabled by the aid of a moral pressure from without gradually to reduce it, and even to turn the scale before he dissolved the Parliament. In the case now before us, there has been no visible pressure from the nation upon the members of the Liberal majority. It has been by an action which, however irregular, has certainly been spontaneous, that they have not only withheld the resistance that would have overthrown Lord Derby, but have actually lent the support which has enabled him to discharge with efficiency the legislative as well as the executive duties of a government.

Neither do the events of 1852, which at first sight may appear to offer a precedent, really correspond with those of 1858 as to the manner in which they exhibit the play of our Constitution. When the first Ministry of Lord Derby was formed, it was at once constrained to recognise the fact that it did not possess the confidence

confidence of the existing Parliament, and to give a pledge that the business of the Session should be confined to matters of immediate and pressing necessity, in order that by a dissolution at the earliest practicable period the sense of the country might be finally taken on the long-agitated question of Protection. The Ministry of 1852 was therefore, until the dissolution, a provisional Ministry, awaiting the sentence of the country. After the dissolution it at once proceeded to propose the measures of finance by which it sought to compound the matters at issue: and, failing to meet with the assent of Parliament to those measures, it promptly and becomingly retired from office. But the present Administration have been subjected to no such hard conditions. They have been required to conform to no terms other than those, on which power has been held by the strongest Ministers, in unequivocal possession of the confidence of a decisive majority in the House of Commons. They have closed the Session without an attempt by opponents even at a hostile review of their proceedings, much less any endeavour to brand or mark the Administration as one sustained only by a minority, and not entitled to hold office. Hence arises, in connexion with the working of the constitution, a case of great novelty and interest. The rule of popular government requires that the sense of the Ministry should be in accordance with that of the majority of the House of Commons. Plainly this rule must apply with the highest force where, as in the Parliament of 1857, the majority has been not only clear but overwhelming. Yet, in this very Parliament, government by the majority has miserably broken down: a Ministry formed from the small minority has followed; and, as we may add without fear of contradiction from impartial men, has thus far succeeded. At first sight, then, it would appear as if we were fixed in a dilemma, and were required, if we cannot condemn the Government of Lord Derby, to forego an established and admitted, we may add a vital and fundamental, maxim of the Constitution.

But we are not in reality reduced to a choice between these alternatives. The Ministry of Lord Derby exists with pretty general approval, with nearly universal acquiescence. On the other hand, Englishmen are not less attached than they have been of yore to representative government: not less disposed than heretofore to vindicate, if need be, the privileges of Parliament and its control over the selection of the advisers of the Crown. We may indeed find cause to conclude that during the late Session the majority has been exercising its will and choice not less truly than in former years, though in a fashion which had not been until now invented. Two fifths of the House of



Commons, to begin with, are fast friends of the Government. Two more fifths, although not its fast friends, yet from various motives are not prepared to concur in its removal. Some, because they think it a better Government than the one which preceded it. Others, because they think it a better Government than any which is likely to follow. Others again, because, though in mental vision they forecast some form of Liberal restoration, yet they know the time is not come. Others, because they think the Minister, who took office to meet a real public emergency, ought to have fair play. And all these are taught by their common sense that they ought not to distress a Government which they are not prepared to remove. Thus it comes about that with four-fifths of the House of Commons the Administration is strong for every practical purpose: that it can rely on its allies as well as on its native troops: that its militia sometimes rival its regulars. This being so, it boots little to inquire what may be the sense or thought of the other fifth, led by the ex-Minister, and composed of his ex-official squadron with a forlorn hope behind them. Their opinions it may not be difficult to divine; but as to their acts, they have kept them within bounds, and given little cause for complaint, with one gigantic exception, of which more anon.

This, however, is, or aims at being, an account of the actual state of things in the House of Commons, not of the causes which have brought about a result so peculiar as the maintenance in power, and in power not nominal but real, of a Conservative Government by the free-will of a large proportion of the Liberal party. These causes it is worth while to examine. But in the mean time let us pause a moment to note the facts themselves, as honourable in the first place to a country where we see that party in politics is not always blinded into faction; in the second place to Lord Derby and his friends, who have won the independent favour of those on whom they can have no narrow or unworthy, no personal or private claim: in the third place, we must no less emphatically say, to that large division of the Liberal party itself, which deliberately and with its eyes open has punished its leaders for abandoning its principles; and has for itself preferred the dowerless poverty of honourable opposition, to the *éclat* and the perquisites which it might, had it been so minded, have continued to enjoy in the train of a Minister.

The inquiry, however, into causes may be ended almost as soon as it has begun, if we accept either of two *dicta* which proceed from certain political oracles. It is said sometimes that the Government stand because they have accepted the measures and policy of their predecessors: sometimes that they purchase the continuance

continuance of power by sacrifices offered to the genius of radicalism represented in the person of Mr. John Bright. These charges are untrue; they are even ridiculous. As to the first, Lord Palmerston had an India Bill: Lord Derby had an India Bill: and there it may be said, with at least general truth, the resemblance begins and ends. When we examine the two measures we find the most important differences. The Council of India in the one scheme is small, in the other large. In the one, nomination is absolute; in the other, it is strongly checked and modified. In the one, everything was done to augment the addition to the patronage of the Crown; in the other, everything to limit it. In the one, everything was arranged to make the Council dependent; in the other, everything to make it substantive and real, upon the sound principle that, if not a check, it must be a blind. In the bill of Lord Palmerston an indirect sanction was given to his past Asiatic wars, and complete immunity was secured for those who should hereafter renew the like scandals and offences: in the bill of Lord Derby the Government is deprived by law of the power, unless in circumstances so pressing as to preclude all regulation, of making war beyond the Indian frontier by means of the Indian army without the consent of Parliament.

We might extend this catalogue of contrasts; but enough has been said to expose the charge of political plagiarism as respects the India Bill. That charge derives, as far as we know, no colour of support from any other subject that has been prominently before the world. The finance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was certainly not borrowed from Sir George Lewis or Mr. Wilson: and the spirit of our foreign policy, as it has been handled by Lord Malmesbury, stands in honourable and highly popular contrast with that of the preceding Government on the three great subjects of recent public interest which have been presented in our relations with France, with Naples, and with America respectively.

The accusation of complicity with Mr. Bright has no better foundation than that of appropriation from Lord Palmerston. The concessions which Lord Derby may be said to have made to the Liberal party are, we apprehend, summed up in two subjects—the abolition of the property qualification for Members of Parliament, and the qualified removal of Jewish disabilities. Neither of these are subjects in which Mr. Bright and the politicians of his school have ever, to the knowledge of the public, taken a peculiar interest. With respect to the India Bill, the Member for Birmingham has frankly declared that he much preferred that of Lord Palmerston. Nor is there a single

act, either of legislation or administration, in which the Government have ever seemed to court the support—after all, a very limited support—which Mr. Bright could lend them. In truth these charges are so hollow that they fall back on the heads of those who strive to sustain them. When a partisan of the ex-Ministers alleges that Lord Derby has filched the measures of Lord Palmerston, he is endeavouring indirectly to thrust into credit a Ministry and a policy which no one is now very forward avowedly to defend. When from the same quarter we hear the contradictory charge of subserviency to the extreme opinions of Mr. Bright, the explanation is simply this:—A party who know themselves to be unpopular endeavour to damage their adversaries by coupling them with something they believe to be still more unpopular. They are right in supposing that the views of Mr. Bright are not acceptable to those classes in particular of the community which principally regulate the distribution of political power; but the attempt to insinuate that there has been a clandestine marriage between the Administration and the professors of those opinions has been a miserable failure.

The Government can have no reason to shrink from any examination which the fiercest jealousy may institute into the relations which they hold with the knot of politicians commonly called the Manchester School. The issue of such an inquiry can only injure their opponents. Mr. Bright has in a public address described the late Administration as the very worst Government that has been known in our day. We are no followers of Mr. Bright, and we have read in the public journals with pain approaching to disgust one at least of his recent lucubrations, but we believe that his sayings carry some weight with the people of England as the sayings of a man gifted with great ability, with unflinching courage, and capable of devotion and self-sacrifice. Such men do not hurl retrospective anathemas under the influence of personal antipathy. Accordingly, this *dictum* of the Member for Birmingham has sunk deeply into the popular mind, and has been the means of awakening many who had been wont blindly to accept from the late Government badges, professions, and promises, as substitutes for the realities they are intended and supposed to guarantee. If Mr. Bright perceived that the Palmerston Government was entitled to an unhappy pre-eminence as the very worst of the age, what marvel that he should regard with comparative favour an Administration which has refused in so many instances to walk in its paths, and which is at least too young to have accumulated its iniquities? In the words of Mirabeau, '*il n'est permis de deviner le mal : il faut l'attendre.*'

Neither



Neither in this country nor in any other are separate political parties bound to differ at every individual point in the extended circle of public interests. On the contrary, there are a multitude of subjects upon which men will take their parts according to the bias of individual character, much more than according as they are divided into Tories, Whigs, and Radicals. That a man should hate jobbery, that he should value sincerity, that he should revolt against arrogance and despise the arts of brag, that he should wish to respect the weak and not to truckle to the strong, that he should never quarrel for quarrelling's sake, that he should regard the rights of others with some portion of the feeling that would animate him to defend his own, that he should desire to see the resources of the State thriftily administered and its patronage purely and fairly bestowed, and that he should rather have the people more lightly than more heavily burdened—here are a pregnant list of sentiments which will be found to determine in these days the great majority of public questions; but they are every one of them sentiments which men will cherish or reject according as they are prudent, equitable, and considerate, or the reverse, and not according to the political category into which birth, tradition, or temporary combinations may have thrown them. It is not therefore necessarily a reproach to a Conservative Government that it should enjoy respect from Reformers; nor is it a legitimate passport for a Liberal Government to the favour of a Conservative party that it is shown to have lost the regard and confidence of its own supporters. The question is not merely by whom an Administration is supported, but how the support has been gained. We hope that the Government of Lord Derby may honourably both deserve and acquire commendation from Liberal as well as from Conservative sources; we are certain that the Government of Lord Palmerston deserved them from neither, and that it is hard to say which committed the grosser error,—those Liberal politicians who marched in his train because he kept the name and wore the paraphernalia of Liberalism, or those Conservative politicians who inferred that an administration ought to be trusted by its adversaries because it had misled and disgusted, if not betrayed, its friends.

We were of that insignificantly small minority who resisted the Palmerston Government from the time when it commenced its career as a peace-administration. There were differences of opinion in the country as to the manner in which the Russian war was brought to a conclusion; but none of these differences, in our judgment, rendered it necessary to withhold support from the Ministry. Happy would it have been for Lord Palmerston,

Palmerston, had inclination led, or flattery permitted, him to retire from office upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, in full enjoyment of all the public favour, which either his merit or his fortune, or both, had earned for him. He had scarcely one of the higher qualities which were necessary for a Prime Minister of England in time of peace. Thoroughly acquainted with the Foreign Department, he was ignorant, in a degree hardly to be credited except upon a careful observation, of our domestic affairs. He regarded them with something of the supercilious temper, to which he gave vent during the Indian debates with respect to the Court of Directors, as mercantile and vulgar. Few of the speeches he delivered as Minister on questions of legislative procedure or executive government were received otherwise than with a shrug, a smile, or a sigh; not one of them will ever be consulted as a magazine stored with facts or arguments, or will render aid to those who may hereafter have occasion either to state or to determine similar points. He had not, like Lord John Russell, learned the letter or imbibed the spirit of our history; he had not, like Sir Robert Peel, the gifts—whether from nature or art—of comprehensiveness or sagacity in apprehending public interests, or in directing the great organ on whose action it depends whether they shall be made or marred. His long administration of Foreign affairs, keeping him practically out of contact with British institutions, appeared to have rendered him incapable of appreciating the rights and dignities of Parliament, in which every wise Minister seeks to be strong by identifying himself with it in sentiment, sympathy, and interest. The benefits which ought to have resulted from his great knowledge of one great department were more than neutralised by the spirit of mingled turbulence and levity which he carried, as its head, into the administration of its affairs, and which, as first Minister of the Crown, he transferred into them with yet fuller effect through the supple and unresisting medium of Lord Clarendon. Thus his stock-in-trade as a Peace-Minister was wholly inadequate, or rather nearly null. It followed that he could only be a Peace-Minister by keeping alive the passions, maintaining the semblances, and thus ever walking on the giddy brink of war. Accordingly, his two years of peace-administration were agitated by abundant quarrels both of ink and blood. With America we had the most serious quarrel since the war of 1815. With Naples we were embroiled up to a point to which we could not be justified in proceeding unless by reasons that would have justified and required our going farther. With France we contrived to fall into repeated collision; and, only two months before



before the grand humiliation of last January, the Minister himself, with an incredible, and at the same time a vulgar, rashness, boasted in public of his ability to encounter her in arms if she should attempt invasion. Thus came about one of the very greatest public evils; the spirit of war was carried into the relations of peace: it gave the tone to the ordinary course and administration of our affairs, even within those precincts of European civilization which are subject to the restraints of public law and usage, and of the most enlightened body of opinion in the world. Beyond those precincts, these inconvenient manacles were entirely shuffled off. The wretched war with Persia remains among the records of the Palmerston administration, while among its legacies was inherited the quarrel with China, far more deeply tainted in its origin, if now approaching to a more successful conclusion. It became sufficiently plain, and the proof has been made more complete by the negative evidence of the last six months, that under the *incubus* of the late Administration, though we might have the name of peace, we could not have the substance of tranquillity: for, as the inveterate brawler and duellist finds all society quarrelsome, so a Palmerston Ministry had continually to lament the difficulties they encountered in bringing foreign nations to anything like reason and justice. For the character and interests of England abroad, this mode of action was injurious beyond description, and many long years must pass before we cease to suffer from its effects. At home, as an affair of party interests, it was simply a game of neck or nothing. If and while it succeeded, it must succeed brilliantly, for it implied a state of sustained excitement in the national mind; but it was unlikely to succeed for any considerable time; and whether the effervescence were long or short in its duration, it was certain to be followed by that dismal reaction which waits upon political not less than upon physical excess.

We rejoice with others to see the conflict in China apparently drawing near to its close; and we trust that at Canton, as well as in the Peiho, peaceful relations may soon be re-established. The provisions of a treaty which charges on China a considerable sum (though one far below the cost of our armaments), and which opens the country to Englishmen and their religion, are naturally viewed with a considerable amount of favour. We are not over sanguine in our anticipations of benefit from concessions extorted by might from right; and it is shocking to be told, that while we have thus been securing a free entry of Englishmen into China, one of our Australian colonies has been placing on Chinamen a capitation tax of ten pounds per head. But the  
return



return from such a war to the just and peaceful intercourse of trade, with all its humanising and conciliatory influence, is indeed a matter for the sincerest congratulation.

In one important point indeed, if in one important point alone, we sympathise at present with Lord Palmerston and his friends. The great majority of the English world, who were strongly with him twelve or eighteen months ago, are now as decidedly against him. They feel bound to render a reason of their change, and the reason they render is that Lord Palmerston has become an altered man: he has lost the shining virtues which awakened their enthusiasm, and has contracted in their stead a set of the most abominable vices, which they can on no account away with. Is this the fact? We trow not. If it be the fact, then Lord Palmerston either played the hypocrite before, or he has greatly changed now. As to the latter hypothesis, men do not so readily undergo a transformation of character in the eighth decade of this their mortal existence. As to the former, can the imputation be sustained? Surely it is more just to say that the true character of the Palmerston Ministry in 1858, as compared with 1856 or 1857, was not altered, but only disclosed; and frankly to allow that, if it was hidden before, it was by no artifice of that Government in its head or in its members. The cause of deception was in the seers, not in the seen. Adulation, says Mr. Burke, is no less dangerous to a people than to kings. It was the method of Lord Palmerston to put, and as long as might be to keep, the nation in good humour with itself and with himself by playing upon its weaknesses; by keeping it pleasantly astir; by appeals to the pride and arrogance with which we must, in cool blood, confess that we are amply endowed, and in which the rest of the world appears to believe that we enjoy a pre-eminence almost amounting to a monopoly. These intoxicating drugs, administered with infinite skill by a practised hand, had their effect. They placed John Bull in a paradise as artificial as was the lordly bedchamber of Christopher Sly; and the one worthy, like the other, found his dream dissolve just at the time when he had become fully persuaded of its reality.

The heated partisan of an opposition assails a ministry during its existence, but is silent on its downfall; for a voice of prudence from within then bids him remember that he has gained the great end of his criticisms on his adversaries, and that it is now their turn to handle the weapons he has been employing. But the observer from without has a different duty. Impeachment is for all practical purposes disused; formal censure is in the highest degree rare; present praise is, as we have seen, no adequate

quate test of merit : unless, therefore, retrospective discussion and condemnation be admissible, misgovernment will have attained among us to impunity. We have, however, also a present and practical question to answer. Those who interpret strictly the favours bestowed by the English people, up to the present year, upon the late Ministry, may be tempted to ask whether, if those favours were really due, the services which earned them have not been too lightly forgotten? Unless we were prodigal then, we must be niggard and ungrateful now; and it would be much against the character of England, if even a shade of doubt were left to rest upon the question which of these alternatives is entitled to our assent.

As respects, indeed, the capital point in the discussion, it is already decided by the country. The late Ministry stood in the main upon its foreign policy. It was once said to be a policy of vigour tempered with conciliation : it is now seen to have been a policy of arrogance, dashed and variegated with timidity. When the notorious Conspiracy Bill was produced, when the Walewski despatch met the light of day, England had to yawn and wink and stretch, to pass through all the stages of discomfort that lie intermediate between sleeping and waking, before she could understand what was really the matter, and learn the amount of shame she had suffered in the hands of what will perhaps after all be chiefly remembered as the braggart or Bobadil administration. When the facts were sufficiently verified and understood, it still seemed incredible that so quarrelsome a Government could have been dastardly otherwise than by accident. The surrender of our honour was therefore compassionately viewed as an isolated error committed in a moment of forgetfulness. But this theory was almost still-born ; for before it could gain currency, the case of Naples and the two imprisoned enginemen, Watt and Park, came full into the public gaze. For six or eight long and dreary months had these unfortunate persons been learning by experience how justice is understood and administered in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and what was the value in those latitudes of English citizenship. This too they learnt while that very statesman was First Minister of the Crown, who, in 1850, had vaunted, in defiance alike of prudence, of decency, and of public law, that he would empower the Englishman to carry with him throughout the world the exceptional and domineering privileges of the citizen of Imperial Rome. But scarcely had Lord Derby assumed the reins of power when Watt and Park were set free, and their liberation has since been followed up by the grant of the large sum of 3000*l.* in compensation for their sufferings. Nor was the Sardinian portion of th

by the Administration. The  
Cagliari



Cagliari has long ago returned to Genoa. She is probably now again employed upon the errands of peaceful commerce, and the claim for an indemnity in respect of the detention of the ship and crew has been put in course of adjudication. This train of events has reflected a glare of dismal light upon the foreign policy of the late Government. It has now appeared that to such a condition of impotence and isolation were we reduced, by the practice of premature demonstrations and imprudent menaces never meant to take effect, that, even for the most ordinary use, our resources had at last become paralysed in our hands, and that the King of Naples could safely set England at defiance so long as England was content to be represented by the Palmerston Administration. The case of the Cagliari, before February last, seemed to offer no choice, except on the one hand the humiliation of our country, and, on the other, an European dilemma. Yet it required nothing in the world for its solution, except only the removal of that Government from office, which had miscalculated the relation between the cowardice of the sovereign of Naples and its own. The affair is gone : it leaves behind many important lessons, but only this one substantive result, that, by means of his bout with the late Ministry, the King of the Two Sicilies has advanced to a point in the estimation of Europe, both for pluck and for a kind of sagacity, which few could have expected him to attain, and none, it may be safely said, could have divined beforehand the means of his attaining. And if it unhappily shall appear that that King is not disposed to mitigate, but tends rather to worsen, the evils of his internal government, we shall have to bear in mind that it was the unskilful mixture of bullying and of fear in the policy of England under the late Administration, which strengthened his hands for the purposes of misgovernment.

Now it is true that both the case of France and the case of Naples were subsequent to the dissolution of 1857. Neither therefore directly overthrows the theory of those who explain the discredit and misdeeds of the late Administration by the hypothesis of a metamorphosis in its chief, brought about by political inebriety. But indirectly these transactions evince that such a theory is untenable. For they have purged our vision : and the vision once purged sees much that in its bewitched condition it was unable to discern. The very same spirit which ruled in the matter of the imprisoned engine-men and the Walewski despatch, had been, as we now all find, visibly enough at work before. That spirit it was which, in 1855, peremptorily refused to rule the questions of the Isle of Serpents and the Bessarabian frontier otherwise than by force, and made a demonstration of force accordingly



accordingly by sending the British fleet into the Black Sea, contrary to the treaty of Paris; and which then, upon the same state of facts, and without any confession of error, allowed those very questions to be submitted, as Russia had required, to the decision of a Conference. That same spirit it was which, with the elaborate sophistry of diplomacy, pushed America into extreme irritation by frivolous claims to the possession of Ruatan, and by virtual dominion in the Mosquito territory; but which abandoned these pretensions wholesale, when it was found that, as in the case of Naples, the other party to the quarrel was at least more in earnest than ourselves. That same spirit it was, which by miserable quibbling, and by its underground manoeuvres for the purpose of recruiting in America contrary to law, brought down upon us the insult of Sir John Crampton's dismissal with three or four British consuls in his train, and then took credit for its magnanimity and forbearance in refusing the challenge which its own misconduct had provoked. All this and much more had taken place, while Lord Palmerston still remained at the zenith of his popularity. But it is now read in new lights, and with the cleared vision of sobriety. We were *uncti*, we are *sicci*. We now see the true solution of all the seeming contradiction between arrogant claims and undue concessions, of all the capers and the summersets, all the backward and forward, all the upward and downward movements of the foreign policy of the late Government. It was wholly wanting in any firm grasp or clear comprehension of the idea of *public right*, which is the keynote of harmony in the march of states. The same appreciation of rights which makes a minister pacific makes him also dignified: the same indifference to them, which makes him arrogant as often as circumstances permit of arrogance, also makes him subservient as often as circumstances recommend subserviency.

But in common with the brightest day, the darkest also has an end; and there is an end of the day of that disastrous foreign policy which is associated with the name, with the famous but ill-omened name, of Lord Palmerston. That sun has set, and has set, if we read the signs of the times aright, not to rise again. We are not indeed of those who conceive that that nobleman is disqualified by age from resuming the first office of the State. There is no apparent reason, as far as Time and his scythe are concerned, why he might not again discharge the duties of Minister as well as, we fear not better than, before. Long may he enjoy health and strength, in order if it may be to the abatement of his juvenile effervescence, and the attainment of greater solidity of character. At any rate long may he enjoy them.

them. But he can hardly fail to see that a number of those who formerly supported him, amply sufficient in numbers, if their resolution hold, to give effect to the intention, have written this sentence upon the tablets of their heart: '*Come what may, Lord Palmerston shall not again be minister.*' The quarrel between them is no lover's quarrel. The proscription is no personal proscription. It is the determination of a great and serious issue, too long neglected and misunderstood, but now at least deliberately handled, and to all appearance finally disposed of. It is the proscription not of a person, but of a system of misgovernment at home and abroad: of a system which, because it despised or made light of rights, was certain to mismanage interests: a system which at home was favourable neither to permanence nor to progress, and which abroad united the dangers of violence with those of poltroonery; a system which has happily vanished with its authors and instruments from the seat of power, but which has left for itself a bad memorial in remembered slights and insults, in the uneasiness and suspicion which it has introduced or aggravated in the whole range of European diplomacy, and in the spirit of jealousy, and even of hatred, which it has engendered towards England. Yet England is the very Power which, from the happy independence of its insular position, ought to be, far beyond any other European State, outside the range of those miserable, but under the circumstances not unnatural, sentiments.

In domestic affairs, the reputation of the late Government was never obtrusively brilliant. Many of its departments were respectably or even more than respectably filled; but the credit of a Government with the country depends chiefly upon its Parliamentary performances, and these, in the case we are considering, oscillated between mediocrity which was their climax, and positive nullity and failure which appeared to be more nearly their natural and ordinary level. We ourselves, in the autumn of 1856, took occasion to exhibit the incapacity of the Administration for meeting the most moderate demands of the country under this head, in an article on '*The Declining Efficiency of Parliament.*' It would seem that the Government at length became conscious that it would not do to present the country with a series of maiden sessions. Accordingly in 1858 a determined effort was made to shake off the discredit of inaction and to leave some mark at least upon the Statute Book. The manner and matter of this effort were such as to be even less for the honour of the Administration and the Parliament, than the torpor for which it was a tardy substitute. Two measures of notoriety as well as importance became law during the

the last year of the Palmerston Administration. One of these was the Divorce Act. The time has not yet arrived for a full consideration of that measure on its merits. Its leading object has been discussed in the pages of this Journal. For the moment we must assume that the principle of Divorce, which has obtained the assent of the Legislature, is a sound and useful principle. But even upon that assumption how strange a spectacle does the triumph of that measure present! It was only read a second time on the 24th of July. It had come down from the Lords, loaded with blunders little creditable to those of the legal sages of that assembly who had taken part in framing and promoting it. It involved changes, both social and ecclesiastical, of a character alike novel and momentous, for it was found wholly impossible to confine it within the limits of a measure for merely putting into stereotype the practice which had gradually grown up under the form of a succession of private Acts. It was alien, so far as petitions can supply a test, to the feelings of the people, and was opposed, apart from objections to its principle, by all the members for the universities, and by many other eminent members of Parliament, on the ground that the time of the session made it hopeless to obtain due consideration for such a measure. But as no Government was ever more unworthy in its compliances to majorities than that of Lord Palmerston, so none ever made more merciless use of its Parliamentary strength when it had nothing to contend against but decency and reason. The Bill was forced on, under pretence of urgency. In truth there was nothing urgent about it except the necessity for enabling a do-nothing administration to say it had done something. By this violence a precedent was established in contravention of former usage, than which none can be more adverse to freedom of debate and to the privilege of Parliament. For Parliament will have been shorn of more than half its strength and dignity, if ever it shall become a rule that in the exhaustion of the last weeks of a Session, when every minister is of necessity for the moment almost a Dictator, measures offering no attraction to party spirit, and therefore incapable of commanding numerous attendances, but cutting deeply into the social and moral life of the country, may be driven through their stages in defiance of unanimous remonstrance from those whose experience or position entitles them to be heard, and to be fairly and fully heard, upon them. Even this, however, would have been at least intelligible had the object been to close some long-agitated question, or to reduce some legal or legislative chaos into order and consistency. It was the very reverse. The Divorce Act of 1857, which proceeded in a great degree upon the  
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the allegation that there were two laws in the three kingdoms when there should only be one, left three laws instead of two. It found the law of Scotland different from that of England and Ireland. It left the law of England different from that of Scotland, and the law of Ireland, where divorce *a vinculo* is still absolutely beyond the jurisdiction of the courts, different from both. Its promise was to relieve public morality from the offence it had received through the occasional publication of indelicate details. Its performance has been to gather these reports into one consistent series in connexion with one central court, and to augment their number; and there never was a time at which the public eye has been so much offended by proceedings in these melancholy cases, as by an instance which has occurred during the first infancy of the Divorce Act, and has given a sorry promise for its adolescence and its maturity.

We might go further in exposing the manner in which, on this particular subject, the late Administration trafficked for its own petty profit with the profoundest feelings and most sacred interests of the community. But we proceed to the sister case, which, if not essentially more gross, is at least more palpable and flagrant in the public eye.

The testamentary jurisdiction of this country had from time immemorial been administered by the Ecclesiastical Courts. This arrangement was justly held to have lost whatever grounds in reason it may have had at a period when the clergy possessed a monopoly of learning; nor was it unnatural that Dissenters should take special objection to a system which passed their property upon a death through Episcopal hands. It was in short universally admitted that this jurisdiction ought to be carried over to the Crown. But there were many questions of importance connected with the mode and conditions of the transfer. We cannot now attempt to consider its effects upon the character of legal study and acquirement in this country; but we venture to express the hope that the special branch of learning, which has been kept alive among us up to this time almost exclusively by the race of advocates in Doctors' Commons, may not be suffered to languish or expire. There were, however, two points of urgent practical moment, on which great difference of opinion prevailed in the profession, in Parliament, and in the country. One related to the question to what extent it might be safe to leave important contested cases to be dealt with by the country registrars. The other turned upon the consideration in what manner the vested interests of office-holders were to be treated. The Government, with ample time at their command, made up their mind on both these questions. They brought in a Bill  
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which, as to the first of them, was founded on principles of strict centralization, the district registrars being empowered by Clause 40 to grant probate in non-contentious cases only, and only when the property was under 1500*l*. As to the second, it was framed with the laudable object of keeping down those enormous compensations imposed upon the public, whether in the form of suitors' fees or of payments from the Exchequer, which are viewed with such very strange indifference in this country, when they carry the often abused badge of legal reform to serve as their password. This decision of the Government was also sustained by the fact that an Act was passed in 1836, declaring that the officers of Ecclesiastical Courts thereafter appointed should not be entitled to any compensation on the abolition of office. The enactment was repeated in 1847 as to a great portion of them. But when the feeling of the House of Commons came to be tested by discussion, it appeared that the provincial interests were strong as against the metropolis, and that the claimants for compensation were powerful as compared with the defenders of the public purse. The Attorney-General of that day, in dealing with the former question, strove for a while to breast the torrent. He sustained the centralizing provisions of the Act against a motion for removing the pecuniary limit on the cases to be disposed of in the district registries, by declaring that the local functionaries were radically incompetent for the duties it was proposed to commit to them, and that if the House should adhere to this proposal it 'would be impossible to proceed with the measure.'\* The House of Commons, however, remained obstinate, and removed the limit, under the threat that the change was equivalent to the destruction of the Bill. Yet, although the Bill was thus, on the distinct assurance of the Government, converted into a scheme for defeating the ends of justice, it proved to be 'a'ane to Dandie.' When it became clear to the ministry that they must either pass what they had declared a bad measure or no measure at all, they had not the smallest difficulty in embracing the former alternative. In like manner as to compensation. As the Bill came from the Lords, it granted a continuance of the exclusive privileges of the Proctors of Doctors' Commons in all the 'common-form' or non-contentious business for a term of years. It had been thought well to do this, rather than impose a very heavy burden for the sake of accelerating a change which, however sound in theory, was little material in practice, since the nature of the business itself was certain to keep it to a great

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\* Hansard, 146, p. 1020.



extent in the hands of those who were most conversant with its forms. But when it appeared that the House of Commons was largely susceptible of the pressure of interested parties, then upon this other vital question too the measure was forthwith subjected to transformation. The Acts of 1836 and 1847 were utterly forgotten, and claims for compensation were not only not discouraged, but were embraced with open arms by the Attorney-General and the Government. Let us illustrate the proceedings by one of the best cases. The surrogates of the province of York had derived a considerable income from the discharge of certain functions in connexion with the granting of probates. They were a numerous body of clerical officers, thickly dispersed over the country; and, from their personal and local knowledge, they were far better qualified for the discharge of these easy but important duties than any corps of newly-imported functionaries, however high in salary and pretensions. But they were dismissed and compensated at the public charge. They were relieved from duties that they did not wish to escape, and endowed with salaries for life that they did not wish to obtain, in order that under the plea of reform other men might be appointed to perform the same functions at double charge with less efficiency and ease! In the same manner, there are diocesan registrars, men of eminent ability and skill, at this moment either receiving or about to receive compensations of so many thousands *per annum* at the public cost; and why? in order that a separate set of officers, appointed with separate remuneration, may do the same work as recruits and novices, which these registrars had been doing with perfect satisfaction to every one as adepts and veterans. The chief complaint was that they were officers of the Bishops and not of the Crown. Then why in the name of common sense was not their commission from the Bishops cancelled, and an authority from the Crown substituted? The real objects to be obtained by sensible legislation were the secularisation of the business, the opening within some reasonable time of the profession, the abolition of the notorious anomaly of *bona notabilia*, and the amendment of procedure. There was not one of these improvements that needed to have cost a farthing; but the absurd structure of the measure, which Lord Palmerston's Government succeeded in forcing through the new Parliament in the subserviency of its infant existence, entailed upon the country a charge in the shape of life annuities which, as we now learn, has been fixed by a laborious commission, appointed for the purpose, at two hundred thousand pounds a year. Surely, instead of being examples to the world in the practical parts of government, impartial critics would set us English down as the  
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very stupidest people on the surface of the earth, were they to form their judgment of us from the fact that we had saddled the country with a present annual expense equal to half the Civil List of the Crown, for no better purpose than to create a host of new appointments, to turn a number of skilled labourers out of work, and to enable one of the most indolent and inefficient Governments of the century to add an unit at the close of the Session to the starveling list of its legislative achievements.

We have heretofore taken occasion to expose the finance of the Palmerston Administration; and upon that subject we need only say for the present that the positions we assumed have been verified by results. We have now touched upon its legislation and its foreign policy. But it may still be requisite to illustrate, by an instance full of the highest national interest, and of real moment for the future, its views of public honour and integrity in the discharge of its administrative functions.

In the commencement of 1855, as will doubtless be remembered, a motion for an inquiry by Committee of the House of Commons into the state of the army before Sebastopol was made by Mr. Roebuck; and this motion, adopted by the House, overthrew the Government of Lord Aberdeen; Lord Palmerston uniting with his colleagues in the determination to quit office rather than accede to it. On becoming Prime Minister himself, he determined to substitute, for a mode of inquiry which he thought alike dangerous and ineffective, another mode of inquiry by a Royal Commission on the spot, which it appeared he could confidently recommend as preferable alike in point of safety and of efficacy. Failing, or seeming to fail, in inducing the House of Commons to accept his expedient as a substitute for their own, he withdrew all further resistance to the appointment of the Committee of Mr. Roebuck. Nor are we prepared to urge that his change of purpose in that matter, all things considered, cries out for censure. But this we urge most confidently, that, when the Administration appointed Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch to proceed to the Crimea, they contracted an obligation of the highest order to the people of England. They became bound to sift to the very bottom, in the manner and form they themselves had chosen, the causes of the sufferings which, with the heroic endurance of them by the army, have contributed not less to make the winter of 1854-5 memorable in our annals, than did the military importance of the enterprise against Sebastopol, and the weight of its political results.

Could a doubt hang upon the solemnity of this obligation, it would be removed by a moment's consideration of the course taken by the Ministers with respect to Mr. Roebuck's Com-

mittee. Though they withdrew their opposition rather than resign, or as some might say rather than desert their offices under circumstances so critical, they never withdrew their condemnation of the Committee as an unfit and ineffectual organ of inquiry. In the summer of the same year the Committee presented a report inculcating the Government of Lord Aberdeen in terms the most stringent and condemnatory. It is not for us to judge of what is requisite to satisfy the honour of a minister. In these matters, each man, or each set of men, have their own standard. But certainly we should have imagined that, when a Select Committee of the House of Commons had reported that the chief cause of the disasters and afflictions of the army was to be found in the rash and reckless improvidence of the Cabinet which ordered the invasion of the Crimea, every member of that Cabinet must have burned in his inmost soul for that hour when he might hope to obtain an authoritative verdict, upon an issue raised so formally and by such accusers, from the tribunal which was alone competent to endorse or to repel the accusation. Mr. Roebuck, the Chairman of the Committee, to do him justice, was not wanting to his duty. He doubtless felt that, as nothing can be more unjust to all the parties concerned, so nothing can be of more inconvenient example for the public interests, than that charges of such gravity, thus regularly initiated from an authorised quarter, should be intercepted in their course towards a due and regular trial, and should be left dangling in the air for the sport of faction and caprice; at once, while so left, available to discredit the most innocent and able public servant, and ineffectual to set a merited brand upon the most incompetent and faulty. Accordingly, on the 19th of July, 1855, Mr. Roebuck moved a Resolution in accordance with the report of his Committee. With strange inconstancy, the House in July belied the resolute, the almost factious proceeding of February, and by no very different majority. The Committee was voted by 305 to 148. The Report was ignored or set aside by 289 to 182, and in the majority which thus declined to notice it are to be found the names both of a very large number of those who had insisted on the inquiry, and of a Ministry to which it was once the fashion to attach, in invidious contrast with more timid parties and politicians, the blazonry of a chivalrous character.

Meantime, Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch were pursuing their silent work in the Crimea with indomitable courage and patience. While the Ministry was engaged by the highest considerations of public interest and honour to make its own inquiry full and efficient, the conduct pursued towards these Commissioners tended in every point to the conclusion that their appointment

appointment was intended not to lead to a knowledge of the truth, but simply to appease, with a minimum of scrutiny, an excited and mistrustful country. The Commission itself, to begin with, was weak; not in patriotism, or knowledge, or resolution, or ability, but in that which, for such a purpose, was as important as any or all of these, namely, in authority. The most obvious considerations of prudence would have recommended that with these gentlemen should have been joined as a chief some like-minded man, whose higher rank, celebrity, and credit with the country, should at once have stamped their mission both here and in the Crimea with its true character.

Instead of this, when the proceedings of the Commissioners were made known, it too clearly appeared that they were not only precluded, as was right and needful, from all intermeddling with the authority of Lord Raglan, but were also intended to hold a subordinate position in the eyes of his inferiors, to act merely as the investigators of certain details in the Commissariat, a civil department of the army, and almost to beg their way through the camp for any extended information. With military frankness, Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, has informed us how their mission was understood:—

‘The notion of inquiring into the military departments was never announced by Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch.’ . . . ‘That letter points to three objects, all bearing exclusively upon the Commissariat. Firstly, the inquiry was to ascertain the deficiency of the supplies. Secondly, the cause of the deficiency. Thirdly, the course which should be adopted to prevent such deficiencies for the future. But not one word of the letter points to any inquiry of such a kind as to form a basis for animadversion on the military officers of the army.’\*

Nor will our readers wonder at this, when we remind them that these Commissioners, who were charged with duties of such overwhelming importance, were denied the commonest mechanical requisites for the effectual collection of information. We were spending forty millions a-year upon the war, yet those who were to learn for us why an army was disabled from attaining the objects of that war, and to collect for that purpose a mass of important evidence in the shortest possible time, could not command the usual remuneration of a shorthand writer, and were obliged to carry on their examinations subject to the distraction, the delays, and the errors inseparable from the necessity of acting as their own reporters.

Thus crippled, and thus hampered by their employers, Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch nevertheless produced a

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\* Addresses of Sir Richard Airey, pp. 9, 7.



report of remarkable ability, and, with regard to the feelings of individuals, singularly cautious in its tone. It was in entire contrariety to that of the Parliamentary Committee; and the country appeared to prefer the judgment of those who had sat upon the plateau over Sebastopol to that of those who had sat in a committee-room over Palace Yard. By presenting the report to Parliament, the Government had become pledged to its accuracy and propriety; for if in their opinion it was incorrect or unjust to those whom it affected, their duty, as the protectors of our absent officers, was to take measures, on their own responsibility, for adjusting it where correction was required. It seems probable, however, that they had counted on the twelve months which had now elapsed since the dismal winter of 1854-5, and on the magnitude of the intervening events, to erase the recollections of the evils, or at least to quench all interest in the examination of their cause.

But they were mistaken. The people of England felt that they had a right, and a duty not less than a right, to be informed who was responsible for the sufferings of the army. Their Government thought otherwise. At least they acted at every point in the history of these transactions as if they were determined effectually to baffle that desire. On the appearance of the report, it became plain how entirely they had miscalculated the public feeling; for an almost unparalleled sensation followed, and the House of Commons, aware by this time of the utter failure of its Committee, attached credit to the conclusions of the Commission, and clearly indicated its opinion of the necessity of 'doing something.' So something was done. Without the manliness either to uphold the Commissioners or to overthrow them, and on the irrelevant pretext that the report reflected on the capacity of certain officers of the army, the Government appointed a third tribunal of inquiry, exclusively military in its composition, and sitting at Chelsea, to reopen and review the evidence which the Commissioners had collected, and the judgment which they had formed, when in actual contact with the facts in the Crimea. Again, too, the expedient of delays was put in use. Many weeks elapsed before this Board began to sit. Its sittings were then protracted until a period of the year (1856) when there could be no effectual discussion of its report in the Houses of Parliament. In this manner the year was tided over, and another long interval placed between the collection of facts and any judgment of Parliament upon them. And indeed it had now become almost impossible to judge at all. The country had already been amused with two sentences upon the cause of the Crimean disasters, which were contradictory to one another.

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The Board at Chelsea produced a third, contradictory to both. The Committee threw the blame on the Cabinet of 1854; the Commissioners transferred it to the heads of departments in the Crimea; and the Chelsea Board shifted it again to the shoulders of the Commissariat at home. All these three verdicts were duly presented; neither for nor against any of them did the Executive Government or the Parliament declare; and the pledge of the Administration to sift the truth, together with their duty, apart from all pledges, to obtain at a proper time, for the people of England, an authoritative judgment upon a great public calamity, were baffled by the grossest neglect or the most unscrupulous contrivance, and remain to this hour wholly unfulfilled.

But not even this was all. By the time when the report of the Commissioners was presented, the distribution of honours had begun. It had been observed with astonishment by the country that they were lavishly bestowed in the medical department, upon the very men who had been most sharply censured by the Medical Commission of Inquiry, sent out by the Government of Lord Aberdeen upon the motion of Mr. Roebuck, and whom the public, too, held chiefly responsible for the state of the hospitals. In like manner, while the Macneill Report was not disavowed, the heads of departments, whom it more or less affected, were covered with a shower of honours and appointments. Two men, and only two, it appeared, of those who had performed conspicuous parts in the Crimea, failed to obtain from the Government any mark of the approval of their Sovereign, and these were Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch. Nay, even at this point the discreditable story does not end. The Chelsea Board, as we have said, retried upon its merits the whole Report of the Commissioners. Sir John Macneill, a distinguished and independent civilian, with a dignified coolness, declined to take any notice of its proceedings. He said, and said with perfect truth, that his Report had now become the concern of the Government, which had adopted it and presented it to Parliament. But the position of Colonel Tulloch, as a military man, and one not of the first rank, was altogether different. Professional etiquette, and his relations to superiors and comrades in the service, scarcely permitted him, as he appears to have conceived, to pursue a similar course. The consequence was, that this gallant soldier and most able administrator, who had been chosen for one of the most arduous and one of the most invidious of public duties, and had discharged it with credit, had to appear for days and weeks together before the Chelsea Board, like a party in a private cause, almost like a criminal at the  
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bar of public justice, and scandalously abandoned by the employers who, in a moment of great necessity, had begged and enjoyed his aid. The consequence was one, that ought to be remembered when we sharpen the edge of our indignation against the King of Naples by the thought of the injury he inflicted on the health of Park and Watt. It is but too notorious that the keen and painful anxieties of the struggle acted irresistibly upon powers, which no amount of mere labour for his country had ever availed to impair. With all the sensitiveness of the highest personal and military honour, and charged with responsibilities which it was the business of the Government to have borne, Colonel Tulloch succumbed, during this inquiry, to an illness which, as we believe, for some time threatened the most grievous and alarming consequences.

But there was still a murmuring throughout the country; and it was asked incessantly, why do Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch alone remain unrewarded? The most powerful of the daily newspapers, which at this period gave an enthusiastic support to Lord Palmerston, still, like an unappeased conscience, from time to time dinned this question in his ear. And at last, when all the grace of spontaneous and appropriate action had long ago vanished, yet action at any rate came. It came in the shape of an offer from the War Minister to the Crimean Commissioners of a thousand pounds. We need hardly state that a tender so unusual was rejected with a decision and brevity indicative of strong suppressed feeling. 'What a skilful manœuvre!' was probably the reflection of the happy author (whoever he may have been) of this cunning proposal: 'we have offered them for the highest service the form of acknowledgment appropriate to the lowest; we have offered them what never before was offered to any commission of inquiry, let its members have been but half as eminent, and its object but one tenth as important; yet no one can now say that we have not offered them reward.' But the shallow artifice broke down. Again and again was the subject resumed. At last the House of Commons determined, in March 1857, not to be dissolved without at least driving down the throats of the Minister and his colleagues its intention with respect to Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch. On the 12th of that month was enacted a scene with fewer personages, but yet quite as memorable as that which occurred during the present year on the night of the withdrawal of the ever-famous Cardwell motion. Mr. Ewart asked the Minister, whether it was the intention of the Government to make any further recognition of the services of Sir John Macneill and Colonel Tulloch? Lord Palmerston replied that those services had



had received 'ample recognition' already: and that 'the Crown had done all that it could properly be advised to do.' Mr. Palk then moved a series of Resolutions in recognition of those services. Still unwarned, the Minister rose and opposed the motion. A debate followed, in which he was almost wholly unsupported. The hustings were immediately in view, for the Parliament was about to be immediately dissolved. At length Lord Palmerston rose a third time, and declared that 'he had no wish to stand between the generous feelings of the House and the accomplishment of its wishes.' Thus, after a defence that would have done honour to Nachimoff and Todtleben, he struck his flag. Personal justice was at length done in the particular case; but the resistance, which in a good cause would have been honourable, was scandalous, and was so deemed by the country even at the time, in a cause so bad; and the surrender under sheer terror, and with the pistol to the head, was full of damage and discredit to the just authority of the Executive.\*

Let it not be thought that we have bestowed a too minute attention on this concluding specimen of the character and conduct of the Palmerston Administration. To judge rightly of its importance we must raise anew within our breasts those emotions, which ruled all England as though it had had but one soul in December 1854, and in January and February 1855. And we must remember that a popular sentiment, resistless at the moment when it is thoroughly aroused, is commonly beaten by time. Thus it is that the nature of such a power has been truly described by the most eminent of our living poets. The people, says Tennyson, in his 'Palace of Art'—

'Here rose an athlete, strong to break or bind  
All force, in bonds that might endure;  
And here once more like some rich man declined,  
And trusted any cure.'

We have before us a gigantic and glaring instance of such an issue. An army is in galloping decline; a country is in universal agony. Tell us the cause, cries a popular voice. To learn the causes effectually, replies an arraigned Cabinet, you must inquire upon the spot, and you must give time for the inquiry. No, is the answer; we will inquire here, and now. How long will it be before popular assemblies, with those who impel and those who claim to represent them, will learn that, as the accumulation of powers becomes ultimately equivalent to their destruction, so the multiplication of inquiries is the division of their force, and is fatal to their efficacy and authority?

\* Hansard, vol. 144, pp. 2214, 25, 46.

In this very important chapter of their working, British institutions, as they stood in 1855, bear but an unfavourable comparison with the same institutions as they stood in 1812. In both cases there had been disaster. In both cases the voice of the country demanded and obtained inquiry. But in the instance of the Walcheren expedition, as the investigation was resolutely postponed until circumstances were ripe and safe, so likewise, when it came, it was effectual. The House of Commons would not inquire until the crisis of the military expedition was over, and when it had inquired it gave to the country its own authoritative judgment upon the facts. In the instance of the Crimean campaign there was more of passion, less of self-command, and far less of principle. In defiance of all risks, the House of Commons determined to proceed there and then, not by the best instrument, but by that which lay nearest hand. Accordingly, no one material fact was elicited by the Sebastopol Committee which was controverted at the time of its appointment. Its report was rejected with something like indignity. The country has been flooded with a huddled mass of conflicting conclusions, and the public has been unable to arrive at a definite decision on a question, on which it was above all things important that it should form such an opinion for its own guidance, and for the guidance of its Government and soldiery in future times. Should a new Eastern war unhappily arrive, should another winter repeat the disasters of 1854-5, and a cry for investigation again arise, we shall approach the question with the discouraging and discrediting recollection, that we have once before seen the same evils, and seen with them an almost fierce determination to learn their cause; but that we have likewise seen that determination wholly baffled through ministerial faithlessness, profiting by the necessary evanescence of popular emotion.

Much more might be said; but we have stated enough with respect to a bygone Government. If what we have urged be true, there is no ground for the charge of ingratitude against the people of England in connection with the overthrow of the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, though there may be some room for questioning the intelligence which was so long befooled by the pretensions of that Ministry. And there is the less reason to wonder that so large a part of the Liberal force should acquiesce in the possession of power by Lord Derby, and even yield him active support, when we find proof so overwhelming of modes of action on the part of his predecessors, which all public men and all political parties having any soundness and healthiness of tone must alike repudiate. In homely phrase, they appear to say they will get more out of Lord Derby, and



so we trust they may; not more of mere innovation and disturbance, but more of thrift in expenditure, more of relief from burdens, more of purity in patronage, more of strictness in the discipline of administration, more of steady, and even of bold though cautious improvement, in our laws and institutions.

At this early date, though the career of the new Government commenced almost in mid-session, enough has passed to enable them safely to challenge a comparison with their predecessors. Some small reduction at least they have been able to effect in the estimated expenditure of the country; and in accepting the actual diminution of the Income Tax, which it was the evident intention of Sir George Lewis to augment, they have given an effective pledge of future economy by foregoing the command of that potent instrument, which affords unbounded facilities for extravagance. If he has been unable to repeal the paper duty, at least Mr. Disraeli has not found it his duty to copy his predecessor in pronouncing an eulogy upon it. If he has not largely reduced the Civil Estimates at a moment's notice, at least he has not followed the example of Mr. Wilson in addressing to Parliament an elaborate statement to show that, like the influence of the Crown late in the last century, they have increased and are increasing, and, unlike what Parliament then thought of that influence, they ought to be, not diminished, but increased still further. Lord Malmesbury is discovering from day to day what a mine of popularity—we are now quoting the sentiment of an able and independent Liberal journal—he has got to work, for the advantage of his own reputation and that of the country, by simply taking care not to walk in the steps of his predecessor. By reversing their proceedings in the cases of France and Naples, he at once secured for the Ministry, in spite of the errors of their first India Bill, a fair and even a favourable start. We may take this opportunity of observing that the Ministry has been unjustly censured for instituting the trial of Bernard. It was just, alike to England and to France, that the law should be put in motion. The issue of the trial proved not that the Government had been ill-advised, not that the law was inoperative, but that the facts were, in the opinion of the jury, doubtful; and we believe both that that opinion has been shared by many competent lawyers, and that it should excite no surprise among persons who remember that, according to the sound principles of our criminal law, acquittal does not depend upon the balance of presumptions, but is the absolute right of the accused in every case where the evidence is not such as to preclude all honest uncertainty.

Like France and like Naples, America has already afforded  
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the Ministers an opportunity of contrasting themselves with their predecessors. Of contrasting, we do not say their principles—for there have been few differences of principle, strictly so called, in the foreign policy of our various Governments for the last half century—but in their tone, their temper, and their mode of applying principles to facts as they emerge. Twice did the late Ministry carry us to the verge of war with the United States; and had their rule been unhappily prolonged, we should, in all likelihood, ere now have reached for the third time that critical position, and should have been engaged either in the noisy assertion of untenable doctrines, or in summary and ignominious retreat from the consequences they sometimes involve.

America and England have alike declared the infamous traffic in slaves to be piracy by their respective laws, and they alike use force for its suppression. But in this scheme of high and onerous philanthropy England has always had the lion's share among the nations of Christendom, and her cruisers have undertaken, in all cases which appear to them suspicious, to notice vessels under the flag of the United States, and to disregard the use of the mere symbol unless the true American nationality of such vessels should be proved. Such being the practice, the President of the United States appears to have opened a discussion of the greatest nicety. If we rightly gather the upshot of his propositions, it will come to nothing less than this: that the use of the American flag by those who are not American citizens is an offence against America alone, and is to be dealt with exclusively between her and the state of which the offenders may be subjects. Upon this high and delicate point of international law we shall pronounce no opinion beyond a surmise that it would probably be found impracticable to persevere in sustaining at the point of the sword the opposite doctrine. But a question like this, with its plausible assertion of transcendental humanity, is the very question which would have supplied a *brouillon* like Lord Palmerston with a case of invincible attraction for luring us on by high-sounding appeals into a position which we could not have made good, and which it is infinitely better not to occupy at all, than to occupy and then abandon. The Ministry of Lord Derby appear exactly to have reversed the mode of procedure which was in fashion just before their time, and to have reckoned strictly at the beginning of the strife how much of claim they could reasonably expect to carry on with them to the end. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald stated in the House of Commons, with a good sense, tact, and intelligence which have gained him just distinction, the general views of the Government;

ment; and Lord Malmesbury afterwards announced in the House of Lords that he was in negotiation with the United States, with a view to the formation of a common code of instructions for the treatment of apparent slavers, and that vessels bearing the American flag would, in the mean time, be exempt from our visitation, while increased naval strength for dealing with them is to be provided by the United States themselves.

In domestic legislation the performances of the Government have not less decidedly surpassed those of their predecessors. They began their year only in March, and they were interrupted in the most valuable part of the Session by a motion of censure; but when the Royal Speech was delivered at the close of the session, her Majesty was enabled to announce that there had been passed through Parliament Bills for transferring to the Crown the government of India, for remodelling the constitution of the Scottish Universities, for establishing the Colony of British Columbia, for revising the powers of the Encumbered Estates Act in Ireland, and extending its operation to unencumbered properties, for enlarging the circle of municipal government, and for enabling the Metropolitan Board of Works at length to set about the main drainage of the metropolis and the relief of the River Thames from its abominable pollutions. No such legislative harvest was gathered during any of the three complete years of the Palmerston Administration, with the advantage of autumnal sowing, as was thus yielded by the spring-corn of Lord Derby's Government. But we cannot pass from this brief notice of the Scottish Universities Bill without observing upon the singular and brilliant fortune of the eminent lawyer, lately Lord Advocate and now Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who had the opportunity of signalling his name in connexion with so great a measure during a parliamentary career of only three months. Perhaps we may be permitted to say of him what Virgil has said of Marcellus—

‘Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra  
Esse sinent.’

We heartily wish him well in his Elysium.

It is then no matter of wonder that the great fustian Ministry should at length have learned, like other professors of like arts in other times, how short is the interval which separates the summit of the Capitoline Hill from the precipice of the Tarpeian Rock. And in speaking of that Ministry, we must, after all, while endeavouring to avoid invidious personality, be understood to speak mainly of its chief. The great bulk of its members were men who of themselves never would have gained its *éclat*, and never would have



have perpetrated its misdeeds. But the tone and will of the First Minister determined the whole complexion and the whole action of the body. As to Lord Palmerston himself, he reminds us of the strange antithesis in some words of Rousseau, who says of a particular personage, '*ce n'était assurément pas un homme sans mérite quoique ce fût un grand vilain.*' He has his great and signal gifts, but England has cause to be glad that she is quit of him as her guide. His colleagues in general, like sleeping Directors in some British Bank, basked in his popularity and partook of his high dividends; they have also shared his downfall, and it is to be recorded to their honour that they still remain in almost unbroken rank by his side.

They may claim, indeed, but little credit on the score of their posthumous adhesion, so far as the first disaster was concerned. When the resignation of February was announced, the resigners had a very shrewd suspicion that after a fortnight of uncertainty they must come back to power. But shrewd suspicions often are themselves beshrewed. And so it proved in this case. Whom had they to fear? There was no ostensible rival with a following, except Lord Derby; and his following, as it seemed, was too weak to sustain a ministry, since in opposition its force did not much exceed one half of the supporters of Lord Palmerston. It seemed essential to prevent any recourse to Lord John Russell, who had no party at his back; if this could be done, the Queen would have no alternative open except on the one hand a minister too weak to govern—on the other, a restoration. To confine the choice of Her Majesty to Lord Derby was thus, as it appeared, to bring her back to the feet of Lord Palmerston.

Accordingly, it is understood that when Lord Derby, with great circumspection, advised the Sovereign in February last to exhaust all chances which the Liberal party offered for the formation of a Government, before resorting to himself, and when Her Majesty, wisely acting on that advice, consulted one of the most experienced members of the former Cabinet on the question of the formation of a new Liberal Government, the answer was prompt and to the purpose. It was, that no Liberal government could be formed other than the Government of Lord Palmerston. Thus the first point was gained, narrowing the choice of the Crown to two alternatives: but unfortunately the further point was missed of reducing these two alternatives to one. Lord Derby courageously and wisely undertook the task before him, and his undertaking it has resulted in benefit and satisfaction to the country at large.

Still, for two months after the new Ministers acceded to office, the prospects of the old ones were not unpromising. The un-  
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gainly structure of the first India Bill was greatly in their favour. Lord Palmerston, still sore with defeat, fell back upon parliamentary tranquillity to recruit his spirits. Some subordinates and buccaneers had, indeed, been thrown forward at the very outset, to try what encouragement there might be for an active campaign. None of them took benefit, and some got heavy falls; the chiefs read the signs of the times, and lay still. This conduct was discreet; the country could not but be pleased with so modest a demeanour.

But when the publication of the famous despatch of Lord Ellenborough upon the Oude Proclamation seemed to open a tempting opportunity for the resumption of office, then the dog returned to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire. Lord Ellenborough, with graceful promptitude, took upon himself the penalty of acts in which it was plain that either the whole or the great bulk of his colleagues had no concern, and retired from office. But blood had been scented; and sexagenarian and septuagenarian leaders did not even attempt to stop the chase. The very men who had escaped from an impending vote of censure in 1855 by the resignation of Lord John Russell, declared that the resignation of Lord Ellenborough should do nothing to arrest the sentence upon the present Government. The avowed object was to vindicate the Governor-General from unjust reproof: and, as some of the closest friends of Lord Canning joined in the proceeding, far be it from us to treat them as insincere. Yet the more we admit their sincerity, the more must we stand amazed at their blindness. In looking back upon the gigantic blunder which was perpetrated in May, by some of the oldest and most experienced public men in Europe, we cannot but say these two things: never were enemies so effectually set up by enemies: and never was a friend so cruelly pulled down by friends. Lord Canning was exhibited as the prize of battle, when his assailants were armed to the teeth with the most popular topics, while nothing was known of his defence. This was a proceeding fatal to the agents in it on its merits, without taking into account some most discreditable accompaniments, which we willingly premit. Lord Derby's Government was made the subject of an attack at once so merciless and so absurd, that the recoil upon Lord Palmerston and his friends was far heavier than even the original downfall of February; while the effect upon the assailed Administration was to draw forth its spirit in self-defence, to hearten its friends, to attract independent public sympathy to its side, to renew and consolidate its title to office, and, in a word, to send it on its way rejoicing.

Since that time the atmosphere of politics has been calm, and  
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the course of the Administration even. Provisionally perhaps, but really, they have had the confidence of a large majority of the House of Commons, and they are in full possession, at least for the time, of all the prerogatives of a constitutionally appointed and supported ministry. At least, we say, for the time : but how long will that time endure? It would be hazardous to deal in predictions on such a question. Something will depend, faction-ridden as this country may by some be supposed to be, upon the moral tone and the capacity which may hereafter be shown, as well as on the actual measures which may be produced, by Lord Derby's Government. Important political results may flow from the promised consideration of Reform : we trust the waters may be sweeter than their source. Much may hang on the unforeseen events which we call accidents, because they are governed by springs hidden from our eyes, like the mechanical forces which determine the fall of the die. But much will also, it is probable, depend, at least negatively, on the conduct of Lord Palmerston. Though bruised by his reverses and deprived of influence over a parliament peculiarly his own, in a degree far beyond any premier of the passing or of the past generation, he is still the ostensible leader of the Opposition : he still hopes, or seems to hope, to be what he has been ; he clings to the place on the Opposition Bench which as it were inscribes that title over his head. But it would seem that as long as Lord Palmerston is in such a sense, at least, the leader of Opposition, he effectually prevents it from following any other leader ; and that so long Lord Derby's tenure of office is one of average, perhaps of more than average security. The place which Lord Palmerston holds he may retain : but he cannot, we believe, under any ordinary circumstances, whatever be his longings, resume the station he has lost. But now—

*Sicelides Musæ, paullò majora canamus.*

There are changes which occur among us from day to day and from session to session. The events of each passing unit of time, whether it be day or whether it be year, are measured, for our immediate purpose, by comparison with what immediately precedes or follows. Like variations of the weather, they are ever present to our perceptions, and they are as readily and as regularly noted. But the larger variations of things are not similarly within view, and have no such (if the expression may be allowed) self-registering machinery. Yet it is requisite that from time to time even the contemporary critic and observer should attempt to gain a larger view, and to determine the latitude and longitude of the political sphere, by reference to its poles, to the principles which ought to guide all public policy, and to the ends it has in view.

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A comprehensive review of affairs taken at this time must suggest many subjects of grave and anxious reflection. And this not merely in the sense in which such language is universally true, but in a sense more restrained, and strictly appropriate to the circumstances of the time both at home and abroad, as they stand in contrast with the circumstances of England and of Europe twenty years ago.

At that time, both England and the Continent appeared to have embarked upon a course of improvement, which different countries were engaged in pursuing with varying degrees of rapidity and steadiness, yet, on the whole, in a tolerably uniform direction. But, even beyond the limits to which organic improvement had extended, an enlightened sentiment appeared to have made way with the Governments generally, and to find its reward in the tranquil, secure, and progressive condition of society. It would be difficult to conceive a more marked sign of the general and powerful prevalence of tendencies to good, than the fact that in 1832 the Five Great Powers of Europe unanimously and jointly represented to the Sovereign Pontiff of the day, Gregory XVI., the necessity of his introducing administrative and political changes for the better into the government of the States of the Church.

In England the machine of State worked vigorously and freely. Such immediate dangers as may have attended the crisis of the Reform Bill had been already neutralised by a strong conservative reaction in the body of the people, while enough of *impetus* remained over from that convulsive movement to give to the processes of legislative and administrative action a vigour such as they have rarely displayed either before or since. Ever since the great peace, indeed, a succession of Governments had been occupied in devising means to lighten the burdens of the people, and to improve the laws and administration of the country. Yet, on the whole, and setting aside questions which involved religious differences or class interests, it must be allowed in impartial retrospect that these processes derived a healthful stimulus from the Reform Act. Great retrenchments were effected: abuse wherever it could be detected was resolutely hunted out; the task of Government was conducted in earnest: and so deeply was an Administration held responsible for the improvement as well as the execution of the laws, that Sir Robert Peel, in 1841, induced the House of Commons to declare Lord Melbourne and his colleagues unworthy of its confidence, because they had in various important instances failed to obtain the assent of Parliament to their legislative proposals.

It may indeed, hereafter afford a subject of useful study to the  
historian,



historian, to consider whether the Reform Bill, in the shape in which it became law, lightened the difficulties which beset such questions as the controversies of Free Trade and of religious disabilities. We incline to the belief that on the contrary it rather contributed to aggravate those difficulties by the more definite representation of class, by the greater direct weight of popular opinion, and by the suppression of intermediate, tempering, and independent elements. For ten years from 1831 onwards, the measures of Mr. Huskisson and the Liverpool Government in the direction of commercial freedom produced no sequel of any considerable significance. But both Parliaments and Administrations, without distinction of party, exhibited a spirit of fidelity to the public interest, of resolution in pursuing it, and of real ardour in the work of improvement; while the high condition of party organisation down to the crisis of 1846 worked eminently well for the nation, both in securing a careful scrutiny by the Opposition of all measures of the Government, and in checking that scrutiny itself by the conscious responsibility of men who habitually regard themselves as the proximate occupants of office. As respected the finances of the country, whatever exception might be taken to particular proceedings, the result of the twenty years preceding the Russian war was very remarkable. The population and wealth of the country had increased largely; but the national debt was reduced, and the expenditure remained on the whole nearly stationary, although provision was made during the period for meeting many new pecuniary demands, which attended upon the progress of social development.

The movement of affairs in foreign countries down to 1848 was also on the whole satisfactory. The crisis of 1840 in the East tried seriously the pacific temper of Europe, and in particular France; but, by standing the trial, it proved that peace was becoming the tradition and the habit of civilised man. The reforming spirit of Sultan Mahmoud had appeared to open a door of hope even for Turkey. Constitutional government was accredited by the contrast between the first and the second French Revolutions; and, till hard upon the close of the reign of Louis Philippe, France appeared for the first time to have enjoyed for a considerable period in harmonious combination the varied blessings of tranquillity, prosperity, liberty, and content. The Belgian revolution had turned out favourably to the conservation of European order. In that country free institutions had been established with eminent and entire success; in the Peninsula with more mixed results. In some quarters, as in Northern Germany, important measures had been adopted for the liberation and extension of commerce; and a general and just  
jealousy

jealousy watched the encroachments of the Court of Rome, and guarded with vigilance whatever the struggles of former years had gained.

The accession of Pius IX., and his early measures of reform, were hailed throughout great part of Europe with a natural but an unthinking eagerness and enthusiasm. The liberalism of Pius IX. was worth almost as much as the Christianity of Tae-Ping and the Chinese rebels. He was encouraged by two parties whose views were totally incompatible; by political reformers, who dreamed that he would establish civil freedom, and by papal partisans who knew that at all costs he would maintain ecclesiastical supremacy, and that his darling idea was simply to make merchandise of the love of liberty for the profit of the Church. Placed in this false position, the Pope compounded for doing little by promising much; and he carried to its climax that theatrical and bombastic air which is unhappily so characteristic of Italian politics. But the effect of his operations was not confined to the Peninsula. He imparted a tone of excitement to the popular mind throughout the Continent, and was in no small degree the parent of the idle dreams and greedy expectations which brought about the French Revolution of 1848; perhaps the event most extensively disastrous to liberty of all single events which can be noted in the history of mankind.

‘*Ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri  
Res Danaüm.*’

Upon that outbreak, everywhere throughout the continent except in Russia, monarchy was smitten with panic. It was a dull number of the daily newspaper which only brought tidings of one new Revolution. The weakness of kingship might perhaps have been a less disastrous disclosure, had there been anything strong to take its place. Unhappily, popular sentiment had been inveigled by excitement into violence; and violence wears for the moment a semblance of force. When conflagration had done its work, and it only remained to construct, there appeared on all hands feebleness, indecision, treachery; a total want of the masculine intelligence and the clear self-consciousness by which revolutions are carried to their end. The popular principle proved to be weaker even than what by a convulsive effort it had overthrown. The reaction set in. Ease forgot

‘*Vows made in pain, as violent and void.*’

At some points, where liberty had strength enough to struggle, the struggle was put down by sheer force from without. At others it compounded, and agreed to truces which were broken as soon as made. The general result is that every single country which



was convulsed in 1848 for the purposes of democracy has now receded to a point far in the rear of that which it had previously attained. The roll of broken promises and dishonoured oaths is lengthened; the spirit of political improvement is abashed, and exchanged for one of timid and sometimes cruel jealousy; order is founded less upon consent, more upon compulsion; legality and public right have reeled under new blows and are bleeding from new gashes; safety-valves supplied by free institutions to discontent have been closed; new elements of wrath, new causes of aggravation, have been and are being stored up for the next period of convulsion. Let us take imperial France at its best; let us take it as the warmest partisan could ask to have it represented. We do not now speak of its aspect towards ourselves; indeed we must observe that the duties of the alliance have been better discharged by the Government of Louis Napoleon than by the Government of Lord Palmerston; and that though Cherbourg may influence our domestic proceedings, it gives us no ground of complaint or murmur. But we speak of France in herself. Let us assume that the Government is vigorous and enlightened, the administration mild and legal, the people prosperous and advancing. Even if to this we could add, which we dare not undertake, that general content and satisfaction prevailed, still there are two capital elements wanting. These are the elements of law and freedom, without which no political order can be better than provisional; while the very employment of such expedients as have there been used even to avert greater evils, of itself speaks trumpet-tongued of radical unsoundness for the present, and of aggravated trouble and embarrassment in the future. Now all this, though sadder for the countries which it immediately concerns, is sad for England also. England has no interest beyond her own borders comparable to her interest in the advancement of those principles of legality and regulated freedom, of which she has now to deplore the prevalent retrogression or suppression.

Meantime, while loth to use any words that may seem to fan the flames of religious animosity, we must not omit to notice that, as Liberty has lost ground, so Rome has gained it. The Emperor of the French purchased extensive support at the critical moment from the Ultramontane party by proportionate concessions. France has now for nine years given her sanction to the fatal and shameful maxim that the Papal Throne is to be supported, in defiance of the people whom it governs, by the degrading coercion of foreign arms. Sardinia, which has striven to vindicate its religious liberties, finds its internal condition perpetually tried, if not agitated, by Romish ambition and intrigue. Naples had



one great feature of independence, its ecclesiastical laws. These laws have, we fear, been wholly emasculated within the last three years. Austria, too, though so generally the friend of despotism, yet had given a single pledge to freedom in the Josephine code. The greatest and one of the earliest measures of the young reigning Emperor of that country, has been to raze to the ground the fabric which the wisdom, probity, and energy of his ancestors had constructed, and to erect in its stead the ill-omened Concordat, which has not yet attained to one-half the notoriety it deserves and must acquire.

While the internal state of Christian Europe thus appears to be growing more and more unhealthy, our own country, which we seem to be justified in regarding as one of its sheet-anchors, is apparently about to encounter a period of public difficulty in what may be strictly called its own affairs, while appearances exist abroad which threaten us with embarrassments of almost as pressing proximity.

Finance is, as it were, the stomach of the country, from which all the other organs take their tone. It is not to be doubted that any difficulties, which we may have to meet in this department, can be successfully encountered by the wealth and spirit of the people. But difficulties undoubtedly there are. Our ordinary expenditure, both military and civil, shows a tendency to rapid and constant increase. The overthrow of Lord Palmerston's Government will, we have not the smallest doubt, at least slacken the rate of progress; but it may fail to do more. Cherbourg has become an element in the question of national defences; but we must beware of the panic which has smitten Mr. Roebuck and a part of his fellow-voyagers, and find in a more prudent disposal of our resources the strength which some will bid us seek in an extension of the now fashionable extravagance. The Budget of this year provided for a surplus of very moderate amount; and it must be remembered that the revenue which is to yield it includes some obnoxious and condemned taxes which cannot be reckoned as belonging to our permanent resources, retains some part of the war taxes on tea and sugar, which it is of high importance to the people to reduce, and relies greatly on six millions of Income Tax, which next year will fall to five, and which the Parliament seems to hold itself pledged to surrender altogether in 1860. We earnestly hope that, if the wealthier classes shall persist, as is probable, in demanding the cessation of that impost, they will not forget their poorer brethren, the consumers of tea and sugar; and it is a startling fact in connexion with the comforts of the people that in 1856, under the combined influence of war-duty and short production, the con-

sumption of sugar in this country, with its constantly growing population, fell off by no less than one-eighth of its whole amount. It has since rallied; but the progress, a few years ago so conspicuous, does not appear as yet to have been fully resumed.

There is a relation, which is real, and which may become near, between two subjects not at first sight allied: Finance and India. England like others has conquered India; and unlike others, she undertakes to govern it without any reciprocal incorporation of the dominant and the subordinate races. She trusts to a system wholly mechanical, and not in the slightest particle organic, for maintaining a connexion, on which Nature, who is a party, say what we will, in these causes, has set her seal as one of unexampled, perhaps of insuperable difficulty. England, moreover, so governs India, that its average annual expenditure exceeds its average annual revenue. It follows that she creates for India at least one great British Institution, a National Debt. In other words, by mortgaging the labour and capital of India she disposes of its future; and attempts to create a sort of tenant-right, but one which has no prescription to back it, in her own favour. Keeping her balance of debtor and creditor permanently on the wrong side by her wars of spontaneous annexation, she accumulates this weight from year to year; so that the Indian Debt now stands third or fourth, we believe, in the world. But those who make wars at their will commonly find wars made for them against their will. When we were young, we girded ourselves and went whither we would: now that we are old, another girds us and leads us whither we would not. Our use of words so solemn may we trust be excused by the gravity of the matter. A war unsought and undesired is now upon us. Conspicuous organs of the press long ago have very prematurely sung their pæans on its virtual termination. But with all thankfulness for the past, and some cheerfulness for the future, we at least are not yet in a condition to say when it will end. One of the consequences of its continuance for any considerable time would of course be, that the overlaid credit of India would refuse to carry any further increase to its burden, and that, even while we might continue to call ourselves masters of India, we should have to become in one paramount particular its slaves, by undertaking to defend it at the charge of the British people.

Whether it has been wise or unwise to reconstruct the instrument of Indian Government at home during the war, this at least is plain, that the passing of the measure marks not the end but the beginning of our labours. It is a first step, of which the best use will be to bring the true problem into view. In reading the able and in many respects modest speech of Mr. Bright,



Bright, nothing strikes us so much as the contrast between his sense of the incurable and highly exceptional difficulties inherent in the case, and the quiet confidence with which he proposes the now stereotyped British remedy, a Secretary of State with an official staff, and responsibility to Parliament. Surely he should have remembered that, even in the comparatively easy case of the Colonies, we have found no way of making a Secretary of State work really well, except in cases where he has nothing to do. But self-government, which with the Colonies is a goal visible and near, is in the case of India practically out of all present view.

At the same time, we do not hesitate to say that Mr. Bright's discourse contains prospective and practical views which are alike sound and manly. He is unjust to the Court of Directors, but he is just to India. The folly and danger of territorial aggrandisement, of greedy annexations, of wanton wars for imaginary causes such as those in which some administrations have positively seemed to revel, are here set forth with the utmost vigour, conciseness, and perspicuity. Upon many topics he urged in Parliament the same views, which our printer was, probably about the very same day (the 24th of last June), putting into type on our behalf. We rejoice to find him our ally in urging that which infinitely transcends in importance any particular measure, for it lies at the root of all sound policy for India. We must away with the odious spirit of ascendancy; we must cease to be puffed up with an intolerable self-conceit; we must cease to regard Indian patronage as a *peculium* of our own, whether for the middle class or any other class. We must no longer degrade Indian intelligence and Indian knowledge, and damp Indian industry and ardour, by shutting out a people of ample capacity from offices of real trust, authority, and power. We must learn the lesson, not only that India is to be governed as far as possible for India; but likewise, that it is to be governed as far as possible by India. God grant that, as the Indian war has already done England one weighty service by greatly elevating her military reputation, so it may do her another weightier still in bringing to her inner heart some more adequate consciousness of the nature of the portentous task which she has undertaken idly, and almost without a thought, half as in the enjoyment of a pleasure, and half as in submission to a destiny. And God be thanked that she has instruments better fitted than she has sometimes had for the high purposes in view. The son of one Prime Minister of England, occupying the Imperial seat of a Governor-General, has carried with him to India, along with many other high qualifications, the rare virtues of self-sacrificing devotion,



devotion, and a strong and chivalrous sense of justice. The son of another Prime Minister will, we are convinced, support Lord Canning from home with an equal ability and an equal attachment to humanity, equity, and right.

The subject of which we have just been treating is likely of itself to find for years to come a sufficient stock of cares and anxieties for England. But, for fear life should stagnate, we have provided ourselves with others. Running ahead, as we conceive, of public opinion and desire, our statesmen of all parties have entangled themselves anew with the question of Parliamentary Reform. We cannot envy the man who undertakes to rearrange the constitution of our representative Assembly, without at least two antecedent conditions in his favour. One of these we take to be, some amount of agreement in some quarter at least as to the existence and pressure of present evils; the other a similar approach to unity and clearness in the conception of remedies. That there is much room for improvement in our electoral laws, of course, we do not doubt. But it is a most arduous undertaking to judge how much is both right to be proposed and likely to be carried; and it is an undertaking in which the means of action do not appear to stand at all in due proportion to its difficulties.

As respects, however, this and all other domestic questions, there is no reason to doubt that, at the cost of whatever inconvenience, whatever changes of ministry, whatever partial or temporary paralysis of Parliamentary action, we shall at last get through the surf and be landed on the beach. But there is another unsolved problem, not properly ours, yet deeply affecting us as members of the European commonwealth, which we have been handling of late at the cost of near an hundred millions of money, to say nothing of human life; which we thought we had at least bought off for a generation; but which, unexpected and unbidden, after the lapse of three short years only, is again beginning to present an importunate aspect at our very doors.

When the nation undertook the recent war, guided, as was natural, by its sympathies rather than its intelligence, it mistook the symptom for the disease. The symptom was seen in the aggressive tendencies of Russia: the disease lay in the condition of Turkey. Setting aside the few among us who thought we ought to have done nothing, the nation was divided into two classes: one formed of those who thought Russia should be repelled, the other of those who thought she should be crippled. The former gained the day. But whichever of the two had won, the issue raised between them was not the main issue. It is beyond the prerogative of man to sustain what is impotent, by making  
everything

everything impotent around it: and the mutilation of Russia, had it been possible, would not have advanced us a step towards the salvation of Turkey.

Neither party—and the two between them made up the bulk of the nation—either bore sufficiently in mind, or had ever adequately measured, the inherent, the properly Turkish difficulty. Upon the nature of that difficulty volumes might be written, and written with profit; but it is capable of being stated in a sentence. It is this: that in Turkey the governing body is dead, while the body of the governed is alive. Swift looked upon a staggered tree, and said of himself, 'I shall die like that tree, at the top.' The case of Swift is the case of Turkey. She is dead at the top. This radical reversal of natural laws raises the most intractable of all practical problems.

The method of dealing with this difficulty which was in vogue with the late Administration, and, through the credit of the Lord Palmerston of that day, with the country, was characteristic. It was, stoutly to deny its existence, and resolutely to act as if it existed not. There are some who contend that Turkey is an innocent young maiden; there are others who hold her to be an effete old monster. Without a doubt, we were assured, she is an innocent young maiden. Only keep off the hand of the ravisher, introduce her into good society, and supply her with *chaperons* of established credit; then, rely upon it, she will make a most creditable addition to the first circles of Europe. A Turk in a frock coat and trowsers is in effect a Christian.

We have rendered into the *persiflage* of fashionable life, but we have faithfully and accurately rendered, the language and sentiments which have for three important years unhappily too much influenced the policy of England. Lord Palmerston has never scrupled to assert that Turkey was one of the most progressive countries of Europe, and that, if only Russia could be held off, all would be well. He seems, indeed, to exhibit the strongest alternations between levity and fanaticism; and on the subject of Turkey he has for many years been fanatical. What is more is that his fanaticism has unfortunately been the policy of England. We have been acting as if we had nothing to do but to drive away external foes, while the true enemy is within. It lies in an organic maladjustment, especially in Europe and in the more European parts of Turkey elsewhere, of the ingredients and forces of the body politic, such as diplomacy can no more counteract, than Mrs. Partington and her broom could dispose of the incoming Atlantic.

Yet that is the enterprise which English diplomacy in particular has taken in hand. Austria indeed supplies the inspira-  
tion,



tion, but the name of England gives the credit; and her resources furnish the strength, which alone can make an Austrian policy possible. What is this Austrian policy? To centralise at Constantinople, as she centralises at Vienna. To give the Sultan such power over the Principalities as the Emperor Francis Joseph enjoys in Hungary and at Milan. To restrict municipal and local freedom; to keep or to make the provinces weak, lest they should be beyond the management of the driving-wheel at the capital; to make the disease, decay, debility, of the head the measure and standard of the health to which the members may be permitted to attain.

Such, we say, is the policy which Austria has followed; naturally enough, and excusably too, according to the doctrines of self-defence commonly current. Absolute government does not like free institutions at its doors: and if that absolute government happens also to be decrepit, and to have but just enough of strength for the purpose of coercing its own malcontents, then what would otherwise be a question of luxury comes to be a question of life, or, if not to be really of life, yet at least to be so estimated under the combined influences of selfishness and fear.

It is useless to deny the fact that there is a hopeless contrariety between the interests of Europe in the Turkish question, and the particular interests of Austria with regard to her methods of domestic and Italian government. Her system is at all costs to centralise. The true policy for Turkey is to decentralise.

It is an error to suppose that Turkey *governs* her provinces at all. There was never mind enough for such a purpose in that great savage incursion of brute force, which came, like a deluge of blood rained from the windows of heaven, upon some of the fairest countries of the world. Military possession, and taxation by virtue of military possession, were the climax, according to Turkish intellect, of the architectonic science of politics. What is Turkish commerce, Turkish finance, Turkish judiciary, Turkish law? As these words are understood among civilised men, they scarcely can be said to apply at all to Turkey. Yet the Turk, like other men, had his wisdom and his folly. His folly was to pretend to govern. His wisdom, and it was a true wisdom, was, to make terms with the intelligence, not always high yet always greatly superior to his own, which he found existing everywhere under his iron heel. Hence it was that, in regard to the grand primary purpose of all Government, the administration of justice between man and man, the Sultans made it over, for their Christian subjects, to those Christians themselves. They had this one good point at least,—they were not jealous of petty and local, nor even always of provincial, freedom. Hence it was  
that



that Greece lived through her degradation of four hundred years : and that Servia and the Danubian Principalities, on the easy conditions of small tribute and nominal subordination, were enabled in the darkest times to maintain substantial freedom and independence.

But now comes the diplomatic chimera of Lord Palmerston, or what we may presume to term the great frock-coat-and-trousers question. Turkey is to be introduced into the European family. She is to govern her provinces, whatever their old Treaties may say, in the spirit, forsooth, of a Sovereign ; as France governs departments, or as England governs counties, only *minus* certain inconvenient stipulations, which we cannot eat up at a mouthful, so as instantly to get them out of the way. She is to begin European institutions, like India, at the wrong end ; and she has really contrived to found a debt. But this is not all ; she is required to pass a Hatti-Humayoum, or Great Statute, establishing throughout the Empire an equality of civil and religious rights irrespective of religion, and containing all sorts of paper-securities for good government. *Quid leges sine moribus ?* What are laws, asked Mr. Burke, without an executory principle ? What is a bill of exchange for 10,000*l.* accepted by a man not worth five shillings ? Why is the Hatti-Humayoum of 1856, enforced by the Powers, to be fruitful, when the Hatti-Scheriff of Gulhani in 1839, which was spontaneous, proved barren ? The so-called laws of Turkey are in effect now framed by those of the Foreign Ambassadors at the Porte whose States happen to be in the ascendant. Lord Stratford, while he was there, strong in integrity and intellect, stronger yet if possible in will and the spirit of command, like another Atlas, carried the world of the Turkish Empire on his shoulders ; and the aggrieved subject, whether Turk or Christian, if he ever dreamed of redress from the Government at all, knew that his best hope of it lay in Lord Stratford. The Hatti-Humayoum of 1855 was the supreme effort of this remarkable man. It is indeed dead, and Christian evidence is still rejected, and men are even now imprisoned and ruined for the want of it, aye, within a stone's throw, so to speak, of Constantinople. But even to set up upon its feet so great and goodly a corpse as the Turkish Empire required a Hercules. To put speculation in its eye, to give it a brain, to make it live, walk, perform function, this not even Lord Stratford could accomplish ; nor can any other man by foreign influence attain that end.

But there is the great and solemn shadow of Russia from the North, still projecting itself towards and over Turkey, longer and longer as the day wears and the sun of Time descends. Yet there it is ; and no statesman could more effectually play the  
game

game of Russia, not even if, according to the visionary dreams of Mr. Urquhart, he had sold his soul and conscience for that end, than England does when in the wake of Austria she endeavours to suppress the rising Christian life of the provinces of Turkey, to narrow the lawful privileges of the Principalities, and forbid their development, for fear of their becoming too strong for the Sultan. Too strong for the Sultan! They are too strong for him already, and too strong for him they will be, weaken them as you may. There is not one the feeblest province of his Empire, not the little pocket-handkerchief of mountain and rock that we call Montenegro, which is not too strong for the Sultan. It is not the Sultan that keeps his provinces in subordination; it is the power, will, and interest of Europe. But though the Danubian Principalities, however we may dwarf and cripple them, must ever continue too strong for Turkey, they are not too strong for Russia; and the State or Government who makes them less strong than they might be, and but for it would be, is sealing the decree and hastening the day for Russia to absorb them. There is no policy, but one, which can effectually contain Russia within her limits. It is to give the people of the countries on her southward frontier an interest in refusing to be governed by her. Of this interest they will become conscious in proportion as they are practically free. Nor is there anything in this practical freedom inconsistent with the interests of the Ottoman Power. The Sultan does not want to be charged with the cares of Government, he wants what will support his harem, his ministers, and his military establishments, and enable him to play in a corner of Europe the Asiatic sovereign. This part he may perchance yet play for many a day, but it can only be on one condition, which is that he, or that others for him, shall make easy the relation between him and his European and Christian subjects. What he wants is just what they can give. The terms of the compact ought to be tribute and title for him, self-government for them; local and provincial self-government, varying according to their rights, traditions, and comparative maturity, but in substance, or at least in aim, the same for all. These are terms which would give them contentment, prosperity, and strength: which would reduce to a minimum the evils connected with the existence of the Ottoman Power in Europe, if they could not make it fertile of good: which, without precipitating or even deciding the question of its continuance at Constantinople, or its transfer eastward, or its total downfall, would smooth the course of the future, whatever the direction of that course may be; finally and most of all, which would secure scope and shelter for the germs of life in the European provinces of Turkey, and,  
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in relaxing for them the doom that has so long hung heavily around them, would most effectually provide for the future security of Europe.

It would be impossible adequately to describe within the space at our command the dangers of the Ottoman Empire. Suffice it to say that for the present, perhaps even for the future, Russian ambition, formidable as it is, nevertheless must be reckoned among the least of them. Unwieldy size, ill-defined and disputable relations to her own members, administration radically corrupt, finances long embarrassed and rapidly moving towards exhaustion, classes widely severed from, and hopelessly exasperated with one another, the disproportionate distribution of the elements of power; all these would deserve a full consideration. But greater, perhaps, than any of them is the risk which the Ottoman Power now runs of seeing arrayed against it the whole mass of smouldering Mahometan fanaticism. The so-called reforms, little as they have done towards conciliating the Christians, have produced in the Mahometan mind a widely-spread conviction that the race of the Sultans is false to the Prophet and to his mission. Of this estrangement, and of the hatred arising out of it, traces may be found in the late proceedings in Arabia, where it is probable that actual want of power restrained the Turkish authorities from the prompt performance of their duty. Their hold on the country is nominal: were it otherwise our own occupation of Aden could not be justified for a moment. Mecca is the great focus of Mahometan enthusiasm: and it would take little to excite such a revulsion in the Peninsula as would at once put an end to the shadow of Turkish rule by which it is at present overhung.

To all this it would appear that France is thoroughly alive. The Convention relating to the Principalities, which has recently appeared, contains the elements and principle of an union between the provinces without giving it full effect. It may afford a standing ground for future operations in the sense of freedom, if the joint Commission of Legislation shall prove efficient: it promises little, we apprehend, in the way of permanent settlement. To France, there can be no doubt, is mainly due whatever has been gained for these unhappy countries. She has been acting in the Levant upon principles which will earn for her influence and favour with all that lives and grows in the Turkish Empire. She has been resisted at every point by Austria. But what Austria, as we have said, has done naturally and perhaps excusably, England has also done neither naturally nor excusably. England, at least until within the last few months, has been the really powerful and effective foe, in recent diplomacy, of provincial



vincial freedom and of Christian progress in the Turkish Empire: and, incredible as it may seem, she has, by doing the work of Russia, given to that Power the double advantage, first of gaining the affections of the Christians of Turkey by supporting the union of the Principalities; and secondly, of having the ground made ready, through their discontent, by other hands for her, when the time comes to enter and to occupy. But it is clear that, had the late Ministry continued to regulate our foreign affairs, the Principalities would not have obtained even the modified and rather stingy acknowledgment of their rights, which is offered them by the Convention. In this case therefore, as in others, much has been gained through the change of Ministry in England both for liberty and for peace.

We long, however, for the day, which must surely come, when Lord Malmesbury and the Government of Lord Derby must throw off the last rags of the Clarendon livery; when, as in the affair of France, as in the affair of the 'Cagliari,' as in their correspondence with America, so in the great question of the Levant, be it at Suez, be it on the Danube, be it where it may, they shall, by entirely departing from the wayward courses of the late Government, earn the gratitude of the country and of Europe. But the time is short: and the portents come thick beyond all expectation on one another. Everywhere there are the signs of an agitation in the Mahometan mind, which, if it come to ripeness, can only end in the utter and speedy downfall of the Turk. The insult to the British consul at Belgrade, the disturbances of Montenegro, the Candian rebellion, the Lynch law administered in the same island by the Mussulmans on a Christian culprit, the agitation in the Libanus, the conspiracy at Smyrna, and the lamentable massacre at Jeddah, would each of them, as isolated events, be of secondary importance. But it is impossible not to suspect that they are vitally connected by underground chains of sympathy: or rather that they are based in causes of profound influence, which make the whole soil of the Turkish Empire heave convulsively with a volcanic movement. They serve to show that, while the strong are without doubt becoming ready, the weak are certainly growing eager, for the conflict. The end of the struggle will, we trust, be for the happiness of man. But the passage to it may be a dreadful one; and our desire is that, when the crisis comes, it may find England strong, through wise policy, in credit and in character, and thereby qualified to exercise an influence alike powerful and disinterested in directing the course of events to a favourable issue.

## INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND FOURTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

## A.

ADMINISTRATIONS, the present and the past, 515; and *see* Ministry.  
 Ambrogio Lorenzetti, fresco-painting of, 297.  
 Architecture in Italy, 283.  
 Arundel Society, publications of the, 277—frescoes of Italy, 278—their treatment, 279—painters, 281—monastic buildings at Assisi, 288—suggestions, 290—Giotto, 291—Mrs. Higford Barr's drawings, 291-306—Mr. Vincent Brooks, 291 *n.*—Mr. Ruskin's essay, 292—recommendations to the Society, 292—the recovered portrait of Dante, 293—Taddeo Gaddi, 294—Memmi, *ib.*; and *see* Fresco Painting.

## B.

Bernoulli, James, theory of, on chances, 43.  
 Benozzo Gozzoli, works in fresco by, 304.  
 Biography, popularity of, 1.  
 Blake, Admiral, Life of, by Hepworth Dixon, 1—popularity of biographies, *ib.*—family origin of, 4—early life, 5—puritan tendencies, 6—raises troops, 10—Prince Rupert, *ib.*—siege of Bristol, 11—marches on Bridgewater, *ib.*—relieves Lyme, 12—at Taunton, 13—private character of, 15—his naval career, 16—state of the navy, 17—cruise in the Mediterranean, 19—naval reforms, 20—the Dutch navy, 21—actions with Van Tromp, 22—battle of Portland, 26—defeat and death of Van Tromp, 29—illness of Blake, 30—proceeds to Spain, *ib.*—at Tunis, 31—treaty with Portugal, 34—war with Spain, *ib.*—personal characteristics, 35—attack on Santa Cruz, 35—returns to the coast of Spain, 37—his death, *ib.*

Vol. 104.—No. 208.

Blunt, the Rev. J. J., B.D., works of, 151—his early life, 152—becomes curate to Heber, 153—early literary works, *ib.*—at Great Oakley, 154—religious principles, 155—appointment as Margaret Professor, 156—his death, 157—his ability as a reviewer, *ib.*—Todd's Milton, *ib.*—Paley's works, 159—Parr's works, *ib.*—Southey's Colloquies, *ib.*—Butler's Analogy, 160—Evidences of Religion, 161—Gibbon's History, 162—progress of Christianity, 163—triumph over paganism, 166—slender knowledge of historical facts of the Fathers, 167—Blunt's exposition, *ib.*—character as a preacher, 168—fitness for his position, 169.  
 Bombay, system of land-tenure in, 253.  
 Bottle experiments, for ascertaining currents at sea, 175.  
 Boulton, Mr., establishment of, at Birmingham, 440.  
 Bridge-building, progress of, 79—in London, 80—suspension bridges, 85.  
 British India, 224; and *see* India.  
 British Museum, the, 201—insufficiency of accommodation in, *ib.*—early history of, 202—Sir Hans Sloane's bequest, *ib.*—Montague House, *ib.*—donations, 203—establishment of the botanical department, 204—increased accommodation, 205—Mr. Panizzi, 206—the Catalogue, *ib.*—enlargement of the building, 209—communications on the want of space, 210—Mr. Hawkins's report, *ib.*—proposed arrangement of Assyrian marbles, 211—Dr. Gray's requirements in the Natural History department, 212—on limiting collections, 216—requirements and estimates, 217—on the separation of departments, 218—the Natural History collection, 219—position of Professor Owen, 222.  
 Buckle, Henry Thomas, History of Civilization in England, by, 38—theorie of, *ib.*—authors quoted by, 39—dog.

2 P



mathematical assertions of, *ib.*—questions proposed for discussion, 40—on chance, *ib.*—theory of Bernoulli, 43—on the moral nature of man, as guided by statistical facts, 44—historical science, 47—effect of physical laws on society, 48—example of his mode of dealing with facts, 49—speculations on the influence of earthquakes upon civilization, 51—attack on physiologists, 53—method for investigating history, *ib.*—notions of morality, 54—on the practice of war, 55—on the decline of the military service, 56—effect of gunpowder, 58—on literature, 59—power of government, 60—history, 61—superstitions, 62—political labours of Burke, 66—contradictions, *ib.*—Voltaire, 69—Mr. Buckle's philosophy, 70—his errors, 74.

Buda-Pesth, suspension bridge at, 87.  
Burr, Mrs. Higford, drawings of, 291-306.

## C.

Canada, Grand Trunk Railway of, 97.  
Ceylon, the Legislative Council of, 240.  
Chance, on the doctrine of, 40—in throwing dice, 42—theory of Bernoulli, 43.  
Christian Church, the, History of, during the first three Centuries, 151; and see Blunt.  
Civilization in England, 38; and see Buckle.  
Compasses, defective, on board ships, 183.  
Consalvi, Hercules, 369.  
Crumlin Viaduct, the, 98.

## D.

Dante, discovery of portrait of, 293.  
Daubeny, Charles, M.D., Lectures on Roman Husbandry by, 451.  
Derby Administration, the, 515; and see Ministry.  
Derby, Earl of, translations from Horace by, 353-358.  
Divorce Act, the, 529.  
Dixon, Hepworth, Admiral Blake by, 1; popularity of biographies, *ib.*

## E.

Earthquakes, speculations on their influence upon civilization, 51.

Education in India, 238 *n.*  
Emaum Ghur, destruction of the fortress of, 480.

## F.

Fathers, the Early, on the right use of, by the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., 151; and see Blunt.  
Foundations, on the construction of, 102.  
Franciscan order, the, 287.  
Fresco-painting, 277—frescoes of Italy, 278—painters, 281—their office of teachers, 282—Byzantine architecture, 283—sculpture, *ib.*—early fresco painters, 285—true fresco defined, 287 *n.*—its effect, 287—the Franciscan convent, *ib.*—Giotto and his pupils, 289-291—Taddeo Gaddi, 294—Memmi, *ib.*—Orcagna and Spinello of Arezzo, 295—the Sienese school, 297—Ambrogio Lorenzetti, *ib.*—Tuscan school, 300—Pietro della Francesca, 302—cemetery of Pisa, 303—Benozzo Gozzoli, 304—the Umbrian school, 306—Ottaviano, *ib.*—Pietro Perugino, 307—Pinturicchio, 308—the Roman school, 309—Michel Angelo, 310—Raphael, 311—Leonardo da Vinci, 312—Venetian school, 313—Correggio, 314—degeneracy of taste, *ib.*—technical qualities, 315—colours used, *ib.*—removal of frescoes, 316—revival of, 317—the German school, *ib.*—in England, 318—Houses of Parliament, *ib.*—Mr. Watts, 322—private houses and public buildings, 324.

## G.

Gibbon, merits of, as a historian, 163.  
Girders, different kinds of, described, 98.  
Giotto, works of, in fresco, 289-291.  
Glasgow, rise and progress of, 417.  
Gulf-stream, the, course and effects of, 177.

## H.

Harbours of refuge, want of, 193.  
Harris, Sir Wm. Snow, permanent lightning conductors of, 180.  
Horace, translations of the Odes  
Episodes of, 325—on influence

classical literature, 326—popularity of, 327—merits of Horace as a poet considered, 328—chronology of his works, 330—his Odes, 331—early English translators, 334—Sir Thomas Hawkins, 336—Mr. Rider, 337—Barten Holyday, *ib.*—Sir R. Fanshawe, 338—Dryden, 340—on translations, *ib.*—Creech, 342—Atterbury, 343—on paraphrase, 344—Pope's imitations, 345—Francis, 346—Milton, 347—Lord Ravensworth, 348—353—Newman and Sewell, 349—Robinson, 351—the 'Donec gratus,' 352—classification of the Odes, 356—Lord Derby, 353—358—difficulties of the translation, 360.

## I.

Icebergs at sea, 178.  
 India Bills of Lords Derby and Palmerston compared, 519.  
 India, British, its Races and its History, by John M. Ludlow, 224—on the future government of, 224, 552—our critical position in, 225—state of the country, 226—conduct of native princes, *ib.*—case of the sepoy considered, 227—our rule in, and adoption of customs of, 229—number of settlers in, 230—increasing estrangement, *ib.*—former mixed intercourse, 231—Mr. Shore's Notes on Indian affairs, 232—reasons for the change of circumstances, 233—severance of all ties, 235—treatment of natives, *ib.*—dangers of estrangement, 236—education, 237—intellectual development of natives, 239—on identity of interests, 240—community of language, 241—religion, 242—causes of the insurrection, 244—education, 245—tenure of land, 246—'ryotwar system,' 250—the system in Bombay, 253—love of land in India, 255—revenues, *ib.*—the Inam and Resumption Commissions, 256—our treatment of proprietary rights, 260—Lord Canning's proclamation, 261—results of the rebellion, 262—condition of Oude, *ib.*—our relations with native states, 264—fidelity of Scindia, 266—Holkar, 267—annexation of Jhansi, 269—dangerous policy of annexation —  
 299 —

2

future government, 274—education, *ib.*—revenue, 275.  
 Indophilus, the letters of, mentioned, 268.  
 Iron bridges, 75—use of iron, *ib.*—superiority of, 76—manufacture of, in Great Britain, 77—smelting, *ib.*—Dr. Roebuck, 78—the Carron works, *ib.*—supply of iron, 79—progress of bridge-building, 79—London bridges, 80—first iron bridges, *ib.*—Tom Paine, 81—the Wear bridge, 83—Telford, *ib.*—Vauxhall and Southwark bridges, 84—strength, cast and wrought iron, *ib.*—suspension bridges, 85—the Menai bridge, *ib.*—bridge at Buda-Pesth, 87—over the valley of the Sarine, 89—Mr. Roebling's bridge over the Niagara, *ib.*—iron railway bridges, 91—high level bridge at Newcastle, 92—tubular bridges, 96—Victoria bridge, Montreal, *ib.*—girders, 98—construction of foundations, 102—coffer dam, 103—cylinders, 104—proposed bridge across the Straits of Dover, 105.

## J.

James, Dr., Life of Wycliffe by, 108.

## L.

Labour, on the division of, 419.  
 Land, tenures of, in India, 246.  
 Leonardo da Vinci, 312.  
 Leo XII., Pope, 397; and see Wiseman.  
 Life-boats, improvements in, 198.  
 Lightning at sea, 179.  
 Lighthouses, suggested improvements in, 187.  
 Lloyd's, underwriters at, 173.  
 Ludlow, John M., British India, its Races and its History by, 224.

## M.

Menai Bridge, the, 85.  
 Moon, the supposed influence of, on health, 500 n.  
 Michel Angelo, power and skill of, in painting, 310.  
 Ministry, the, and the Parliament, 1858, by W. E. Lendrick, 515—fall of Lord Palmerston, and accession of Lord Derby, *ib.*—its weakness in the House of Commons, 516—present position —  
 517—causes of continuance of —  
 18—India Bills, 519—finance sign policy, *ib.*—relations



with the Manchester School, 520—the Palmerston administration, 521—Chinese war, 523—the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, 525—the 'Cagliari,' *ib.*—domestic affairs, 528—Divorce Act, 529—Probate Act, 530—compensations, 532—Crimean inquiry, 533—Chelsea Commission, 536—measures of the present Government, 541—Income Tax, *ib.*—foreign policy, *ib.*—slave trade, 542—results of the session, 543—early career of the Ministry, 544—Lord Ellenborough's despatch, 545—considerations for the future, 546—general review of affairs, 547—effects of Reform Bill considered, *ib.*—measures of reform abroad, 548—increased power of Rome, 550—France, *ib.*—Austria, 551—home difficulties, *ib.*—finance, *ib.*—India, 552—Turkey, 554.  
Muirhead, James P., the 'Life of James Watt,' by, 410.

## N.

Napier, General Sir Charles James, the 'Life and Opinions' of, by Lieut-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B., 475—combination of opposite states of feeling in, 476—arrival in India, 477—capabilities of, in the field, *ib.*—assumes the command in Scinde, *ib.*—fortress of Emaum Ghur, 479—advances towards Hyderabad, 480—battle of Meanee, 481—dislike of war, 486—approach of Shere Mohammed, 488—arrival of reinforcements, 489—position of the enemy, 490—battle at Dubba, 491—retreat of Shere Mohammed, 493—Napier's illness, 494—is appointed Governor of Scinde, *ib.*—his policy, 495—state of the country, 498—fever, 499—the Hill robbers, 501—campaign against them, 502—'Trukkee,' 505—the Sikh war, 507—departure from Kurrachee, 510—returns to England, 511—interview with 'the Duke,' *ib.*—return to India, 512—mutiny amongst sepoys, *ib.*—love of soldiers, returns to England, 513—last illness and death of, 514.  
Newcastle, high-level bridge at, 92.  
Newman, F. W., 'The Odes of Horace,' by, 325-349.

## O.

Orcagna of Arezzo, works in fresco of, 295.

Oude, on condition of, 262.  
Owen, Professor, position of, 223.

## P.

Pacca, Cardinal, 375.  
Paine, Tom, some account of early life of, 81.  
Painters of Italy, 281.  
Palmerston, Lord, late administration of, 515, 521—his deficiencies as a 'Peace' Minister, 522, 526.  
Panizzi, Mr., eulogium on, 206.  
Pile-driving, by Nasmyth's steam hammer, 94.  
Pius VII., Pope, 364; and see Wiseman.  
Pius IX., Pope, measures of reform of, 559.  
Pope, imitations of Horace by, 345.  
Popes, 'Recollections of the last Four,' by Cardinal Wiseman, 361; and see Wiseman.  
Press-gangs, 419.  
Puritanism considered, 6.

## R.

Raphael, paintings of, 311.  
Ravensworth, Lord, 'The Odes of Horace,' by, 325, 348, 353.  
Robinson, H. G., 'The Odes of Horace,' by, 325, 351.  
Robison, Professor, introduction and friendship of, to Watt, 422.  
Roebuck, Dr. John, enterprise of, in the manufacture of iron, 78—intimacy of, with Watt, 429.  
Roman husbandry, lectures on, by Dr. Daubeny, 451—suggestive character of, 452—considerations on the Roman flora, 453—drawings of Dioscorides, 454—similarity of disposition between the Romans and Englishmen, 455—difference between Athenian and Roman, 456—rural habits, 457—the love of home, 461—slavery, 462—the 'house mother,' 463—early rising, 464—a walk of inspection, *ib.*—the farmyard, 465—crops, 467—vine-planting, 468—live stock, *ib.*—workmen, 469—landmarks, *ib.*—course of husbandry, 470—the garden, 471—holy days, 473.  
Rome, increased power of, 550.  
Rupert, Prince, description of, 10.  
Ryotwar system of land-tenure in India, 250.

S.

- Scinde, the conquest of, 475; and *see* Napier.  
 Scotland, the progress of, since the middle of last century, 417.  
 Sepoy, the, case of, in India, considered, 227.  
 Sewell, W., 'The Odes and Episodes of Horace,' by, 325-349.  
 Shipwrecks, first report from the Select Committee on, 170—general considerations, *ib.*—statistics of wrecks, 171—annual loss, 172—insurance, *ib.*—wreckers, 173—underwriters, *ib.*—fraudulent insurers, *ib.*—causes of shipwrecks, 174—currents, *ib.*—bottle experiments, 175—the Gulf-stream, 177—icebergs, 178—tempest, 179—lightning conductors, 180—water-logged timber ships, 181—defective compasses, 183—charts, 185—beacons, 187—negligence, 191—the lead, 192—sandbanks, 193—harbours of refuge, *ib.*—coast of Scotland, 195—West of England, *ib.*—collisions, 198—life-boats, *ib.*—rocket and mortar apparatus, 200.  
 Shirley, Rev. W. W., the 'Life of Wycliffe,' edited by, 106; and *see* Wycliffe.  
 Shore, Mr., 'Notes on Indian Affairs,' by, 232.  
 Sikh war, the, in India, 507.  
 Slavery amongst the Romans, 462.  
 Sloane, Sir Hans, 202; and *see* British Museum.  
 Spinello of Arezzo, works in fresco of, 296.  
 Steam-power in England, estimate of, 411.

T.

- Taddeo-Gaddi, works in fresco of, 294.  
 Telford, engineering works of, 83, 85.  
 Transubstantiation, doctrine of, opposed by Wycliffe, 141.  
 Turkey, the position of, considered, 554.

U.

- University studies considered, 451.

V.

- Van Tromp, Admiral, naval exploits of, 22—defeat and death of, 29.

W.

- Watt, James, the Life of, by J. P. Muirhead, 410—birth and parentage, 411—early life, 413—observation of, as a boy, 414—at school, *ib.*—taste for fiction, 415—general amusements, *ib.*—proceeds to Glasgow, 416—thence to London, 418—instrument making, 419—returns to Glasgow, 420—builds an organ, 421—introduction to John Robison, 422—studies steam, 423—experiments, 425—discovery of the condenser, 426—difficulties, 428—Dr. Roebuck, 429—visit to Kinneil, 430—obtains a patent, 431—failure in constructing models, 432—surveying and engineering, *ib.*—improvements in the Clyde, 434—the Monkland canal, *ib.*—progress of the steam-engine, 436—Mr. Boulton, 437—death of Mrs. Watt, 438—second marriage, 441—increased demand for engines, *ib.*—improvements, 442—the crank, 443—private struggles, 445—minor inventions, 446—society at Birmingham, 447—declining years, 448—his death, 451.  
 Wiseman, Cardinal, 'Recollections of the last Four Popes and of Rome in their Times,' by, 361—early introduction to Pius VII., 362—early career of that Pope, 364—is made cardinal, 366—the French Revolution, 367—death of Pius VI., 368—conclave for election of a successor, 369—Hercules Consalvi, *ib.*—election of Chiaramonti, 370—state of Rome, *ib.*—the Pope and First Consul, 371—coronation of Napoleon, 373—French occupation of Rome, 375—Cardinal Pacca, *ib.*—firmness and popularity of the Pope, 376—assumption of government by the French, 377—Bull of excommunication, *ib.*—arrest of Pius and removal from Rome, 379—at Savona, 382—removal to Fontainebleau, 384—concessions, *ib.*—return to Rome, 386—reception of Consalvi in England, 386—restoration of the Pope, 387—of the Jesuits, 388—relations with foreign courts, *ib.*—reorganization of the constitution, 390—power of Consalvi, 392—death of Pius, 395—election of a successor, 396—Leo XII., 397—death of Consalvi, *ib.*—general description of Leo, 398—the Jubilee of 1825, 399—canonizations, 401—projects of reform, 402—unexpected visits, *ib.*—religious observances, 404—'Carnovale



Santo,' *ib.*—the illuminated cross, *ib.*—libels on the English, *ib.*—the Cardinal della Somaglia, 405—financial arrangements, *ib.*—sacred congregations, 406—fondness of Leo for field sports, 407—foreign relations, *ib.*—increase of political discontent, 409—death of Leo, 410.

Wrecks, 171; and *see* Shipwreck.

Wycliffe, Life of, the, edited by Rev. W. W. Shirley, 106—historical publications, *ib.*—the works of Wycliffe, 107—his kindred and enemies, 108—biographers of, *ib.*—authorship of the present work considered, 111—on his birth, 112—etymology of his name, 113—birth, parentage, and education, *ib.*—at Oxford, *ib.*—appointment to Wardenship of Canterbury Hall, 114—his duplicate, 115—his career as a reformer, 119—his heresies, 120—condition of the Church, 121—Church and State, *ib.*—preaching, 122—the

power of the Pope, 124—on mediæval church reform, 126—Franciscans, *ib.*—on poverty of the clergy, 127—hostility to Papal See, *ib.*—specimen of style, 129—theory of dominion, 130—becomes King's chaplain, 132—tribute money to Rome, *ib.*—papal exaction, 133—argument against payment, 134—general state of the country, 135—the 'Good Parliament,' 137—prosecution of Wycliffe, *ib.*—death of the King, 138—opposition to church of Rome, 139—study of the Scriptures, 141—on transubstantiation, *ib.*—persecution by the archbishop, 144—banishment from university, 145—illness and death, 146—disinterment, 148—persecution of disciples, *ib.*—translation of Scriptures, 149—publication of his works, 150—Mr. Shirley's ability as editor, 151.

END OF THE HUNDRED AND FOURTH VOLUME.