Alfred Edmund Galloway, 154 Strand.

SUPPLEMENT

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Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

MEMOIRS OF SYDNEY SMITH.

A Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith. By his Daughter, Lady Holland. With a *Selection from his Letters.* Edited by Mrs. Austin. Longman and Co.

ENGLAND has many men of wit to boast of, but none of whom she can be more thoroughly proud than of Sydney Smith. His wit was of a quite peculiar flavour, and, except by Charles Lamb, quite unrivalled. It is the essence of sportive kindliness. It has the lightness and grace of the finest French wit, with the genial heartiness and sterling Saxon wisdom of English humour. It has no acerbity, no indecency, nothing to call up a blush, or a revulsion of feeling following the outburst of the ludicrous. It is always either the smile of radiant wisdom, or the caprice of sportive fancy: the lightning of the mind, but summer lightning, which brightens up the sky and scathes no one.

This is the conception we form of Sydney Smith's wit, as we read his writings or laugh over his reported *bons mots*. The volume of Memoirs and the volume of letters just published add nothing new to the conception of the man, except to confirm all that we thought of good. A more lovely picture has seldom been presented to the world than that of this brave and bright creature, so rich in wit, humour, high animal spirits, inexhaustible kindliness, manly independence, sagacious good sense. To read this book is a moral tonic. It is a lesson in life. It makes us happier and better. And while it does this it presents more entertainment than any book easily named, so rich is it in wisdom, in association, in personal gossip about well-known people. A more thoroughly *virtuous* life we cannot remember. Yet he was the pet of London, the great wit, the diner out, and a clergyman—positions in which one does not look for the highest morality—but which his fine strong nature enabled him to assume with the most signal success and impunity. There was French blood in his veins; and to this blood he owed, perhaps, his high spirits; but even the extravagance of high spirits never carried him into prodigality, unscrupulosity, or insolence. He paid his bills, and he spared the feelings of his friends. Lord Dudley once said to him, "You have been constantly laughing at me for the last seven years, and never said anything I could wish unsaid." What a tribute!

The Memoir which his daughter has drawn up is one of attaching interest, although in biographical detail it is insignificant enough. There were few incidents in Sydney Smith's life to make an interesting biography: the interest is entirely moral; it lies in the picture of a beautiful happy soul. Our extracts we shall endeavour to make as various as possible. We begin with a glance at his clerical position. He was purely pious, too pious to be a fanatic, too humane to make Religion a weapon of offence. As he says, "piety, stretched beyond a certain point, is the parent of impiety." We think it is impiety itself. But for good practical sense, flavoured with wit, on the subject of preaching, what can be better than this:—

"There is a bad taste in the language of sermons evinced by a constant repetition of the same scriptural phrases, which perhaps were used with great judgment two hundred years ago, but are now become so trite that they may, without any great detriment, be exchanged for others. 'Putting off the old man—and putting on the new man,' 'The one thing needful,' 'The Lord hath set up his candlestick,' 'The armour of righteousness,' etc. etc. etc. etc. The sacred Scriptures are surely abundant enough to afford us the same idea with some novelty of language: we can never be driven, from the penury of these writings, to wear and fritter their holy language into a perfect cant, which passes through the ear without leaving any impression.

"To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if, by mischance, his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone, or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays *preach him bare* to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? *Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber?* Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, *holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?*

"It is theatrical to use action, and it is Methodistical to use action.

"But we have cherished contempt for sectaries, and persevered in dignified tameness so long, that while *we are freezing common sense for large salaries in stately churches, amidst whole acres and furlongs of empty pews*, the crowd are feasting on ungrammatical fervour and illiterate animation in the crumbling hovels of Methodists."

Here is one of the many touches which recal dear Charles Lamb, He acted as magistrate:—

Young delinquents he never could bear to commit; but read them a severe lecture, and in extreme cases called out, "John, bring me my *private gallows!*" which infallibly brought the little urchins weeping on their knees, and, "Oh! for God's sake, your honour, pray forgive us!" and his honour used graciously to pardon them for this time, and delay the arrival of the private gallows, and seldom had occasion to repeat the threat.

This is felicitously said:—

An argument arose, in which my father observed how many of the most eminent men of the world had been diminutive in person, and after naming several among the ancients, he added, "Why, look there at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed."

The following loses something from being told, but lamb served up cold is still a delicate dish when the salad of wit flavours it:—

At Mr. Romilly's there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. "He may be a great poet," said my father, "but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler,—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would show you what torture really was; for instance (turning, merrily, to his old friend Mrs. Marcet), you should de doomed to listen, for a thousand years, to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily, in the end, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay,—let me consider,—oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence." "And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sidney?" said a young mother. "Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?"

"Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam-engine in trousers."

Here we have Charles Lamb again:—

"Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, Ma'am!' I said; 'it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it *but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.*' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, Sir! Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, Ma'am; come and see next time.' But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.

"Miss ——, too, the other day, walking round the grounds at Combe Florey, exclaimed, 'Oh, why do you chain up that fine Newfoundland dog, Mr. Smith?' 'Because it has a passion for breakfasting on parish boys.' 'Parish boys!' she exclaimed, 'does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?' 'Yes, he devours them, buttons and all.' Her face of horror made me die of laughing."

This lesson wants repeated enforcement:—

Speaking of education: "Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

The delicious exaggeration of this must have been overpowering to hear:—

Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" he exclaimed, bursting out laughing; "going to marry her! impossible! you mean, a part of her: he could not marry her all

himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or *perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health.* I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might *read the Riot Act and disperse her*; in short you might do anything with her but marry her."

We must cease; but in ceasing we must quote one more of the many good things in this Memoir, and on a future occasion call upon the rich fund of the Letters. Our finale is the mot on the Dean of ——: "He deserves to be *preached to death by wild curates!*"

THE BOYHOOD OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster. Constable and Co.

THIS long-expected, very welcome work at last lies on our table: two handsome volumes, filled with much curious and important matter, some of it quite new, none of it uninteresting. It addresses men of science more than the general public, for it is mainly occupied with the exhibition of Newton's scientific discoveries; but although it has thus a more special interest for a special class, no reader tinctured with philosophy will take it up without interest; if he is forced to skip certain details, the general progress of Newton's discoveries will be marshalled intelligibly before him, and a picture of Newton's personal existence will stand out before him in some rough shape. We propose in the present article to disregard philosophic speculations, and confine ourselves to a biographic sketch of Master Newton; thinking that the many who hear of the *Principia* with a certain awe, may not be uninterested at this glimpse of its author.

"The child is father to the man," but it is not in the childhood of every man of genius that we can so distinctly trace the lineaments of after life as we can in that of Newton. He was born on Christmas-day, 1642—the very year in which Galileo died! It may console some parents, and puzzle some physiologists, to learn that this, the greatest of our scientific intellects was ushered prematurely into the world, and was so tiny and feeble, that not only could he have been put into a "quart mug" (to use his mother's language), but the experienced nurses had no belief he could live. He lived, however, and to some purpose, as we know; but it is more remarkable, and not so familiarly known, that he lived to the age of eighty-five.

Newton was the son of a farmer, and was expected to follow in his father's footsteps; but his talk, the Fates had decreed, was not to be of oxen; his mind was not to be devoted to subsoils and manure; the vast field of Science needed such labourers, and Nature had sent this tiny, feeble little day-labourer to do her work. Anecdotists and literary historians of a paradoxical turn cite Newton as one of the Dunces who become men of Genius: a foolish paradox, implying superficial knowledge of Genius. Newton did not shine at school, it is true; he was very inattentive to his studies, and held a low rank in his class. But that was owing to the direction of his intellectual activity elsewhere. Dull he was not, neither in apprehension nor in temper. We find him, indeed, challenging a brutal boy who kicked him in the stomach, and succeeding in giving that boy the "drubbing" which superior spirit always inflicts on bulkier antagonists. Nay, having vanquished, he is told by the schoolmaster's son that he must treat his opponent as a coward, and rub his nose against the wall—which also is done, to the satisfaction of the victor and by-standers, less so to the vanquished. Nor was his ardour tamed by success. The boy whom he had beaten stood above him in class. He resolves to beat him there too; which he finds no less easy; and in a little while Master Newton is the top of the school, *caput puer*, and admired by pedagogy.

As we said, it was no dulness which had withdrawn his thoughts from books. He displayed his talent for mechanical inventions by the construction of models of certain machines and by amusing contrivances. This dull boy constructed a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage to go without horses—*i. e.*, moved by a person sitting in it. He had watched, as curious boys will watch, the workmen erecting a mill near Grantham, and watched them with such success that the model he made for one actually worked when placed at the top of the house in which he lived; and when the wind was still, another mechanical agent being necessary, Master Newton bethinks him of a Mouse, whom he christens The Miller. How this amiable Rodent was made to perform functions so very unlike those to which Nature had destined it, one knows not; but it is conjectured that some corn was placed above a sort of treadwheel, and in attempting to reach this the Mouse turned the mill.

The water-clock, which Master Newton made, was a more useful invention. It was made out of a box, and resembled the common clock-cases with a dial-plate. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which rose or fell by water dropping. It stood in the boy's bedroom, and was supplied each morning with the proper quantity of water. It was frequently used by the inmates to ascertain the hour long after its inventor was a glory of Cambridge.

One can understand perfectly how this "sober, silent, thinking lad" seldom took part in the games of his schoolfellows, but employed his leisure hours "knocking and hammering." Master Newton was not a boy to play; or if he played it must be scientifically. Thus he introduced the flying of Paper Kites. Think of that, O reader! as memory travels back into the broad meadows of childhood, when racing through the buttercups you held aloft the tugging aspirant, think of your owing that joy to Master Isaac Newton! He set to work scientifically, investigating the best forms and proportions of kites, as well as the number and position of the points to which the string should be attached. He constructed also lanterns of "crimpled paper," in which candles were placed, and with these he lighted himself to school on dark winter mornings; and on dark nights he tied them to the tails of his kites to terrify the boobies, who trembled at them as comets.

Other tokens of his "dulness" may be noted. He drove wooden pegs into the walls and roofs of houses to serve as gnomons, marking by their shadows the hours and half-hours of the day. *Isaac's dial* served the people round about as a clock. But the reader, arguing *ex post facto*, will not be surprised at such indications of the philosophic mind; he will be more surprised to hear of Newton's writing verses, and drawing "birds, beasts, ships, and men." Newton a poet! Newton even a writer of verses—does it not sound strange? He assured Mr. Conduit that he "excelled particularly in making verses;" but where is the man who, making verses, does not believe he excels therein? With respect to Newton's verses, we have little doubt they were detestable; and yet, however antithetical mathematics and poetry may be, however unlike *Paradise Lost* may be the *Principia*, or the *Optics*, we may see in an occasional passage, flashing out here and there, a revelation of grand poetical conception, which never would have visited the mathematician who wrote *no* verses; nay, it is perhaps accurate to assume that without the imaginative faculty in high vigour, no great scientific conquest is possible. Thus, in noting the indications childhood gives of the future philosopher, we ought to insist on this verse-making.

Did he make verses to Miss Storey? He appears to have been in love with her, or if not in *love*, at least in what Miss Jewsbury wittily calls "a tepid preference;" and it is piquant to consider that somewhere about the same time another great mathematical thinker, Benedict Spinoza, was also troubled with flutterings of the heart—flutterings which, as in Newton's case, subsided without much impairment of the digestive function. Miss Storey when a girl, was mutely courted by the philosopher, not by verses but by the manufacture of "tables, cupboards, and other utensils" for her dolls and trinkets. As she grew older she may have inspired his muse. But nothing remains. If written, these verses have vanished with the hopes they struggled to express; and posterity must turn from the search, to see young Newton, now home and emancipated from school, doing his worst to succeed as farmer and grazier. What a picture rises before the mind as we follow this youth to market every Saturday, to dispose of grain and other farm produce, and to purchase articles needed for domestic use. Isaac, being young and inexperienced, is accompanied by an old servant who is to instruct him. No sooner do they reach the market town, than Isaac leaves to the old servant all the chaffering, and hurries to a garret in Mr. Clarke's house, where a goodly store of books enables him to pass the hours in feasting. When this store of books was exhausted, Master Isaac thought it a waste of time to go so far as the town; so sending his companion onwards he entrenched himself under a hedge, and studied there till his companion returned. This was the way to become a philosopher; but as an education for the work of farmer and grazier it was not perhaps the most promising. Indeed this boy, so dull at his books in early days, was now as dull at business. Sent by his anxious mother to look after the sheep, or to watch the cattle lest they should tread down the crops, he perches himself under a tree, book in hand, or shaping models with his knife, and the foolish sheep go astray, the foolish cattle wander unchecked among the corn fields. In this posture he is found by the Rev. W. Ayscough, engaged in the solution of a mathematical problem not in the remotest degree connected with sheep or oxen; and as the reverend gentleman had studied at Cambridge he prevails upon Isaac's mother to send her son there, and give up all hope of making a grazier of him. To Cambridge he is sent; and here closes our narrative of his boyhood. But Sir David Brewster's work, from which we have taken it, is too important and too interesting for us to dismiss it in one notice; on a future occasion we may have something to say of Newton the Philosopher.

MENANDER AND THE GREEK COMEDY.

Ménandre: Etude historique et littéraire sur la Comédie et la Société Grecques Par M. Guillaume Guizot. Paris: Didier.

THOSE are pleasant epochs in our lives when what has hitherto been a mere name for us becomes the centre for a group of pleasant and fertile ideas—when, for instance, our travels bring us to some southern village which we have only known before as a mark in our map, and from that day forth the once barren word suggests to us a charming picture of houses lit up by a glowing sun, a cluster of tall trees with tame goats browsing on the patch of grass beneath them, and a large stone fountain where dark-complexioned women are filling their pitchers—or when Mr. A. B., whose name we have seen in the visiting-book of an hotel, becomes the definite image of a capital fellow, whose pleasant talk has beguiled a five hours' journey in a diligence, and who turns out to be a man very much like ourselves, with dubious theories, still more dubious hopes, and quite indubitable sorrows. And there is the same sort of pleasure in getting something like a clear conception of an ancient author, whose name has all our life belonged to that inventory of unknown things which so much of our youth is taken up in learning. If we may suppose that to any of our readers Menander has hitherto thus remained a mere *nominis umbra*, let such readers go to M. Guillaume Guizot's very agreeable volume, and they will learn, without the least trouble to themselves, all that scholarly research has hitherto been able to discover of Menander and his writings. It is is true that all the preliminary hard work had been done by Meineke, for what hard work in the way of historical research and criticism has *not* been done by Germans? They are the purveyors of the raw material of learning for all Europe; but, as Mr. Toots suggests, raw materials require to be cooked, and in this kind of cookery, as well as in the other, the French are supreme. To have the Latin work of a German writer *boiled down* to a portable bulk and served up in that delicate crystal vessel, the French language, is a benefit that will be appreciated by those who are at all acquainted with the works of Germans, and still more by those who are *not* acquainted with Latin. This is the service rendered by M. Guillaume Guizot, and the way in which he has performed it quite merits, as it has won, the prize of the French Academy. It is a double pleasure to welcome a young author when he is an exception to that rather melancholy generalisation, that great fathers have insignificant sons; and we think this book on Menander gives some promise that we may one day have to speak familiarly of Guizot the Elder, lest our hearers should confound an illustrious father with an illustrious son.

In the first chapter of this work, which is only an octavo of about 450 pages, we have the history of Menander's reputation and writings:—the abundant jealousy and the sparing justice awarded him by his contemporaries, his long reign as a "dead but sceptred monarch" over the comic stage,

first of Athens and then of Rome, the almost total destruction of his works, first through the bigotry of Byzantine priests and subsequently through the oblivion of Greek literature in the middle ages, and lastly the awakened interest about his works on the revival of learning, when scholars, amongst whom it is interesting to know that Grotius was one, began to collect the fragments—the *disjecti membra poëtæ*. In the second chapter M. Guizot presents all the accessible details concerning Menander's life and character, details which may be summed up under his early but not unquestioned success as a dramatist, his friendship for Epicurus and Theophrastus, his addiction to pleasure in general, and to the pleasure of loving Glycera in particular. Indeed, if we accept the rather dubious authority of Phædrus, neither Menander's wisdom nor his wit saved him from being something of a fop; for that fabulist says of him, we hope calumniously,

Unguento delibutus, vestitu adfluens,
Veniebat gressu delicato et languido;

which is as much as to say of a man in these days that he scents himself with otto of roses, is fastidious about the cut of his trousers, and walks—like a "walking gentleman." This description is strangely at variance with the calm, massive dignity of his fine statue in the Vatican, of which M. Guizot gives us an excellent engraving at the beginning of his volume. But then, dear reader, Menander squinted, and where relentless destiny has inflicted a personal defect of that sort, poor human nature is rarely great enough to keep between the two extremes of an attempt to dazzle beholders into oblivion of the defect by finery, and a despairing self-neglect. So, for our parts, we think Menander's foppery belonged to the pathos of his life; and, indeed, what weakness of a great man is not pathetic? . . . The third chapter discusses the Subjects of the Drama in the three periods of Greek comedy: the ancient period, when its main object was political satire, a form of comedy peculiar to Greece, and made immortal by the genius of Aristophanes; the middle period, when its subjects ceased to be political, and became purely social, but when the manners were chiefly caricature and the characters conventional types, corresponding in many respects to the early comedies of Molière; and the new period, when it became what the highest modern comedy is, a picture of real domestic life and manners. Of this last species of comedy, Menander was, by the common consent of critics subsequent to his own age, the greatest master Greece ever produced; and the simple statement of this fact is enough to indicate how great a loss is the destruction of his comedies to those who care about a knowledge of Greek life; for Terence, while appropriating the plots and characters and poetry of Menander, threw away all that was specifically Greek and substituted what was specifically Roman. The succeeding chapters on the plot, the characters, the sentiments, and the passions in the Greek drama of the three periods are really fascinating, from the skill with which M. Guizot weaves together his materials and the judgment with which he chooses his illustrative extracts. The fragments of Menander—mere "dust of broken marble" as they are—afford us some interesting glimpses into the Greek *intérieur* of his time. Amongst other things, we gather that the married woman in Greece had then ceased to be a mere piece of furniture, or live stock, too insignificant to determine in any degree a man's happiness or misery. The bitter invectives against women and marriage in the New Comedy are the best—or the worst—proofs of the domestic ascendancy women had acquired. Here is a fragment in which a female emancipationist of that day asserts the rights of woman, according to the moderate views of 300 B.C:—"Above all if a man is wise, he will not keep his wife too much a prisoner in the recesses of his house. For our eyes take delight in outdoor pleasures. Let a woman have as much as she likes of these pleasures, see everything, and go everywhere. This sight-seeing will of itself satisfy her, and keep her out of mischief; whereas all of us, men, women, and children alike, ardently desire what is hidden from us. But the husband who shuts up his wife under lock and seal, fancying that he shows his prudence in this way, loses his labour, and is a wiseacre for his pains; for if one of us has placed her heart out of the conjugal home, she flies away more swiftly than an arrow or a bird; she would deceive the hundred eyes of Argus! . . ."

It is amusing also to see how despotic a personage the cook had become in the establishment, giving himself the airs common to people who are conscious of being indispensable. "He who insults one of us," said these mighty functionaries, "never escapes the punishment he deserves: so sacred is our art." They piqued themselves immensely on their skill. Here is a story of one who seems to have been the prototype of that famous French *chef* who prepared a multifarious dinner *tout en bœuf*. "I was the pupil of Soterides. One day the King Nicomedes wished to eat some sardines. It was the depth of winter, and twelve days march from the sea. Nevertheless Soterides satisfied the king so completely, that there was a general cry of admiration. Pray how was that possible? He took a radish, cut it into long thin slices, which he shaped like sardines; then, while they were frying, he basted them with oil, sprinkled them with salt very cleverly, threw over them a dozen black poppy seeds, and presented this *ragôut* to the Bythinian appetite of his master. Nicomedes ate the radish, and praised the sardines. You see, cooks differ in nothing from poets: the art of both is equally an art of intelligence."

In his two last chapters, M. Guizot considers the style and the imitators of Menander, and in an appendix he presents a translation of all the fragments that have any other than a philological interest. Among these there are no fewer than seven hundred and fifty-seven aphorisms, which are preserved to us in greater abundance than other fragments, because they were collected as "beauties" by ancient scholars. Very grave and very melancholy some of these moral sentences are, but probably an equal number of sad and serious sayings might be culled from Molière. We may say of the highest comedy what Demetrius said in another sense of the satiric drama—that it is *παιζουσα τραγωδια*, "tragedy in the disguise of mirth." Indeed it may be likened to those choicest of all fruits, the flavour of which is so cunningly mixed by Nature that we know not whether to call them sweet or acid, and in this wonderful equivoque lies their very exquisiteness.

Among the fragments of Menander there are some passages of elegiac sadness; for example: "O Parmeno, I call him a happy man, nay, the happiest of all men, who soon returns to the place whence he came, after having contemplated, without sorrow, the magnificence of this world, the sun that everywhere diffuses its beams, the stars, the ocean, the clouds and fire; whether he lives an age or only a few short years, this spectacle will always be the same: never will he see one more sublime. Think of life as a fair, where man arrives like a wayfarer: tumult, market, thieves, games of chance and amusements! If thou set out first for the place of halting and repose, thou wilt be the better provided for the end of the journey, and thou wilt go without having made enemies. But he who late in the day falls into poverty—a wretched old man, weary, disenchanted, and ruined—loses his way, and meets nothing but hatred and snares: a long life leads not to a gentle death."

But perhaps we are dwelling a little too long on this subject of Menander and Greek Comedy—we should rather say flitting about it a little too long. Let us hope, however, that we have dwelt enough on it to persuade the reader that he will find in M. Guizot's book a masterly treatment of a subject which has a really human and not merely a scholarly interest.

OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS.

Clytemnestra, The Earl's Return, The Artist, and other Poems. By Owen Meredith. Chapman and Hall.

IT is our painful duty, in the course of every year, to express feelings not of admiration about many volumes of verse. This arises from no indiposition to admire, as we hope certain exceptions have proved; it arises from the utter mediocrity of the verses, and from the impossibility of our accepting mediocrity in verse. In prose, mediocrity, though not agreeable, may be pardoned; but there is absolutely no excuse for feeble verse: if it is not beautiful, it is an abortion. It is a most imperfect form of utterance when it is not the most perfect, when it does not utter that which Prose, in its highest exaltation, is incompetent to reach: in a word, when it is not Song. As Speech it is very bad speech; only as Song is its existence vindicated.

On principles thus rigid we are naturally severe in criticism. Our severity, however, gives greater seriousness to our praise; and when we call Owen Meredith a poet—a poet in spite of many defects—we mean it to be understood that, in our judgment, he has the "something" which distinguishes him from the crowd of even the ablest versifiers: he has the gift of Song. So highly do we prize this quality, that in introducing the volume to our readers we shall, as formerly in the case of Alexander Smith, point rather to excellencies than defects, and write encouragingly rather than with Rhadamantine justice; for, in the first place, many of these defects will fall away as the poet grows older, much of what is crude ripening into mellowness; and, in the next place, these defects did not prevent our reading the volume with a peculiar *thrill*, such as Song, and Song only, communicates.

In *Clytemnestra* the poet has, with youthful audacity, taken up the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, and rewritten it, as Racine rewrote *Hippolytus*, and as Goethe rewrote *Iphigenia*. Such audacity (when it is not mere stupidity) has a charm in its very peril. The greatest praise we can give Owen Meredith is to say that his audacity has leaped on the very back of success; his "vaulting ambition" has not "o'erleaped itself." He has *rewritten* the old Ladacidan tale, that is to say, he has, while following the old legend, and, indeed, the very march of the old play, made the tragedy modern, by throwing into it the modern passionate element. Æschylus, grand as he is, gives us but a tragic Myth: it stands there gnarled, rugged, sublime, like a secular oak; it is not a Drama, in our modern sense of the word; and although dealing with human passions, does not treat them passionately. Owen Meredith opens his Tragedy with a monologue from Clytemnestra:

Clytemnestra. Morning at last! at last the lingering day
Creeps o'er the dewy side of yon dark world.
O dawning light already on the hills!
O universal earth, and air, and thou,
First freshness of the east, which art a breath
Breath'd from the rapture of the gods, who bless
Almost all other prayers on earth but mine!
Wherefore to me is solacing sleep denied?
And honourable rest, the right of all?
So that no medicine of the slumbrous shell,
Brimm'd with divinest draughts of melody,
Nor silence under dreamful canopies,
Nor purple cushions of the lofty couch
May lull this fever for a little while.
Wherefore to me—to me, of all mankind,
This retribution for a deed undone?
For many men outlive their sum of crimes,
And eat, and drink, and lift up thankful hands,
And take their rest securely in the dark.
Am I not innocent—or more than these?
There is no blot of murder on my brow,
Nor any taint of blood upon my robe.
—It is the thought! it is the thought! . . . and men
Judge us by acts! . . . as tho' one thunder-clap
Let all Olympus out.

(The last passage, by the way, rings with familiar tones in our ear—surely Browning or Alexander Smith has said this?) She continues her soliloquy from which we snatch these lines:—

With such fierce thoughts for evermore at war,
Vext not alone by hankering wild regrets
But fears, yet worse, of that which soon must come,
My heart waits arm'd, and from the citadel
Of its high sorrow, sees far off dark shapes,
And hears the footsteps of Necessity
Tread near, and nearer, hand in hand with Woe.

The Herald of Fire "the giant beard of Flame," as Æschylus calls it, has brought the news of Ilion's fall, and startled her with the thought of Agamemnon's return. In Æschylus—where dramatic representation of passion is never a main object—there is no delineation of the fluctuating fears, hopes,

and resolutions of Clytemnestra. But this is precisely the point on which Owen Meredith has lavished his strength and invention. He sees that the guilty wife, disturbed in her adulterous happiness, is now to be confronted with her husband. She trembles for the future, looks back on the past—

On days grown lovelier in the retrospect—

and then resolves: "Wherefore look back?" she says, the "path to safety lies forward" . . . The sight of her husband's shield recals him, and recals her old dislike of him:—

Oh, this man!
Why sticks the thought of him so in my heart?
If I had loved him once—if for one hour—
Then were there treason in this falling off.
But never did I feel this wretched heart
Until it leap'd beneath Ægisthus' eyes.
Who could have so forecounted all from first?
From that flusht moment when his hand in mine
Rested a thought too long, a touch too kind,
To leave its pulse unwarmed . . . But I remember
I dream'd sweet dreams that night, and slept till dawn,
And woke with flutterings of a happy thought,
And felt, not worse, but better . . . and now . . . now?
When first a strange and novel tenderness
Quiver'd in these salt eyes, had one said then
"A bead of dew may drag a deluge down:"—
In that first pensive pause, through which I watch'd
Unwonted sadness on Ægisthus' brows,
Had some one whispered, "Ay, the summer-cloud
Comes first: the tempest follows."—
Well, what's past
Is past. Perchance the worst's to follow yet.

This, whether it be the sophism of guilty passion, or the real utterance of ancient dislike is finely conceived. Yet she does not undervalue Agamemnon:—

Surely sometimes the unseen Eumenides
Do prompt our musing moods with wicked hints,
And lash us for our crimes ere we commit them.
Here, round this silver boss, he cut my name,
Once—long ago: he cut it as he lay
Tired out with brawling pastimes—prone—his limbs
At length diffused—his head droopt in my lap—
His spear flung by: Electra by the hearth
Sat with the young Orestes on her knees;
While he, with an old broken sword, hack'd out
These crooked characters, and laughed to see
(Sprawl'd from the unused strength of his large hands)
The marks make CLYTEMNESTRA.
How he laughed!
Ægisthus' hands are smaller.
Yet I know
That matrons envied me my husband's strength.
And I remember when he strode among
The Argive crowd he topp'd them by a head,
And tall men stood wide-eyed to look at him,
Where his great plumes went tossing up and down
The brazen prores drawn out upon the sand.

And he approaches:—

Herald. Even now the broad sea-fields
Grow white with flocks of sails, and toward the west
The sloped horizon teems with rising beaks.
Clytemnestra. The people know this?
Herald. Heard you not the noise?
For soon as this wing'd news had toucht the gates
The whole land shouted in the sun.
Clytemnestra. So soon!
The thought's outsped by the reality,
And halts agape . . . the King—
Herald. How she is moved!
A noble woman!
Clytemnestra. Wherefore beat so fast,
Thou foolish heart? 'tis not thy master—
Herald. Truly
She looks all over Agamemnon's mate.
Clytemnestra. Destiny, Destiny! The deed's half done.
Herald. She will not speak, save by that brooding eye
Whose light is language. Some great thought, I see,
Mounts up the royal chambers of her blood,
As a king mounts his palace; holds high pomp
In her Olympian bosom; gains her face,
Possesses all her noble glowing cheek
With sudden state; and gathers grandly up
Its slow majestic meanings in her eyes! * *

We pass over the choruses (upon which a word by and by) and come to the scene between Clytemnestra and her feeble lover Ægisthus—a scene not dissimilar from that in *Macbeth*, where the Northern Clytemnestra screws her vacillating husband's courage to the sticking place. There is nothing of this in Æschylus; yet every one sees it is the *dramatic* pivot of the legend. The scene is too long for extract, but will be read with wonder and delight by every one who opens the volume. Here is an extractable passage; Ægisthus asks, "If the deed be done dare we hope to be happy?"—

Clytemnestra. My Belov'd,
We are not happy—we may never be,
Perchance, again. Yet it is much to think
We have been so: and ev'n tho' we must weep,
We have enjoy'd.
The roses and the thorns
We have pluckt together. We have proved both. Say,
Was it not worth the bleeding hands they left us
To have won such flowers? And if 't were possible
To keep them still—keep even the wither'd leaves,
Even the wither'd leaves are worth our care.
We will not tamely give up life—such life!
What tho' the years before, like those behind,
Be dark as clouds the thunder sits among,
Tipt only here and there with a wan gold
More bright for rains between?—'tis much—'tis more,
For we shall ever think "the sun's behind.
The sun must shine before the day goes down!"
Anything better than the long, long night,
And that perpetual silence of the tomb!
'Tis not for happier hours, but life itself
Which may bring happier hours, we strike at Fate.
Why, tho' from all the treasury of the Past
'Tis but one solitary gem we save—
One kiss more such as we have kist, one smile,
One more embrace, one night more such as those
Which we have shared, how costly were the prize,
How richly worth the attempt!

Very fine is her terror at his terror—her terror lest she should have been deceived in him—and fine the way she catches at a show of spirit in him:—

Do I not know the noble steed will start
Aside, scared lightly by a straw, a shadow,
A thorn-bush in the way, while the dull mule
Plods stupidly adown the dizziest paths?
And oft indeed, such trifles will dismay
The finest and most eager spirits, which yet
Daunt not a duller mind. O love, be sure
Whate'er betide, whether for well or ill,
Thy fate and mine are bound up in one skein,
Clotho must cut them both inseparate.
You dare not leave me—had you wings for flight!
You shall not leave me! You are mine, indeed,
(As I am yours!) by my strong right of grief.
Not death together, but together life!
Life—life with safe and honourable years,
And power to do with these that which we would!
—His lip's comprest—his eye dilates—he is saved!
O, when strong natures into frailer ones
Have struck deep root, if one exalt not both,
Both must drag down and perish!
Ægisthus. If we should live—
Clytemnestra. And we shall live.
Ægisthus. Yet . . . yet—
Clytemnestra. What! shrinking still?
I'll do the deed. Do not stand off from me.
Ægisthus. Terrible Spirit!
Clytemnestra. Nay, not terrible,
Not to thee terrible—O say not so!
To thee I never had been anything
But a weak, passionate, unhappy woman
(O woe is me!) and now you fear me—
Ægisthus. No,
But rather worship.
Clytemnestra. O my heart, my heart,
It sends up all its anguish in this cry—
Love me a little!

The power, essentially dramatic, which throbs in these lines the reader will perhaps feel even in extract (although *that* is a very imperfect way of judging of the effect, since all preparation is lost in extract). How fine is this:—

Herald. O Honour of the House of Tantalus!
The king's wheels echo in the brazen gates.
Clytemnestra. Our heart is half-way there, to welcome him.
How looks he? Well? And all our long-lost friends—
Their faces grow before me! Lead the way
Where we may meet them. All our haste seems slow.

Indeed the style is affluent and easy in its strength. The images are frequently fine and finely expressed: such as this:—

For every night that brought not news from Troy
Heaped fear on fear, as waves succeed to waves
When northern blasts blow white the Cretan main.

Yet these images are not dragged in, as if the whole purpose of poetry were to throw off similes. What has been already quoted will suffice to show the peculiar powers of the writer, in dramatic expression especially, and we now quote the description of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which the reader may compare with that of Æschylus (*Agam.* v. 180—237):—

The winds were lull'd in Aulis; and the day,
Down-sloped, was loitering to the lazy west.
There was no motion of the glassy bay,
But all things by a heavy light oppresst.
Windless, cut off upon the destined way—
Dark shrouds, distinct against the lurid lull—
Dark ropes hung useless, loose, from mast to hull—
The black ships lay abreast.
Not any cloud would cross the brooding skies.
The distant sea boom'd faintly. Nothing more.
They walked about upon the yellow shore;
Or, *lying listless*, huddled groups supine,
With faces turn'd toward the flat sea-spine,
They plann'd the Phrygian battle o'er and o'er;
Till each grew sullen, and would talk no more,
But sat, dumb-dreaming. Then would some one rise,
And look toward the hollow hulls, with haggard, hopeless eyes—
Wild eyes—and, crowding round, yet wilder eyes—
And gaping, languid lips;
And everywhere that men could see,
About the black, black ships,
Was nothing but the deep-red sea;
The deep-red shore;
The deep-red skies;
The deep-red silence, thick with thirsty sighs;
And daylight, dying slowly. Nothing more.
The tall masts stood upright;

And not a sail above the burnish'd prores;
The languid sea, like one outwearied quite,
Shrank, dying inward into hollow shores,
And breathless harbours, under sandy bars;
And, one by one, down tracts of quivering blue,
The singed and sultry stars
Look'd from the inmost heaven, far, faint, and few,
While, all below, the sick, and steaming brine
The spill'd-out sunset did incarnadine.

At last one broke the silence; and a word
Was lisp'd and buzz'd about, from mouth to mouth;
Pale faces grew more pale; wild whispers stirr'd;
And men, with moody, murmuring lips, conferred
In ominous tones, from shaggy beards uncouth:
As though some wind had broken from the blurr'd
And blazing prison of the stagnant drouth,
And stirr'd the salt sea in the stifled south.
The long-robed priests stood round; and, in the gloom,
Under black brows, their bright and greedy eyes
Shone deathfully; there was a sound of sighs,
Thick-sobb'd from choking throats among the crowd,
That, whispering, gathered close, with dark heads bow'd;
But no man lifted up his voice aloud,
For heavy hung o'er all the helpless sense of doom.

Then, after solemn prayer,
The father bade the attendants, tenderly
Lift her upon the lurid altar-stone.
There was no hope in any face; each eye
Swam tearful, that her own did gaze upon.
They bound her helpless hands with mournful care;
And loop'd up her long hair,
That hung about her, like an amber shower,
Mix'd with the saffron robe, and falling lower,
Down from her bare, and cold, white shoulder flung.
Upon the heaving breast the pale cheek hung,
Suffused with that wild light that roll'd among
The pausing crowd, out of the crimson drouth.
They held hot hands upon her pleading mouth;
And stifled on faint lips the natural cry.
Back from the altar-stone,
Slow-moving in his fixëd place
A little space,
The speechless father turn'd. No word was said.
He wrapp'd his mantle close about his face,
In his dumb grief, without a moan.
The lopping axe was lifted over-head.
Then, suddenly,
There sounded a strange motion of the sea,
Booming far inland; and above the east
A ragged cloud rose slowly, and increas'd.
Not one line in the horoscope of Time
Is perfect. Oh, what falling off is this,
When some grand soul, that else had been sublime,
Falls unawares amiss,
And stoops its crested strength to sudden crime!

We cannot follow the progress of the piece, nor quote its pathetic and dramatic inventions. The character of Clytemnestra is thoroughly original, modern, passionate; and shows in the writer a power which must hereafter produce striking works. But now having intimated in what we think the excellence of his poem consists, it is right to intimate our opinion on the serious mistake in his design. We pass by minor errors of execution, and come to the capital fault of attempting to reproduce Greek Art in what is *accidental*, not in what is essential. He has taken up the *Agamemnon* with the desire of rewriting it. Very good; but why, in thoroughly modernising the spirit, has he attempted an imitation of the antique form? Why these choruses, which in the Greek Drama were of *primary* importance, but which in modern art are senseless? Again, why these constant allusions and phrases which only the scholar can seize, and which to the ordinary reader sometimes become pure absurdities: for instance, the hesitating Herald is asked "if an ox has trodden on his tongue." Every reader of Æschylus knows the allusion, but the English reader is puzzled. Moreover, if this Greek fidelity of idiom is thought worth preserving, what becomes of the abiding *modernness* of the diction? If Greek is to be spoken, how comes Owen Meredith to write a passage so outrageous as "the hot blood freezes in its arteries," when every Greek would have opened wide eyes at the very notion of blood being in the arteries at all—the arteries, as the name imports, were thought to be *air-carriers*, and were so considered till the time of Galen.

We will not press this point. It is enough to hint our objection against all attempts at classical reproduction of *forms*. The merit of *Clytemnestra* lies precisely in the opposite direction. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the other poems at any length. They are inferior to the *Clytemnestra*, probably because the greatness of that subject buoyed the poet up. They are not *real;* the feelings they express have for the most part a fictitious air; and they are overdone with scene-painting, for which, however, they show decided faculty. Nevertheless we repeat our conviction: Here is another young poet singing on his way to Parnassus; let the world listen with approval, and the time will come when grander melodies and deeper harmonies will be struck from his Lyre.

HOW TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS.

De la Longévité Humaine et de la Quantité de Vie sur le Globe. Par P. Flourens. Paris: 1855.

THIS book has made a sensation in Paris; it has already been reviewed in *Blackwood;* and an English translation has just appeared: three circumstances which determine us to notice it, in spite of its somewhat arrogant superficiality and magisterial twaddle. The subject of Longevity is one interesting to the public, and perplexing to the physiologist. Every one would be glad to live a century; every curious intellect would be glad to know how such a thing becomes possible. We have already touched on the subject in reviewing the works of Dr. Van Oven and Hufeland (*Leader*, Vol. IV., page 930, No. 183), and may therefore treat the present work more discursively and popularly.

M. Flourens announces in his usual trenchant style that the *normal* life of man is a hundred years in duration. He might as well have said that the normal height of man is six feet and a half. The illustrations of longevity which are recorded, although more numerous than is popularly supposed, are extremely rare in proportion to the vast numbers who fall short of the secular period, viz, one in ten thousand. And M. Flourens is not only unhappy in drawing an argument from such rare instances, and assuming that in the vast proportion of cases which contradict his argument, the reason of premature death is the injudicious use made of life; he is in direct contradiction with fact and physiology in asserting that *sobriety* is the main cause of longevity. Fact tells us that very many of the longest livers have led very irregular, very laborious, and some very intemperate lives; physiology tells us that longevity in itself—apart from all external circumstances—is an *hereditary* quality, as much as length of limb, or susceptibility of nerve: it is part and parcel of the constitution, and *therefore* is not to be determined by a course of hygiène. Sobriety and placidness of life will not make one organism endure a century; intemperance, hardship, irregularity will not prevent another organism enduring a century and a quarter. The reader will not misinterpret these observations into an assertion that hygiène is indifferent, or that lives are not shortened by intemperance. What we mean is, that Longevity *quâ* Longevity is above and beyond hygiène. This is no more than saying that talent is born with us, quite independent of any education the talent may receive through circumstance: certain opportunities will favour talent, certain opportunities will misdirect or hamper it, but no opportunities will create it. Men have a talent for long life.

Now it is worthy of remark that M. Flourens, when he quits twaddling for a moment, and comes to physiology, agrees with Buffon that longevity does not depend on climate, race, or food: "it depends on nothing external," he says, "it depends solely on the intrinsic virtue of our organs." Clearly it does; and this "intrinsic virtue" is transmitted from parent to child in the same proportion as other qualities are transmitted. Until we can seize the cause, or causes, which determine in one organism a *succession of changes*, the termination of which is death—until we can say why one man is ten years undergoing a series of changes, which another man undergoes in three, we are powerless before this question of longevity. The average length of life indicates but roughly the average period in which these changes take place, because the calculation is affected by diseases and accidents. But no exceptions throw any light. A man *may* live to a hundred and fifty, which is double the ordinary length of life; and Buffon tells us of a horse which to his knowlege lived fifty years, that is, double the length of life ordinary to horses. Aristotle tells us the camel has been known to live a century; its ordinary term is forty or fifty years. Haller speaks of a lion dying at sixty, that is three times the age of ordinary lions.

Life is marked by a succession of Ages, the terminal Age being Death. Each of these Ages—dentition, second dentition, puberty, manhood, old age—indicates a *culmination of changes* which have been going on with greater or less rapidity, and it is *on this rapidity that the epoch of culmination depends.* Thus, although within certain limits we can fix the period of each epoch, yet there is considerable oscillation in the times taken by individuals: one child cuts its teeth earlier than another, one reaches puberty earlier than another, one grows old earlier than another. But no child cuts its teeth at twenty or dies at two hundred. Further, we may remark, that these oscillations are greater the nearer we approach the end; simply, because life is more active, the organic changes are more rapid at the beginning of our career than at the end. Hence the differences of longevity are not observable so much in boyhood as in old age; the man who is going to live a century cuts his teeth and reaches puberty as early, or nearly so, as the man who is only capable of living half a century.

M. Flourens proposes a new classification of the Ages: he makes youth extend from twenty to forty; a conclusion very agreeable to us young dogs, who begin to trace a few white hairs mingling their gravity with locks of insolent brown; but although we would willingly impress such a conclusion on all the ladies of our acquaintance, we cannot ask the dear reader to accept it. And as to the commencement of old age being thrown on to the seventieth year, we know not what we shall say to such a proposition thirty years hence: at present it excites a smile.

We have done with M. Flourens and his book. Should it fall in the reader's way he is advised to read it, for, in spite of an offensive foppery in the style, and a sad want of scientific consistency, it contains many interesting details, and one good physiological idea (that on the growth of the bones, which was quoted in our columns, p. 427); we warn him, however, against pinning his faith on its conclusions.

Another Frenchman, M. Charles Lejoncourt, published in 1842 a work called *Galerie des Centenaires*, which, should it fall in your way, you are advised to run through. From his tables we learn that in France an average of 150 examples of secular existence are to be found annually. The examples of longevity he adduces are striking; they show how hereditary the quality is, and how it triumphs over modes of living. Here we have a day-labourer dying at the age of 108; his father died at 104; his grandfather at 108; his daughter then living was 80. Here we have a saddler whose father died at 113; his grandfather at 112; and he himself at 115. When he was 113 years of age, Louis XIV asked him what he had done to prolong his life: "Sire," he replied, "since I was fifty I have acted on two principles; I have shut my heart and opened my wine-cellar" Here is the widow of a labourer 110 years old, with all her teeth, and her hair still black and abundant. At Dieppe there is a woman of 150, whose father lived to 124, and whose uncle to 113. But these are nothing to Jean Golembiewski, a Pole, who, living in 1846, at the age of 102 had been eighty years in the army as common soldier, had served in thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon, had survived the terrible campaign in Russia, had received five wounds, and was still in robust health. His father died at 121; his grandmother at 130.

These examples suffice to bear out what was said early in the article

respecting the hereditary nature of longevity, and its independence of modes of living. The list of centenaries, indeed, includes all professions: savans, artists, doctors, agriculturists, artisans, miners, prisoners, and galley slaves! The list of drunkards is quite alarming—and not a little paradoxical. The epitaph of Brawn, given by M. Lejoncourt, is amusing: "Here lies Brawn, who by the sole virtue of strong beer lived one hundred and twenty winters. He was always drunk, and in that state so terrible that Death feared him. One day that in spite of himself he happened to be sober, Death took courage, attacked, and triumphed over this unparalleled drunkard." And as if these examples were not enough, lo! there comes a list of those who, in spite of deformity and chronic disease, reach the age of a hundred!

How to live a hundred years? The answer is simple. To *endure* a hundred years a life of sobriety will not avail, neither will a life spent in the calm of passionlesss egotism; only the inheritance of an organisation fitted for such duration will endure so long. But happily to *endure* is not to *live:* to live is something more than to watch the rolling seasons; and in this potency of life, to reach the equivalent of a hundred years, we must multiply existence by noble thoughts, brave endeavours, and much love.

THE CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY IN FRANCE.

L'Eglise et les Philosophes au Dix-Huitième Siècle. Par P. Lanfrey.
Paris: Victor Lecou.

The extreme pretensions of the Church—we mean, of course, the Church *par excellence*, Roman Catholic and Apostolic—during these latter days in France, are provoking a revival more fierce than ever of what it has been agreed to call the philosophical attack. From peculiar circumstances, however, this attack, though carried on with incontestable ability, will probably—unless some new direction be soon and suddenly given to it—not produce the effect which many would expect. The world is under great obligations to the succession of French free-thinkers who from Montaigne downwards, have combated the spirit of authority in matters of religion. None but priests and kings can doubt that. But, unfortunately, the French mind, though active, is essentially unprogressive. It loves to cling to old modes of thought, old formulæ, old intellectual manœuvres, and even when it seems to think itself most audaciously independent, is independent after the fashion of the last century, or further back if possible. The revolutionists of '93, though they were forced to develop individual character by circumstances, strained every nerve to be Greeks and Romans. The revolutionists of '48 destroyed themselves by endeavouring to ape their ancestors of '93. French tragedy even now can scarcely find models later than the times of classical mythology; and it is not thought ridiculous to have a five-hundredth edition of *Medea*. In various departments of human thought, it is true, France produces new ideas and forms because of its activity, and of course some of these remain on the surface, but most of them sink back into the abysses whence they came, or are wafted away to be made use of in other countries.

Michel de Montaigne said nearly all that it was useful to say in support of that indulgent scepticism which bases toleration on our uncertainty with respect to truth. His successors have generally borrowed or imitated his weapons, using them, however, in a very different spirit. The Gascon free-thinker, with a deeper meaning than is generally attributed to him, expressly says, "*Je ne suis pas philosophe.*" He neither governed his life by a fixed theory of morals—the old idea of a philpsopher—nor affected to possess a complete doctrine on the matters that most concern human nature, which is the modern idea. He saw much misery produced around him by the excessive adoration of man for his own opinions, and asked himself whether it was possible to arrive at the certainty which only could excuse enthusiasm and violence? His negative answer was applied all round the circle of knowledge; in jurisprudence as well as in politics—in medecine as well as in religion. He doubted our right and our capacity to decide positively—that is to say, to the death—on the public or private interests, the bodily or spiritual health of man. He admitted, however, that no legislation could be based on his negations, and regarded scepticism simply as a useful check to absolute theories.

As we have said, the free thinkers of a later age continued, to the extent of their power, to imitate the inquiring manner of Montaigne long after they had arrived at much more positive conclusions than he. They acted in some respect as tacticians, but in a great measure obeyed the habit of routine. This is why, in spite of the vast ability and persevering industry of the school which, in common parlance, is somewhat incorrectly called that of Voltaire, its writings always have a certain air of unreality and unsubstantiality that diminishes their importance in the eyes of a calm student. A film belonging to a previous age is spread over them. They are composed to a certain extent, as it were, in a dead language; to take one example on which we shall presently insist. M. Lanfrey sometimes adopts the indifferent inquiring tone of Montaigne, sometimes indulges in persiflage after the manner of Voltaire, sometimes imitates, perhaps unconsciously, the audacious irony of his contemporary Proudhon, whilst at every page we see evidences that, like all young men, he has made up his mind on the most difficult questions that concern our destinies—that he has given up searching, that he is in possession of dogmas of his own, that he knows, is certain, open to no conviction but that of time—which will waft him, alas! rapidly, to a different point of view, and show him, when he has arrived at lower reaches of this life's stream, that the castle which seems now perfect and impregnable, because one façade alone is visible to him, yawns hideously ruined both in flank and rear.

It would be curious to examine the exact amount of influence which the Catholic Church has exercised, not only in producing antagonists by its vices and its oppressions, but in determining the form and limits of their doctrines. In many countries criticism has derived its spirit and its canons from independent sources, but in France, if we carefully notice, we shall find that generally free thought can arrive at no other result than to place itself in exact contradiction to the Church. It disbelieves neither more nor less than it is told to believe. It has a negation for every affirmation; and a priest can always become a philosophier by saying *no* where he has been accustomed to say *yes*. This is a very unwholesome state of mind; it proves the prodigious influence which the Catholic Church has exercised on the education of the people. Incapable of maintaining their allegiance, it has condemned them to sterile doubt or deplorable certainty.

A good deal of excusable disgust has often been created in pious persons by some frantic insults to the Creator, in which French free thought in its extremest form has occasionally indulged. Such absurdities seem gratuitous, and suggest the idea of deliberate wickedness. But they are only one side of the alternative, which priests are constantly presenting to their hearers and with which even childhood is made familiar. Nothing is more common than to hear it said:—"Either the doctrine of transubstantiation is true or God is an impostor." The Frenchman, who is accustomed to attribute his non-acceptance of Protestantism to climate, and other such causes, is incapable of answering that a certain phrase may be otherwise interpreted, but accepts the ridiculous assumption of the priest, and insults him by insulting his God. We do not, of course, intend to reproach the philosophical school with not adopting the ideas of the Reformation. The consequences of free thought must be accepted, whatever they may be; but, after all, *is* this free thought? And what is the use of the criticism of which M. Lanfrey is so proud if it does not save him from saying: "The opinion which restrains the expression of the Christian idea to the Testament left by Christ may be very respectable, but it is arbitrary, and quite contradicted *by tradition?*" This is another of the rays of Catholic doctrine from which even its apostate disciples cannot get free. Do we trace here the influence of a perverse education?

As long as the discussion continues in the manner we have indicated, it may be foreseen that the Church—despite temporary defeats and prodigious blunders—will always maintain a powerful hold on the minds of the great majority. It has occupied the most advantageous ground. It stands firmly on something, and forces its adversaries to flutter round as it were in the regions of space. There are two or three points on which men require something positive—whether capable of demonstration or not—to be said to them; and a Corporation which professes power to affirm the divinity, the immortality of the soul, the doctrine of responsibility, will, right or wrong, always carry the day against a school that professes to doubt, and in reality has accepted the negative, as the final result of human speculation.

A great element of weakness, in a militant point of view, of the philosophical system is the profound ignorance into which the Church has plunged it on the nature of what it calls two "principles"—namely, Faith and Reason. M. Lanfrey, whose work has suggested these observations—we shall presently say why we lay stress on his opinions—distinctly says: "Faith and Reason are two inimical principles, two opposite negations." Is it possible for a definition to be more totally erroneous in form and substance? Faith is an attribute, quality, or function of the mind; Reason is another attribute, quality, or function. The second is, or should be, the purveyor, as it were, of the first. No idea or doctrine can pass into action without having first become the object of Faith; and to represent the two "principles," if you will call them so, as perpetually engaged in an internecine war, perpetually denying one another, is as pernicious as it is unphilosophical. The quarrel between science and religion is not so trivial as this. It is the tendency of religion, or rather of its professors, to foist into the domain of Faith matters which have not been subjected to the examination of Reason—that is all. But to admit this would be to abandon the antithesis. Besides, the Catholic Church—profoundly ignorant of the philosophy of the human mind—has pronounced the panegyric of Faith, and has anathematised Reason. This is quite sufficient for its antagonists, who are equally ignorant on that score. They glorify Reason and overwhelm Faith with their contempt.

M. Lanfrey, writing the history of the great struggle of the Church and the Philosophers, quotes, it is easy to see with reference to what discussion, as an "axiom of reason," the geometrical statement—which after all is nothing but a pleonasm—"the whole is greater than its part," and accuses Faith of maintaining the contrary. He then goes on to say, "Between Reason which affirms, and Faith which denies——" Here we have a new though latent definition of these two opposing "principles," still more erroneous than the preceding one. Reason, though essentially a critical faculty, may perhaps be said to affirm sometimes; but Faith—further on, in pursuance of the same regrettable search after antithesis, called "its rival"—can deny nothing. It is purely and simply the receptacle of man's convictions which are the motive power of his actions. These convictions may be ill-founded, or absurd, or shocking, whether received with or without examination—whether they be the dream of an excited imagination or the product of reason, which is not so unerring as we are apt to suppose. At any rate they have always an affirmative character.

M. Lanfrey, however, has a particular dislike to Faith in anything—he sneers even at the age which continued to have faith in the epic poem; and, rising in tone, solemnly arraigns the metaphysical system which it has invented for its satisfaction, and calls it to give an account of the great intelligence "it has perverted and turned aside from the straight road!" We expected to read the names of some abject theologians and schoolmen. But no: "What hast thou done with Descartes, with Malebranche, with Leibnitz, with Pascal?" O for a little Faith to give us such men as those again! We shall never seek to know anything beyond this miserable horizon when we shall have been thoroughly indoctrinated by M. Lanfrey and other Opposites of the Romish Church with the idea that there is nothing beyond honorable or worth knowing. Far be it, however, from us to quarrel with the results of freedom of thought, whatever they may be. Truth, being immutable, both in form and place, must at last be found, even if it be by accident. What we object to is this narrowing of the discussion—this identification of Reason with anti-Catholic—or, as M. Lanfrey says, to vex the priests—with anti-Christian ideas—this presumptuous derision, not only of the affirmation of all religions past and present, but of all systems of philosophy which have not for their exclusive object the overthrow of the

Man at Rome. M. Lanfrey, cold and cultivated, it may be, not yet exercised to mental suffering, has no mercy on the terrible yearnings of the human heart after the unknown—he laughs at the philosophy which treats not only of the "here" but of the "hereafter;"—no respect for enthusiasm. The convulsionists, who exhibited some of the most remarkable phenomena of our mental and physical nature, are, in his eyes, nothing but "*une canaille éhontée*"—a shameless rabble;—no appreciation of the simple statement of the theory of a religion of the heart. He calls the sentence, "In vain do we cry to God, 'Father, Father,' if it be not in the spirit of charity that we cry," an "inoffensive platitude," a "saying of La Palisse drawn up in beatic style," and so forth. His volume is full of similar extravagances, and yet he is praised by unqualified admirers for his moderation.

We have chosen to notice his doctrine, before describing his work, in order to get rid of the disagreeable part of our business first. We have to add that the value of his historical views is diminished by the fact that he applies, with amusing perseverance, to all the personages whose character he has to appreciate, one single criterium by which to estimate their faculties and their morality — especially their faculties. He who most disbelieves in Christianity is with him the greatest man; because he has noticed that some of the greatest of modern men have been disbelievers. Even Montaigne is slightly depreciated, because it is not quite certain that he had made up his mind to reject all Catholic doctrines. Bayle, whose disbelief is ardent, laid down a principle which has "*enfanté le monde moderne*," "the world" being of course put for France. Montesquieu is admitted to be "*une âme d'élite*," only because "there is a mark of interrogation secretly put at the end of his most resolute affirmation." Voltaire—an exaggeration partly to be explained by the extravagant and odious attacks of the priestly party—is spoken of almost as a god. M. Lanfrey castigates De Maistre for alluding to his physiognomy as a Christian might a blasphemer for insulting the person of Christ: yet certainly he was comparable in personal graces to the Cardinal Dubois, whose "monkey countenance" is considered a fair object of remark (p. 120). We are the last to refuse our gratitude and respect to the claims of the greatest pioneer of intellectual freedom, to the admiration of posterity. But Voltaire himself, who insulted everything respectable, from Joan of Arc to characters which even those who do not believe, admire, would hardly have claimed to be treated by his disciples with the pious respect reserved for saints. He was too aggressive to be spared.

M. Lanfrey's opinions of men are often still more strangely biassed. We sometimes almost doubt that he is serious. "The death of the Abbé Terrasson," he says, "was in itself worth a long life." Then he relates that when a man of the church presented himself before him to receive his last confession, this exemplary character said to him, "Sir, ask Madame Luquet (his housekeeper), she knows all." The confessor insisted. "Come, sir, have you been luxurious?" "Madame Luquet, have I been luxurious?" inquired the patient. "A little, M. l'Abbé," replied she. "A little," repeated the patient. Verily a long life is worth not much if it is worth only that. The anecdote would read well in Boccaccio; it is singularly out of place in these pages.

But it is in the appreciation of the English philosophers and the progress of the English mind that M. Lanfrey—less sure of his ground—applies his criticism with the sternest obstinacy. Our revolution is an "explosion of fanaticism under Cromwell." Hobbes, our great sophist, is accused of endeavouring to establish religions "*sur une base inébranlable*," but by mistake toppled them over altogether; Locke is treated with very little respect because under strong suspicion of not being an anti-Christian. By an inconceivable train of reasoning he is described as the continuator in politics of the work of Hobbes, and as a "narrow and superstitious Anglican," because he speaks seriously of Sirens, and of the reasonable parrot of Prince Maurice! After this, is it, we are asked, astonishing that he could for a moment have supposed that Faith and Reason may be brought into agreement? We shall not, however, follow M. Lanfrey further upon this ground, which he has evidently traversed hastily. Our observations, which he will at once perceive are not written within the citadel of any dogma, tend to make these truths evident—that men must not be classed according to the opinions they profess, not be raised or lowered because they do or do not belong to a particular school, and that it is quite as possible for the wisest of men to be a Christian after a certain manner as for the most uncompromising free thinker to be an idiot.

The intemperances of M. Lanfrey, however, do not prevent us from admiring his book, which contains much that is interesting and valuable, and is written almost throughout with singular perfection. In his main object, also, we cordially agree. He desires to enfranchise the country he loves from the dreary tyranny of priests and bigots; he is an eloquent preacher in favour of toleration. He maintains the doctrine, which has few advocates on our side of the water because it is more generally admitted, that Government and legislation have no business whatever with the objects of man's conscience, that the Jew and the Mahomedan, the Catholic, the Protestant, the Sceptic, and the Atheist are all equally entitled to their opinions, and he is especially vigorous in defending the conquests of Reason, because he thinks he knows certainly what they are, and that they are infallibly true. His account of the long struggle of free thought with authority is preceded by a remarkable chapter, in which he proves—for the first time irrefragably, from documents not yet consulted—that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was no political act, but the direct work of the Church. It was bought for money from Louis XIV. The Assembly General of the Clergy, which used to meet every five years, refused subsidies with periodical pertinacity, until its distinct demands for persecution were complied with. We have no space to enter into the narrative, but can only say, that any history of that remarkable act—the disgrace of France as well as of the Monarchy and the Church—which ignores the documents brought forward by M. Lanfrey, must always be incomplete.

The remainder of his work, though less novel in its facts, is full of ingenious thought and brilliant writing. Few recent works are better worthy of notice; and indeed we learn, to the credit of the French public, that it has already made considerable noise as well in the *salons* as in the press.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

The Christian Life. Social and Individual. By Peter Bayne, M.A.
Edinburgh: James Hogg.

UNTIL we saw the present work we were quite unacquainted with its author's name; having read it, we feel bound to say that Mr. Bayne is an acquisition to the cause of Orthodoxy, and may be esteemed and enjoyed by those who are not orthodox, likewise. He must not be offended, however, if we say that his book owes an immeasurable debt to the very writers against whom it is directed: in every page of it the influence of Carlyle is shining like the sun in water. Yet Mr. Bayne thinks all the leading doctrines of Carlyle great errors; he protests against his hero-worship,—against his view of philanthropy,—against his aspect towards Liberalism. At best, he seems to esteem him as an indirect, unrecognisable aid to the good cause—a blind Samson to be employed against irreligious Philistines—rather than as a trustworthy spiritual guide and leader. We can accept no such view of course; but we can cheerfully say that Mr. Bayne writes with kindliness, reverence and propriety—that nothing can be more removed from the provincial dicacity and dissenter pertness of the "Eclipse of Faith"—inasmuch as Mr. Bayne writes not only with literary elegance, but like a Christian and like a gentleman.

Mr. Bayne once more tries a fall with the giants of new philosophy in the cause of the old faith. He sees, thoroughly, whence and how that faith is threatened. He sees that society cannot exist without a religion, and that the existing forms of religion at present are in a very questionable condition. In the first part of his work he deals with what he recognises to be the most important solution of the great question—how religion is to be brought into renewed activity in life again—offered by the thinkers outside of the Church. In the second, he exhibits in a series of essays, pictures of the lives and labours of notable Christians of recent times,—Wilberforce, Howard, Dr. Arnold, for instance,—and thus deals both speculatively and practically with his subject. How to answer Carlyle—that is one thing which Mr. Bayne professes to teach;—how to live a pure life in the ancient faith—is the second thing which, by elaborate portraiture, he labours to show. The most original aspect of Mr. Bayne's book is, that he combines with faith in dogmas a very high appreciation of all that is newest, freshest and best, among the opponents of dogmas. We may add that, but for the solemnity of the subject, his relation towards Carlyle would be almost amusing. He is steeped in the Carlylian influence; he has learned to paint in the Carlylian studio: he cannot shake off the magical effect any way. But he protests, he argues, he declaims against the Carlylian doctrines! In all this *we* see a generous spirit compelled to reverence where it cannot agree. We are much mistaken if Mr. Bayne's orthodox friends will take as kindly to it. We fear that the honesty of his book will prevent its being popular. Like Lady Teazle, he will have to "sacrifice his virtue in order to preserve his reputation."

Let us now hear Mr. Bayne speaking for himself. Viewing Pantheism as the fundamental basis of Carlyle's hero-worship, he thus expounds his views of it, and puts forth his reply:—

HERO-WORSHIP AN ERRONEOUS DOCTRINE.

Mr. Carlyle cares little for metaphysical supports for his opinions; he has long listened to the great voices of life and history; but we think his early works afford us the philosophic explanation of his doctrine of hero-worship. On a pantheistic scheme of things, it seems unassailable. God being all, and all being God, and a great man being the highest visible manifestation, and as it were concentration of the universal divine essence, it is right to pay to the latter the homage of an unbounded admiration, to render him the only kind of worship possible to men.

But we mean not to assail Mr. Carlyle from this point: we likewise turn to the voices of history and the heart. We find him tracing all worship to admiration and reverence for great men; we find him asserting that the limits are not to be fixed for the veneration with which to regard true heroism in a man. We think the very word "hero-worship" utterly inadmissible under any interpretation; *we assert, that no religion ever had its origin in the admiration of men.* Such the point in dispute; we turn to history.

Two great classes may be distinguished among the leaders of mankind; those who have exercised their influence by power not moral, and those who made an appeal to the moral nature of man. We contend not for hair-breadth distinctions; we point out a difference which one glance along the centuries will show to be real and broad. By the first class, we mean such men as Napoleon, Cæsar, and Alexander; by the second, such men as Mahomet, Zoroaster, and Moses. The former were, viewed as we now regard them, mere embodiments of force; their soldiers trusted and followed them, because armies were in their hands as thunderbolts. The captain of banditti, whose eye sees farther, and whose arm smites more powerfully, than those of his followers, exercises an influence in kind precisely similar. Anything analagous to worship is foreign to every such case; a fact rendered palpable and undeniable by the simple reflection, that there is no feeling of an *infinite* respect, as due to what is infinite, in these or the like instances. A supple-kneed Greek might have knelt to Alexander, "if Alexander wished," but no proclamations could make a Greek believe that Alexander could lay his hand on the lightning, or impart life to an insect. There is, however, another class of great men, with whose influence on their fellows worship has been ever and intimately connected: this we have represented by Mahomet, Zoroaster, and Moses. Here, then, the point at issue comes directly before us. Worship did originate in each of these cases. Whence did it arise? Mark the men in their work, and listen to their words. Mahomet arose and said, "Ye have been worshipping dumb idols that are no gods: look up to Allah; there is no god but Allah!" His words were not in vain. Zoroaster arose and said, "Ye have wandered from the truth which your fathers knew and followed; I bring you it back fresh from the fountains of heaven." Men gave ear to him also. Moses came to the children of Israel, and said, "I AM hath sent me unto you." They heard the word, and followed him; through the cloven surges, into the howling wilderness, whithersoever he listed. Whom did men obey and worship in each of these cases? Did they worship Mahomet, when he pointed his finger upwards to Allah? Did they obey the commandments of Moses, when he gave them the tables where God's hand had traced words under the canopy of cloud and fire? Surely we may say with plainness and certainty, No. It was ever the Sender that was worshipped, not the sent; it was the belief in his alliance with an exterior, an infinite power, which won him his influence. He has brought us fire from heaven! Such, in all ages, has been the cry of men, as they looked, their eyes radiant with joy and thankfulness, on the priest or prophet, and ranged themselves under his guidance. The crown and sceptre which men have most highly honoured, and most loyally obeyed, have always been believed to have come down from heaven; men have not worshipped the spirit of a man, or the breath in

his nostrils, but the Spirit to whom he turned them. We suppose the rudest Polynesian islander regards with profounder veneration the black, unchiselled, eyeless idol to which he bows down, than the wisest and mightiest chieftain he knows: the one holds of the unseen and the infinite, the other he can look upon, and examine, and compass in his thought; to the one he may look in the day of battle, of the other he will think in the shadow of the thunder-cloud; the one he will respect and obey, the other alone will he worship.

Immediately afterwards he adds a consideration which naturally presented itself:—

But we think we hear some one indignantly exclaim, Why, in the first place, all this is the extreme of triteness; and, in the second, Mr. Carlyle, by his doctrine of hero-worship, means really nothing more.

This is honestly said. Mr. Bayne, we see, contends that the hero was a mere interpreter between man and his God: never important enough to be the object, strictly, of worship himself. The Carlylian, however, would reply, "You confound the philosopher's perception of the relation with the relation as apprehended at the time by the worshippers themselves. Just let us conceive the conditions of the early races of mankind, and then try to suppose them drawing this distinction of yours!" In his well-known "Lectures" on the subject Mr. Carlyle is careful to show that the "Hero as God" is the very earliest form of the worships; and students of the subject would do well to keep the order of time in remembrance, and not to confound the modified worship of an Alexander with the worship of an Odin, of a Hercules, or the like. We know that for all practical purposes Napoleon could command a degree of devotion to which it would be hard to deny the name of worship. Conceive a Napoleon in an age without an alphabet—among a people attaching supernatural ideas to every wind of heaven, to the thunder and the cloud, to the cave, the forest, and the sea. Would not he *concentrate* this vague religious emotion, and so help them to that very idea of unity which we are told by our author they felt independent of him? As far back as we can see into the mists of time immense personalities are the earliest things visible. Heaven is peopled by human figures, ruling there in subordinated ranks. Tradition says that Hercules was admitted into heaven—that Romulus was admitted into heaven. How came mankind ever to shape such notions? Even as an interpreter, the hero did so much that, in its effect upon history, the worship of him was the same as if he had been worshipped plainly and directly as God. If Mahomet's followers had thought him *a mere man*, it is incredible that they should have accepted on his authority what we see they did accept. Yet the phenomenon of his career belongs to a comparatively modern epoch.

To some such effect as this, we say, the follower of the Hero-worship doctrine would reply to Mr. Bayne. Nay, more, he would credit his favourite principle with the results which Mr. Bayne claims for his own creed. Mr. Bayne directs our attention to the noble career of a Christian Chalmers, which all men respect. But every doctrine he preached was known, as well as the arithmetical table, before his time, and was (and is) ineffectually preached every day. *He* gave his great personality to these doctrines, and hundreds felt them to have become quite new and living for them. Here was Hero-worship in one of its forms. Every thinker knows that God is God, and the best Hero only a man:—the Carlylian insists that *through* great men the chief work of God is achieved; and that in certain historical periods he has stood for God himself.

We have stated all this, not to impose the doctrine dogmatically upon our readers, but that people may see how ineffectual Mr. Bayne's reasoning would be in *converting* a disciple of Mr. Carlyle. That it will be welcome to the ordinary crowd (who feel, in reality, nothing of the heart-warmth of either doctrine, and who only want an "answer" in aid of their impotence) is very probable. But we are much mistaken if such a success would be sufficient for the aspirations of Mr. Bayne.

To deal critically with the whole of the book, however, would be to write an essay on the mental condition of the age. We have Mr. Bayne *versus* Carlyle; Philanthropy *versus* Satire; Christianity *versus* Pantheism; Instinct *versus* Positivism; all the great questions earnestly, if not always ably, handled. Mr. Bayne is an impressive writer; and—a fact which alone would prove him no ordinary man—he is thoroughly imbued with a relish for Carlyle without aping his manner. It is indeed chiefly his feeling of the importance of Carlyle's influence which seems to have spurred him on to write the book. We think it a pity however that he did not restrict himself to some one subject and exhaust it, instead of throwing himself headlong as he has done into the troubled ocean of thought. The ability with which the biographies are written leads us to expect much from Mr. Bayne when he devotes himself to a task to which he is really equal; and considering the many merits of his work, we should be sorry to find that the controversial chapters in the first and third parts interfere with the popularity which the main body of his book justly deserves.

A QUEER STORY.

Moredun: a Tale of the Twelve Hundred and Ten. By W. S.
Sampson Lowe and Son.

THE one very doubtful claim of this book to the special attention of the public has been adroitly enough mentioned in the advertisements—it is "*ascribed* to Sir Walter Scott." The story, by which an effort is made to justify this ascription, went the round of the papers a few months back. Some of our readers may not have seen it; some may have forgotten it. Before we say a word on the subject of the book, therefore, it may be as well to recapitulate the main points of the very extraordinary narrative which has ushered it into the world. The story being a little intricate, and extending over a considerable space of time, we will, for the sake of clearness and brevity, present it, with some of the critical consequences which it has produced, in a dramatic form. Let us begin with the Persons of the Drama. These are:—

SIR WALTER SCOTT *and his daughter*, MISS ANNE SCOTT.
AN ELDERLY GERMAN MONOMANIAC.
THE ELDERLY GERMAN MONOMANIAC'S WIDOW AND DAUGHTER.
MONSIEUR E. DE SAINT MAURICE CABANY—*A credulous French Gentleman.*
MESSRS. SAMPSON LOWE & SON—*Two cautious London Publishers.*
Disbelieving Friends of Sir Walter Scott.
Disbelieving Critics of the "Athenæum" newspaper.
The Converted Sceptic of the "Journal des Débats."
The Ditto Ditto of the "Daily News."

PROPERTIES.

A Writing-desk. A heap of MSS. A Letter addressed to "W. S.," *and signed* "W. S."

SCENE.

Partly in England and partly in France.

The First Act begins about the year 1818. Sir Walter Scott has written (either a little before or a little after the publication of *Waverley*) an Historical Novel. When it is done, he is not satisfied with it; thinks it will hurt his reputation; resolves not to publish it. What does he do with the manuscript under these circumstances? Lock it up?—No. Tear it up?—No. He gives it to his daughter! This is the great effect of the First Act. The very last thing, ladies and gentlemen, which any man with a grain of sense in his head would think of doing with a piece of work which he felt to be unworthy of him is exactly the thing which we represent that eminently great and eminently practical man, Sir Walter Scott, as having done. And so the drop-scene falls, amid general astonishment.

The Second Act carries us on to the year 1825. The scene discloses an elderly German monomaniac appropriately engaged on "statistical works and inquiries." He is assisted in his occupations by M. Cabany, the credulous French gentleman, and hero of the play. The monomaniacal inquirer into statistics has one interesting and pardonable weakness—he idolises Walter Scott, and is dying to become the possessor of one of Walter Scott's manuscripts—nay, it is even reported among his friends that he actually will die, unless his wish is gratified. While things are in this critical position the pecuniary affairs of our elderly friend become involved, his "statistical inquiries" having apparently not led him as far as his own account-books. His property goes to wreck: his heart is broken: he is unable to pay M. Cabany's salary. But he has preserved a writing-desk; and, in his last moments, he points mysteriously to it, and, with "a melancholy smile," says to his faithful assistant, "This is all I have to leave you; but it is a more durable memorial than any sum I could have bequeathed to my valued fellow-labourer in the field of statistical inquiries." With these words the venerable monomaniac dies, and his widow and daughter depart for Germany, taking the writing-desk with them. M. Cabany offers no opposition; does not care to reclaim his legacy; does not give it so much as a second thought, and goes his way, unsuspecting, as the widow and daughter go theirs! What is in the writing-desk? Hush! The drop-scene falls to slow music.

Eight-and-twenty years are supposed to elapse; and the curtain rises for the third act. M. Cabany discovered. Our credulous French gentleman has risen in the world. He is now General Director of the Society of Record-Keepers of France, and Directing Editor-in-Chief of the Universal Register of the Dead (*Nécrologe*) for the Nineteenth Century. One day in the month of September—for there is nothing like being particular in cases of important discovery—a box arrives for M. Cabany. It contains the memorable writing-desk of Act Two; and is accompanied by a letter from the deceased monomaniac's daughter. The letter explains that the desk was taken away eight-and-twenty years ago by mistake, and that it would have been sent back at once, but for the writer's fears that it might not be valuable enough to be worth the expense of carriage. A relative, however, happening to visit Paris, has taken charge of the desk, and freed the fortunate inheritor of it from all need of paying so much as a farthing for carriage expenses. M. Cabany, a little surprised at receiving the desk after an interval of twenty-eight years, opens it, and pulls out first a curious collection of Royalist tracts. The next article is a packet of manuscript—he examines it—merciful Heaven! do his eyes deceive him? Is he still a Record-Keeper of France and Head Registrar of the Dead in the Nineteeth Century,—or has he become a raving maniac? No! a thousand times no! He is still in his right senses, and he has actually found in the old writing-desk an unpublished novel by Sir Walter Scott!!!

Act Four is ushered in by warlike music. M. Cabany has made known his wonderful discovery, and has committed himself to a French translation of the treasure of fiction found in the old writing-desk. Disbelieving friends of Sir Walter Scott, and disbelieving critics of the *Athenæum* begin to ask troublesome questions directly. How did the elderly German monomaniac get possession of the manuscript? to begin with.—He got it in 1826, through Mr. William Spencer, the once fashionable song-writer of London society.—What proof?—The monomaniac's own conversation. He was fond, poor man, of talking about getting a manuscript from Scott, through Spencer; in fact, he said he had got it. But we did not believe him then, says M. Cabany.—Nor do we now (cry the opposite faction). Any other proof?—Yes, a letter in a handwriting like Scott's, addressed to W.S. and only signed W.S.; but, of course, one must mean William Spencer, and the other Walter Scott; and (also of course) nothing could be more natural than that the great novelist, at a period of his life when he was ruined, and when money was of the greatest possible importance to him, should give away, most likely for anonymous publication for a stranger's benefit, a manuscript which he might have published anonymously himself for his own benefit.—Not a bit of it! shout the enemy. Walter Scott never wrote that letter; Walter Scott was the last man on earth to act as it represents him to have acted. Besides, we were in his confidence, and we deny that he ever wrote any such novel as you have published.—You were not in his confidence, and you know nothing about it! cries M. Cabany.—Your book is an imposture, rejoin the critics of the *Athenæum* and the friends of Walter Scott.—And you are all a mob of scurvy unbelievers, retorts M. Cabany. Thereupon a great battle ensues, M. Cabany, the converted sceptic of the *Débats*, and his credulous brother of the *Daily News*, on one side—the disbelieving friends and critics on the other. Both sides claim the victory, and the scene closes with a valiant resolution on the part of M. Cabany to renew the battle on English ground.

Of Act Five, one scene only has, as yet, been played out. The curtain has risen and has disclosed our two cautious London publishers, Messrs. Sampson Lowe and Son, advancing very gingerly to the front of the stage, each car-

rying three volumes, tastefully bound in red cloth, and very clearly and beautifully printed. "Ladies and gentlemen," cry these discreet men, "M. Cabany is coming on the stage directly; but we want to have a word with you before him, if you please. He is a very nice man, and he has in our opinion some very pretty proofs to sustain his assertions in respect to this book. Consequently we are well disposed to entertain the question of its publication. But observe, we don't commit ourselves! *We* don't say it is actually by Sir Walter Scott—we only mention, by the way, that it is *ascribed* to Sir Walter Scott; and we leave you, O intelligent and inquisitive public, to buy the book and settle the question!" Having got thus far, our cautious gentlemen bow, and retire immediately afterwards. The war whoop of M. Cabany is heard behind the scenes, and is answered from the opposite wing by the derisive yells of the London Press. The sharp whirring of pens and the multitudinous rustling of papers announce the approaching combat; and the grand scene which is to end all—nobody being supposed to know how, but everybody being nevertheless perfectly well able to guess—has this moment begun. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up! All the gorgeous effects, dazzling scenery, and unparalleled combinations have been saved for the last. Half-price has commenced, and the terrific combat between Cabany and the Critics will be on in five minutes!

And the book? What about *Moredun* itself? Only this: It is, in one respect, a remarkably useful book, for its publication will settle the question between M. Cabany and the public at once and for ever. Such a clumsy imposture as this novel represents we do not believe to have been ever paralleled in the whole disgraceful history of literary frauds. We fix the blame of the imposition upon nobody—we only assert that it is an imposition. We have no desire to express any doubt of M. Cabany's sincerity—we only venture to hint that he is at least a grievously deluded man. As it seems to us, any human being who could read fifty consecutive pages of *Moredun* anywhere in the three volumes, and believe that Walter Scott could have written them at any time or under any circumstances, must not only be a living marvel of credulity, but must have lost all sense of the difference in literary work between good and bad. The book is such a triumph of prosiness, clumsiness, and emptiness, that it is literally unreadable. We assert that distinctly and unreservedly, not as the result of our own experience only, but as the result of the experience of others. If our readers want to test the correctness of the assertion, let them borrow the novel; let them not forget that M. Cabany himself fixes as the date of its production a period when the unrivalled powers of Sir Walter Scott were at their zenith—a period either a little before or a little after *Waverley* was published—let them remember this; and then let them read *Moredun* fairly through to the end if they can. The last novels Scott ever wrote, lamentably as they demonstrate the failing of his mind under calamity and overwork, are, with all their faults, so superior to *Moredun*, that they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. We had prepared notes of errors and imbecilities, which we detected while wading through the book, and which we thought of inserting in the present article. But, on reflection, the criticising of this very wretched production in detail seems like mere waste of time and space. We leave it to accomplish its own exposure; not trusting ourselves to express what we felt on finding that *such* a book had absolutely been associated in public with the honoured and glorious name of WALTER SCOTT!

NURSING SISTERHOODS.

Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home. By Mrs. Jameson. Longman and Co.
Scutari and its Hospitals. By the Hon. and Rev. S. G. Osborne. Dickenson Brothers.
Notes on Nurses. H. Baillière, Regent-street.

THESE three small works (the two first by well-known hands, the last by one unknown) treat of the question of Nursing Sisterhoods, a subject which has lately occupied the attention of the general public, but which has, for many years past, been under the consideration of that "other public"—that unofficial *imperium in imperio*—which must in all things of importance, sooner or later, sway the opinion of "the general," by its divine right, not of superior truth but of superior brains. This question of Nursing Sisterhoods is a thing of importance, not for a time of disastrous war only, but for all times. And it is a question in which the *Leader* takes special interest on account of its connexion with some great social reforms towards the attainment of which this journal is ever anxious to work.

Among the unrepresented classes whose interests we have advocated from time to time is a somewhat numerous one called *Women*. Many of these women, it is true, are represented in the commonwealth, to their entire satisfaction, by husbands, fathers, and brothers, but many others are not. We will not make a formidable array of facts and figures on the present occasion—one fact will be strong enough to serve as basis for our argument. In the census tables of Great Britain for 1851 there was an excess of something like half a million of the female over the male population. It may fairly be taken for granted that this half a million of women is neither represented by, nor supported by men. They support themselves, and they are unrepresented in, and turned to no account by, the state. The question of female representation in the state we will hand over, without sneering at it, to Debating Societies. A good deal may be made of it there; and perhaps, also, in general circles, on the other side of the Atlantic; but we do not think our most ardent reformers can discuss it in a newspaper with any hope of a wise practical result for England at the present time. Our country is either too old, or not old enough, to entertain the question now. But though we set aside the right of representation for women, we take up the other question (vitally far more important), their right to labour for the good of the community. Shall we utilise the labour of our criminals and let that of energetic, pious—even of gifted and highly-educated women—run to waste? For that it does run to waste at present no one who watches society with a discerning eye can doubt. Mrs. Jameson, and the author of *Notes on Nurses* agree as to the chief causes of this evil—itself the cause of numerous other evils in our social state. Mrs. Jameson says:—

Lying at the source of the mischief we trace a great *mistake* and a great *want*.

The great *mistake* seems to have been, that in all our legislation, it is taken for granted that the woman is always protected, always under tutelage, always within the precincts of a home; finding there her work, her interests, her duties, and her happiness; but is this true? We know that it is altogether false. There are thousands and thousands of women who have no protection, no guide, no help, no home; who are absolutely driven by circumstance and necessity, if not by impulse and inclination, to carry out into the larger community the sympathies, the domestic instincts, the active administrative capabilities with which God has endowed them; but these instincts, sympathies, capabilities, require first to be properly developed, then properly trained, and then directed into large and useful channels, according to the individual tendencies.

As to the *want*, what I insist on particularly is, that the means do not exist for the training of those powers; that the sphere of duties which should occupy them is not acknowledged; and I must express my deep conviction that society is suffering in its depths through this great mistake, and this great want.

It may be said that the law does not prevent women of the better classes from labouring singly or in companies in any calling for which they may be fitted. The law does not, but public opinion, which, for the generality of such women, is more potent than any law, does prevent them. Only the stern necessity, which knows no law, coerces them to labour for daily bread. But all poor women of the educated classes cannot be governesses, authoresses, artists. Nature has put her *veto* clearly enough on that matter, as may be seen by the failure of nine-tenths of those who attempt to act in opposition to it—because, as they say with touching weakness, "*there is nothing else that a lady can do for a livelihood in this country.*" Besides these who have to work for bread, there are hundreds of unmarried English women who "have bread enough and to spare," but who want an occupation, an interest—in short, *real work*, that will take them out of themselves. For, let it never be forgotten by those who theorise or practise in this matter of woman's work, wholesome work for a woman must take her out of herself—she is formed to minister to others, not to achieve for herself. To build up a fortune, to found a family, to carve out an honourable career in life, that he may be known and esteemed among his fellows, is the result of a man's instinctive egotism; a woman's instinctive egotism leads her to do whatever work she undertakes for somebody else, not for herself. The ordinary, the natural object of her devotion, is a man. But if there exist no such natural object for this or that particular woman—or if, which amounts to the same thing for her, she cannot discover him, or get *en rapport* with him in this complicated artificial life of our ours—what is she to do? Surely not to allow her best powers to lie dormant or to be frittered away unworthily? Yet, unless they labour for bread, this is the case with the generality of women. With those of larger natures than the generality—with the Miss Nightingales, Mrs. Chisholms, Mrs. Frys, it is otherwise. They are sure to work out their own salvation—they are exceptional, and will live their life with or without the aid of institutions and public opinion; they are the fashioners of institutions and opinions. We cannot prize too highly such women, who are of "the salt of the earth;" but we need not legislate for them—they are a law unto themselves. Moreover, we should do well to set them to legislate for the multitude of women who desire to be of use in the world.

In nothing has the Roman Catholic Church, in every age, shown greater wisdom and knowledge of human nature, than in her systematic appropriation and direction of strong individual impulses to pious or benevolent action. Communities of women for charitable purposes were very early taken into the bosom of the Church, which knew so well how to utilise the "feminine element," always superabundant in society. *Les Sœurs Hospitalières* in Paris were appointed to take charge of the Hôtel-Dieu when Bishop Laudry founded it in the middle of the seventh century; and from that time to the present, "the Hôtel-Dieu," says Mrs. Jameson, "with its one thousand beds, the hospital of St. Louis with its seven hundred beds, and that of La Pitié with its six hundred beds, are served by the same sisterhood under whose care they were originally placed centuries ago." These sisters were placed under the rule of the Augustines by Innocent IV. The world-famous Béguines also existed as a sisterhood in the seventh century. Their services as nurses are not confined to Flanders; they travel wherever the Church thinks fit to send them. The German sisterhood of St. Elizabeth of Hungary (the heroine of Kingsley's *Saints' Tragedy*) is as highly esteemed in Germany as the Béguines in Flanders; and Mrs. Jameson records the fact, that when Joseph II. suppressed the nunneries in Austria and Flanders, he excepted both these sisterhoods "on account of the usefulness of their vocation." It is not necessary to specify other communities of female volunteers for works of love and mercy to give some idea of what has been done in one single department of woman's work—Nursing. Is the Roman Church the only power that can organise for general utility the active benevolence of single women? Protestants have a salutary dread of nunneries, and so have we. But a nursing sisterhood need have no religious bond; though attempts of the kind among ourselves, like those admirable establishments by Miss Sellon, have been in connexion with the High Church. The Low Church party and all the dissenting bodies have a mortal antipathy to sisterhoods. One Protestant sisterhood has lately been brought to the notice of the British public—that of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine. It was in that establishment that Miss Nightingale underwent several years' regular training as a hospital nurse. There is a small pamphlet (published by Hookham) which gives a complete account of Kaiserswerth. Mrs. Jameson also devotes several pages to it, which our readers will find very interesting. In *Notes on Nurses*, there is the following brief mention of Fliedner's institution at Kaiserswerth, and of the more recent one by Vermeil in Paris:—

There is the institution of so called Protestant Deaconesses, founded in 1836 by Pastor Fliedner at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, where about 190 nurses have been educated, and fitted for the duties of attending the sick and ministering to the wants not only of the body, but of the soul. The German hospital at Dalston, be it remarked, *en passant*, is served by five of these deaconesses. An establishment of Protestant Sisters of Charity was instituted in Paris in 1841, by Pastor Vermeil, and is still in a flourishing state. Altogether the number of Protestant nursing sisters on the continent is considerably over 400. The principal establishments for their education are at Kaiserswerth, Paris, Strasburg, St. Loup, Dresden, Utrecht, and Berlin.

We agree with this author in the following remarks :—

But while we admire the institution of Sisters of Charity, and venerate the amiable and excellent women composing it, we acknowledge at once the impossibility of establishing any similar religious order in connexion with our Protestant churches. Still we do not despair of one day seeing enlisted in the service of the sick, countrywomen of our own equal in every respect to this admirable sisterhood. Miss Nightingale and her band of heroines have shown that this is no utopian idea—they have demonstrated that Englishwomen can do, from motives of humanity and patriotism, all that the enthusiasm of the devotee can perform. They have vanquished the prejudices and conquered the applause of the public. They have broken through the trammels of conventional prudery, and achieved for themselves the esteem of all right-thinking people. Having overcome the scruples of a false delicacy, they have roused a noble rage for their philanthropic labours, and excited thousands of their countrywomen to emulate their heroic deeds. Henceforth, we venture to affirm, the nursing of the sick will be added to the list of female accomplishments. We cannot believe that the spirit which has animated these noble women will decline with the exigencies of the present war. We feel assured that the war has but kindled a spark which long lay smouldering in many a female bosom, and which will henceforth burn with a steady and useful flame.

When we reflect on the immense disparity of the sexes in this country, a disparity that must have been considerably increased by the dreadful sacrifice of men since the war broke out, we see that a large number of women must necessarily for ever remain unmated; for these no conjugal joys—or sorrows—are in store, no husband shall ever engross their love, no little ones shall ever lisp to them the name of mother. Many of these can make themselves useful to their friends and relations; many can chalk out for themselves other spheres of usefulness; some are endowed with talents for the arts and sciences fitting them to shine in society, or to instruct the world. But how many have no such career of utility or amusement before them. Are they destined to fritter away their lives in wearisome and profitless occupation?—to yawn away the day over a novel?—to weave Penelope webs of Berlin wool representing unnatural flowers and monstrous animals?—to draw unartistic landscapes and repulsive portraits?—to write feeble verses, devoid of poetry?—to strum long hours on the piano in hopes of acquiring an ear for music?—to practice for months together in the expectation of getting a voice? Are they to be for ever debarred from employing their native talents in the most suitable manner, for ever condemned to labour in vain for the acquisition of accomplishments they never can excel in, and which can never be of the slightest use to themselves or their neighbours? How many of them possess all those qualities which go to make the best of nurses? How many have the cheerful patience, the exquisite sensibility and tenderness, the undefinable womanly tact that soothes, more than opiates, the feverish irritability of patients, and helps to banish the tedium of the sick-bed? And are all these medicinal powers to be lost to the sick because in England alone, of all Christian countries, society thinks it improper for ladies to perform the Christian duty of visiting the sick in the way most advantageous for these sick?

Protestant Nursing Sisterhoods composed of volunteers might contain women of the lower classes as well as ladies; but, probably, trained and paid nurses cannot for a long time be dispensed with advantageously in our military hospitals. Mr. S. G. Osborne is emphatic in his praise of Miss Nightingale and her associates—but a few words of qualification deserve to be quoted here, because, though to a certain extent prejudiced where ladies are concerned, Mr. Osborne is much less so than the generality of English gentlemen, and he has been to Scutari and seen the actual working of the Lady Nurses there. He says :—

England, and the English army, will ever owe a deep debt of gratitude to the ladies who have devoted themselves to this first attempt to introduce the zeal and tender care of well-bred women into the economy of a military hospital. When the war is over, and they return to us, from their experience may be gained the valuable information, how far all the work they had to do in this crisis was work that, in the sober moment of calm consideration at home, they would recommend as a field for the charitable exertion of English ladies.

Mr. Osborne bears testimony to the high character and unsectarian spirit of those ladies of Miss Sellon's sisterhood with whom he had to do, when taking chaplain's duty in the hospitals. There is really no rational ground of objection to a Nursing Sisterhood, any more than to a Dorcas Society, or a Ladies Committee of a Ladies College.

POPULATION AND CAPITAL.

Population and Capital. By George K. Rickards, M.A. Longman and Co.

We are pleased with this book for two reasons: because it is a good book, and because it is a wanted book—conditions seldom to be found together in these days of literary fecundity. Perhaps another recommendation lies in the fact that its contents have already been submitted, in the form of lectures, to the criticism of a critical audience; for Mr. Rickards is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford, and this book contains nothing but a course of lectures delivered by him in that capacity. Widening the sphere of his influence, the lecturer now offers the fruit of his studies to all who feel an interest in the momentous subject of which he treats, and it is possible that in doing so he may accomplish some more solid good than cramming a class of students with sufficient Political Economy to enable them to pass an examination.

Although by far the larger portion of the volume is taken up with the subject of population, we prefer to confine the few remarks which we are about to make chiefly to the subject of Capital, that being the topic upon which, as we conceive, more popular errors exist, and as to which it is more needful that correct opinions should prevail. Whether Mr. Malthus was or was not logical when he produced his famous dogma that "population has a constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence," it is quite certain that no such tendency is operating to the disadvantage of this country at the present day, nor seems likely to do for some time to come. So far from population outstripping subsistence, it must be admitted that at this present moment, in spite of a depressed trade, no branch of industry is overstocked with labour, whilst the difficulty of obtaining recruits for the naval and military arm prove to demonstration that the Queen has too few rather than too many subjects upon her dominions. Those who feel an interest in pursuing this question, and who wish to mingle a little close reasoning with the pleasant speculations upon the Census which have lately appeared in *Blackwood*, will do well to go carefully through Mr. Rickards's successful refutation of the Malthusian fallacy. Giving Malthus the full credit for honesty of purpose, and admitting that that well-abused philanthropist is not really to be charged with folly and impiety, as he has been, Mr. Rickards hits, as we conceive, the exact truth when he explains that increase of population must be taken, not indeed as an absolute proof, but as an indication of the prosperity of a nation. As the produce of a country increases, as its commerce spreads, as its industrial arts demand fresh supplies of labour, marriage (the sure consequence of prosperity) supplies the demand, and proves the wealth which has called it into activity. One great excuse for Malthus's error lies in the fact that he never saw the fetters of protection removed from the food of the people, and it must be admitted that the spectacle of the law of population acting with natural freedom on the one hand, and that of the provision of food acting under unnatural restraints on the other, was likely to alarm a philosophical mind. Under existing conditions, however, we must avow our belief in the converse of the Malthusian dogma, and discarding alike all faith in the efficacy of *physical checks* and *moral checks* upon the great law of nature, accept it for a truth that *the productive power of a community tends to increase more rapidly than the number of the consumers.*

The solitary lecture on Capital opens with a very intelligible definition of what Capital really is; all the more necessary when we find such men as Mr. Butt, and Sir Robert Kane, blundering upon the point: the former speaking of waste lands, and the latter of labour, as Capital. Capital, says Mr. Rickards, is "anything whatever, *the result of previous labour*, which is used in the work of production;" in these words it is defined as the produce of past labour saved from immediate consumption, and employed for the purpose of producing something else. It is the *reproductive* power which makes it Capital. This definition once clearly understood, there can be no difficulty in at once determining what is Capital and what is not. The use alone makes Capital; as the corn, which may be consumed as food, becomes Capital by being laid by for seed. In quoting this instance of the corn, Mr. Rickards draws a curious and ingenious analogy applicable to a great proportion of what may be strictly called Capital; namely, that in the process of reproduction, the original Capital becomes depreciated before it yields an increase. This is so with almost all raw materials, with the food and other necessaries of the labourer, and is a curious gloss upon the text, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die."

In drawing a very just distinction between *productive* and *unproductive* consumption, Mr. Rickards demolishes that revolting and dangerous fallacy, that "private vices are public benefits;" a fallacy which has had some illustrious supporters, and which is the foundation of the popular favour with which those who "spend their money freely" are regarded. A modern French writer, M. de Saint Chaumens, has succeeded, unintentionally, in reducing this argument *ad absurdum*, by not only advocating luxurious living on economical grounds, but maintaining that war and even great conflagrations are advantageous, "on account of the extensive employment to which they give rise." Very little reflection will convince us that the man who accumulates capital (*i.e.* a fund for the employment of labour) is a greater public benefactor than he who spends a fortune upon luxury and self-indulgence; but this is not the popular belief, as the feeling towards spendthrifts too surely proves. The example by which M. Rickards illustrates his distinction is so good, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

A expends a given sum of money in a costly entertainment, B expends the same sum in converting a piece of undrained morass into a potato-garden. Each gives employment, by that one act of expenditure, to a certain amount of labour, and contributes to the maintenance of a certain number of families—belonging, indeed, in the two cases to a different class, but we will assume the benefit conferred in this respect to be equal. The value thus expended is in both instances *consumed*, but with how different a result! In the former case the viands are eaten, the music ceases, the garlands fade, the guests have enjoyed their revel. Nothing beyond the pleasure of the hour has been the result of that profitless expenditure. No fund survives for employing a new series of wine-growers, serving-men, confectioners, and musicians. So much value has been irrevocably sunk and lost. To that extent A has become a poorer man than he was before. On the other hand, B, the improver of the soil, is not only as rich as he was before his expenditure commenced, but richer. His potato-ground has returned a produce which not only replaces all that he has paid to his labourers in wages, together with the tithes and taxes, and a per-centage on his fixed capital, but, over and above these, a profit on his outlay. The money which he sank in the soil has been replaced with usury. He has the same fund in hand to expend over again in maintaining labourers and their families; year after year the process of reproductive consumption may go on; the same capital may be again and again employed, consumed, and replaced, furnishing in each successive cycle maintenance to the labourer and income to the capitalist.

Out of this definition of *productive* Capital, a wider and even more important view opens, namely, that however prone the human mind may be to become sordid and grovelling in the pursuit of wealth, the actual accumulation, production, and employment of wealth can act in no other way than to the benefit of society. Let this be thoroughly understood, and the fallacious doctrine of antagonism between Capital and Labour, which agitators have so long taken as the text for their pernicious harangues, is at once demolished. The capitalist may be a hard man, or he may be unwisely generous; but Capital follows fixed laws, and must either work to the benefit of the workman, or it must disappear.

We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Rickards would reprint the lecture upon Capital in so cheap a form as to render it available for distribution among the working-classes, he would effect a public service. There can be no doubt that it would thoroughly be understood and warmly appreciated. Some such elementary works as these are wanted, and would do more to heal the sore which festers between Capital and Labour than a thousand dogmatic pamphlets asserting, not proving, that the operative is invariably in the wrong.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

ON the 30th JUNE, 1855, it is intended to publish the FIRST NUMBER of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, a new Quarterly Journal of General Literature, Politics, and Social and Religious Philosophy.

In originating such a Periodical the Conductors believe that they will supply a want long recognised, and every day more urgently felt by thousands of their thoughtful countrymen, who are unable to identify themselves with any one of the acknowledged parties in Church or State. It appears to us that there is no party, ecclesiastical or political, that is not manifestly embarrassed rather than sustained by its own watchwords and traditions. The established and conventional formulas of thought are confessedly inadequate to express the actual convictions of the time; and, though often liberally interpreted or questionably stretched to embrace the new conditions, this very accommodation virtually surrenders their essential life, and confesses the presence of younger energies and aspirations, which claim independent and original expression.

The effects of this have naturally been unfavourable to periodical literature. We are far from denying the excellent tone, taste, and temper, the great information, the high and available literary talent which characterise many of our leading periodicals: but we believe they suffer from the state of the parties of which they are the organs—they are marked by a want of steady adherence to ascertained principle, of coherent and strict deductions, of defined and searching discussion.

On religious subjects especially we think it painfully evident that there is not at present in this country any adequate organ for the expression and instruction of the many minds which are trying to combine with a habit of free inquiry the faithful adherence to realised and definite truth. The very aim at comprehensive principles is not recognised in most quarters; and in others the feeling of reverence, and the real existence of objects for reverence, seem to be altogether disregarded.

The selection of our name is no accident. Having a rooted faith in all *indigenous* products of thought or feeling, we conceive that too foreign a cast has been imparted to the character of our Christianity by the historical accidents of its introduction into this country. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism is the growth of English soil; and probably not till Christian truth has shaped itself afresh under the home conditions of affection and character, will the religious *malaise* of our society cease. The NATIONAL REVIEW will interpret, it is believed, the deliberate faith of most cultivated English laymen, however now scattered among different churches,—a faith that fears no reality, and will permanently endure no fiction. No one who recognises in Historic Christianity God's highest witness and revelation can suppose that the world and the human mind are, or ever were, abandoned by their Divine and living guide; and we believe that to ignore or to disown the traces of His agency in the excellence and truth of every age, is not piety, but treason to His spirit. To preserve, in our treatment of philosophical or historical theology, the tone of reverence which is due to the earnest convictions of others, will be to us no artificial self-restraint, but the expression of natural disposition. With two things only, in this relation, we profess to keep no terms—the conceited Indifferentism, which, as its humour changes, pets or persecutes all faiths alike; and the insolent Dogmatism which treats eternal truth as a private and exclusive property. Believing that in this country, amid all the clamour of sects, the Religion of widest range and deepest seat is as yet without a voice or name, we aspire, in this department of our work, to help it into adequate expression.

As Englishmen we place unbounded confidence in the bases of English character,—its moderation and veracity; its firm hold on reality; its reverence for law and right; its historical tenacity; its aversion to *à priori* politics, and to revolutions generated out of speculative data.

We think, however, that even here there is room for a more constant reference to general principle than is now usual in this country. Many of our most influential organs seem to us to wander into discussions of business and detail, which may be useful in the narrow circles of official and merely political society, but are scarcely suited to the perusal of thoughtful and able men in the country at large, whose occupations prevent their following the minutiæ of transitory discussion, but who wish to be guided to general conclusions on important topics, and whose incalculable influence on public opinion makes it most important to give them the means of arriving at just conclusions.

We conceive the office of theory in such matters not to be, as was once thought, the elaborate construction of paper constitutions for all ages and all countries, but rather to ascertain and clearly define the conditions under which the various national characters and institutions have developed themselves, and to deduce, if possible, with fulness and sequence the rationale of the suitableness of each polity to its appropriate nation. We would neither confine our political sympathies at home, nor carry our political doctrines ruthlessly and indiscriminately abroad. We feel no vocation for any sort of cosmopolitan propagandism, which would merge the distinctions of Race in the common features of Humanity; and would assume that what is good for us must be good for all, without regard to intrinsic character or historic antecedents. But we *do* acknowledge, and will enforce, those mutual claims of sympathy and duty between nations which no division of the great human family can guiltlessly evade, believing that the virtue and well-being of states is forfeited, not fostered, by selfish exclusiveness, as surely as the egotist, most studious of his own happiness, finds it soonest waste away. The present exciting crisis may not be the most favourable for the prosecution of internal reforms; but the prospect of European danger, and the appeal to all classes for noble sacrifices, which have done so much to sweep away the dissensions of sect and party, and to make the whole empire conscious once more of the pulsation of a common heart, have, we think, created a conjuncture preeminently favourable to the ripening of national sentiment, and the abatement of artificial divisions; and a survey of our institutions and relations, while the dominant temper is thus genial and generous, may prepare a body of opinion uncorrupted by narrow prejudices and selfish claims.

For the working classes we confidently anticipate a social condition far in advance of their present state; we have earnestly at heart the people's happiness and the people's elevation; but we shall not allow our warm sympathies and earnest wishes in this direction to betray us into any faithless compromise of the principles of economic science.

Our object in literature will be analogous to our aim in politics. We wish as before to secure a more constant reference to ascertained principle than we think is now common; but, at the same time, we shall not try to apply arbitrary canons to all writers and all ages, but rather to examine and describe the real features of great literary nations and writers, and explain the manner in which the genius and circumstances of each have influenced the works they have bequeathed to us.

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